



ACCOLADE

# Accolade

A Student Anthology

Lakewood Senior High School

Lakewood, California

1964

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Art Work . . . Terry Edwards, Sheri Spaulding

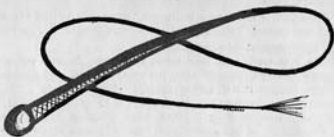
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## The Black Whip



Throngs of people were gathered on the main street of the small town of Tolberg. It was an angry, agitated crowd, with an ugly, harsh rumble to it.

The hot noonday sun shone down brightly. The warm, swirling dust rose from the street, caused from all the shuffling feet. People were pushing and shoving and milling about.

They were gathered around Manning's Livery Stable. A young man, possibly twenty or twenty-one, hands tied behind his back, stood in front of the hostile crowd. His face was calm, almost placid, even though he was trembling with fear and rage.

A man of perhaps forty roughly jerked him around while a partial hush settled over the crowd, which consisted mainly of men.

"Listen, kid, I say I saw you a leadin' Bob Manning's mare here across the plains. It just happens to be one of the ones that was stolen," he said, jabbing his thumb over his shoulder, gesturing at a trim bay mare.

He drew his face up close to the young man's, his eyes glittering with a mixture of hate and malice. "You a callin' me a liar?" His voice was threatening, almost taunting.

The younger man stared back stonily. "No, I'm not callin' you or anybody else a liar. I told you I found the mare a grazin' out in the hills, and I was just goin' to bring her in, seein' if anybody would put a claim to her." He scowled slightly.

The other man drew back his big hand and hit him across the face, the blow staggering him, cutting his mouth.

"Don't give any lip, kid," he growled.

"Where have you hid the rest of 'em'?" another asked, ignoring the young man's reply.

His scowl grew deeper. "I told you, I didn't steal no horses." His mouth, now oozing blood, was fixed in a firm line. His eyes looked cold.

"Give him a taste of a bullwhip," someone yelled from the back of the crowd. "Maybe it'll loosen his tongue." The rest of the group rumbled its approval.

Pete Lennard, who had dealt the blow, looked up at the youngster standing beside him, his eyes lighted and glowing.

"Yes, maybe it will loosen up our friend's tongue a bit," he repeated. His voice had an unmistakable tang of acid to it.

A man, mounted on a small roan gelding, untied a whip from the cantle of his saddle and threw it over the top of the crowd toward Lennard. "Here, use this one."

Lennard caught the black leather whip in one hand. It was slim and tapered with five braided thongs and a thick handle. He nodded his thanks to the stranger and turned to the boy.

"Someone tie him up," he said, looking away in distaste.

A small, rather timid-looking young man stepped up to the front of the crowd. His face was red and damp with perspiration. He touched Lennard on the arm and the old rancher turned.

"Don't you think we should wait until Sheriff Connors gets back?" His voice was low, as if he didn't want the rest of the people to hear.

Lennard gave him a light push backward with a laugh. "Connors is an old bungler; he's supposed to be out trailing this critter. Besides he's getting all the justice he deserves."

Three of the men had tied Jim Taylor's hands high above his head against the stable door. Another grabbed his shirt by the collar and gave it a jerk, tearing it away, leaving his bare back exposed.

Lennard flipped the whip out beside him. His features were hard and gaunt, as if they had been chipped from granite with a pick axe. He brought the bludgeon down across the back of Taylor. He shuddered slightly but did not utter an audible sound. His jaw was set and his eyes now burned with hatred that he felt for every citizen in Tolberg.

Lennard drew the whip back and put every ounce of strength in his body into the next slash. Taylor grunted involuntarily from the force and pain of the blow. Lennard and the rest raised their eyebrows.

Standing at the side, Manning yelled, "Ready to talk, kid?" his voice had a grating coarseness to it.

"I've already told you that I didn't steal no horses; what more do you want?" he ground out between clenched teeth.

"The truth," Lennard snarled.

"Give it to him some more," an unidentified man yelled. Lennard obliged.

The third blow brought blood coursing down Taylor's back. Again and again the whip was brought down across the back, Taylor not making a sound or wincing.

"Stubborn, huh?" Lennard said, half-smiling, looking at the back of Taylor.

Taylor's face was covered with sweat; it ran down into his eyes and stung. He remained silent.

Dan Brennan and his son, Josh, rode slowly into town on the springless buckboard. Dan saw the crowd and reined the team over to it. Josh spotted Lennard and became suspicious.

"Dad, trouble; Lennard is over there," he said quickly. The older Brennan surveyed the scene as he slapped the reins against the rumps of the horses. He trotted the horses through the crowd, and the people unwillingly parted to make room. He pulled the wagon to a halt and stood up, hands on hips.

"What in the Lord's name are you a doin' to that boy," he demanded, nodding his head toward the bound Taylor. Josh jumped down and turned to the boy. Lennard caught him by the arm and growled.

"Leave him alone, Brennan; this isn't any of your business."

The younger Brennan jerked himself free of the man's grasp and walked quickly over to Taylor and extracted a knife. He sliced the ropes that bound him and quickly eased the unconscious body to the ground. Dan Brennan also jumped from the wagon and grabbed the whip from Lennard's shoulder and spun him around.

"Just what right did you think you had declaring yourself a judge, jury and prosecutor?" he demanded.

"We were a loosin' up this here horse thief's tongue," he said hotly, "until you butted in."

"I don't care if he stole any horses or not; no one should be treated like this," Josh said from twenty feet away.

"What proof do you have that he stole any horses?" Dan questioned.

"I caught him with Manning's bay mare. Isn't that enough proof for you?" Lennard said sullenly.

Before Brennan could reply, Sheriff Connors rode up, his face a mixture of worry and amazement.

"What is happening here, Dan?" he questioned, dismounting.

Brennan glared at Lennard, "He thinks he's caught Manning's horse thief."

Connors shook his head, "That's impossible; my deputy and I caught the guy this morning; he's in jail right now. I came down here to tell Manning that his horses are tied up in back of the office."

Brennan looked at Lennard. "I hope you're happy," he muttered.

Ferdine Auldridge, Grade 10

### Lesson

Stand high on a cliff.  
Face the rising sun.  
Feel the wind rush past you.  
The wind, gliding over this  
Earth under the sun.  
Free to move.  
See how the wind travels,  
Seeking every place on this  
Earth. Now, parasite, glance  
Down, further still, into the  
Valley far below.  
See the ravines yet untouched  
By dawn's yellow symphony.  
Look closer still; see the grass  
Rooted in the cold ground,  
It doesn't glide or move about  
The earth, it waits patiently  
For the morning sun to spare  
A few life-giving rays.  
The grass, my friend, is Man.  
Now, parasites, make your decision ...  
You may crawl back down the  
cliff  
And join the grass below, or  
Lunge forward  
And in a moment join the wind.

Van Wilkinson, Grade 12

### Memories

Long-lost thoughts I keep boxed  
high on a shelf  
when emptiness encompasses me.  
Thoughts need comfort me,  
I will replace the guarding lock  
upon sacred treasures  
and lay  
my younger days back  
on their  
pedestal.

Margie Jimison, Grade 12

### Prayer

Hands  
Held truthfully together.  
From soft to young, to  
Rough and hard,  
Worked and strong,  
Weak and veined,  
Touching with ecstasy,  
Worried moistness unto  
Dry, cool excitement,  
Some grasping, wringing,  
Others gently brushing.  
And this is the escape.

Catherine Crews, Grade 12

## On Listening to a Choir

Hallelujah! Enter the souls, separately, individually, but dependently, scampering to mingle in rapture, one joining another and another in crescendo, forming secret streams ... pulsing, running and flowing into each other.

