

THE INKLING



JUNE 1958

happened.

A tiny music box in the drawer started to tinkle the tiny notes of HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Everything had worked. He had surprised her. After all what is a birthday without a gift and a surprise of some kind?

Ron Roe

The Lonely Road

It was Monday morning before school and the usual crowd of girls was sitting in the main hall.

Then suddenly they were quiet, as their heads turned in the direction of Bonnie Lewis, who was coming toward them between two boys, as usual.

When she finally made her way over to them, after saying her "good-byes" to her two followers, she sat right in the center of the crowd and started her one-sided conversation about her week-end flings.

First, she told them about Friday night at the moter movies, with Dick Jasson, and then about the most fabulous place they found to park, where the "cops" would never pass.

Then she explained in intricate detail her trip to Santa Cruz with Jack Billings, and Jim and Joe Berry. She said that they "dragged" another hot-rod, and that while they were going around a turn, they almost collided with an on-coming car.

Just then the bell rang and they all rose at once; all the crowd, but one, turned and went one way. And Bonnie turned and went the other way by herself, as usual.

Rita Valenzuela

Surprise

He shut the drawer. There would be no pain to Lois that way. She wouldn't suffer. It was easy! He had it all worked out. Lois would come from the store and go to the kitchen. She would put the food up and then come into the front room. She would perhaps sit down in the lounge chair for a while and then she would go to the drawer and open it. And then was when it would happen. All of it was so easy, so delightfully easy. It made him mad.

He sank back into the chair and waited for the return of Lois. Lois, his wife. Plan, plan, and plan, that was all that he had been doing all these months. And now the day had come. Soon it would be ready and then all would be settled. But maybe the thing wouldn't work. Maybe it would backfire. But it couldn't fail. All depended on it.

The front door opened and Lois came in. She said, "Hello Darling," and went into the kitchen just as he had thought that she would. She put the food up and came into the front room. She sat down in the lounge chair, also as he had expected. She had to get up and go to the drawer. She had to. Minutes passed and then she got up and walked toward the drawer, but instead of opening the drawer she went into the kitchen and got a drink of water. She then returned to her chair in the front room. Again he became restless. She had to get up. But all patience is rewarded sooner or later, and she got up and walked toward the drawer. He followed her. He grinned as her hand gripped the handle and snickered as she drew the drawer toward her. Then was when it

THE INKLING

WASHINGTON UNION HIGH SCHOOL
Fremont, California
June 1958

THE INKLING

Superintendent of Schools	J. V. Goid
Principal	R. I. Hird
Chairman, English Department	Grace Knoles
Faculty Advisors	Don Raymond Fraser
	Edward Von der Poten
Art Advisor	Joan Berney
Editor-in Chief	Frances Stover
Associate Editors	
	Ken Brown
	Joan Wolf

Literary Staff

Linda Cartwright	Rae Ann Plowright	Ron Roe
Helen Castaneda	Larry Robbins	Mary Strong
Robie Kelly	Marie Rodrigues	Bill Thomas
Diane LaGrone		Rita Valenzuela

Art Staff

Bobbie Kaiser	Leroy Tacang
---------------	--------------

A blinding flash, and a huge cloud of smoke. What happened? The smoke clears. Look! The warden and all the guards are dead. What has happened?

Then it hits me. I AM FREE! FREE! The locks that bound my feet and my arms are broken. The door is open. I AM FREE!

I grab a gun from a dead guard and run down the hall. I look outside. The main gate is open. A truck is parked with the motor running. What luck! I run down and get into the truck. No one has seen me so far. I hide in the back of the truck. Here comes the driver. He is heading for the front gate. Will they see me? No! They didn't see me. I AM FREE! I HAVE ESCAPED!

The truck is going over a bridge. I will jump. There! Now to get to a boat. Here is one. No one is around. Here we go.

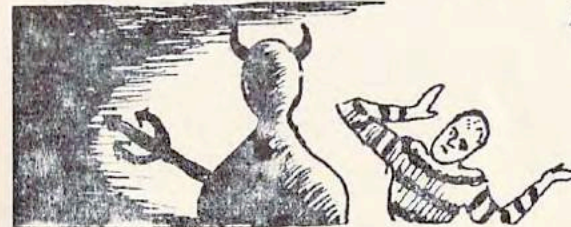
Night is falling when I see a dark red glow from the hillside. I beach the boat, and head up toward it. Well, what do you know. It is a cave. What a perfect hiding place. Here is a path. I follow it down. Deeper and deeper I go. As I go deeper it gets hotter and hotter. What did that man say on T. V.? The farther down you go, the hotter it gets. He was right.

I hear something around the corner.

Look, there is a great red pit. Who is that? Someone is coming. Who are you?

"YOU DID NOT ESCAPE!"

Robie Kelly



No Escape

The warden says that I have only 10 minutes left. Ten minutes of life left!

Who am I? I am Tom Wardon, a convict. I am in here for killing a cop. The stupid oaf! He had to go and play the hero. So now he is dead, and I am just as dead.

Just 9 minutes left. That sure isn't very much time!

Here comes the chaplain. "What's cooking?" I ask him jokingly. "Nothing,—YET!" He replies. What a guy.

We are alone for a few minutes, then the warden comes with the guards.

"Are you ready Tom?" He asks.

"Sure I'm ready. I'm always ready for this type of thing! Lets go!" I reply.

Slowly we go down the long hall, past the other cells on Death Row. "Good-bye Joe. So long Frank," I say as we go past the othermen who are doomed to die, just as we go past the other men who are doomed to die, just as

"Don't do anything that I wouldn't do!" one of them shouts. Thats a real good laugh!

The door opens and we step inside. The chair is there. I sit down in it. The guards strap the locks over my arms and legs. My head is shaven and the metal cup is placed over it. Everything is ready!

One minute left!

Ten seconds left!

WHAMMO!!

Contents

I Don't Believe It	Victor Harlon	7
Peace at Night	Carol Strelo	9
The Innocent	Cathy Swoda	10
The Master	Ron Roe	11
Fear in the Fog	Bobbie Kaiser	13
Mathelda the Menace	Janes Ermoian	14
The Big Joke	Robie Kelly	16
They Have not Learned	Robie Kelly	18
Two Cats and a Kitten	Ken Brown	20
Slick Trick	Pat Prior	21
Four Girls Before Me	Jerry Greene	22
No Escape	Robie Kelly	24
Surprise	Ron Roe	26
The Lonely Road	Rita Valenzuela	27



Four girls before me
in the church.
One dark, two tanned,
One with a face made of snow.
Warm pleasant three,
Cool, calculating one.
Four girls before me
in the church.

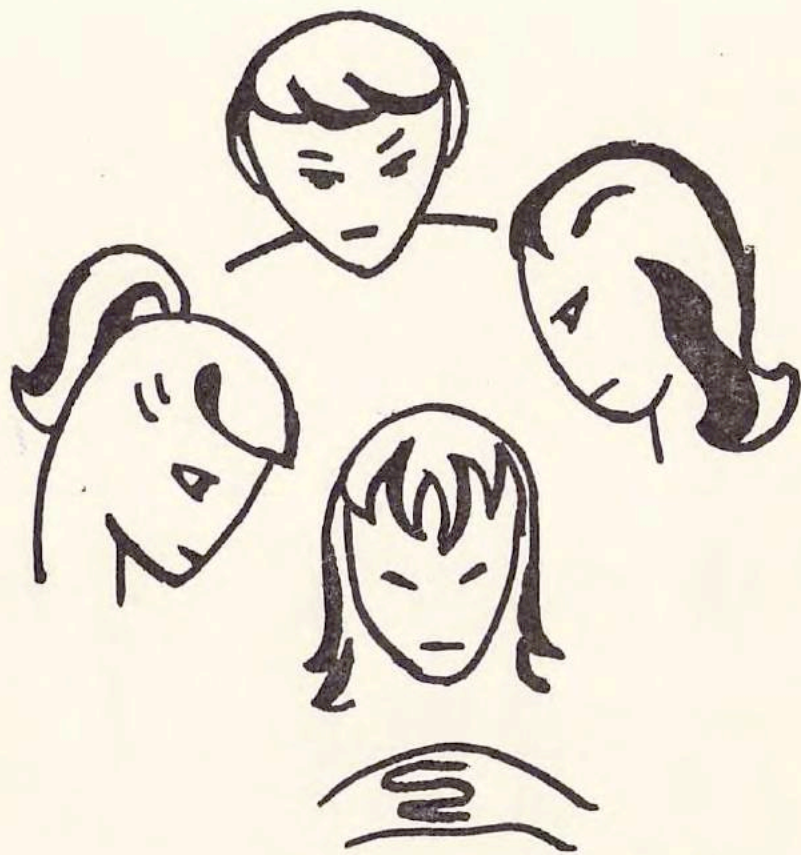
One wears pink, two green,
One wears snow.
Cool snow.
Smooth dry snow.
Impure snow. Filthy,
Contaminated,
Vile snow.

