

# Smoke Signals

SPECIAL LITERARY ISSUE

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## Sisterly Love

Definitely, all sisters are simply crazy about one another. The little fights they have are signs of true affection. For example, clothing creates quite a problem. If one sister tries to prevent another from wearing certain attire, it has to be because the clothing does not compliment the other sister. The reason could not possibly be that she wanted to wear the outfit that same day.

However, sisters don't fight all the time, just most of it. A sister is a swell thing to have if you need help on homework or something on that order. Advice on love problems, predicaments, and other crucial situations proves very helpful.

Collaboration on "how to get Mother to do this," or "Father to buy that" is a very effective idea. If ever sisters agree on something they want, they argue with their parents until the poor people's resistance is so low that they have to give in. Honestly parents haven't got a chance.

In most cases a certain amount of jealousy and selfishness reigns between sisters. These traits

do not always show up. However, an example is: instead of being glad that one's sister has advantages, one feels that it is unfair. The usual reply is, "Why should she have something that I don't have?"

Although sisters suffer through many trials, they miss each other when separated. Sometimes they feel that they hate one another, but this is proved wrong as they go their separate ways. A sister misses the petty fights and differences, plus all the happiness. You see, I know all of this because I am a sister. I've been through it all!

—BYRON WEHNER  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## The Scents Of An Attic

Perhaps an old, cluttered attic can best be described by its smells. It has a medley of odors ranging from vague scents of old clothing draped in faint mists of moth balls to sharp, distinct smells of musty corners and dusty shelves. When first encountering the smell, one attributes an almost dismal odor to it; however, this brightens like an imaginary sunrise as the smell of pleasant memories dwains in the items now left to reminisce. The dust, dirt, lint, and cobwebs all combine to form a smell that would be almost reviving if it were not for the rank odor of stale air. Whether the temperature is hot or cold, the air in an attic is thick, and one feels as though it could be pushed apart and still not rush back in to fill the void.

It has, among its sharper scents, a stale smell of a place unused for so long that the occupants have become resigned and have assumed such a stationary position that nothing, not even air, has been stirred enough to leave a solid smell. Instead, the stronger smells or ingredients have settled on the ceiling, defying the law of gravity and leaving the weaker smells to remain on the floor. Even though an attic lacks the fresh odor of items used to depletion, it still injects old memories in their smell.

—CAROL HOWELL  
Mrs. Mae Gates

## Like A Seed

Like a seed  
I grew  
Away from you  
And blossomed white and full  
And drank in yellow sunshine  
On my leafy petals  
But you came back  
And passing by my patch of sun  
You picked a pretty flower  
And wore it for an hour  
Against your hear.  
Then you took my twisted stem  
And tossed it down  
And left my petals  
Shivering without your warmth.  
Then looking down and laughing  
with the sun  
You walked away.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Love

Love like hot water,  
Runs through the pipes  
Washing, scalding dirty people,  
That sit in filth.  
And then the water turned lukewarm  
And draining off  
Leaves a scum of black  
Around the edge

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Life

The amoeba, the beginning of the mess—  
came from ooze so black, but  
couldn't rest  
until he'd made himself to  
what was best.

The best of things he saw to  
eye—  
to tear himself then and by  
and by—  
in two, a pair, and at last  
amoebae.

Well, this kept on and on  
until—  
infinity, (which can't be stopped  
by will  
or any other force amoeba  
can instill).

This beautiful motion of life  
will be here  
until the wars of men—  
both blind and seer—  
shall smother all God's life  
so great in fear.

—GARY SITTON  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Destination

Destination,  
What is a destination?  
Should anyone know?  
Why?  
A destination should never be  
reached.  
Life is just a road, an experi-  
ment, a time for observation  
and thought.  
If a destination is reached before  
death living is ended.  
Don't hope that death is your  
destination, because death is  
only a step, a new road, an-  
other chance for experience,  
for observation, for thought.  
Search for a destination, but  
don't find.

Live.  
—BOB FOXWORTH  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Circles

Circles haunt the world like  
Exquisite roses in a garden of  
weeds.  
Men's ambition draws squares,  
Men's lusts create triangles,  
Men's inhumanities sketch rec-  
tangles;  
but the circles remain.

Once in a while,  
someone draws an ellipse  
or an oval;  
but man is usually happy with  
his corners.  
No one wants to round them off  
For smooth round circles—  
Exquisite circles.

—GENE CLEMENTS  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Happiness

A speck of dust  
Blown by the wind,  
A puff of cloud  
Melted by the sun,  
Fleeting.  
And futile to try  
To recapture.  
Happiness is a dream  
That's gone  
Forever after.

—JO FRAN KOVACH  
Miss Louise Fuller

## The End of My Financial Career

The day I bought my car, my finances skidded to an all time low. No more would I count the hard earned pennies in my meager bank account; no more would I write a check for some small luxury; no more would I have the confidence that I could cope with any serious financial matter that might arise.

Though the long hot summer of 1957 I sweated, slaved, and saved. I ate lightly on the job, I worked over time, and I worked on my day off. Why did I put myself through these tortures? I had visions of the day when at last I would own my own car. I would go where I pleased, when I pleased. With this thought in mind, I kept up my morale and lasted through those gruelling days.

At last! Summer was over and I had more money than I had

ever believed possible. I bought a car, a shining beauty; I was so proud of it that I told everyone it cost more than it actually did.

But, lo, I had bought a gas consuming monster! The thing could get no fill. It drank fuel as a desert gulps a cloud burst. It seemed that no matter how many times I stopped to refuel, in a matter of minutes the needle registered empty, and my bank account dwindled accordingly.