Rivers now, glorious, meaningful rivers of infinite tone. The individual souls continue spinning, entwining their melody. Souls—streams—rivers—brought together in strength for a few fleeting seconds to form a chordant lake, then receding, lingering away in a diminuendo ... slowly with gentle currents ... tissue-thin waves ... ripples humming velvet stillness ...

A lone raindrop falls to the motionless lake surface and all turn to her. She sends tiny waves quivering outwardly in circular patterns as she disturbs the stillness. Her solo is a delicate, beautiful one.

The humming of the lake begins once more, encouraging her, beckoning her graceful tone, gaining volume in the background. Hallelujah! Enter the souls once again forming the streams—the rivers—the glorious melody—the song ... each voice dependent upon the other.

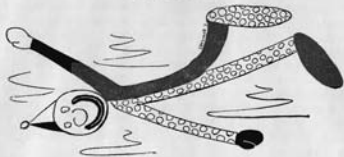
Karen Huffman, Grade 11

## In Passing

Formless hand  
the ephemeral cold-maker  
Caresses the outgoing season  
Of panting children running  
to and fro  
Of smoke-filled skies sighing  
to and fro  
Of color veiling  
to and fro  
with every whim of wind  
Of memories heaving  
to and fro  
within, against the sides of the  
Youth, panting beneath the smoke-filled  
Skies which  
Fell  
to the formless cold-maker.

Richard May, Grade 12

## The Clown



Marie Jackson sighed tiredly as she brushed a lock of hair back and began sweeping her tiny kitchen floor. The morning sun, shining through the gaily curtained window, cast long patterns on the worn linoleum. The room was immaculate but shabby. Just as Marie was sweeping the dust into a dustpan, a little boy came bursting into the kitchen. "Mommy, can I have a nickel? The ice cream man is coming!" His large brown eyes looked pleadingly up at her.

Marie stopped her work and stooped down to hug her boisterous five year old son. "Hello, Willie. Where have you been all morning? No, honey, you can't have a nickel this morning, but I'll fix us a glass of Kool-aid. Okay?"

"Okay, Mommy," Willie answered happily. He climbed onto a wooden chair by the table and chattered continuously as his mother went about fixing the Kool-aid.

Marie set a tall glass of orange Kool-aid in front of the boy and sat watching him drink in long, thirsty gulps. He drained the glass quickly and looked over the empty glass at her, his face stained with Kool-aid. "Can I have some more?"

"What do you say, Willie?" his mother reminded him.

"Please, may I have some more," he corrected himself with a mischievous grin. The second glass went as quickly as the first. Satisfied, he jumped off the stool. "I'm going to go play with Joseph, Mommy," he called as he started to leave.

"Willie, you come back here and let me wash your face," his mother answered. He trudged slowly back to the kitchen and squirmed under the soapy wash cloth. Then he was gone in a flash. Marie shook her head smilingly as she watched him run off. He's such a happy child, she thought, as she started

preparing their lunch. I just hope he will always be that way. She sighed sadly as she started peeling the potatoes. Maybe by the time he's old enough to understand bitterness, things will be different. She pushed the unpleasant thoughts away.

Lunch was soon ready and Marie went out to call her son in. She called several times before he came. "Willie!" his mother exclaimed when she saw him walking sheepishly toward her. "What on earth were you doing, child? You're mud from head to toe!"

He bowed his curly head and kicked at a pile of pebbles. "Joe and me were playing cowboys and Indians with the big kids and they made us be horses," he explained in a quiet voice.

"Well, come in and get cleaned up for lunch." Marie groaned inwardly when she saw a new tear in his already multimended pants. It seemed as if every time she turned around there was something to be mended.

Willie was quickly scrubbed and soon they were ready to eat. They ate slowly while the high spirited youngster related to his mother the events of his adventure-filled day. Marie loved him very much. They had been so happy when they learned that they were going to have a child. She and Ed wanted the very best for their son and were determined to see that he would have every opportunity. But there seemed to be so many powers working against them.

Marie got up and cleared the table.

"Mommy, let me dry."

"What?"

"Let me dry the dishes."

Marie remembered a slightly unfortunate incident that took place the last time he had helped her with the dishes. She quickly dismissed the subject by reminding him that his favorite T.V. program was about to begin. This seemed to please her son and he was soon gone.

She turned to the sink and started the dishes. She was just about finished when Willie came bouncing back into the kitchen. "Mommie, come look what's on T. V.," he cried excitedly. He grabbed her hand and led her into the living room. Marie couldn't understand. What would Willie see in a commercial? They had been advertising some restaurant.

"Oh—you missed it!" he cried disappointedly.

"What, honey?" Marie was amazed.

"I wanted you to see it so we could go there!"

"Go where, darling?" Marie asked wondering what he was referring to.

"To that place where the man said all little kids would get a clown if their Mommies and Daddies brought them!"

"Well, they'll show it again in a few minutes," Marie consoled him, "and I'll just sit here and watch T. V. with you until they do."

Ten minutes later they stopped for commercials. The first one was for Ace razor blades and the second was for Union Oil. Finally, the one Willy had been talking about came on. The commercial promised a stuffed clown to all little children that came in with their folks to eat at some local restaurant. A feeling of uneasiness washed over Marie as she saw the name of the place.

"Can we go Mommy, please?" He pleaded.

Marie looked at her son. Suddenly she wanted to hug him and tell him how much she loved him. How she hated the outside world that already threatened to make his life different and miserable. "Honey," she picked her words carefully, "we can't go there. It's too far away."

"Oh," he said resignedly but with obvious disappointment.

Marie left him to watch the remainder of the show and went to fix dinner. Her husband would soon be home and she always had dinner on the table when he arrived. Marie couldn't forget that commerial and the look on Willie's face when she told him the lie. She tried to tell herself that her tears were from the strong onion that she was peeling.

Marie's heart lightened when she heard her husband's step on the porch. Willie ran and opened the door for his father. He giggled with delight as his Dad tossed him in the air and gave him a hug. Then turned to his wife and hugged her. "Hi, Sweet-heart. How're you?"

Soon they were all sitting around the dinner table. Willie was unusually quiet. His father immediately noticed. "Anything wrong, Son? You're quiet."

"Dad, where is Morely's at?"

"You mean Morely's Restaurant?"

"Yes, Daddy," he replied thoughtfully. "That's the place!"

"It's up by the post-office. Why?"

Willie looked over at his mother, a confused look on his serious face. "But Mommy said it's far away!"

The baked potato that she had been eating tasted like sawdust and she had a sick feeling in her stomach.

Ed looked from mother to son, frowning. "Why did you want to know that, William? Does it matter?" He looked toward Marie with raised eyebrows.

"I want to go there. Can I, can I, Dad? They're giving away little clowns to all the kids and it's not too far away!" He had worked himself up into a state of excitement.

A look of realization came over Ed's face and he looked

over the table at his wife, his face reflecting her agonized look.

He looked at his eager son and said sharply, "No!" That one word caused Willie's face to drop. He looked beaten.

The rest of the dinner was strained and very quiet. The evening progressed like that also. Finally, it was Willie's bedtime. Marie got him ready for bed and called Ed to listen to his prayers with her. As they all knelt at his bed, Willie said his prayers in his usual manner and added... "please, God, let me go get a clown." There was a lump in Marie's throat when she kissed her son good-night. His father's voice was gruff.

Later as they sat quietly together in their humble living room, staring at each other in mutual agony, the silence was finally broken by Marie. "How do you tell a baby about segregation... and hate... and the difference between white and black?" She stopped and broke into sobs.

Nancy Olsen, Grade 12

## Parodies

The poems which follow represent a particular type of high burlesque satire known as parody. PARODY comes from the Greek *parodia* ("a beside- or against-song"). Proposing to burlesque or imitate serious works of art by adopting the particular technique or style of an author, parody can direct its barb toward either the author whose work is being parodied or some new purpose. Very often the parodist's purpose is to criticize or ridicule what he believes to be an existing wrong within his society. Most of the parodies herein take their form from English poets of the Victorian Period.