How dare she ware this purest snow—
This sign of virginity and truth—
When just one week before,
She swore, lied, stole and killed!
A boy with a painted leather jacket
Rode before her on the cycle.
The money from the service station
Hurt her side
The gun was hard inside her jacket;
Warm still from the fatal shot.
They ran, too slow to outrun the horror of
That fatal shot.

Four girls before me,
in the church.
One dark, two tanned. Solemn.
Quiet.
One still snow in her polished mahogany casket.
The cycle flipped six times
Before it reached the bottom of the ravine.

Jerry Greene

Four Girls Before Me



Bobbie
Kaiser

Jerry Greene

I Don't Believe It

Many, many years ago, in the dark of the night, a little, unknown Chinaman was trying to gain recognition. In his little 4 x 4 cardboard shanty, he worked feverishly; it must be completed by the morning.

This little Chinaman, affectionately tagged Hing Do Long by his parents at birth, was a social outcast. He had lost numerous jobs. His relatives had forgotten him. His friends called him a sponge—but Hing Do Long would show them! His name would soon be a household word, just like Ivory Soap, cold weather, and Elvis.

Let us delve into Long's history. He was born in Sueychop, China, only thirty-three years before he had started his fame-making invention. He had twelve sisters and nine brothers, whose monetary and social standing have no pertinence to this story. Long is still living in Sueychop.

Un-honorable Hing Do Long was striving to create a taste sensation. He had tried over and over again, combining such things as peanut and sauerkraut, or mayonnaise and mashed potatoes, and he even tried combining bread and butter. But nothing seemed to work. His long line of "official tasters" for his experiments was rapidly decreasing, and the funeral expenses were steadily rising. Oh, for glory! Oh, for revenge on the disbelievers!

Long decided that he must have a break from this endless chore, so he sent his assistant, Do Long Hing, to

the local dive with a yen to bring back a steak. When Hing came back though, in his hands was the national dish, son of garbage.

“By the beard of great Uncle Wing, Do Long Hing, don't tell me you brought me this muck again,” said Hing Do Long.

“So solly, sir,” replied Hing. “Is only thing I able to buy with yen, O great inventor!”

With utter disgust, Hing Do Long bashed the bowl of guck against the cardboard wall. The bowl crashed through the wall, but its contents went sliding down the wall, oozing into a little gob. Now all the ingredients were combined backwards. The two Chinamen were now staring in astonishment, for the little mess on the floor was giving off clouds of foul-smelling, thick smoke.

When at last the smoke had subsided, Do Long Hing, the assistant, tore out of that cardboard box-house like a student on his way to class when the bell rings. But not Hing Do Long! So, after popping a couple of tranquilizers into his mouth, he made his way over to the dis-assembled national dish. He tasted it. Incredible! It was stupendous! Evidently the ingredients having been put in backwards did this. Little Hing Do Long was now on the road to success.

After a few months, Honorable Hing's contribution to the world of stomachs was highly acclaimed. He now lived in a 5 x 5 cardboard shanty.

The people of Sueychop invited Hing Do Long to the inauguration of his taste sensation which was to take the place of the national dish.

The mayor of this humble little town said, “Ladies

and Ronald to jail. His trial came up two weeks later and he was convicted on one count of manslaughter. If you can call murdering this sneaky cat manslaughter, which some people can't.

Anyway, whatever you call it, Ronald was sentenced to life imprisonment for doing him in. And he can't figure out why! He was just a cat, a regular ordinary cat, with padded shoulder suits, peggers, and coal black shoes.

Ken Brozen

Slick Trick

Slippery ice, very thin;
Pretty girl tumbled in,
Saw a boy upon the bank,
Gave a shriek and then she sank.
Boy on bank heard her shout,
Jumped right in and helped her out.
Now he's hers — very nice;
But she had to break the ice.

Pat Prior

*I hope you like it, and I hope
your book turn out good.
Good luck, Herb Brown*

Two Cats And A Kitten

It's not often that you hear of a person being sentenced to life imprisonment for killing a cat. In fact, it's down right unfair and impossible. But Ronald wasn't thinking about this when he stepped into the living room of his home and found this cat sitting on the couch with his female friend. She belonged to the neighbor next door and sometimes came over to Ronald and his parents' house just for kicks. Ronald liked her, and visited her a lot. He liked the male cat also. That is, until he caught them together.

But Ronald didn't think it appropriate for her to play around with this other cat. In fact, he was down right angry. He went in there, and kicked this cat in the seat. Then he picked him off the floor and wrapped his fingers around the cat's throat and strangled him. The cute little female from next door watched in amazement. Then, letting out a yelp, she ran out of the room.

By this time, the poor cat was done gone! He didn't have a speck of breath left in him, and his tongue was hanging out clear down to his chin. Ronald let go of him, and he fell to the floor.

About this time, the police arrived. Someone must have heard the cat's screams and cries before he finally conked out, and called them. With the feelings Ronald had toward the cat at the moment, he thought they should have called the N.S.P.C.A., instead.

But anyway, they finally hauled the corpus delicti off.

and Gentlemen! I give you the new national dish: (P'sst) Hing Do Long! What's the name of that stuff of yours?"

"So sorry, sir, I didn't think of a name for it," replied Hing.

"Well, let me think," said the mayor. "Since the ingredients were put in backwards, and I wanted to name it after this little town, I think we will"

"Ladies and gentlemen," shouted the mayor, "I give you the new national dish, Chop Suey!"

Victor Harlon

Peace At Night

**As we perched on the edge of the cliff
We watched a painter's sunset.
It soon grew dark, and the inky blackness engulfed us.
The steady drone of the crickets,
The flitting of tiny bats,
The gentle murmur of the wind,
And the rising harvest moon all made the night peaceful,
Then suddenly the moon mysteriously slipped behind a cloud
As if hiding from the unknown.
The sounds ceased
And the stars seemed to stop twinkling.
We sat breathless,
As the moon slowly slid from behind the cloud
The sounds resumed.
The crickets sang,
The bats flew
And the wind blew
And once again there was peace at night.**

Carol Strolo

The Innocent

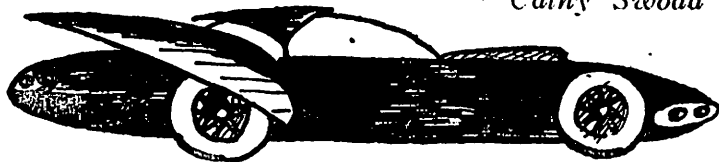
He had been her pal ever since they were little. They had done many things together during their wild youth. Things that could not be done again for now he had truly lost her.

They had fished together, played, hunted, and walked together during those unforgettable years. They understood each other as no other could; they were inseparable.

Then came the car. The shiny new car, a sign of authority. This was going to make him a new, big man. He found a new crowd, who laughed and scoffed at her, and slowly, gradually he forgot about her. But she did not betray him, for she could not.

Then it happened! The day that he was in a terrific hurry and wanted to be left alone but she would not listen. He'd show her! He roared off with a loud squeal of rubber and left a sickening, burning smell behind him. Only when he returned did he find out what he, with his big car had done.

He was heartbroken; sick. No longer was he such a big man with much authority. He walked slowly over to her. He picked her up. Then he remembered those unforgettable years. Those years of understanding between a boy and his dog.



Cathy Swoda

he started on his check tour of the Great City. The robots had build a modern city. It was strong an beautiful. Everywhere John looked he saw signs of a very high civilization. His report, when he got back to Earth, would be a very favorable one, he thought.

It was on the third day when he saw them!

John and the city fathers were going to the manufacturing district to inspect. As they came into the area, John saw a robot being beaten. John also noted that the poor robot was a different color than the other robots that were around them. Then he saw more robots that were the same color as the one that was being beaten. John asked, "Why the difference in color?"

The robot standing near them said, "As you have seen, some of us are a light blue, while others are a tan. The tan ones are the masters, and the blue ones are the slaves. As you can see, I am tan."

John asked, "Why are there slaves in this highly developed civilization?"

He was told, "Back when our masters, men like yourself, placed us on this planet, we were all tan except for a very few. Those few were strong and not too bright. We took them over and made them our slaves. They do all the heavy work.

"Now there are more blue robots than tan, so to keep them from getting out of hand we limit their education to two years. Even then they are taught only those things which will help them work better."

That night John left for Earth. As the ship plunged through empty space, John thought to himself, "They still have not learned!" In a small mirror, John's dark face showed that he was very sad, very sad.

Robie Kelly

They Have Not Learned

Slowly the small, one man ship blasted off from the firing pad. It quickly gathered speed, and in a few seconds had left the Earth's atmosphere. The captain, John Williamson, set the controls for course 1198. The ship was headed for Astroid 198, in the Great Klan Solar System.