The monster soon struck another blow at my finances. It was nearly a coup de grace. The foul creature threw out one of its piston rods. Without this rod it would surely die, so I dug deep into my pockets to finance its recovery. The monster recovered but my financial plight grew worse.

After months of battle trying to keep my car running as cheaply as possible, I gave in; surrender was inevitable. The constant flats, blow outs, gas bills, and motor repairs were too much for my pocket book. My last cent was paid out, my credit was worthless, and my grand bank account gone. My financial career was finished.

Now, I am a pauper. Sometimes, my parents give me spending money but it goes quickly. I have no money for the small luxuries that are essential to happiness. I sit and dream of the days when it seemed that I was rich. The monster sits in the driveway with a wise smile upon its metallic face. It knows all too well how and why my financial career ended.

—BRUCE LANGSTON  
Mrs. Mary K. Sims

## Odd

You've kicked them and cuffed them,  
But look again clean cut conform-  
ists;  
Who were those gents in '67?  
They called them radicals and  
shook their fists.

What was Abe when he dared to  
stand  
Against those who said "that odd  
country hick";  
They scoff at life and all, that's  
true  
And if we start to crumble they  
won't turn the trick.

But they dare to be different and  
that is the thing  
That saved our necks again and  
again;  
You had better be careful when  
you stop this thing  
And find some rebels to take  
their place.

—FRED BRAASTAD  
Dr. Helen Bottrell

## Love

Love like a silver river,  
Flows incessantly beneath the  
moon.  
And night in earthly travail  
Heals the bleeding wound,  
Of time and space and moon  
And works beneath the moon,  
And ruptured, bleeds  
Of needs  
Black as soil beneath the moon.  
—PUFF  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## The Soldier

He put on his helmet and picked  
up his gun,  
And marched to the front with  
a steady pace.  
At his right and his left men  
died, one by one.  
But he was undaunted; there was  
strength in his face.  
Suddenly, from behind the bush,  
the enemy sprang,  
But just as he was about to route  
the horde in disgrace  
—Johnny, come to supper—you  
see, his time had not yet  
come.  
—SIGMAN BYRD  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Unity

Across transcendent mountains  
Beneath the prairie streams  
Up—above the raindrops, the silva, and the moon  
Deeper than volcanic pits, older than the tide  
Fresher than the flower's dew  
Sadder than the long echo of empty blank-faced walls

Mightier than the fury of all the tempests strong  
Bending even great, broad oaks  
Of heritage so proud  
Changing in a moment the course of stable life  
Inside us, around us still  
As biting as the wind  
Pointless as the stars which gleam  
And radiate a light, awaiting cold finality, nothing more to show

Seeming as an endless, time opposing all  
Breathing each return to dust, stepping on the right  
Traveling from each open space to another yet beyond  
Growing ever dimmer . . . .  
Yet strong as it goes on.  
A young boy takes the ages' thought,  
Condenses it as one  
Plunks it down between the small, red chambers of his heart,  
Coughs a bit, then skips away  
Humming like a bee  
Happy without knowing that he alone contains  
The mystic word of

All that is . . . .  
and was . . . .  
and ever will . . . .

—DOUG SHAPIRO  
Mrs. Mabel Scott

## Solitude

A hill top . . . a sunset . . . darkness;  
An empty room suffused with soft light;  
The woods . . . a quiet pond . . . the wind;  
A crowd, no one you know . . . noise;  
A glowing fireplace . . . a good book . . . warmth;  
A rambling field sprinkled with flowers;  
The towering, endless sky . . . birds;  
Just you and he together . . . side by side;  
A peaceful church . . . an altar . . . prayer;  
All these . . . solitude.

—VANITA BERSON  
Mrs. Mary K. Sims

## A Baby

A baby must be handled with care and ease, for he is fragile and helpless.  
His only command is a pitiful cry when his stomach is empty or he is uncomfortable.  
A baby is so carefree, released from the worry and anxiety of everyday problems that confront man.  
A baby's coos and laughter are soft and sweet. When he drops off into slumber at the close of the day, Mother watches over and protects him.  
What will he become when he grows into manhood?  
With the right guidance and care he will no doubt attain the status of culture and distinction.

—LOUISE NICHOLS  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## The Boy I Remember

Oh, how well I do remember him, his trusting smile, his soft hand.  
How proud was I to walk with him, to talk with him and to introduce him to my friends.  
And whenever he was away from home, how impatiently I waited for him to call or to bring home with him his signed baseball from one of many Lions, Cubs, Cardinals, and the Giants.

Well, he's gone now, not by nature, by man, but not all is lost for I still have a memory and many balls—one of which I cherish most of all—"To my gal Nancy," signed Mel Ott.

—LOUISE NICHOLS  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

The Lamar Lancer annually puts out a literary supplement made up of creative writing of the students of Lamar High School. The Spring 1959 edition was edited by Anita Jones.

## Adversity, Too, Has Worth

Francis Bacon in "Of Adversity" says that even as prosperity is not completely white, adversity is not completely black, for "adversity doth best discover virtue." Furthermore, "the virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic value." Fortitude can either take the form of stoicism and acceptance of the limitations that misfortune has brought, as exemplified by the calmness with which the Greek philosopher Socrates met death, or it can result in an inspiration which allows accomplishments not possible before the onset of adversity. This latter type of fortitude may once in a rare while result even in such a transcendental achievement as John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Milton's courageous refusal to be subdued by his blindness also illustrates another of Bacon's thoughts: "Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed."