### To the Bank of America: On Going into Debt

Tell me not, bank, I am unrefined,  
That from the solitude  
Of thy grey suit and gold unlined  
To fun and games I fly.

Yet this faith is such  
As you, too, shall soon adore;  
I could not own, bank, half as  
much,  
Owed I not you much more.

True, a new goal now keeps my  
pace,  
Affluent I cannot yield;  
And with hollow faith embrace  
A house, a pool, eight wheels.

Toni Blackburn, Grade 12

## To Sneeze or not to Sneeze



To sneeze, or not to sneeze: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The glances and looks of joking students,  
Or to take arms against a sea of embarrassment,  
And by ignoring gain relief? To relieve: to sneeze;  
Why not? and by a sneeze to say we end  
The tickling, and the thousand natural convulsions  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a relief,  
Greatly to be wished. To relieve, to sneeze;  
To sneeze! perchance to hold: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sneeze what ecstasy may come  
When we have snuffled off this agonizing urge,  
But take a pause: there's the urgency  
That makes calamity of so long torture;  
For who would bear the embarrassment and looks of others,  
The scorner's eye, the prankster's joke,  
The pangs of a withheld sneeze, temporary satisfaction  
That is acquired in the contained attempts  
When he himself might his relief make  
With a large handkerchief? Who'd these lurches bear,  
To grunt and sweat under an overpowering desire,  
But that the dread of laughter after sneezing:  
The realization that sneezes may drive friends away,  
Never to return,—cause us to think  
And makes us rather hold back those sneezes we wish  
Than spread to others that we know we have?  
Thus courtesy does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the first urgent thought of rudeness  
Is clouded o'er with the pale cast of politeness;  
And lose the relief of sneezing.

Jim Clark, Grade 12

## Wring Out, Wild Belle



Wring out, wild belle, to the camera's eye  
The senseless crowd, the viewers dull;  
The soap now tries the dirt to cull;  
Wring out, wild belle, and let it fly.

Wring out the gray, wring in the white,  
Wring, happy belle, on the T. V. show;  
The dirt is going, let it go;  
Wring out the dull, wring in the bright.

Wring for the ad that saps the mind,  
For those who see will think no more;  
Wring for those minds so weak and poor;  
Wring in "progress" for all mankind.

Wring out the ever-present grime  
And all such forms of stubborn dirt;  
Wring in the cleaner, whiter shirt  
With sweeter smells in half the time.

Wring out to all, in senseless din,  
The mental weakness of the times;  
Wring in, wring in the sponsor's crimes  
That wring the bigger profits in.



Wring out false pride for other brands drear;  
To them show naught but scorn and spite  
Wring, while ignoring truth and right;  
Wring in the love for new, blue Cheer.

Wring out to minds of foul disease,  
Wring in the sponsor's lust of gold;  
Wring out the thousand claims of old;  
Wring in the claims replacing these.

Wring out the greedy sponsor's plea,  
The selfish heart, the grabbing hand;  
Wring out this curse that stalks the land,  
Wring in the peace of no T.V.

Carol Hooker, Grade 12

## Crossing Town

Daybreak and morning star  
And fumbling with the ignition key  
And may there be much fervent prayer  
When the freeway calleth me.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep  
Too full of honks and sobs  
When shooting bravely from the heap  
Of cars I proceed—my destiny, my job!

Twilight and evening's stead  
And after that the dark  
And fearful horror replaces dread  
When I again embark.

For though from beyond traveled route and place  
The traffic may bear me round,  
I hope to see my family's face  
When I have crossed the town.

Priscilla Pelton, Grade 12

## Years, Progressing Years



Years, progressing years, I know too well what they mean,  
Years from the threshold of some misplaced century  
Rise from the past and gather in furrows around the eyes,  
In sitting in the local elixir emporium,\*  
And thinking of the years—No more!

Fresh as the first puff from that slab of paste,  
That cannot conceal living history from our friends,  
Sad as the last hitch in the corset taut  
That conceals all we love in playtex submerged;  
So sad, so fresh, the years—No more!

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest mush of the mud pack applied  
To writhed face, when unto sleepy eyes  
The ooze slowly seeps and congests with murky vision;  
So sad, so strange, the years—No more!

Dear as remembered kisses that never  
Let forget the hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips now shriveled and feeble; thinking of  
First love, and counting years since with wild regret;  
O mask of Death, the years—No more!

Murray Weiss, Grade 12

\* elixir emporium: Most commonly known as a beauty salon. A popular extravagance of the automation hag of the twentieth century famous for professing the impossible.

## O'Grady of the Pot

On either side the sink do lie,  
Drainboards, dishes stacked miles high,  
With rancid odor that will not die,  
The clean up room of the Dragon's Eye  
The city's swankest evening spot.  
There it sits and all gets rotten.  
Soups get cold and salads hotten  
Of all rooms this is forgotten,

In this bright and shiny evening spot.

In the "In" door, out the "Out,"  
Trays and bus boys scurry about,  
Yelling greetings with a shout,  
Trying to make the patrons stout  
In this fattening evening spot.  
But who has seen the elbow grease?  
And who knows that her toils don't cease?  
That her work will e'er increase,  
O'Grady of the Pot.

Only trash boys coming early,  
Only cooks with teeth all pearly.  
Delivery men, great arms burly  
All to this room coming surly,  
In the city's swankest evening spot.  
And as the bottom can be seen,  
'Tis whispered, as the pots all gleam  
That she's a female Mr. Clean,  
O'Grady at the Pot.

There she toils both night and day,  
Her scrub brush rotting with decay,  
She has heard a loud voice bray,  
That she'll be canned if she should stray  
From the kitchen of this evening spot.  
She knows she has a deadly dread  
Of losing her means of earning bread,  
O'Grady of the Pot.

And as she labored year on year,  
Through doors which swing both far and near,  
Brief glimpses of bright life appear,  
And through a window she will peer,  
At the life in the swanky evening spot  
And see the waiters' jackets red,  
And see the host incline his head  
And for this life her poor heart bled,  
O'Grady of the Pot.

Still her labor she doth do,  
Scrubbing dishes free of goo,  
Loning for a suitor true  
To take her hand and lead her through  
The city's swankest evening spot.  
But she has no love, no confidant,  
No handsome man to make her pant  
No one about whom she can rant  
O'Grady of the Pot.

A drum roll sounded, loud and brash  
And in her ears a cymbal crash  
In shocking glory, clothes that clash  
Returning from an all night bash  
Stood Classy Clancy Grabbalot.  
A chartreuse sweater graced his chest,  
Covered by a purple vest.  
Come to play his drums the best  
In the city's swankest evening spot.

He flashed and shone and sneered and crew,  
And in his hands the drumsticks flew.  
Even the trumpet tho' loud it blew  
Could not o'ercome, could not outdo  
The swingin' Clancy Grabbalot.  
His long hair dirty and so greasy  
His brassy air, so bright and breezy  
He knew not the heart he took so easy,  
O'Grady's of the Pot.

The splendid drums rolled on like thunder,  
Ever throbbing, not a blunder,  
Sounds that ripped the walls asunder,  
The kitchen door going under

To O'Grady of the Pot.  
To the door a hasty shuffle,  
O'Grady repressed a snorting snuffle,  
She heard a manly gasp "Oh piffle!"  
Groaned Clancy Grabbalot.

She left the sink, she left the dish,  
She crossed the room in one great swish  
The water 'neath her foot did squish  
As she strove to fulfill her wish,  
O'Grady of the Pot.