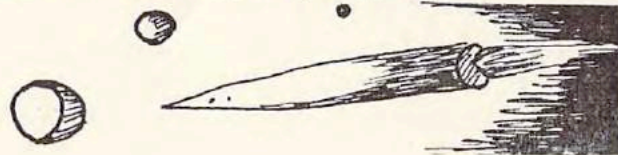
On that small planet, a very highly guarded secret project was in progress. Project R. S., as it was called, had been started over two centuries ago, and it was nearing completion, or so everybody hoped!

For several days and nights, Williamson ate and slept, and studied about the project. Finally one day the radar screen showed that the Astroid was only 10,000 miles away. He would be there within the hour.

On this small planet was a colony of robots. They were a special type of robot. They had well developed brains, and knowledge that would help them live and reproduce. They were placed on this Astroid to see what type of government and civilization, if any, they would set up.

When the ship landed, Williamson received a very warm reception. He was taken to the city, showed some of the many sights, and then he went to the hotel that was reserved for him. At the hotel he was given plenty of good food, and that night he slept in a good bed.

The next morning John got up, ate, and dressed. Then



The Master

The room was quiet and everyone was nervously sitting on the edge of his seat. All looked at the object on the wall. It would be nearly time now. Yes, almost that time.

Eyes occasionally glanced around the dimly lit room. All sound in the room had ceased. Sweat dripped from everyone's forehead. All were perched on the edges of their

seats anticipating the time when it would happen.

The same menacing thing had been happening over and over for months and months now and no one looked as if he were going to do anything about it. The thing had gone too far now, and routine had taken over surprises. Every day this same thing happened at the same time at the same place.

They looked at the man on the pedestal at the front of the room. The man looked angrily back at them, not saying a word, merely standing there glaring down with hate and disappointment at the mere mortals that were seated below him. The small and cowering beings at the front of the room glanced to and fro from one to another, daring not to look at the man.

Seconds passed and then turned into minutes as the object on the wall ticked away the sands of time.

Sounds could now be heard occasionally. Sometimes a cough arose from the back of the room, breaking the grim silence that hung over the dim interior.

But silence can stand only so much; then comes a time when everything must happen. The beings again looked at the object on the wall and then at one another, praying that the time would soon come when all would be ended.

The time had come. The time was now, and as the man on the pedestal looked the other way, the beings slowly crept up toward the front of the room, toward him.

Then a screaming, humming, hissing sound arose from the bowels of the room and the students charged forward toward their next class, hoping that they could endure the next school subject.

Ron Roe



HA! HA! HA!

Now we are waiting for them to come for us. This sure is a good joke!

Here they come! They want me first! O.K. boys, I'm still going along with the joke.

We walk out of the jail, into the bright sunshine.

We walk up the thirteen steps that lead to the platform!

HA! HA! HA!

This sure is a swell joke!

They put the rope around my neck. They put the blindfold on my head!

What a joke this is!

HA! HA! HA!

THUD!

Robie Kelly

The Big Joke

HA! HA! HA!

This sure is a big joke!

Everything is a big joke!

HA! HA! HA! What a joke!

This all started as a joke. Joe Williams and I were going to pull a big joke on the folks at the bank!

My name is Bill Johnson. I am 19, and I love good jokes!

Well Joe and I went into this bank. I pulled a gun out and told the man behind the counter that we wanted all the money; of course it just had blanks in it.

He looked at us and then laughed at us. His hand reached for the alarm bell. I said that he had better not do it, or I'd shoot!

You see, this was all part of the joke!

He reached for the bell once more.

I shot him!

He died laughing!

Of course I knew that he was just pretending. It was all one big joke!

A little while later, the cops found us and took us to jail. What a joke this is!

I think that the funniest part of the whole joke was when went to court!

It was, I think, all part of the joke when they said that we were guilty, and sentenced us to death by hanging.

What a joke this is!

Fear In The Fog

It was about seven thirty in the morning when he left for school. It was a dark, foggy morning. He had to feel his way to his car for he could hardly see four feet in front of him.

He started off down the road. For once he didn't turn on the radio because he was too busy concentrating on staying on his side of the short expanse of white line visible to him. The only sound was the old Ford's motor.

Suddenly a figure seemed to appear out of nowhere. He wrenched the wheel sharply to the left. He heard a scream, then only the loud pounding of his own heart.

He sat paralyzed with fear for a second, then stepped out of the car into the cold damp air. He walked back a few steps, dreading what he might find.

There sat a girl by the side of the road, rubbing her ankle.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No," She replied, "I jumped back in time, but I twisted my ankle."

"You're Judy Handley aren't you?" He asked.

"Yes," she said, "I missed my bus so I was walking to school."

He picked her up and helped her into the car.

"Next time," he said, "you'll be more careful about walking around in the fog."

"Everything turned out O.K.," she answered, taking a sideward glance at his handsome profile.

Bobbie Kaiser



I waited with feeling of joy and of fear.
'Twas the night of the big dance, the prom of the year.
So far things were perfect, my dress was just right,
My hair had curled neatly, my future looked bright.

My nerves were a jangle, the time was so near!
I knew I would jump when the door-bell I'd hear.
The time was eight-thirty--Oh where was my date?
He'd promised to be by to get me at eight.

I started to cry, then to pout and to moan
'Til I heard the sharp ring of our hall telephone.
It was Johnny to tell me he'd be a bit late,
'Cause "Mathilda", his hot rod, had fouled up our date.

She'd started the evening with vigor and sass,
But half-way to my house, had run out of gas.
For a moment I hated the car he loved so,
This wasn't the first time she'd been my worst foe!

Many times Johnny spent all his time and his money
On Mathilda, the car he referred to as "honey".
He treated her gently, with kindness and thought,
Though she didn't deserve the attention she got,

He told me he'd be another half-hour.
By the time he arrived, I was no longer sour.
I even felt kind toward "Mathilda", the car
Now that her gas was filled up to par.

We had a grand time at the dance after all,
Our friends were all there, it was really a ball.
They laughed when we told them why we were so late.
To think that "Mathilda" had slowed up our date!

Janis Ermoian

THE INKLING



JUNE 1959

Penmen

- I. Officers—Editor
 - A. 1st semester—Ken Brown
 - B. 2nd semester—Carol Strelo
- II. Assistant Editor—
 - A. 1st semester—Robie Kelley
 - B. 2nd semester—Suzette Silva
- III. Secretary—
 - A. 1st semester—Carol Strelo
 - B. 2nd semester—Treava Bonds
- IV. Treasurer—
 - A. 1st semester—Vic Harlow
 - B. 2nd semester—Linda Waller
- V. Staff Members—
 - A. Eleanor Marchand
 - B. Ann Ugale
 - C. Colleen Olson
 - D. Christen Brindle
 - E. Judy Rausch
 - F. Lillian Armstrong
 - G. JoAnn Chrysler
- VI. Advisors—
 - A. Mrs. Esther Little
 - B. Mr. Joseph Roberts
 - C. Mr. Miles Myers

THE INKLING JUNE 1959

A collection of poems and creative writings by the students of
Washington Union High School, Fremont, California
Printed in the high school print shop

But its human soul
Is openly yearning.
This poor soul
Had one morbid dream.
A girl at a ball game, .
Go team; go team;
A lack of knowledge
In this mind prevailed
And far from school
Her young heart sailed.
Like an army of soldiers
Time marched by.
She was no longer pretty
Bashful or shy.
She worked hard for a living
And grew old in ten years,
But she had wasted her schooling
And it was too late for tears.
And there on her death bed
She remembered that scene
And her last dying words were
Go team; go team.
No more miserable life
Could ever be led,
She had no purpose on earth
And now she was dead.
No sadder a death
Can ever be seen
Than an unlearned person
Go team; go team!

A Love Shines Strong

Ken Brown, Senior

*A love shines strong but in the night.
No other time can it be right.
A time to live; a time to die,
But love just grows with time to cry*

Romance books, love letters, and diaries,
Anything you may choose.

There's even a private telephone
Hidden under the bed
For that oh-so-hushed gossip
Which spins about her head.
Now speaking of hersteady,
He's really quite a guy
With a water-fall and custom rod
He seems to catch the eye.
Of course, she's wearing his class ring
All layered with tape and string.
And squeezed upon his little finger
You could probably find her ring
So on and on goes teen-age life,
So care-free, gay and fun—
Which gets the parents so upset
And keeps them on the run.
But stop and think what a dull place
This would be
If there were none of us
To keep the wide world going
And causing all the fuss

Go Team!

Leslie Ahrens, Sophomore

The fire crackles
Ever burning
Friends and relatives
Across the nation
Hurried to see
This Pagan Cremation.
There stands a coffin
Still and quiet,
A human shell
Lies inside it.