The value in adversity of which Bacon writes is independent of any prosperity which may arise from the adversity. Thus Milton's defiant spirit and his inspiration were truly virtues of adversity, but the fame resulting from his poem was irrelevant. Another subjected to great misfortunes is Clym Yeobright of Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*. That Clym's misfortunes lead to freedom from the wild, phantasmal Eustacia Vye and therefore to the chance to fulfill his ambition is similarly not related to Bacon's essay, which is applicable only to changes deep within the man.

As Hardy's story progresses, omens of these misfortunes accumulate, e.g., Eustacia's view of love as an ephemeral creature and Clym's brooding thereon; these omens portend disaster for Clym. From Clym's vantage point, however, his life runs a smooth course until suddenly his vision is seriously impaired and he is consequently forced to discontinue the studies which are of utmost importance to him. Instead of indulging in self-pity he undertakes an occupation not prohibited by his faulty vision and is contentedly cheerful. He exhibits fortitude in the form of patience and stoicism in the face of that about which he can do nothing. This type of fortitude, as opposed to the inspirational type of Milton, does not result in dramatic achievements, but rather in an indomitable determination to walk with unbowed head. Clym's "affliction does not master his spirit." Here indeed is "adversity discovering virtue."

A far greater tragedy, however, is Clym's loss of his mother, especially as these two have quarreled and are unreconciled. Clym mourns sincerely, his mourning suffused with traumatic bit-

terness. This bitterness is ever directed toward himself, never toward his mother, whom he pictures as a woman terribly wronged by her son. When Clym stabs himself with pangs of guilt, he does not condemn the most culpable party to the tragedy—chance. Chance in the form of the concurrence of many unrelated incidents is the agent responsible for the death of Clym's mother. Chance rules the world of Clym Yeobright with a hand that heeds not the longings of any individual. The humble submission of Socrates rather than the courageous defiance of Milton is somewhat the safer course. Clym's mother dies only when she rebels against her plight and seeks her son. On the other hand submission is by no means a guarantee of security, for even before her act of defiance chance deals harshly with the woman by creating the enormous breach between mother and son.

The experiences of these two persons show that prosperity and adversity are dependent upon chance. However, chance has only external influences; the virtue to be found in adversity is beyond its buffetings. Hardy, then, confirms the views of Bacon, who is concerned only with the inner virtue of adversity, not with the prosperity that chance may bring. Truly Clym suffers; truly he is not left with naught for his suffering. Clym Yeobright is an Oedipus who gains infiniteness of character by being dragged through the pits of adversity.

—STEVE MCLEARY  
Mrs. Mabel Scott

## A Remembrance

It lay there in the snow  
Cold . . . lonely  
Shadows upon its grief  
Stricken

Blood trickling from its wound  
Dark . . . vital  
Colouring ice-packed ground  
Glistening

Its last breath is near  
Panting . . . gasping  
Life is lost forever  
Death.

—PEGGY WESTHEIMER  
Dr. Helen Bottrell

## A Lad's Prayer

Ah, once I was a tiny lad,  
A-whistling all the day,  
But when the evening came,  
I'd bend my knees to pray.  
I'd hope that all was well with God,  
And with his kingdom, too.  
I'd ask for courage for myself,  
And my companions true.  
Then when the crack of dawn would come,  
I'd start again to romp and play,  
For God had sent another day.

—JUDY MERRY  
Dr. Helen Bottrell

## Rain

The rain comes down to earth  
and drop by drop  
It soaks the land; it fills the ponds. It seems  
To wash all Nature fresh and green. The sky  
Turns blue; the storm is gone;  
a rainbow glows  
Above; and men find peace within their hearts.

—SUZANNE VAUGHAN  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## Home

Not one of us would sacrifice his home for personal desires;  
Yet there are those who pretend to do so.  
The vagabond and tramp pretend,  
As do many explorers and campers.  
Yet, when night comes,  
Each finds a place of meager comfort and rest.  
Even though it be a dilapidated hut, tent, or musty cave,  
It is still home.  
No, none of us sacrifices home for his own desires.

—BYRON WEHNER  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## I Am Living

I am living.  
Why I do not know. I am just a part of this world, a useless part; much like a spare tire, one that will someday be put to use.  
I am the future.  
Am I to be famous? Am I to better the world?  
Am I to raise children? Will I leave anything behind me when I go?  
I do not know.  
I work; I cry; I laugh; I sweat; I feel.  
I am living.  
I am living, but I create nothing; I give nothing; accomplish nothing.  
I am not ready.  
The time will come when I will see my way. I'll find my part and play it.  
Then, truly I will be living.  
I will have but a short time to do my job and leave.  
I'll live no more.

—VICKIE CALDWELL  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## Imaginary Snow

The wind swept over  
Over the whiteness of the surface below.  
Invisible gusts—gusts of cold  
Then the snow came . . . .  
Making visible the wind—swirling in frenzy,  
Whisking the surface, the whiteness below  
Up into the blizzard, the whiteness above.  
Everywhere whiteness . . . .  
Racing,  
Gliding,  
Drifting,  
Tossing,  
Skimming.  
Nothing alive—everything moving.  
Then the snow went . . . .  
The wind was invisible  
The wind swept over  
Over the whiteness of the surface below.

—TUNI RYLANDER  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## My Catalogue of Lovely Things

Every year when spring is slowly emerging, winter quietly fading into the past years, nature begins to unfold to her audience her majestic and dazzling beauty. The beauty of the countryside with her laughing streams happily offering themselves to the gay carefree children, the flowers in full blossom merrily decorating the peaceful earth to the endless-reaching skyscrapers of the ruling cities with their sparkling lights—all these things are lovely.