And tho' she knew what fate it would spell,  
If she entered her death knell would be belled,  
"You're fired!" her cruel boss would yell,  
To O'Grady of the Pot.

The kitchen was deep and dank and dark,  
No sign of life, not e'en a spark,  
No one who her tale would hark,  
No one who her fate would mark,

In the city's swankest evening spot.  
She looked around and found a cake,  
As big as any chef could make,  
Of it no one would partake

In the city's swankest evening spot.

She slid it on a rolling tray  
And waited 'til the end of day  
On the vessel which would carry her away,  
She wrote in frosting words which say  
"O'Grady of the Pot."

Into the middle she went so bold,  
Dressed in a gaudy costume of gold,  
And into the dining room she rolled  
In the city's swankest evening spot.

Among the tables the tray did swing  
Sweet melodic airs it did bring  
As from the cake they heard her sing,  
"Oh, my babe's so ring-a-ding-ding,"

O'Grady at the pot.  
Covered with frosting up past her head,  
Soon she gave up the ghost and was dead.  
And around the edge of the cake they read  
"O'Grady of the Pot."

Smothered and covered all over with crumbs  
Pink frosting under the nails of her thumbs,  
Surrounded by a crowd of elegant bums  
The cake rolled by Grabbalot's drums,  
The drums of Clancy Grabbalot.  
The crowd then felt a premonition,  
Fearful stab of superstition.

Not Clancy, he said of his own volition,  
"Tough luck, kid." Sandra Church, Grade 12

### The Charge and the Retreat

Half a step, half a step,  
Half a step onward,  
Into the physics classroom.  
Into the valley of Death—  
Into my physics classroom.  
"Pass out the paper,  
Prepare for the test," he said.  
Into the valley of Death—  
Into my physics classroom.  
"Pass out the paper!"  
But was I dismayed?  
Not though I knew  
Some mistake I had made  
But mine was not to do or die,  
Mine was but to reason why.  
Into the valley of Death—  
Into my physics classroom.  
Figures to the right of me!  
Figures to the left of me!  
Figures in front of me!  
Twisted and turned;  
Filled with unfamiliarity  
Boldly I tried and failed.  
Into the night of Blackness;  
Into the shadow of Shame;  
Into the valley of Death;  
Into my physics classroom,  
I flashed my pencil bare,  
Flashed my slide rule in air

Unscrambling the numbers there.  
Fighting a hopeless cause,  
All night I studied  
Covered with sweat, and weary,  
Throughout the period I strained;  
Calculus and theories  
Whirling in my confused brain  
All passed but not me;  
Not in my physics classroom.  
Figures to the right of me!  
Figures to the left of me!  
Figures behind me!  
Twisted and turned;  
Filled with unfamiliarity,  
While my mind grew wild.  
That mind that had fought so well  
Was trapped by that Blankness,  
Was thrust into the shadow of  
Shame;  
All in the gloom, that gloom  
Of my physics classroom.  
When will my madness fade?  
O the wild try I made!  
All that night I studied.  
Honor that try I made;  
Honor the price I paid  
Into my physics classroom.  
Peggy Cochran, Grade 12

## Of Gray

He was drifting, weightless, in a world of gray cotton. Sounds were removed, inconsequential. His thoughts rambled impersonally, like a forgotten ball of string. Touch and smell perceptions were vague, in a warm, embracing way. Only the taste was real.

The taste. It made his mouth water, drowning the salty creature. A tidal wave engulfing everything. O God! Marian! the kids! The rising waters were inside the house now—mud, dead cats, slime, swirling around the new couch. And there was Mr. Walker, the furniture salesman, swathed in a robe, enthroned on high, calling for the waters to cease.

He pushed lazily, half-heartedly at the cloud. It would not yield, but swallowed his arms to the shoulders. The Maid of Spring breathed gently across his face, smelling of roses and fresh-cut lawns. He stood, helpless, armless, faced by an infinity of knee-high grass and a push-mower. The grass crept around his feet, twining, intertwining, in a net of green, choking death. Slowly he began to run, pushing aside the strands of the silken cloud. Slowly, slowly; his feet were leaden, plodding. In slow motion he ran, escaping the insidious green. Yet they followed him, surrounding him, closing in—green-gray hulks in shoulder pads and helmets. The ball in his hands was heavy, slowing him. The bulky uniform hindered his stride. Without changing pace, he dropped the ball. It bounced eerily, enveloped in the mist. The uniform fell in brilliant disarray at his feet. Freely he charged into the dawn.

He tripped suddenly, slid to a foam rubber stop in solemn obeisance to the sun. Hesitantly it rose, pausing to adjust its rays, laden with its burden of golden Columbian coffee, its lumpy smile a blinding benediction. He remained supine, a pebble pressing sharply against his nose. In wavering vapors the entrancing smell of fresh brewed coffee issued from the dew about him, permeating the cloud, intoxicating his disjointed nose. Floating on towers of languid odor, he felt his body borne in profound procession before the high throne of knowledge.

There, before him, was the Dean, bedecked in mortar board and pink tassel. His pink-piggish eyes roamed over the graduates, resting and flitting, and resting again on some pretty girl's pink petaled cheeks. Slowly he drew himself up and descended the steps of the stage as though to grace each with his grotesquely hairy toes. As he reached the bottom, he smiled benignly, then began skipping down the ranks of the taut-faced inheritors, tossing Baccalaureates into the breeze. As

they reached their zenith, they disseminated, tinting the cloud-fuzzed world an acid orange. Overburdened by its own weight, it precipitated, floating the alumni away, who paddled furiously, but in vain. Void of its glory the cloud became, once again, gray.

He was left standing, alone, on the hill overlooking his farm of good things. The valley lay, a palette of golds, green; blue-mist shrouded hills and tidy buildings. Clumps of wool grew from the hillsides, milk flowed in streams; acres of golden butter and swamps of grape jelly filled the eye. From afar, perhaps from behind the misted hills came a cry. Fervent, insistent, not anxious or imploring—WILLIAM! Why, that's me! I! His name! Slowly it swept over the valley, rippled off the hills and pierced his cloud.

He stretched, pushing the blankets aside and lay for a moment contemplating a loose mattress button beneath his nose. The morning was a perfect, peaceful Sabbath. The cows were waiting placidly and heavy-laden by the pasture gate. Hens clucked and the sheep bleated. He stretched again, opening his eyes to the first ray of dawn aimed at his pillow. Boy! Was he hungry. Bacon, eggs, coffee, orange juice. . . .

Judith Bragdon, Grade 12

## As Freedom Is A Breakfast Food

tangled thots  
of the beauty lost  
of a tin can  
rusted  
maybe bent . . .  
mental metal visions  
of  
applesauce & ham  
were fondled  
& dropped  
& dented  
& lost  
by hungries  
who had really only  
psycho-cravings . . .  
then i recalled pictures i had seen  
of last wars polish mothers  
scraping with spoons  
the sides of selfish trashcans—  
my fried egg winked at me/  
Dennis McCutcheon, Grade 10

## Association of Modern Man

to you i say:  
accomplishment;  
you tend to ask:  
of what?  
my point to stress  
is  
why you ask:  
of what?  
instead  
of  
being content  
with  
It!

Dennis McCutcheon, Grade 10

## My Lady

At first the only thing I could see of her was the cloud of dust rising like Indian smoke signals from under her hoofs. Then as I stepped from the brilliant sunlight into the amethyst shadows surrounding her, I beheld a majestic animal as refreshing and as startling as the sun's first rays at dawn. A massive Palomino, Lady was bold and gleamingly clothed in a coat of burnished gold. While I stood surveying her, she rolled her eyes toward me which were as wise and as patient as the jeweled eyes of an ancient Chinese idol.