Contents

The Hero	Robie Kelly	1
His Fight Is Over	Joe Andrade	2
Boys Will Be Boys	Dennis Brown	4
The Simple Farmer To His Cow	Ken Brown	5
Citizen of 1,000,000 B C	David Land	6
The Editor Speaks	Carolyn Strelow	7
Sultan of the Sand	Eleanor Marchant	8
Will	Pat Christian	9
Awaiting	Joyce Kato	9
He Tried	Ken Fye	10
Man	Ken Brown	13
The Jewel	Ken Brown	13
The Saga of Paul Meekins	Steve Thomas	14
The Beauty of Nature	Charlene Hay	15
Man's Strife	Kathy Swoda	16
Snow White	Bonita Aldridge	18
Blind Bitterness	Joyce Kato	21
Our Heritage	Ken Brown	21
The Red Hen	Billie Hopper	22
A Trip on a Bum Horse	Leslie Ahrens	23
The Biography of a Human Being	Ken Brown	24
A Heart So Strong	Bob Kelly	25
Narration in Boldface	Edward Roberts	26
The Stars Shone Bright	Pat Christian	28
Why?	Virginia Pence	29
C or C?	David Land	30
The Insignificant Saviors	Dennis Haskett	31
A Parents's Teenage Complaint	Susan Tuana	33
Go Team	Leslie Ahrens	34
A Love Shines Strong	Ken Brown	35
Penmen		36

A Parents Teen-age Complaint

Susan Tuana, Junior

First of all appearence,
To them this rates real high.
Tucking in your shirt tail
And not always asking why.
Hair is real important.
To them this is tops,
If instead of keeping it short,
You wear it in a mop.
Clipped real short and in a butch
They don't really care,
But water-falls and ducktails
Are more than they can bare.
But when mom blows a fuse
And really does a flip
Is when she spies the old levis
A-danglin' on his hips.
She wants to wash and press them
And keep them neat and clean.
But in other than stiff and dirty levis,
He just wouldn't be seen.
Now here's where pop has his say
And really gets gray hairs
Is when he's asked for the family car
And money for son's fares.
When going into a bedroom occupied by a girl
You're likely to see a mass of petticoats
Standing in a wirl.
Elvis and/or Ricky
Are very plain in sight.
And many others, many others
Whom they swoon over at each night.
Lipsticks, eye-lash curlers and nail polish
Are in all shades and hues.

on silent wing or glides on the practically unnoticed air currents.

The silence is insane; it isn't right. But then, this isn't Earth. The land is different; the weather is different. The planet has but two seasons, hot and cold, for it follows no definite elliptical revolution. The people on Earth who sent me didn't figure on the maddening silence when then sent a man to this lonely planet to the transmitters creating a beacon for space-travelers.

Jump, quiver, fall! That needle is practically the only thing that moves on the whole planet. Once they sent me a mantis in my supplies to help break the boredom. The only trouble is the mantis stared at me. At least I thought it stared at me. It's big unmovable eyes seemed to see right through me.

I sometimes wake up from my night-mare where I vision the mantis towering over me, with a hungry look in his eye. I finally let him out into the underbrush. Maybe the thing will start a new race of insects on this planet.

Green trees, beautiful flowers, rushing streams: Earth! The scent of the glen, the noise of the brook — interrupted only by the occasional passing of an aero-car on the distant highway. Beautiful, beautiful — I'm glad to be home. Light is flooding my eyes. "Go away," I wished silently. "Go away and leave me to my dream." But it persisted. It would not go away. I dare not open my eyes for fear of losing my beautiful dream.

But, alas, it is gone. Such a wonderful dream. I could hear the noise of cars, the rustling of leaves, the bark of dogs and the familiar screech of sea gulls.

The scream of seagulls is rolling in my brain. "Go away." Haunting me. "Stop oh please, stop!" Ringing in my ears. "Stop — But it persisted. I'm going insane.

"No, I mustn't go insane." I must fight for sanity. I cannot go insane now. My beacon must operate to guide travelers.

But still the screeching persisted. I got up and went to the window. On the wall were cages, hundreds of them. Circling above were a thousand birds. I had never seen so many before. All kinds of birds. Wonderful, noisy birds.

Then I heard it. The faint humming. I knew that my supply ship had arrived and dropped my supplies for the year. Sliding on silently, a faint hum was my carrier of sanity. Gliding smoothly away on gravity plates, it faded into infinity.

"Bless them."

To a pal,
to a friend,
and to a great writer
Good luck,
Robie Kelly

The Hero

Robie Kelly, Senior

The score was 38 to nothing,
The Huskies were ahead.
And the Samuel Ayer eleven
Played as if they had long been dead.
The men were at the line,
The center snapped the ball,
And the quarterback went through them,
Like a bull through the leaves of Fall.
The quarterback charged down the field.
He ran with all his might,
And after he ran over the goal line,
He still was chuck full of fight.
The score was 44 to nothing,
And they lined up for the kick.
When a man from Samuel Ayer came,
Whose friends all called his Nick.
The air was filled with tension,
And the crowd was strangely quiet,
As if to prelude what was to happen,
On this night of nights.
The center snapped the ball,
And the kicker's foot came down.
And a Samuel Ayer's face
Caught that speeding bullet of brown.
All but one of Ayer's team left the field
With the Husky squad and might,
But on the field that lone man lies
In a suit of green and white.
Little Nick of Samuel Ayer stopped the ball with
hands and face,
But the score will change no more
And so the score remained that night,
Ayer 0, Huskies 44.

His Fight Is Over

Joe Andrade, Senior

I'm an old man now—76 years old. I'm still rocking on my porch as I've done for the last ten years, watching the students go to and from school.

It was 16 years ago when Jimmy was born. I can still picture him going to school on his first day in the first grade. He walked briskly and swiftly, like any healthy youngster. He had a wide smile on his face. That smile shot from ear to ear. He was a big boy now. He was going to school. His bright red lunch pail swung with rhythm as he stepped lightly along.

About an hour later I saw Jimmy again. His new school clothes were ripped and dirty. He had blood running from his nose. Much of his hair had been snipped—or pulled—off. The shiny red lunch pail was all dented and broken. Jimmy ran home, his salty tears turning red upon contact with the blood running freely from his nose. Several minutes later I could hear Jimmy and his mother talking, as I rocked on my front porch next door.

"You'll understand when you're older, Jimmy," she said in the comforting way that only a mother can say something. The words comforted him, but Jimmy didn't understand—he was only a little boy. A little boy who had to face one of the most difficult problems of life.

A half hour later, Jimmy was on his way back to school. He had a lunch bag this time, his other shoes, and clean clothes. His little nose was patched up, but nothing could be done for the apparent ugliness of his hair.

Jimmy asked himself many times "Why?" Why was he year. Many a time I saw him coming home from school with his clothes all dirty and torn but with a huge smile on his bruised face. I asked him why the smile. He answered with an even bigger one. "They ganged me again, but I beat up three of 'em good before I ran away." I smiled. I

The Insignificant Saviours

Dennis Hackett, Junior

Jump, quiver, fall! Jump, quiver, fall! All I have to see is that needle: jump quiver, fall. But what else can it do? It has to jump, quiver, fall. It is supposed to do just that. I was put here for the sole reason of watching it jump, quiver, fall. I'm supposed to make sure it doesn't fluctuate from normal behavior.

At times I wonder why I signed up for this job. I wonder now what prompted me to accept. Perhaps, it was the amount of pay, for at the end of my ten-year term in six years, I will be paid 250,000 dollars. That is, if I'm still sane enough to collect it. The chance of my being sane is ten-to-one against me, but I knew that when I came here. Now, after four years, I wonder if I won't become insane by the half-way mark. It's a good chance I will, unless the people who sent me here do something for my sanity.

Oh, there isn't anything wrong with the place where I am marooned aside from it being so quiet. This place recognized only by the call letters CI-S V II, is as remote a distance from Earth as I can get. I wasn't allowed to go to engineering school and become an engineer, for I was too old. I'm too old for anything except this job. Planet C — Type I in Solar Vector II is as beautiful as Earth itself. It is mostly land, but there are no mountains. It's the approximate size of the Earth, but it is all flat land with nothing to break the monotony of the land mass except a few lakes . . . The land itself is beautiful, with Earth-type plants, but is surpassed by Earth's beauty and delicate gracefulness. The trees, though monstrous in size, are wonderful examples of majestic color and beauty protecting the flowers and fern below from harm. The only thing wrong is that there are no storms; there is not even a single breeze! With so little water mass there are but a few clouds in the sky. With no mountains or variations in elevation, there are no pressure fluctuations to create weather problems.

Yes, this planet is truly beautiful, but silent. The only other living thing visibly moving is the microscopic type of insect that flies

Tammie was just bringing up the subject of the Senior Prom when the little girl disappeared under the car, -----

As they lowered the little wooden box into a small dark hole, the small group dressed in black felt their hearts filled with a sickness that no words can describe. "Why?" everyone wondered. But then, don't they always wonder WHY when it is too late ???