Then night comes; here is true loveliness. The stars twinkling above keep us wondering, the spotted clouds and the wide-faced moon give us everlasting beauty. The forceful, raging waves of the sea leave us in awe—how powerful this unlimited force of nature is! The ships journey into unknown realms; I love to watch them fade away into the mystic palace of the deep-sea rulers.

But far beyond these things, one power stands above all, symbolized in the calm little church on the hill. That power is God—the creator of all lovely things. He has given us our loved ones—the most valuable things in our catalogues, who make our greatness of living complete.

All these things make our lovely earth amazing to know, beautiful to care for, and everlasting to love. All of these things are my CATALOGUE OF LOVELY THINGS.

—EUGENE WALTON  
Mrs. Agnes Yost

## Loose Clods Of Rumped Earth

Loose clods of rumped earth  
Upturned  
Where the men have dug  
Steel grey at noon  
Hard and crumbling in the heat.  
The men digging.  
Deep holes  
Where the men have dug  
Piles of upturned earth  
Brown at dusk  
Lined in loose clumps  
Soft and yielding.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## On The Salt Grass Trail

Two years ago I decided to play "cowboy" and ride the famed Salt Grass Trail. We went over cornfields and dirt roads, through rivers, and anything else imaginable. It was the worst thing that I have ever done.

We started at 4:15 AM, but our wagon boss had us up at 3:15 to eat breakfast. We had a horrible breakfast and I was shivering so, I spilled a cup of hot coffee all over myself.

Finally we started moving and it was so dark and rainy that I couldn't see even my horse's head. The sun came up in a few hours and by lunch I was almost thawed out. We stopped for an hour at lunch where we sank our teeth into a bologna sandwich, but I was so hungry it tasted like a steak.

Our horses plodded on through the mud until 4:30 that afternoon, when we made camp. I ate dinner and got into my dry, warm sleeping bag before you could say "Jack Rabbit." It started raining again harder, harder until I was sleeping in one of the best water holes in Texas. All my clothes were wet, my sleeping bag was soaked, and I was freezing. I thawed out again at noon the next day, but my sleeping bag was just as wet as before and maybe even a little wetter.

After lunch we went for our horses again, but mine was gone. Well, I chased him down and raced him onward to catch up with the wagon, which was by this time well ahead of me.

That night I found a barn and slept in the hay. I even had a caller who left me his card. It was a skunk, but luckily he didn't get my clothes. We rode through the next day and finally arrived in Houston, where we were greet-

ed by none other than Roy Rogers.

We made camp in Memorial Park "under the spreading live oak tree." That night we didn't even go to bed. First there was a big square dance and after that a bull session until time for the parade the next morning.

I was never in my life so glad to get off a horse and load it into a trailer. Then and there I vowed never to ride the trail again, but last year found me in the saddle and believe me, it was even worse.

—TOMMY SORIERO  
Mrs. Mary K. Sims

## To The Gossip

Do you believe so?

Are you really certain of it?

Is it an infallibility?

Can you rely on it inevitableness?

Would you consider it an absolute fact, without question?

Say you that it is an indisputable, conclusive, irrefutable, definite law?

Oh, I see.

You are positive of its certitude, From that is what they say Someone told you.

—NANCY YOUNG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## The Mountain

Looking through the windows at sunset, I gaze longingly at the towering mountain peaks, seemingly a few miles distant. There seems to be some unknown mystery about them which pulls at my heart to go see what it is, but I know I must remain where I am. As the minutes go by, the sun slowly slips behind the horizon, like a tired old ship which is quietly sinking. The sun going down casts purple shadows on the mountain sides, and suddenly a quietness falls upon the surrounding territory. As it grows darker, in the distance, lights from ranch houses begin to flicker on; and to break the stillness, a mountain lion screams his warning to other animals that he is lord and master of all. The moon rises stealthily above the peaks, which offer up their outstretched arms in praise to God for the coming on of night and peace. Once again there is a calmness, and I return to my work, knowing that tomorrow evening I may again look out upon the eternal and majestic mountains.

—SUNNY WILKENS  
Mrs. Agnes Yost

## Sand Clouds

As I glanced toward the heavens it seemed as though an ocean lay in the sky. A disappearing sun touched the clouds with a rosy-tan hue, just the color of the beach at twilight. These clouds were not ordinary ones, but rather like fine sand gently rippled by a soft breeze. They stopped suddenly, and gave way to an expanse of turquoise sky trimmed in lacy white wisps, like the whitecaps on a gentle tropic sea. I closed my eyes and could almost feel the warm spray of salt water, and hear the strumming of native guitars in the shadows.

My island with its beautiful waters had vanished when I opened my eyes, but perhaps someday I shall go there, and have to dream no more!

—ELIZABETH LAMKIN  
Mrs. Alpha Baker

## My Experiences with Letter L

I live on Lake Lane, attend Lamar High, and have two Aunt Leonas and a Cousin Larry. Unfortunately, I cannot pronounce 'ls' very well. I guess it is hereditary, like the crooked teeth and weak eyes that I also inherited. Since I cannot pronounce 'ls' very well, I compensate for my speech difficulty by using words spelled with lots of 'ls' in everything I write. For instance, I always sign my letters, "Sincerely, love." During my carefree pre-school days, when I was too young to find release in writing 'ls', my parents never gave me the slightest hint that I was mispronouncing 'ls'. Maybe they thought it was "cute" — then. In the first grade at Lewis and Clark Elementary School nobody ever told me I "talked funny." That is because everyone was doing it. Unfortunately, my not being able to pronounce 'ls' very well lingered. The second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grade thirsters after knowledge were, I think, afraid to criticize me because I was permanent leader of the select Silver Airplane Reading group.