When I advanced toward her, her huge body trembled like an earthquake; her flying mane and tail resembled wispy clouds scurrying before a storm. In an awestruck whisper, I murmured encouraging phrases more to strengthen my own rapidly diminishing courage than to calm Lady. She pounded her feet down in a final stamping rage and then stood as still as a golden statue. I then tiptoed up beside her rugged head trying to bridle her and feeling that she was as tall as the Trojan Horse. In spite of her tremendous size, pulling the bridle up and over her perky ears proved easier than I had expected.

Her hoofs tapping like a dancer's feet, my Lady obediently pranced around and followed me out of the dusty stable. Once we were outside and had been properly greeted by the sweet smells of clean hay and parched grass mingled with the unmistakable aroma of old leather and grimy sweat, I vaulted upon Lady's rod-straight back. With the snort of a charging bull, she pawed at the sod for an instant. Then plopping as noisily as water dripping into a wooden bucket, she loped slowly across the gritty dirt path and into the open corral. After a series of marches and canters about the confined area, she decided she would rather be free. But instead of smoothly jumping the fence, she bounced over it like a rubber ball. She landed on the edge of the bank of the dry, sandy riverbed and teetered and swayed like a tree in a strong breeze before regaining her balance.

I let her have plenty of slack in the reins; consequently, we raced away as free as a wild sea gull. Soon foam frosted her mouth, and her sides glistened with slippery sweat. I knew she would run herself to death, so I reined her into a slow jog. At first she fought me like a pirate with a fiery temper. This outburst displayed the John Henry force which underlay her gentle-as-a-lamb personality. The peaceful jog lasted only until she regained her wind.

The glorious rays of the sun faded into a soft incandescent pink on the few straggly clouds in the great aqua ocean of sky

as we finally started back toward the old, dusty stable which was a prison for Lady. Realizing her desire for a last fling, I swung down from her. As I turned her loose, she nickered gratefully.

She plunged, she trotted, she kicked, she rolled in the damp sand, and she raced across the sandy riverbed. Her head and mane tossed as waves on a rough, stormy sea. Then, ever so slowly, she clopped back where I was waiting. Her bridle was clinking and jingling so solemnly, it sounded like the Death March.

It wasn't the cold night air that caused tears to fill my eyes and forced me to quiver. What a shame to restrain and subdue such a creature! Lady was a devoted child of the wild and free life.

Sheila Pritchett, Grade 10

## Ant Farm

Once, a long while ago, I had an ant farm. It was an endless supply of enjoyment, a study of human-like society. I played God. A few grains of sugar a day, a drop or two of water, and they flourished, building for themselves an intricate network of tunnels and chambers. Since they had no enemies, they did not have to fight for survival. Therefore, I took it upon myself to be their antagonist, their threat to existence.

Every so often I would uncup their mighty city and wage war upon them—not a savagely cruel war, but rather a war favoring only the keenest. The stronger ants would scale the few inches of glass wall with some effort. Once at the top I would crush them. The less curious and weaker ants would, however, continue to work, not attempting escape. Therefore, I had created a perfect society in which the survival of the meek was dominant.

Perfection was not achieved, however, for I had not foreseen the obvious outcome. Without drive, without bold leadership the colony began to die, one stage at a time, until there was but one ant left. Strangely enough, he seemed to be a healthy individual going about his work almost unaware of the death about him. Disheartened, I uncapped the farm and placed it in our back yard. After some time the lone survivor made his way cautiously up the glass wall and down, losing himself forever in the grass. He was one of a new breed adapted to the conditions—strong enough to climb the wall but smart enough to restrain himself until the last.

Van Wilkinson, Grade 12

## That Man Is Dissatisfied

Stand on any corner or wait in any line. Listen to any conversation or read any piece of literature. Open your eyes, listen, and recognize; then admit to yourself that "That Man Is Dissatisfied."

That man on the corner is confused; he is unhappy. He feels abused that others should tell him what he may or may not do. He feels thoroughly rejected, totally unwanted, and completely useless. He cannot compete with those who tell him not to walk on the grass nor with those who tell him how to drive at this speed or to fill out this blank with a certain color of ink or to follow these rules. He has no authority to act against people who discriminate against him for the color of his skin, against those who denounce his religion, or against those who decri his politics. Day after day he reads, "WAIT HERE," "NO LEFT TURN," "THIS SECTION CLOSED," "ADULTS ONLY," or "QUIET"; these signs confuse him. His self-judgment gets little if any badly needed practice. He cannot understand why he must be eighteen years old to attend this meeting or twenty-one years old to join this organization. He questions why minors are not allowed on these premises. It strikes him funny that if he were ten years younger he could sit in the same theater seat for half the price he now pays, or he could get a free balloon at the gas station. He wonders what's in this section of the park, but he's not allowed to enter unless he's over sixty-five years old. The poor, miserable soul has extremely few opportunities to make any of his own decisions or to do what he wants. He stands on this same corner every day and does nothing to change his life.

That man at the end of the line knows very little pleasure. He pays twenty dollars to enjoy a day riding on machines at Disneyland or waits three hours in line to get a back row ticket to a World Series game on a rainy day. Each evening, after an exciting day of pushing buttons at the office, our friend sits at home, staring and pretending to enjoy watching short excerpts between television commercials. Once in a while he finds pleasure in reading a book of his own choosing but blushes on hearing that last week the book was banned from the public for obscenity. He agrees to play football with his twelve year old son and sprains his sacroiliac while trying to show his son how to throw the ball correctly. Each Sunday

with his family he takes a quiet country drive and enjoys attempting to outspeed each of the seventeen million other families who took the same freeway. This gentleman highlights his yearly schedule by taking a vacation to a remote mountain lake where he buys plastic fish worms, elbows his way through the crowd to the edge of the lake, and catches a small, planted trout. He is forever seeing exhibits, watching films, or hearing lectures about how other people enjoy life, but he himself enjoys only a limited and disappointing sort of pleasure. Each day he waits in this same line and does nothing to change himself.

The aging gentleman sitting down over there is typical of men who will never be satisfied with what they have. He must always do better than the next fellow. No position is high enough, and no acquisition is rich enough for him. If he were a millionaire, he would want to be a billionaire. If he owned an automobile, he would want a limousine. If his supper were of beef, he would want steak; still he would not be satisfied unless it were barbecued medium rare and accompanied with baked potatoes and sour cream sauce. A third place trophy would not fulfill his desire to win first. The world owes him a living. He is sitting there today, and he will be sitting there tomorrow with the same unaccomplished goals. He will be there next week because he will do nothing to change his way of life.

The man over there with the skeptical look is unconvinced by the answers provided to his questions. He wants to know why, but no one will tell him. He wants to know the truth about God; he has only his faith to turn to. He wants to know why his skin is different from that of other men. He wants to know why he was unable to attain good grades in school, though he tried very hard. He wants to know why he is an employee rather than an employer. He is curious as to why he wasn't born into a rich family and wonders why he wasn't a natural born athlete. Why does he suffer diseases? Why does he have family problems? What makes him want to know why? He'll never be satisfied until he finds the answers to these questions, and he never will find the answers to these questions. He stands there each day, wondering but never really trying to change his life.

I too am dissatisfied. I am dissatisfied with the dissatisfaction of that man on the corner, the gentleman waiting in line, the aging gentleman sitting over there, and the man over there with the skeptical look. Each day I see the man on the corner; I hear his disgust; I watch him live a life of appeasement. Each day I shudder at the sight of the gentleman waiting in line; I see him living a life of substitutes, never enjoying

himself. I see the aging gentleman sitting in that chair day after day, living a life of temporary compromises, fruitlessly striving to reach some intangible goal. He is not unlike the man over there with the skeptical look because this man too is striving for compensations and receiving no concrete answers. I see these dissatisfied people every day; I hear them; I read about them, and I am one of them, but I am dissatisfied only in seeing the unnecessary dissatisfaction of these four gentlemen. Why must they feel this way? Why don't they do something to change their lives or their attitudes? Perhaps they should recognize, as I have done, and admit to themselves that "That Man Is Dissatisfied." Then and only then can they cure their dissatisfaction; then and only then can they change their lives and get out of the rut they are in.