Well Comrade
which one are you?
Edwin talks

C or C?

David Land, Senior

Communist, Capitalist.

What do these words mean?

Are you for one or the other?

Or are you just in-between?

Capitalist, Communist.

Which one is the right?

Which one strives for peace?

And which one strives for might?

Communist, Capitalist.

Which of its people are free?

Which one of these is for you?

I know which one is for me!

Capitalist, Communist.

In which can you find what you want?

In which is there freedom of speech?

And a chance to get what you want?

Communist, Capitalist.

What do our thoughts matter?

Our small voices will not change the world.

But I will take the latter!

liked Jimmy. His report cards always read *A's* and *B's*. He was a top athlete, even though the other students wouldn't let him play on any of the teams. He could never *fully* understand why he was disliked.

It was five years later. Jimmy had managed to go through five years of elementary school under almost unbearable odds.

I had fallen asleep in my rocking chair when a siren woke me. I jumped up and saw an ambulance—at Jimmy's house. They wheeled Jimmy into the white vehicle and it sped away.

When I went next door, Jimmy's mother was sobbing. I couldn't make out anything she said except by piecing phrases together. With this method I was able to get a vague picture of what had happened.

It seems that Jimmy had arrived home bleeding profusely from several open wounds. He was half-stripped of his clothes; his face was swollen, and his arm was broken. The doctor said that the open wounds, which were surrounded by bruises, were "the result of the skin's contact with a very solid object moving at a high rate of speed, a hammer or club, for example."

Jimmy recovered. He had to recover. He wasn't the kind of boy with a great deal of pride, for Jimmy believed, as many, that pride is sin. He just wasn't going to give his enemies the satisfaction of knowing he was almost ready to give up.

It was three years later. Jimmy was entering his freshman year in high school. He caught the bus without any trouble—no one bothered him, that is, until he arrived at the school. Some of the older boys felt like initiating someone and Jimmy was a very likely prospect. Five of them got together and forced Jimmy to walk behind some bushes. There they knocked him out by beating him. Jimmy was beaten until his eyes puffed from swelling; they were a violet color from their bruises. They beat him until his nose bled and was twisted out of shape—it was broken. Slivers were shoved under his finger and toenails; X's were cut in his finger tips, and many other inhumane things were done to him. As they performed these sadistic actions, the older boys laughed. They laughed at Jimmy's bright red blood, at his now grotesque face, and at his malformed nose. When they were through, Jimmy was thrown in a corner of the garden

But Jimmy didn't wake up as the older boys had expected. No, Jimmy's body stayed right where it was thrown, not moving at all—it lay stiffly in the corner. Jimmy would never be beaten again—his fight was over. He had fought bravely for a long time, but now he could rest. Perhaps that's why he died—he didn't want to fight any more; he was disgusted with these people, this nation, and our world, just as I am now. Or maybe it was just that Jimmy's body couldn't take that kind of a beating. I don't know. I do know that one of the best friends I ever had, even though he was fifty years younger than I, was dead.

People ask me why I'm so bitter. To answer them I tell Jimm's story, just as I told it to you.

Jimmy asked himself many times: Why? Why was he hated? As he grew older, his question was answered. Jimmy was fighting under a terrible burden in this country, anyway. Jimmy was born with the worst handicap a man can have in the United States.

He was teased, taunted, and beaten about. There was only one reason, the sole reason, for his death: the pigment of his skin was **BLACK**.

Why?

Virginia Pence, Junior

A night. Three people sit in a moving car.
 "I have wanted to see this movie for a long time, Cliff. Oh, turn right over there for the drive-in."

"Gee, Tammie, I am sorry I had to bring my little sister, Janie. But, my parents insisted that I take her with us in order to pay for all the extra gas I have been using for the past two weeks."

As the black car turned into the drive-in, Janie's thoughts centered on her own interests. I thought, she mused, Cliff said that he wanted to take me to the movie. Now he tells Tammie that he had to bring me. That makes me mad. Janie pressed her nose against the car window, and as five year olds will, her thoughts turned to sweets. "Cliff, will you buy me a coke?"

"Oh all right, Come with me, Janie."

As the two people moved away toward the snack bar, Tammie had thoughts of her own. "Hmmmmm. I know Cliff was about to ask me to the Spring Prom, if only that brat hadn't asked to go to the snack bar. Well, here they come again."

The lights of the movie screen cast moving shadows on the cars below.

Cliff turned to Janie. "Janie, will you please sit still! This is the last time I'm going to take you to a movie again."

"Well, can I get out of the car and get some candy-n-stuff?"

"OK, but be careful."

The little girl pranced playfully between cars. She kicked a stone down the road. A man in a car down the road watches the little girl. "Look at that little girl, Molly. I wonder where her parents are? She shouldn't be playing out there."

The little girl was in a world all her own. She skipped along the road between cars. Cars moved slowly into place around her. "Boy look at that great big picture. I wonder what my brother and his girl are talking about." Hmmm. Listen to that loud road. Big car going fast somewhere. Sounds close . . . behind me . . . there it . . . help, oh help . . .

A little girl was tossed like a ten-pin onto the hard road.

The Simple Farmer To His Cow

Ken Brown, Senior

The simple farmer to his cow,

such kindly words spoke he;

This same good man to fellow man

no words he spoke to me.

This simple farmer oft asked why

such words to me were lack.

He gave only this reply,

"This cow, it don't speak back."

*Look
always,
Ken*

The Stars Shone Bright

Pat Christian, Junior

The stars shone bright,
except, for that one long night;
that one night of solemn hell.
There was a scream that night
like the dark diminishing tone of a bell.

Then there was the running of feet.
There was a figure lying in the street.
Then there was the loud shot of a gun,
There were two shadows hiding in the street.
Two shadows cold and wet, hiding from a gun.

At that decisive moment a shadow made a move.
There was another loud shot and then it didn't move.
There were two figures lying in the street.
Now the other shadow made its move,
And there was a third shot, but still, only two figures lying in
the street.

Again there was the running of feet, but with a different beat.
Then the shadow hid in the room, to get away from the
heat.
Then a capped figure stood in front and knocked at the door.
And saying, "How can you live by yourself, and continue
to eat?"
Then a fourth shot was heard from the room, and the
shadow was no more.

Boys Will Be Boys

Dennis Brown, Sophomore

Boys are a race destined to be what they intend to be.
They are creatures of self intensity bound and determined
to have a free will and a character all their own.

Free will is a boys first step to conquer in life. A boy
feels like a codfish unless he has a right of speech and
liberty of his movements. If his parents try to dominate his
feelings, freedom and self expression he is a boy of hid-
den revenge and hatred. These are his morals of life and
his dominion.

A boy usually likes to tinker with mechanism that runs,
but afterwards it usually doesn't come out the same. There
are some boys who live and think mechanically and usually
about cars and problems they receive from such delicate
working parts. Junior likes to hear the powerful throb of
his engine and know that his two hands built the con-
fidence he has in it.

I hope parents have the sence to know that these are
their boy's ways and their boy's own ways, not to be ruled
over by their parents.

at
the
man
I don't
know
Cave
man
1/11/11

Citizen of 1,000,000 B. C.

David Land, Senior

Back in the good old days
Primitive man was quite something to see.
All dressed up in a fine suit of fur,
And happy because he was free.

A beard grew on his face,
And his hair was an unruly mess.
A red hot coal and a pair of tongs
Had served as a razor cut best.

No worries had this primitive man,
Who slept 'till the noonday sun.
Except for the wild beasts abounding about,
Who kept him on the run;

His food was easy to find.
He just stepped out of his door.
And a host of game was all around.
Including some very fine tasting boar.

And when our man went hunting,
With simple arrow and bow.
He also took his spear along,
For at the wild creatures to throw.

Before our man got married,
He looked at the girls small and big.
And when he finally made his choice
He took her home by her wig.

And so as the sun goes down,
And as our cave man blocks his door
We think, "Are we really happy?"
And, "Was that man so poor?"

pionship Drags. This year it's in our home town, and he is very happy. He installed a new engine in me for the event. It's a Ford flathead, with special cam, big bore, ¼ inch stroke, oversize valves, aluminum pistons, high compression heads (9 ½ : 1), thi-carb with Stromberg 97's with progressive linkage. He's been very busy tuning me up, so I will run my best."

The day of the Championship Drags arrived, and the '32 was running its best. But Jim was nervous.

I'm running better than ever today. The time trials are over, and I posted a good time, 107. A good 12 MPH better than before."

Now it's time for the eliminations. The Ford was feeling confident.

Here I go! Another '32 with an Olds engine is my opponent. And me with only a Ford Flathead!