Thanks to the tactfulness and/or ignorance of my parents and my fellow students, I could have had a reasonably happy childhood, free from l-worries. However, I have a brother, a brutally clever brother. Once, while he was listening to me read a "Dick and Jane" story, (If he listened to me read "Dick and Jane" stories, I helped him catch insects for his carbon tetra-chloride "killing jar") it happened.

"Look Dick! Look Jane! Look! Look! Look!" read I, a six year old Helen Hayes who could pronounce 'ls' very well but did not yet realize it.

"Rook! Rook! Rook!" taunted my brother, laughing cruelly. "You can't say 'look!'"

I tried again and again to say "look," not wishing to sound like a Jap during this sensitive post-war period. He kept laughing.

## The Swamp

The swamp, at dusk, was already becoming quite dark. Brownish green mud, covered thickly with dark, lush, ferns and moss, was taking on a blackish cast. The murky water, earlier a mirror for the glaring sun, now reflected the grey shadows of moss hung trees with trunks worn smooth by the water. Turtles plopped heavily into the mire from logs on which they had been sunning themselves. A large, submerged form cruised effortlessly among water lilies, the flowers of which had now closed for the coming night. As night arrived, the excited chatter of birds and the buzz of bugs were replaced by piercing shrieks of hunting wildcats, croaking of bullfrogs and low, foghornlike bellows of bull alligators.

—KEITH SHEPPARD  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## The Drop of Dew

Sweet, untouched is the drop of dew  
Sparkling like a jewel on green silk.  
But the heavy summer rains come  
And wash it with a flood of tears  
Into the dark waiting earth.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

Pointing and laughing. In my position I think that the normal six year old child would have cried; but I was no sissy. I hit Bih Brother. This dramatic incident was temporarily forgotten in the whirl of P-TA-organized Lewis and Clark Elementary activities, but it was recalled to me my second day at Larrabee Junior High, when my newly acquired music teacher, Miss Lornell, decided to test the seventh grade voice. One by one, students sang "loo, la loo," as Miss L. plinked at her yellow-keyed, out-of-tune piano. I tried to "loo, la loo," but I could not. I "roo, ra, rooed." People laughed. It was mostly a comic-spirit sort of merriment. During my three years at Larrabee only one girl attempted to teach me to speak correctly. Her name was Lou. She told me to place my tongue at the roof of my mouth, shove my tongue down against my teeth, and make noises from my diaphragm. After practicing the Lou Method for L-pronunciation for two months I could say "Ooolalagh" distinctly, nine times out of ten. Unfortunately, I had little occasion to say "Ooolalagh."

Most of my Larrabee Junior High l-taunters went to Knox High I went to Lexington High and started anew with a clean slate, so to tritely speak, I thought. Here were hundreds of people who did not know that I was unable to pronounce 'ls' very well.

Cleverly, I signed up for teachers whose names I could pronounce. I joined a club, the name of which I could easily pronounce. I filled my vocabulary with l-less words and phrases. But this was all for nothing. Last week I slipped. I said "herwo" to a loose-jawed girl instead of flipping

## As Time Goes By

If time stood still;  
If love had no will;  
Life would be lost.  
But love his its cost  
And life seems to fly  
As time goes by.

—JUDY CASON  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Sunset

God created a scene—  
A scene that I love best,  
The purple, orange, and gold  
Of a sun that's off to rest.  
—BYRON WEHNER  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## The Oaks

The tall oaks stand like ancient, eternal patriarchs of time. Their long, flowing, mossy, gray beards nod solemnly in the spritely breeze. Their bodies are stout, rigid, and firm like old men who have grown tolerant and wise through the years. Their slowly bobbing heads sparkle in the sunlight and smile knowingly down with paternal affection on the young ones running in their kindly shade. The leaves in their crowns shimmer in the ribbons of bright, soothing sunlight—now silver, now gold. The wind whippers through the leaves, making again its ageless, tinkling melody. Through all, the gray patriarchs stand knowingly, paternally, and agelessly.

—DORWAYNE PHELPS  
Mrs. Mae Gates

her my usual, casual "hi." Now, everywhere I go people laugh at me and say "Herwo." They lie awake nights thinking of sentences which use an infinite number of 'ls'. Yesterday it was "Lovely lilies lie low in Louisiana over Lullabelle." I would not mind saying the sentences if they were interesting, but they never are. I always seem to miss the subtle symbolism, if there is any. Actually, I think that I pronounce 'ls' correctly at least part of the time. No one ever really listens to me. Everyone has made up his mind that I mispronounce 'ls'. They laugh before I have a chance to prove myself. In six more months I'll graduate from Lexington High, if the fates are kind, and I'll go to an institute or a university, not a colwege. And I'll start all over. And things will be different. You'll see.

—ANONYMOUS  
Teacher Also Unknown

## Why

Alone  
Alone in the deepness of dark  
Alone in the wierdness of gloom  
Away from the life of worry  
Away from the people who live  
Alone  
Afraid  
Afraid of the knowledge within  
me  
Afraid of the sounds of life  
Flight is the only escape  
Flight is the coward's way out  
Afraid  
Wierd  
Wierd is the structure of no-  
thing  
Wierd is the sound that's not  
heard  
Silence covers my surrounding  
Silence reaks with gory indifference  
Wierd  
Why  
Why is man alone in the dark?  
Why is man afraid of life?  
Truth is the road all must follow  
Truth is the answer to—  
Why  
—CAROLYN CAROTHERS  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Two Strangers

Two strangers in town that warm summer day.  
And being a small town, well rumors will travel.  
And soon the whole town was saying (those two must be up to no good.)  
They surely looked bad with unshaved faces.  
And why was it they didn't unsaddle their horses, and studied the bank so.  
Rumors traveled that day, for at sundown every man was ready, gun near hand.  
And women and children were kept behind doors.  
Someone was saying that these two were scouts for a large gang. And so we waited.  
That morning was Sunday, no one went to church.  
The sunrise made glares on rifle barrels jutting from every window.  
So that early morning, as sunbeams peeped around corners, two strangers rode out of town.  
After a late church and a good dinner all was back to normal again, but the people of my small town that day were somewhat disappointed.  
—JIM WATSON  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Gone

There he goes  
You've lost him  
And your broken heart  
Will scream  
But wait.  
You never had him  
For how can one lose  
A dream?