**Kenneth Tapp, Grade 11**

## Limericks

There was an old man from Calcutta,  
Who talked with a terrible stutta,  
Every time he said grace  
And tilted his face,  
His false teeth fell right in the butta.

**Penny Welty, Grade 11**

In the forest there is a tree tall.  
Suppose, with a crash, it should fall.  
Though the hand of God moves it,  
Unless someone proves it,  
They say it makes no sound at all.

**Barbara Slutzky, Grade 12**

## The Concert

They took me to a concert;  
I didn't want to go.  
It was an overture of William Tell,  
But I really didn't know.  
I found out I knew it well  
And that's when I started to quiver,  
'Cause in the middle of the thing  
I yelled, "HI HO, SILVER!"

**Margie Jimlson, Grade 12**

## A Big Yellow Bus



The time was dragging; at first it hadn't been so bad. She had filled her mind with thoughts of cake, and toys, and friends, and fun, and summer, and winter, but with only ten minutes to go there was nothing left to think about but how happy Daddy would be again this morning. Every morning for the past week she'd made breakfast for the whole family. Daddy had smiled so, said that it made things easier on Mother. Mother was always tired; at least she always looked tired. Maybe this did help Mother; she hoped so . . . but Daddy was the one that had always smiled and said, "Sue, you're a good girl" and "Boy, breakfast sure was good" and "Thanks, Sue." Her two brothers never said much, but she didn't expect them to; they never said anything but, "What a punk," or "Oh, Wow!" or "I'm gonna pound you!"

Only five minutes now. It seemed like forever to Sue; she decided to wait three minutes. Two minutes sooner wouldn't make much difference. She would take longer to make everything. She'd pretend she was in slow motion; yes, that would be fun!

She planned a schedule in her mind. After breakfast, the boys and Sue would get ready for school. She'd use the bathroom first so she could walk Daddy to the bus stop; then she'd go to school from there. Daddy always liked to have Sue walk with him to the bus, because then he'd have someone to wave to when he went down the street. She always felt funny when she saw him fade away on that big yellow bus, sort of as though he was never coming back, that he'd just keep riding and never get off. When Sue thought of losing her Daddy, she would cry and things would become blurred and unreal. She

fought back a tear now as she slid from her bed. The tile floor beneath her feet was cold, and she put her slippers on quickly to warm her already white feet. Her slippers were big 'cause a little girl's feet grow so fast; in fact, a little girl grows fast all over. Sue remembered the day mother had gotten awfully mad. Mother had taken her to buy some slippers, but Sue wouldn't take them until Daddy said that he liked them too. Sue liked the slippers; she just wanted to know if Daddy liked them.

As she opened her door, she sensed the stillness of the autumn morning and of the large New York house. Now while tiptoeing down the hall, she thought she'd wake everyone, but no one made a sound. When she reached the stairs, she was relieved. That had been the hardest part, over now, for one more morning. She never had awakened anyone and wondered how long she would worry about doing so . . . that first morning she took almost ten minutes to move ten feet. Every time she'd taken a step, she'd stopped and held her breath, afraid to take another, not wanting to go back to her room.

The first step creaked as she stepped to its level. Frozen in her position she thought, "Why do I always forget and step in the middle? Tomorrow I will remember to step near the banister; it doesn't squeak there." The rest of the stairs were easy, so Sue didn't take much time to finish her flight. Once in the kitchen Sue started right in. She thought, "First I'll set the table, in slow motion." Sue set five neat places on the kitchen table and started the bread toasting. Then she started cracking five eggs into a bowl. She was getting very good at this. At first she'd made quite a mess and mother had yelled, but Daddy always had helped her and they had it cleaned up in no time at all. Now as the pan was heating, she beat the eggs, forgetting to use water and beating too many strokes. Now as the toast popped from the toaster, she spilled the eggs into the pan, and using a pancake turner as Daddy always did, she started to turn the liquid slowly. The eggs stiffened and she removed the pan from the stove, forgetting to turn off the heat. Now dividing the eggs into five equal parts, she placed a spoonful on each plate. After putting in more toast, she went upstairs.

"Come on, everybody. Breakfast is ready." Three sleepy persons climbed out of bed to the now familiar words and all descended the stairs. When everyone was seated, the toaster popped. One seat was conspicuously empty. No one said anything until Sue broke the silence.

"Where's Daddy, Mother?"

"Susan, I have told you for the past week every morning, Daddy went away. You won't ever see him again." Worry of the past week sharpened the tone of her voice.

When everyone had finished his small portion of egg, they all rose to go upstairs. After Sue had gotten ready for school, she left the house hurriedly, tears falling and thoughts blurring, as she buried herself in dreams of Daddy . . .

Sue always had a hard time keeping up with the big steps Daddy took, so when they reached the bus stop she was puffing. Then she saw it coming. Daddy kissed her saying, "Bye-bye, Suzie; I'll see you tonight."

She thought, "He's going to just keep riding and never get off," while her tears blurred the big yellow bus.

—Janis Ostrander, Grade 12

## March On

Black braids, white beards, tinted pink under march.  
Human cattle!  
Follow the frayed black thread through  
The snow frozen valley (your ice-house of death).  
Feel the rasp of cruel winds  
And know that this is your last touch.  
Be certain of your fate. March on.  
See the blood-soaked furrow—  
Also see  
Death—  
Steel blades and iron rods greet you.  
Shed not a crimson tear;  
I will hold your broken body.

Karen Huffman, Grade 11



## The Hypocrite

As I walked through the park today, I came across a mass of entranced people listening to an elderly man with a short white beard. I too listened, hypnotized by his pleas for world peace and love of men for one another. His words were so stirring that I decided to follow him. As he was walking down the street, he suddenly bumped into a middle-aged Chinese woman, scattering everywhere the packages she carried. He looked at her for a moment and then walked away as if nothing had happened.

He walked into a crowded restaurant where I watched him demand that another give up his seat because the color of that man's skin was darker than his own.

As he walked to a bus stop, a little Mexican boy ran up to him with a newspaper and asked him if he would like to buy it. He uttered a few gruff words to the boy and shoved him aside.

I followed him on the bus and we got off at a small, well-kept house. One of the two little girls playing hop-scotch on the driveway ran toward the sidewalk where he was opening the gate. She called him "Grandpa" and talked excitedly as they walked to the door. After the other child had left, I heard him tell granddaughter not to play with Janey anymore because the star on her necklace had six points instead of five.

Just then, a good-looking man of obviously Spanish descent came from the house next store. He gave the elder gentleman a friendly "hello," but was answered only by a nod and a mumbled greeting. The neighbor looked as though he were going to say something more, but then changed his mind. I don't think I would have conversed any further either if I had received the look which the grandfather gave him.

I guess I learned a lot more about that man by following him than I learned by listening to him.

**Karen Sandberg, Grade 10**

## What Is It

It swells and billows, rocks and rolls, and flows gently and sweetly. It can be playful or flamboyant, vivacious or sedate. It can be the "Wedding March" or the Saint Louis Blues. It is Brahms' "Lullaby" softly lulling an infant to sleep.

You can hear it in the brilliant tones of a golden trumpet, or the thrilling sound of a hundred strings. It can be heard in the clear, sweet notes of a clarinet or the muted tones of a bass fiddle.

You hear it at Christmas—the unbelievable magic of a choir singing Handel's "Messiah." You will hear it on the Fourth of July in the proud form of our National Anthem. You may hear a slightly tuneless version by the Beatles or a soulful rendition by Joan Baez.