Well, I won that race, but it was close for comfort. What do you know about that! My opponent this time is another flathead in a sedan. I won; very easily too!

"Now comes the big race. This one is for the National Class Championship. This time my opponent is a big Chrysler, and is last year's Champon."

The little Ford was beginning to quake for he knew how much it ment to his owner to win. He was getting nervous thinking about it. And now, coming up against the big Chrysler was the last straw. The Chrysler was an impressive sight , its powerful engine fairly thundering, as the two cars waited at the starting line for a big green flag that would send them down the quarter mile track.

THEY'RE OFF!

The '32 took off in a burst of speed that sent it flying down the track, with the big Chrysler almost neck and neck. The Chrysler inched forward ,slowly but surely, until it was passing the little Ford. But suddenly, a shudder came from the Ford as it shot ahead, as though it were giving its all for this race. Pandemonium broke loose, as the '32 Ford was announced as the Nationals Champion.

Our little '32 was happy, for not only had he won the race, he had won the respect of his owner, Jim. He was wanted!

Narration In Boldface

Edward Roberts, Sophomore

You hear many Hot Rodders talk about their cars. Well, I thought it would be a change to hear what the cars thought about their owners.

"That crazy fool is always taking my engine apart, to put in some special grind cams and new manifolds just to make me go faster. I don't know how I'm going to stop him from doing this. If I go faster, he will put more parts in; if I don't go fast, he will junk me. What can a poor old '32 Ford do in a case like this?

"Well, I guess if he didn't put parts in, I would be alone and forgotten day after day. My engine is pretty worn out though, and can't last too much longer!

"I really do like to beat the other cars in races. It makes me forget for a short time how old and worthless I am becoming.

One of these days my owner, Jim, will put in a new engine, and then I'll get a new lease on life. I hear Jim and his friends talking when they come to see how he is getting along with his work on me. I know he is pretty disgusted with all the trouble I am giving him. When I hear him talking about me, and saying he's going to junk me, it makes me feel pretty low, and I just haven't the heart to give my best performance!

"I can remember the day I was first sold back in '32. My owner was so proud of me. To tell the truth, I was proud of myself, too. I was so shiny, and my engine purred like a kitten. I think I must have been pretty much stuck-up. We didn't go so fast, but we were called dangerous by some people. We were Model A's and B's then. Today we're called "Deuces" by most Hot Rodders."

Here is an incident out of the '32's life.

"My owner has always wanted to win the National Cham-

The Editor Speaks

Carolyn Strelo, Junior

It occurs to me upon careful observation that the Friday football rallies closely resemble the native dances of South Africa. The only difference is that the natives of South Africa are praying for rain and the natives of Washington are praying for a football victory.

The South African dancers wear wierd costumes and recite strange chants to put a hex on the clouds so that it will rain. The Washington dancers wear clothes with strange symbols (W's) on them and they say strange chants (whoop-whoop) to put a hex on the opposing team so they will lose.

As I continued my careful observation of the teenager, his habits and his native culture, I was particularly interested in his language. Now this language is not much different than that of the French, Spanish and other romance languages.

A hipster (teenage word for teenager) that knows his A B C's is not one of great intelligence. He just happens to know the rule "Always B Cool." To illustrate my point I will quote a fragment of a conversation between two teenage boys.

"Dig that boast toastie in the cool blue stroller," said the first. "I dig her, daddy, but who is that lounge lizard the chick is with?" asked the second. "I don't know Daddy-O, but he looks like the cheese of the C.O.D.'s," replied the first. "Well, that's one chick to scratch," said the second, as the stroller peeled out. "Let's go have some jive juice," suggested the first.

After months of research, I finally found a dictionary in one of the hip magazines that allowed me to translate the conversation. Sentence one means: "Look at that sophisticated girl in the blue car. The answer was, "I see her friend, but who is the boy with her?" he reply to that was, "I don't know who he was but he

looks like the boss of the Club of Drips." The next statement meant they had better forget about the girl. The final suggestion was they should go have a bottle of soda pop.

Despite the difficulties of understanding the teenage idiom, we have attempted this year to be both literate and entertaining. Furthermore, we have tried to publish writing representative of all four classes in school and of all literary forms except the drama. The principal purpose of this magazine is to civilize the native culture of the teenager. Although teenage rallies resemble uncivilized rain dancers, this magazine should serve to exhibit the teenagers' more civilized qualities.

Sultan of the Sand

Eleanor Marchant, Freshman

He's the Sultan of the sand.
Ruler of the desert.

Helper,
Killer,
Blessing in disguise.

*Cry for him when it is cold,
Hate him when it is hot.*

But where would you be without him.
Without his healthful, helpful light that shines
most every day.

You would be lost without him, friend,
without him you would die.

He's the Ruler of the desert.

Sultan of the sand.

New York in 1890, a broken and rejected person who thought his whole life was a flop.

And that he was one of the greatest Americans who ever lived.

But I'm not going to say any of that.

I will only say this:

"He was born on Saturday,
Lived until Thursday,
Buried on Friday.

*This was the end of
John Charles Fremont!!*

Except, of course, for words like these.

A Heart So Strong

Bob Kelly, Senior

*The time has come; the time they dread,
For at the end, most will be dead.*

*Into the air they take with grace,
And from the winds it is a race.*

*The night is dark; they flew right through.
Will any escape? A very few.*

*And then it came; the hunters shot.
Then he struggled, for his life he fought.*

*A scream of terror ripped the air.
It seemed to me it was hardly fair*

*And then a hunter shot another.
I looked around and saw my brother.*

*He fell to earth, screaming with pain.
Through the midst and falling rain,*

*Another shot and there was blood.
Now I lay dying in this cold mud,*

*And now my soul shall slowly rise,
And bless the duck tomorrow that flies.*

The Biography of a Human Being

Ken Brown, Senior

John Charles Fremont was born, he *lived*, and he died.

What more can you say for a person? If you ever stop to think about it, you can see that you are lucky just to be alive.

What you accomplish during that gift of time between birth and death is of no consequence. If you hadn't done it, someone else would have, so what makes any one person so great?

You might as well forfeit the invention of the automobile to the human race, instead of singling out a handful of people, who just happened to be on hand in the right place at the right time.

It is the same with Fremont; I could say that he was born in Savannah, Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813, that his mother was of Virginia stock, and his father a Frenchman.

He entered Charleston University when only sixteen and then a year later was kicked out. I could say that he later married Jessie Ann Benton, the daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, from Missouri, that because of this he was made a lieutenant in the United States Army, and put in charge of an expedition into the unmapped wilderness between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean.

I might tell you that after his first expedition, he went home and with the help of his wife he wrote his report of the expedition, and that Congress ordered a thousand copies of it printed. This had had never been done before.

After his second expedition, ten thousand copies of his report were printed. I could say that in 1846 he started the Bear Flag Revolt and liberated California from Mexico, that he was one of its first two senators, and that in 1856 he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, but was defeated by James Buchanan in the dirtiest election in United States history, and that he served in the Civil War.

I could also mention that he was governor of the territory of Arizona from 1878-1883, that he was finally made a major-general on the retired list of the United States Army, and that he died in

Awaiting

Joyce Kato, Freshman

*Now death is knocking at my door.
Joy from life I find no more.*

*These precious moments I once had
Filled with memories gay and sad.*

*All of these things are in the past.
Life seems to go by so terribly fast.*

*The time is near, my waiting is done.
I will no longer see the sun.*

*The feeling of death envelops the air,
But we all must die, sometime, somewhere . . .*

Will

Pat Christian, Junior

Will the end of the world ever come?

Will the tired and worn world ever be done?

When the world dies,

Will its history pass before its eyes?

Will it see the great armies fight?

Will it see the things of joy and delight?

Will the old world see the invention of man?

*Will the world remember the great men buried in its
sand?*

Will it remember the crowds?

But most important of all, will it be *proud?*

He Tried

Ken Fey, Junior

This is the story of a boy — an average boy, except for one thing. He wants to be an athlete more than anything else in the world. Every year this boy is in there trying with the other boys. He tries, and tries, and tries, and that's all he does, for this boy does not have the natural spring and speed to be an athlete; nor has he the build, strength, or brains to become an athlete. But one thing he has — gumption, probably the the most important of all qualities needed to make an athlete.

CHAPTER I

In the fall of his freshman year, this determined boy tried out for football. It was the middle of practice, and Jack, our hero, had made a mistake. The coach was *quietly explaining* our hero's mistake. "What do you think you're doing? You're stinking up the field! When I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it right! Understand? Now, I know you can do it, boy can't you?"

Jack shook his head affirmatively, his eyes glued to the ground.

"I knew you could!! I'll give you one more chance. One more mistake and you're out! Okay, get out there and take the line first, then fall behind to the backfield. Get going."