—JO FRAN KOVACH  
Miss Louise Fuller

## One Hour To Live

Joe examined the small piece of broken glass, and then glanced at his wrists. In just one hour he was to be led down that mile long corridor, never to return.

He was bitter. No one believed he was innocent of murder.

"What chance does an ex-con have?" he asked himself. Joe was sentenced on circumstantial evidence; a miscarriage of justice. Only thirty minutes left. He knew what he had to do. He would cheat the chair.

As the glass tore through the skin and severed the veins, Joe was paralyzed with pain. The blood rushed down his hands, and onto the floor. The cell seemed to revolve around him; he was losing all strength. Then all was black. He crumpled in a heap, the blood still flowing from his wrists.

A moment — a shattered piece of glass — a thought — a twist of Fate — these things — seemingly minute things — the difference in Life and Death — though apparently no matter — inconsequential. Guilty or innocent, these things, beginning with Fate led Joe along that road which ended in his ultimate doom.

—JAY FARR  
Miss Louise Fuller



## Mr. Blossum and Family

University professors reputedly take the cake for eccentricity. However, during his term in the engineering department of a West Coast university, the only chronic oddity of my father was his forgetting afternoon classes and, consequently, his frequent and unexpected arrivals, to the delight of his students, at home. Most of Father's associates were also normal. In the department, the strangest person by far was a mechanic named Blossum. Some claimed that he was just lazy; others thought him overly dignified, even for a repairman elite. Even as an eleven-year-old I thought it strange the day I was told he had stayed home from work to leisurely celebrate the birthday of one of his three children. My mother, unto this hour, laughingly suspects he was a Communist.

Mechanic or not, Blossum lived in a mansion. I remember our visiting his family in their newly purchased home one Sunday afternoon in early spring, our driving nearly thirty miles over damp, asphalt roads, winding up into the coastal mountains just south of The Peninsula. Mr. Blossum lived almost in a Spanish villa . . . white stucco walls with faded red tile roof, complete with small balconies. The house was set far back from the road on seventy-five acres of verdant forestland, thick with pines and undergrowth and coastal sequoias. Mr. Blossum and family met us. He was a large, roly fellow, with little hair and a large nose, messily comfortable dressed and, strangely enough, barefoot. In fact, in spite of the iciness of the uncarpeted tile floors of the apparently unheated house and in spite of the burs and stones which they must have stepped upon while showing us the grounds, the whole family went barefoot. Blossum had somehow bought this \$200,000 estate at a savings of close to \$170,000 from a wealthy family which was now in a sad state of decadence and dissolution. I remember much about the house, the huge pool table that graced the living room, the great, brightly lit tank of tropical fish, the Blossum's prized book with the large, heavy pages of engravings of the inventions, drawings, and notes of Leonardo da Vinci, the cluttered basement with rooms filled literally from floor to ceiling with rocking chairs, airplane propellers, and Mr. Blossum's strange, electronic

### Sky

The sky was not just a blue, but black—the blackest of black. Set on black velvet, like assuins, were the stars. The cold of the night with the warmth from the sky gave me a chill of peace—the feeling of God.

—DAVID DONBROWA  
Mrs. Jennie Teshner

### The Old Oak

When I went back to see my tree, I was overwhelmed to see how much it had changed. The limbs I had climbed in as a child now hung withered like the emaciated arms of a war veteran, and the bark of its giant trunk wrinkled like the skin of an old man. My hands traced the uncovered roots curled hungrily toward the dry earth, and the few leaves that were scattered about its crooked frame were the tears in my own eyes as I turned from my friend for the last time.

—PAULA GREENLEE  
Mrs. Agnes Yost

machines. It seemed to me a treasurehouse.

Were the Blossoms hicks? They had come to California no less impractically and indigently than the Okies of John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, setting out in a dilapidated car, selling belongings to buy milk for their baby, and crossing the trackless Great American Desert without even so much as a spare tire! Yet here they were and in this house!

However, the Blossoms became subject to even greater suspicions of eccentricity when one day in conversation Mr. Blossum remarked to my father that one could always spot a nudist because he always went barefoot around his house. One year the Blossoms sent what is probably the world's most unusual Christmas card, which was surely viewed with many different emotions. At any rate, imagine the horror of my mother when upon opening the envelope she found in addition to Christmas greetings a smiling portrait of the Blossom family in that same state in which a not too modest Mother-nature had brought each into the world!

—SAM HUGHES  
Miss Helen Greenwood

### I Stand

I stand  
Against a grey horizon  
Grey and almost dead.  
I walk along the narrow edge  
Of hard black wood,  
Not like the sand swept shore.  
Farther on, I walk  
Towards the calm clear water.  
Clear and green and blue  
Circling there below in serpent  
rings.  
I never knew the sea to be so  
deep  
Clear and silken green.  
I stand  
Upon the narrow edge  
And watch its serpent rings.  
The wind breaks loose and chops  
the air  
And blows against the sand and  
picks it up,  
And huris against the sea.  
I stand  
Upon the narrow edge  
And watch its serpent rings.  
The wind breaks loose and chops  
the air  
And blows against the sand and  
picks it up.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

### Youth

Who am I to trouble them  
With problems of the world?  
All this life surrounding me  
Yet none with bending ear.  
It must be youth that dazzles me  
With odd, unreal insight.  
The things that folks are living  
by

Have no meaning here  
And I seem to be estranged, alone  
Except for one chimeric tear.