As you can see, it is many wonderful things. It is classical, jazz, folk, spiritual, off-beat, or rock and roll. It is an international language which all can understand and enjoy.

It can make you cry, prickle your skin, or fill you with strange emotions.

It is Music.

**Monica Romero, Grade 10**

## Three Scavengers

The last few days had been awfully boring, and we all knew it. Some vacation this was! We were tired of lounging in our bunks, tired of reading the few books that we had salvaged from the cabin's only cabinet, and we were tired of listening to our transistor radio. We were desperate; I was desperate! After all, I had invited them up here to ski after convincing them that they were going to have the time of their lives. Boy, what a ball this was!

Just as I was going to suggest driving back to the dormitory, I was saved by a radio news bulletin. "We interrupt this program to bring the following news bulletin: A family of three is missing! They were last seen on the western slopes of Crestone Peak. Anyone knowing of their whereabouts please call LO 65578. We repeat, anyone knowing of the whereabouts of this family call this number immediately: LO 65578. Thank you."

The reaction was spontaneous! My cabin is on Crestone Peak!! We couldn't call anyone because all of the power lines were down, so it was suggested that we try to find them ourselves. It would be an all day hike just to reach the western slope, but a quick poll showed that there was no opposition to this proposition.

So out we went, three scavengers into the forces of nature . . . a dark, moonless night . . . a driving, destructive wind . . . cold, icy snow . . . a blinding, freezing barrage that no mortal should be allowed to venture into. Onward we walked, briskly . . . farther and farther. Crunch, crunch, crunch. Our boots bit into the ice that topped the seemingly endless expanse of snow. Miles went by. Cold. More cold. Pinching, biting, clawing, scratching, numbing cold. Cold that made you want to curl up and die. Penetrating cold. Onward and onward we trudged . . . a great adventure had turned into a frozen nightmare. Breathing heavily . . . always moving . . . mile after mile . . . tired . . . exhausted . . . excruciating pain. We had to turn back. We retraced our steps . . . disappointment!!

Now I thought to myself, "We're going home. I hope that we make it." All three of us try to think of something warm . . . it is too cold to think . . . we grit our teeth and stagger on. Exhausted . . . numb . . . senseless . . . we have to keep going. Our heads are swirling . . . "Keep going." Onward . . . trudge, trudge, trudge. Each step is agonizing . . . miles to go . . . we try to keep our courage up.

The storm rages on . . . it seems that all of its fury is directed at us . . . the cold is unbearable . . . we are almost frozen by its icy blast. Our tracks are covered up . . . keep going anyway. Trudge, trudge, trudge . . . crunch, crunch, crunch . . . stagger on. We cry out for help . . . our cries are muffled into undecipherable whispers . . . the roaring wind is overpowering . . . I can go on no longer. They are faltering also. We fall. Motionless . . . we can't get up . . . we don't want to . . . we hope that someones finds us.

Arthur Anderson, Grade 10

## In Building

i think  
 & then i will  
 for glue  
 is nothing to me  
 but poor horses  
 & that makes it sad  
 but they probably  
 quit that practice  
 a while ago . . .  
 gummy human relationships  
 by sight of blood—  
 little girlish faintings  
 with pins like troubles—  
 & fasteners  
 & hasteners  
 & connections  
 with ignorance  
 & misinterpretation . . .  
 i dont know  
 that im getting anything  
 out of  
 misunderstood expressions  
 made by myself  
 or me—  
 i—  
 how abstract is  
 this pronoun  
 expressing my isolated being . . .  
 more is not  
 an abstract term  
 for thinking of more  
 is realizing  
 & being aware . . .  
 its holding things together  
 that really counts/

Dennis McCutcheon, Grade 10

## Notes on Travel

statistics & facts have no bearing  
 on this case/ as life is only  
 experience life becomes synthetic  
 when black africa sees america  
 as we see textbook england/ as  
 the books of the learned are as  
 impersonal as the machines of  
 which  
 they are born/ experience please  
 my nation/ judge it not by  
 population  
 or by the mississippi length/  
 no one has lived til he has lived  
 the madness that is america/ i  
 mean my point is a true heart-  
 knowledge cant be gained from a  
 silver screen travelogue/ the  
 camera  
 does not record an acceptable  
 portrayal of experience/  
 but a scene of empty objects/ a  
 jug of wine & a flower/ which  
 doesnt exist as the reproduction  
 is viewed/ the books & maps &  
 movies  
 serve only as invitations/ the  
 concept held by one nation  
 is empty without experience/  
 what  
 if we burned the travel brochures  
 & in a revolution of highway  
 nomads we hijacked the nations  
 buses/

Dennis McCutcheon, Grade 10

## Liberal Arts

Today, more than ever before, liberal arts must be emphasized in education. Recently, science, mathematics and technology have been stressed in a frenzied effort to keep up with other nations in the space race. To the nation's top educators, it seems there is no longer any great need for the "well-rounded" college graduate, rather a desire for narrow-minded specialists. Unfortunately, there is a pressing need for the humanly-minded students, a need that if not satisfied will reflect on our nation's character.

The causes for this neglect of the liberal arts stem from the abrupt realization that the U.S. was falling behind in the field of science. The awakening came in 1958, shortly after the first Russian space achievement. We had to come up from behind, catch, and surpass the Russians within ten years; we did it in five. During the last frantic five years, colleges tried to turn out just as many engineers and scientists as possible to regain lost ground. The basic courses (English, history, language, social science, etc.) were put aside for the top priority technological classes. Thus, we created the favorable "scientist" image in the public eye. Legislation favored research grants and science scholarships during these retaliatory years. The harm done while sacrificing the liberal arts education can never be undone, but we must not continue this trend toward specialized and limited education.

The effects of the current science-based education craze are almost shocking when compared to the aim of this accelerated program. Granted, we crank out several thousand first rate scientists, but were they first rate college graduates? Several thousand students received scholarships from various sources toward a science education. Once in college they concentrated intensely on their particular field, neglecting at the time what seemed unimportant—the humanities. Although all colleges require some courses in the liberal arts, many fall short. For example, in the University of California school system (supposedly one of the finest in the world) only one year of college English is required for an engineering degree. With such standards many pre-technical students were allowed, and at times encouraged, to develop only their scientific ability, thereby producing a graduate, lacking in valuable skills. Whereas we thought the only way to cope with the Russians was to mass-produce thousands of scientists, I feel the only way to maintain the high American intellect is to produce so called "well rounded" students, able to meet various problems at home and abroad on anybody's level.

Prior to the 1950's, college freshmen regarded each class as an adventure in education, something to add to the building of a well-balanced individual. Now, however, after de-emphasizing these studies, students have begun to feel that the humanities are merely required classes and that the real "meat" of higher education lies in other fields. These people fail to realize that liberal arts form the foundation upon which all other specialized education is built. It is not hard to imagine a scientific genius sitting quietly in a white room hunched over a mass of dials, who when asked to casually name just five American poets, would simply shake his head. This is the epitome of limited education.

Historians claim that America's success as a nation is directly related to the fact that the U.S. is a "melting pot" of people and talent. Similarly, an American citizen should be as near to a "melting pot" of developed skills as possible, not a machine designed for only one task. One might, however, say that to be a "jack of all trades" is equally bad. This is true. Unfortunately, no human on earth falls into this category, for we are all swayed by desire and inborn prowess.

In sum, we see that by stressing liberal arts in college, we will help to avoid the pitfalls of limited education. To be a fair representative of American education, we must show skill in varied fields pertaining to the world in which we live, not only from the scientific standpoint but from the literary standpoint as well. We must also remember that although many foreigners appreciate a great scientific or mathematical brain, there are just as many if not more who appreciate the person who has been taught the humanities and shows a keen interest in alien culture and world affairs. The only way to produce the "well rounded" graduate is to start stressing the liberal arts in place of the sciences.