With magnificent strides Jack bounded onto the gridiron. He was almost to the line when it happened. His toe caught a sod of grass and he bowled over. The bucket of lemons crashed to the ground spilling its contents upon the turf. The wet towels flew off our hero's shoulder and sailed like gulls through the air to the ground. Unfortunately, it had rained the day before and the spotless towels instantly turned a dark brown. Jack silently and sadly got up to leave. As he turned toward the gym his foot banged against the lemon pail and he again smashed to the mud.

CHAPTER II

The following year, our hero decided his sophomore struggle should be spent in a basketball surge.

All the faithless turned their backs.
So she took it to the miller's
There the wheat was ground to flour.
So she made it into bread dough,
Then she baked it in her oven.
When she asked her friends to join her,
Join her in her loaf of wheat bread,
All aloofness was forgotten.
The hen no longer was ignored,
But she told them, those untrue friends,
"I shall eat this bread so tender,
This bread made with my own two hands."
So she and her little chicklets
Sat and ate their well earned prize.

A Trip On a Bum Horse

Leslie Ahrens, Sophomore

*A rat on a rack track with a look of self pride
Was dared by a cousin to go for a ride.
Now Johnny was proud, and Johnny had pride.
And even if it killed him, Johnny would ride.
He crept to the horses without making a sound,
And when the bell rang, he was the first to hit ground.
But Johnny had courage, and Johnny had pride.
And come what ever, Johnny would ride.
The first race was over; the band started to play.
This time little Johnny jumped on a big Bay.
The bell rang again; it was along high sound.
This time little Johnny was far from the ground.
He clung to the Bay; he was now in the lead.
Then he looked before him to find four other steeds.
Then he looked behind him and was surprised indeed
To find himself once again in the lead.
Then the horses slowed down and he heard a strange sound
It sounded like a barker on a Merry-Go-Round.
Now Johnny learned his lesson, and Johnny has found,
You can't win a horse race on a Merry-Go-Round.*

The Red Hen

Billie Hopper, Sophomore

Editor's Note: This poem is a demonstration in imitating stylistic characteristics of famous literary pieces in a humorous tone.

In the land of fertile valleys
By a big and shining farmhouse,
Lived a Red hen with her chicklets,
Lived a hen in peace and plenty.
As this hen went walking out one day
Walking in the fields of plenty,
She stumbled on a single wheat grain
Left behind the thrashing reaper,
Left alone and quite forgotten.
I would plant this single wheat grain,
Plant it in this fertile valley.
Who will help me plant this wheat grain?
So that it will grow and flourish?
All her friends became as strangers
Acting as they did not know her,
Acting as she was not there.
"I will plant this grain myself then,"
She said to those turned against her,
Said she to those untrue friends.
Soon the wheat grew tall and golden;
Then she asked of these the faithless,
"Who will help me reap the wheat grain?"
All her friends again denied her;
All her friends again ignored her,
So she reaped the golden wheat grain
Reaped the wheat so fully grown,
Then she asked of those betrayers,
These who twice had done her wrong,
"Who will take this to the miller's?"
Take my wheat grain to the miller's?"
All the faithless scattered from her,

The opening day of the season our hero struck a fine pose, his body covered from head to foot in sweat pants, sweat shirts, shorts, t-shirts, two pair of socks, and a brand new pair of double-arched, heavy-toed, thick-soled, bright blue tennis, er . . . gym shoes.

After a heavy ten minute shooting practice, the coach called the boys over to demonstrate a new offensive plan. Jack had a stern and concentrating face as the play was shown. The guard threw the ball to the forward. Jack's eyes gleamed. The guard cut over to the opposite side of the ball and set a screen for the other forward. Jack's eyes gleamed. The second forward cut around the screen and the first forward passed to the other guard. Jack's eyes dulled. The center flew around to cover the screen and the original guard rolled off the key to the forward while the guard passed to the center. Jack's jaw dropped. The center passed to the first guard who dribbled to the opposite side of the key. He then passed the ball to the second forward, who passed it to the center, who at last shot the ball, and missed.

Jack staggered off the court with crossed eyes, open mouth, aching head, and one pair of double arched, heavy-toed, thick-soled bright blue tennis, . . . er, gym shoes.

CHAPTER III

In his junior year our never-say-die hero decided his talents could best be put to use at baseball.

On the first day of practice, the boys were having batting practice. One of the experienced players stepped into the batters' box, belted the sphere into the stratosphere, and backed off the plate.

The coach, who naturally noticed the long ball, turned to see who had hit it just after Jack had stepped into the box with a swelled chest and a bat resting on his shoulder. The coach smiled. (By the way, our hero's chest was swelled because of the great amount of energy it took to lift the bat to his shoulder.) Luckily the coach turned away and didn't notice that Jack hadn't batted yet. Even so, our hero was proud of his turn. For the first time in his life he had driven the ball over the second baseman's head. So what if it wasn't over his glove, it was over his head.

Since Jack was out for pitcher, he was warming up, without a ball, on the pitcher's mound. Meanwhile, Allen was swinging the bat on homeplate. Just for a kick? Herkimer pitched the ball from second base. The ball whizzed by our hero's ear just as he completed a practice swing of his arm. To the coach, who turned at that exact moment, it looked as though Jack had pitched the curve that dropped three inches before curving $5\frac{1}{4}$ centimeters to catch the inside corner. What made the pitch impressive was the fact

Allen, who swung at it for a kick, missed contact with the spinning its first game. In the inning that our student-type Grandpaw Yokum

Three miserably lucky days (for our hero) later, the team had spheroid.

played, he beaned four James Lick players, made 13 mistakes (a school record), and knocked out the referee with a flying bat. His fantastic dash for first base was futile, and he was put out by 43 feet.

CHAPTER IV

Still undaunted, our hero was the first to sign up for swimming in the spring of his senior year.

He was sure he could make it this time. He had spent everyday since September practicing his strokes. If you don't think fifty lengthwise laps of your bathtub a day isn't hard, try it.

Well, the big day came. The first workout was with paddleboards — this was easy. All our hero had to do was lie on the board. His weight was easily supported by the flimsy material and he was free to paddle with hands and feet. Luckily, the paddling distance was only twenty-five laps or he might have come in 12th instead of 11th out of a twelve man race.

Next came the racing dives. To this day no one has figured out how Jack missed the pool. But with nose broken and chin skinned, he kept on trying.

The following day our hero ate 12½ pep pills so he could get through the swimming team finals that night. He did great the first two laps, and the coach started to beam with surprise. During the third lap our hero popped out and Jim Youd had to carry him for the rest of the race. Jack couldn't understand why he was out. He came in second, after Youd.

It all came out for the best. Our hero, became happy in his own little way. Though he went out for swimming, Jack walked away with the first place, number one man trophy for the N.C.S. tennis finals. A new one had to be ordered for Dick Fritch, the champion.

The thief who carried away the original trophy was never found.

Our Heritage

Ken Brown, Senior

A race of giants built this land.
Oh! Mighty men were they.
From stick and stone and sweat and sand,
They fixed it so 'twould stay.
A paper with the word of God,
And meaning none so vast;
They loved the soil that they trod,
And meant to make it last.
A race of giants built this land.
Oh! Mighty men were they.
They built this country all by hand,
And still it stands today.

Blind Bitterness

Joyce Kato, Freshman

As the ocean sings to the shore and slaps the rocks
Bravely,
Boldly,
I hear the wind,
Whining to be freed
From the dominating arm of winter.
I feel upon my face
That wind which so pitifully rebels
I taste the salty whistling air,
But I see only
Darkness!

her.

43. And after doing so, she castle, queen Jezebel had eaten the heart thinking it was Snow White's.

43. And after doing so, she went to the mirror saying: Mirror, mirror on the wall, now who is the fairest of us all?

44. And the mirror answered saying: Snow White is still the fairest of all, dwelling in the forest with the seven dwarfs.

45. At this the queen's anger burned so much that she threw the mirror to the floor and shattered it into a million pieces.

46. And going into her evil den below the castle, she transformed her fair face into that of an old hag.

47. Having done this, she created a poisonous apple. It was fair to look upon, but death to whosoever shall piece the skin on it.

48. When this was done, she went to the dwelling in the forest where Snow White dwelt with the seven dwarfs.

49. And offered to sell her a basket of apples for food.

50. And when Snow White saw that the apple was good for food and that it was pleasant to look upon, she took the fruit thereof and did eat, but no sooner had her teeth pierced the skin of the apple and the deadly sweet

juice poured down her throat.

51. She fell to the floor into a deadly sleep.

52. And, behold, when the seven dwarfs were returning to their dwelling, they saw the old hag was going over the rocky cliff.

53. An angel of the Lord came down and the heavenly glory shone round so bright in the eyes of the queen that she lost her balance and fell to her death.