—DOUG SHAPIRO  
Mrs. Mabel Scott

### Blow Hard's Lament

She was blowing  
Like a fool  
And like Fools  
We heard her spout

She didn't think  
She'd need us  
Till the day  
She blew us out.

—JO FRAN KOVACH  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Autumn

How cool and refreshing the autumn winds blow.

As leaves of crimson and gold  
Glide gently, so quietly, from the  
trees, oh so old,  
All the earth for miles around  
Is so still and quiet, one can't  
hear a sound.

The sun's golden rays filter lazily  
Through tall slender trees,  
And finally they reach the far  
below—

The cool moist ground found all  
around.

—EMMETT CROW  
Miss Louise Fuller

## A Rose

A rose is a flower, nothing more. But is this so? Could a rose not be a parallel to the life of man? A young bud, with its simple beauty and flowing smell, is not unlike a child, as yet not exposed to the complications and tribulations of life. It seems that all roses in full bloom offer the same beauty and simplicity. Only when observed closely, can disfigurements or blight, caused perhaps by an unexpected cold spell, be seen. Is this not like man, whose real self is known only to close associates? An old and withering rose, like old men, with all its wrinkles and discoloration, still yields its own scent, a sweet scent, to the air. The air. The growth of a new bud, possibly from the same branch as an old or dead flower, is much like the regeneration of men. But in truth, no doubt, a rose is still only a flower, and we are fools for even considering this comparison between men and a mere plant.

—KEITH SHEPPARD  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Orthodonus The Straightener

At one time there was a youth by the name of Orthodonus, who was the son of Dentimus, the metal worker of the gods. Although he was handsome and brave, he had the weakness of being talkative. Orthodonus would interrupt other people's speech with his idle prattle.

One day while Orthodonus was working with his father, the king of the gods came to talk with Dentimus. The king had just begun to speak when Orthodonus blurted forth with his inane chatter. Immediately the king turned and shouted in rage that Orthodonus would be punished for his disrespectful conduct. The king then turned to Dentimus and ordered him to fashion metal braces to clamp all of Orthodonus's teeth together so that he could not talk at all. Orthodonus was forced to wear these metal wires for two years. They were tightened from time to time so that the pain would remind him of the purpose of the punishment. Finally it was decided that Orthodonus had borne his punishment exceptionally well, and the braces were removed.

The king then granted Orthodonus a place in the household of the gods. His task was guiding youths along a straight path during their lives. For this reason he was called Orthodonus the Straightener. His chief punishment was that of making the youths wear the hated metal braces on their teeth. This is one of the few ancient practices still in evidence today, as can be seen among our modern youths.

—JANE SICK  
Dr. Helen Bottrell

## Frustration

It was hot in the jungle. Danger hung in the air. Every bush hid some lurking beast, and the trees whispered of unseen perils on the ground. Bill moved with expert caution as is the custom of most big game hunters. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. A spear came hurling through the air and stuck in the wall beside Miss Tad's head.

"William!" she snapped. "State the Law of Diminishing Returns."

"Huh? Oh, returns are not in proportion to the amount of money spent when the money spent is not in proportion to—"

"Sandra, state the Law of Diminishing Returns."

"When successive equal expenditures of labor and capital are applied to the utilization of a given natural resource, a point is reached after which further expenditures do not produce returns in proportion to the expenditures."

Bill turned and fired upon the native who had thrown the spear. A loud piercing crack issued from his weapon.

Miss Tad turned the chalk to remedy the screeching noise it was making. "This is one of the most important laws we study in economics. Almost all of the research and improvements made on consumer goods are the result of this law. William, can you define consumer good for me?"

"Consumer goods are goods which we consume."

"Of course they are, but that is not the economist definition. Didn't you study your lesson at all, Dilliam?"

"Oh, yes ma'am."

"Well, perhaps if you'd pay

### Dill Pickles

Dill pickles have a taste of individuality. The salty brine in which the pickles are soaked produces a flavor that causes lips to pucker and wry expressions to contort the features. The almost sour, salty taste is by no means unpleasant. On the contrary, it offers a very different taste that causes a tingling sensation to the tongue and mouth. The teeth develop a slick, squeaky feeling and tend to grind together. This causes the eater to have a shivering feeling. The tangy flavor of this pickle and its gritty juice provide a delightful thrill to the taste buds of the eater's mouth. In fact, if one thinks about it, it is almost exciting to eat a common dill pickle.

—JANE SICK  
Mrs. Mae Gates

## Thoughts Before I Sleep

Tonight I cry for help  
Tomorrow I will laugh at my  
help  
And I am ashamed the next night  
In the dark, I fear, I run,  
I hate, I cry  
In the light I laugh, I stand-  
up, I spit-on, I love  
And so on into a never-end-  
ing rush

Of wildly-colored emotions  
Rushing, never stopping, into  
a wild  
Screaming, nightmarish  
whirlpool of  
Hate, Love, Joy, Despair,  
Disillusionment  
Envy, Screaming and scream-  
ing  
Then all is still  
I sleep.