Van Wilkinson, Grade 12

## Sweet Water

It is now the seventh day. Seven days of torture, torture more excruciating than anyone could think possible, or even thinkable. It is worse than the most morbid thoughts that come from the murky depths of the human imagination.

The horses have been dropping in harness. From a wagon train of one hundred and fifty-three wagons, ten horses and mules were left on the wayside, too weak to continue. Some of the animals' owners made it easy for them with a quick shot through the head; others were left to the unmerciful wrath of the desert sun. The desert is a dead, treacherous place, capable of squeezing every drop of life from every and any living thing that dares to attempt crossing this place which startlingly resembles a devil's domain.

But the human body is tough, and the people of the Jess Wilder wagon train were fiercely determined to live. They were going to the promised land, the land of "milk and honey," the land where gold could be scooped up by the handfuls at any stream, the land called California.

The date is June 25, 1853. For the last seven days the Jess Wilder wagon train had been crossing the California desert. They had traveled about 1500 miles, and their long trek is on its last lap. The water has been sharply rationed and despite the large share going to the animals, the horses' and mules' tongues had begun to swell, and the salt of their sweat had caked white on their grimy coats. The deep grooves where the heavy harness had been, looked as if they could never be eradicated.

They were on the verge of total exhaustion, and there were at least ten more days of the same living hell ahead of them.

Tom McPhail, the lanky, laconic scout had ridden on ahead of the train in search of water at Squaw Springs but had not yet returned. The chances of finding water at the springs were very slim. Rainfall had been very scarce in the last three years; in fact, last year, even Squaw Springs, an underground-fed spring had been run closely, dangerously low. In their efforts to get water in the summer months, the desert animals had trampled it into an ankle-deep mud hole.

This small spring was the last hope that the wagon train had to hold on to; after that, death was almost certain, and all of their disheartening toil would be in vain. The stubborn pioneers didn't think about death, though, even with it so close; they were much too busy with the problems of life.

Wilder rode back along the long train of wagons, calling out a bit of encouragement to the people and informing them that they were halting to rest the animals.

"How long are we stopping?" John LeDoan asked wearily, knowing the answer before Wilder uttered a word.

"'Til these animals rest a bit," was the answer Jess threw over his shoulder as he rode on farther. LeDoan noted that Wilder's soft, southern drawl had begun to sound slightly raspy and harsh.

Anne LeDoan leaned against the hot, dusty wagon wheel, her breath coming unevenly. She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand, leaving a dark smudge across it. Right now the vision of the land of "milk and honey" was somewhat dimmed. Mrs. Mary LeDoan trudged around to the side of the wagon where Anne stood and managed a weak smile.

"Hi, honey," she said. Mary LeDoan had once been a beautiful woman, but the long string of hardships had told a sad story upon her. Her face was lined with fine wrinkles and her skin had a rough texture to it. Anne looked at her mother with awe: could this be the woman that had once had overflowing vitality?

A moment later, she moved off to speak with Mrs. Lansing, and Anne was left alone. She wandered aimlessly up to the six harness horses who stood, heads down, nostrils flared, blowing sand. She heard a hushed silence fall over the whole train, and she saw a man point off to the southern horizon. Glancing quickly, she saw Tom McPhail walking slowly toward the group of wagons, juggling his saddle over his shoulder. Wilder's sorrel mare plodded by, under the urging of Jess, sinking in the soft sand. He wanted to know the details of the ride; he wanted to hear the magical words that would tell him that there was water at Squaw Springs. He jerked the sorrel to an abrupt halt and dismounted all in one motion. McPhail stood quietly waiting for Wilder. Their eyes met.

McPhail shook his head to the unspoken question. "I don't know, Jess; I just don't know. I rode my little mustang until he dropped; I knew I couldn't walk the rest of the way, so I headed back to the train." The scout teetered with exhaustion and Jess put his hand on his arm to steady him.

"You did as much as any mortal man could have done," he said quietly. He was quiet for a moment and then sighed, "Well, I guess I'll have to tell them; might as well get it over with." The two friends turned and walked slowly back to the train together. Wilder did not know whether to be pleased or disappointed; for no one knew if there was water at the springs or not.

A few minutes later, as he stood on the top of a slight rise,

with close to a hundred people gathered about him, he had a strange feeling. He could not shake himself off.

Anne stood well back from the crowd; she was sure the news wasn't good, for she could see the strained lines on the faces of the old wagon master and his scout. She was afraid; she was nervous. She might be hearing her own death warrant, and she shuddered. She asked herself for the hundredth time in the past week why her father had ever considered leaving their comfortable life in the East for this forsaken place. But like all the others, the LeDoans had come out West in search of better prospects. John and his business associate, Dr. Grant Sharadon, had decided to move out to California a year earlier, but an odd combination of events had held the LeDoans back. Sharadon had already set up a small business in San Francisco.

Mrs. LeDoan and Anne hadn't wanted to come, remembering all the wild stories they had heard about Indians and the savage wilderness. Anne didn't like the idea of leaving all her friends and the luxuries of New Salem, but, like it or not, they had loaded all their belongings onto the big conastoga wagon and headed west.

## 2.

The date is now June 26, exactly one day later, about eleven miles closer to noon, and in the mid-day heat of the desert, Mother Nature was playing a cruel trick on them; the desert had bared its fangs at them; the sun lashed its fiery tongue at them, burning the flesh of man and animal. But these pioneers were tough, and the will of a man is strong. Even as they were sorely tested, they refused to give up and give ground.

Not more than ten or fifteen minutes later a freak puff of a hot breeze blew across the train; five seconds later, every animal head was up. The animals looked up, electrified, and then they began to move. It could mean only one thing; they smelled water. Seven days of exhaustive travel was forgotten as the animals began to strain in the blistering sand, foam dripping from their mouths and splattering onto their chests. Their eyes bulged as the drivers began to saw frantically on the reins. Men jumped to the head horses, grabbing harnesses, trying to slow the thirst-crazed animals.

Anne quickly jumped onto the back of the wagon, not wanting to be left out on the desert alone or in front of the stampeding horses. The animals were straining, but not so hard; the tale of the 1500-mile trek had told a very sad tale on them.

Ten minutes later, with half of the train strewn along the dusty trail, the head wagons reached Squaw Springs. The

water bubbled up clear and sweet, washing the choking dust from the caked throats of the horses, mules and men. When the LeDoan wagon pulled to a halt, the two big roan geldings at the front of their wagon were straining to get to water. Kelley, the bigger of the two, and his teammate, Bing, managed to get the harness tangled, breaking Kelley's singletree in the struggle. The wheelers, Pete and Kate, pulled forward, pushing the four horses ahead of them out into deeper water. They didn't seem to care.

Wilder, sitting on his sorrel, who was sucking water in deep gulps, looked up into the heavens and murmured softly, "Thanks. For a little while back there I thought you had forgotten us." Before putting his hat back on, he dusted it off on his pants leg. A smile as big as a slice of watermelon erupted onto his face. He dug his spurs into the sorrel's lean sides. The sorrel, head down, eyes rolling slightly, fairly flew down the trail where the wagons were coming toward them. Wilder emitted a wild, rebel yell, removing his hat and waving it.

"Come on, don't you folks want any of this sweet water? Move these wagons out." He yelled again, but his voice gradually faded away into the uproar and tumult of the train of wagons.

**Ferdine Aldridge, Grade 10**

### **Colophon**

This book was completed in its entirety in the graphic arts shop at Lakewood High School by Mr. E. J. Soafer and his students. The type faces used were 8 and 10 point Regal and 14 and 24 point Futura. May, 1964.