54. The seven dwarfs mourned for their sleeping Snow White, and built for her a casket of glass and gold.

55. And the tale of the sleeping maiden grew all over the land.

56. And she could only be waked from her slumber with a kiss from her own true love.

57. So it came to pass that a fair prince came to try his luck and fell deeply in love with Snow White at the first sight of her.

58. He kissed her, and behold, she awoke.

59. The seven dwarfs were happy and their hearts were full of joy at the sight of her being alive again.

60. The fair prince lifted Snow White onto his white charger and they left on the way to his castle in the clouds.

61. And they lived happily ever after.

Man

Ken Brown, Senior

*The time will come
when all good will
will be a thing
to scoff and kill.
When ancient times
will fade from view
and all dumb animals
will rule.
Then all of man
can rot in hell,
which I might say
is just as well*

The Jewel

Ken Brown, Senior

A jewel this --

A stone for all to see!
All else was made for mankind --
But this was made for me!
O hang it in the gentle sky --
One star in all the night --
And never let it die --
That earth might lose her light!
And love be truly blind--!

The Saga of Paul Meekins

Steve Thomas, Junior

There is a catcher on the varsity team
by the name of Meekins and he's a *dream*.
Behind the plate he's quick as a cat,
when he's up to hit he's murder with the bat.
He pounces on bunts with the utmost grace
and the nervous, shakey pitches he does pace.
Not a day goes by that he doesn't hustle
and when blocking the plate he's a mountain of muscle.
The opposing baserunners do shudder and fall
under the shotgun arm of mighty Paul.
When PPaul calls for a pitch inside or out
you willnever hear from the pitchers an angry shout.
And when Paul runs the basepaths wide
opposing basemen pull up stakes and hide.
Now ask if Meekins can play only one thing
the answer is *no*; when it comes to football he is king.
Meek charges through the line with a run and rave
he moves into the backfield like an orange and black wave.
Into the opponent hearts he strikes fear
and to their coaches eye he brings a tear.
When he gets on offence he drives low and hard
he can even move a 240 lb. tub of lard.
All the coaches think highly of this cat
whether its on the football field or up at bat.
NNow Meek never gets thee legendary big head
and never has to be told to get out the lead.
In social life Paul Meekins is also shines
you know that for him more than one girl pines.
With his short blond hair and large muscular arms
he has a multitude of masculine charms.
And when Meek gets out on the dance floor
he leaves those big busted babes gasping for more.
In the class class room he is an above average student
and as a man Meek is prudent.

the forest and bring back to
huntsman.
17. And commanded him to
take fair Snow White into
her, Snow White's heart.
18..The huntsman begged for
mercy, but Queen Jezebel
showed not any.
19. But let her anger be so
great that she threatened to
have him slain if he did not
obey her command.
20. And when the next morn-
ing came, the huntsman and
fair Snow White ventured in-
to the dark forest.
21. But, behold, for when the
time came for the huntsman
to slay fair Snow White, the
heavens opened and an angel
of the Lord came down.
22. And the huntsman was
afraid.
23. The huntsman's fear was
so great that he turned and
ran.
24. Killing a small animal on
the way to take the heart
back to Queen Jezebel.
25. And it came to pass that
Snow White, while wandering
in the forest became heavy
with sleep and fell into deep
slumber on the soft floor of
the forest.
26. And the animals of the
forest gathered round her,
drinking in her beauty, as
the sun.
27. As the first rays from the
morning sun warmed Snow
White's fair body, she awoke.
28. And behold, at the sight
of the animals she was not
afraid.
29. The animals wished her
to follow them, and she arose,
her heart heavy with sadness
because Queen Jezebel hated
her.
30. But as she rounded a
bend, a clearing came into
view.
31. And behold, her heart
which was sad became joyful
at the sight of the small
abode.
32. Entering through an open
door, she was overwhelmed
at the filth of the dwelling.
33. So Snow White set about
to tidy up the abode.
34. And it came to pass that
Snow White became heavy
with sleep.
35. Seeing about her seven
small beds, she laid across
them and fell into deep slum-
ber.
36. Now at the fourth hour,
the men returned to their
dwelling.
37. And were exceedingly
wroth when they saw what
transpired.
38. When the sleeping maiden
was found, they counseled
among themselves saying
"What shall we do?"
39. But behold, when Snow
White awoke and told her
story to the seven little men
who were called: Happy,
Sneezy, Grumpy, Bashful,
Dopey, Sleepy and Doc.
40. They granted her per-
mission to stay.
41. And they loved Snow
White as a mother would
love a son, as nothing so fair
as she could help from being
loved by everyone who saw

Snow White

Bonita Aldridge, Sophomore

As told in the manner of the King James version of the Bible.

1. Now in the time that Edward was king and women were naturally beautiful there dwelt in his palace his daughter a fair princess called Snow White.

2. She was the daughter of Edward, who was the son of Bartholemew, who was the son of James. But, alas, Snow White's fair mother died in child-birth.

3. And it came to pass, that the king, being of great authority needed a queen to be Snow White's mother.

4. So in the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and thirty-two, King Edward and a beautiful woman who was called Jezebel were wed in the palace gardens.

5. And when this marriage had transpired, Queen Jezebel became Snow White's stepmother.

6. And with her new position of wealth and authority, Queen Jezebel became heavy with vanity, as she was nice to look upon.

7. And it came to pass that

Queen Jezebel became so vain that she had made for a mirror.

8. And this mirror could do magic from the devil.

9. She would ask the mirror who the fairest in all the land was.

10. And the mirror would answer. Always saying that Queen Jezebel was the fairest.

11. And it came to pass that Snow White grew in the image of her fair mother. And was fair to look in the eyes of men.

12. Now behold, for when the years of Snow White were seven and ten, Queen Jezebel went to the evil mirror.

13. Into the mirror she sayeth: Mirror, mirror on the wall who is the fairest of them all?

14. And the mirror answered, saying Snow White is the fairest of them all.

15. Therefore, was the queen very wroth, and her anger burned within her.

16. And it came to pass that Queen Jezebel sent for a

Paul is president of the U. S. C
and also a basketball statision is he.
Although Meek is a Yankee fan
on him I will place no ban.
Man everyone knows he's a real cool dude
he has never in his life been vulgar or lewd.
Now this is the end of this literary freak
but not the end of themighty Meek.

The Beauty Of Nature

Charlene Hay, Sophomore

Located on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains is a campsite full of nature's wonders.

It was my first true camping experience and I was there to stay for two weeks. Lake Kirkwood was the peaceful center of this busy campground. As I walked down the dusty path on my day of arrival, I wondered just how I'd adjust to this new and strange situation. The tall redwood trees spread their massive branches over the trail leaving speckled patches of the setting sunlight here and there among the shadows.

I ventured near the lake and watched the lazy waves slapping quietly against the rocks at my feet. Here and there, along the narrow beach were small inlets filled with reeds and islands of jagged rock. That evening as the last rays of sun slipped down behind the two towering peaks which gave the town its name, Two Sentinels, I happened to enter an open meadow, which I later found out was the local meeting place. The far end, which was covered with wild flowers of all shapes and sizes and a small creek which had long since dried up provided a breeding place for healthy mosquitos.

My curiosity satisfied, for the time being, I retired for the night, lulled to sleep by the whispers of the breezes and the stars' soft light.

Man's Strife

Kathy Swoda, Senior

me,

June 10, 1959

I won't write you a
letter until I sign
your letter, ok?

From morn till night —
Till the day is done
Sweating and straining
Under the blistering sun.

*"What is it for?"
They all cry, they all say,
"A few measly pennies
Or dollars in pay?"*

But for these few measly pennies
You wait your turn.
So's food to eat,
And wood to burn.

There's never enough
To last until then,
But keep at it, keep at it,
As long as you can.

It's not worth it you cry,
You're growing too old,
But you can't turn them out —
Hungry and cold.

The kids go to school
To become learned and wise,
While you strive for the dollar
As the spider for flies.

No longer need worry
Taunt you like this,
For its not long --
You shall taste death's sweet kiss . . .

*You say you care not,
Yet you scheme in your head
How your son can replace you
And be in your stead.*

For a reward of your toil
And facing dirt and grime,
There's something to leave
Even though it took time.

But another thing coming
Old Man, I say,
His father forgotten,
Your son's gone astray.

He's a big man now.
With wealth and fame.
Out to ruin his father's
Hard working name.

Gold is his God,
And gambling his game.
No longer your son,
He's left you in shame.

*Bitter, my good man?
Ah no, but alas!
Let this be a lesson
When you look in on the past*

You loved him too much
To be harsh or mean
That is what he needed,
But how could you have seen?

For when you spared the rod
You spoiled the child
Now he's gone out,
Ruthless and wild.

For he who sows,
So shall he reap;
Your harvest shall be big,
So there's no need to weep.

Your reward will be large,
Your pay will be great,
While your son shall suffer
Death's worst fate.