—JACK DAVIS  
Miss Louise Fuller

a little closer attention to what the rest of the class is doing you would be able to answer a question correctly. Now, class, the other law I assigned was the Law of Proportionality. This law—"

Bill walked to where the body of the native lay. He turned it over with his foot. That was one native who would never kill another hunter. He moved forward again through the jungle.

One had to be careful.  
—KENT SIMS  
Miss Margaret Buchanan

## Lamar

The school we hold so dear  
With its quiet, its noise,  
Its joys, its sorrows,  
The good times, the bad times,  
Its loves, its hates  
This school is like all schools  
Yet this one is different.  
This one is Lamar.

—JAY FARR  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Hombre

In my remuda were many horses  
All to die someday.  
But bigger, stronger, faster  
Grazed my horse, Hombre.

Over the land  
I made him fly  
Faster than the wind.  
I kicked his flank, his legs were  
strong,  
And then I felt them bend.

Hombre lived a short hard life,  
A rest he never knew  
Because he never knew  
Because I rode him everyday  
When his days on earth were  
few.

Now my horse is underground  
Beneath the grass he loved so  
well  
And I walk along the land  
Where his legs gave and he fell.

A horse who died from overwork  
Just like some people do  
And I am blamed for Hombre's  
death

Whose days on earth were few.  
—JIM SARTWELLE  
Miss Louise Fuller

## The Night

At night I sit alone on a hill. The moon, like a slice of orange in a glass of iced tea, rises slowly in the sky. The golden rays reflecting on the water make a path of moonbeams connecting heaven and earth, the intangible and the tangible. Across the blue bay, now black with the shades of night, a mountain stands, not majestic, but somewhat comforting by its presence. To break the spell of solitude, but yet weaving its own spell of enchantment, a line of cars moves ceaselessly up and down the shore. Some are leaving behind the glow of city lights; others, responding to its beckoning call, hasten toward it, for the city at night has a charm all its own, as its twinkling lights flirt with the stars above. Stretching across the water is the guardian of the city. The bridge, like a "golden gate," is a sweeping panorama of light against the dark that welcomes all who come here. Out in the black expanse, one or two lonely lights flicker, indicating an island of loneliness and despair and retribution. As I sit alone on a hill, I feel like a tiny pebble dropped into a large lake.

—SUE LANGE  
Mrs. Agnes Yost

## "Ad Astra per Aspera"

It was the first day of school. John, all dressed up in his ante-lope pants and his new red alligator shirt, walked sleepily down the hall. "This is going to be my year," he thought to himself. Hurrying to make the eight-ten bell, he thought of the little sailboat he had fallen in love with last summer while he was down at the beach. His father had said, "Son, if you can bring home all A's on your report card, that little boat is yours!" As this thought crossed his mind, his deeply tanned face beamed. He just knew next summer he would have his own boat. Boy, would everyone be jealous!

In all his classes the routine was pretty much the same: sign program cards; issue books; read Chapter I. On Tuesday and Wednesday pressures mounted. Thursday he did battle with chemistry, solid geometry, and English sort stories.

On Friday night of the first week, he fell into bed exhausted. He turned and tossed. His boat was sinking fast. Theorem five in solid geometry wouldn't come clear regardless! Why did carbonic acid decompose to form water and carbon dioxide? Why wouldn't bimetalism work? What was the difference between irony and satire? Did anyone ever play up to tempo that fifth measure in Bach's "Fugue"? I'll never hit a minute on a hundred yards in that pool. John's burdens seemed greater than he could bear.

The sails began to flutter again Monday morning when a chemistry test paper came back with a beautiful ninety-eight at the top. John rode this triumph gaily, into the solid geometry class and, sure enough, theorem five suddenly became clear. The little boat skimmed along at a great rate! John whistled all the way home, borne along by visions of next summer on the bay.

Bright and early Wednesday morning, he strode into English class to find a pop test on the board. Why hadn't he spent fifteen more minutes on the vocabulary of "The Biscuit Eater"? John struggled manfully, using guess-work to the best of his ability. Miss Clark glanced over his paper and shook her head. His spirits plummeted. The wind went out of his sails.

Time dragged on; assignments mounted. John struggled early and late.

Averaging grades he had made, he found that with any sort of break, there was an A in sight in solid geometry and another in chemistry. With a high B in English, a ninety-five on the test should be good enough. The low

## Life

From flower to flower the butterfly flits  
And seems hurried, but from what cause?  
I sit by my window and watch him go  
On his way, not even to pause.  
I lazily gaze at the sky above  
And think about his flight—  
Why must he hurry to get things done

When ahead lies a leisurely life?  
There's always some other time to do work,  
Why — right now I can play;  
But then I remembered,  
And sobered my thoughts,  
For a butterfly lives just one day . . .  
—UNKNOWN

B in history, John shuddered to think, would require a ninety-eight. If I misspell three words, I'm sunk even if I memorize the whole book!

The sails sagged and drooped disconsolately. John's hopes hit an all time low.

When the test results were posted, John was there waiting to read his fate. He had breezed through chemistry with a ninety-seven, and there, no less, in his solid geometry. His heart jumped into his throat. His hands shook nervously in his pockets. At the other end of the board, he saw a ninety-five and a ninety-eight. He jumped for joy. He had made his A's, and the little sail boat was his!

—BOB WYNNE  
Mrs. L. S. Ford

## Merry Christmas

I surprise myself when I greet  
A perfect stranger on the street  
With a cheerful "Merry Christmas."

And yet this little outburst of mine

Seems natural, for it's Christmas time.

And when the stranger looks back

And returns the greeting with still less tact,

My thirst for friendliness has been slaked;

This is the icing on the cake.

—NORMAN TRAHAN  
Mrs. Jennie Teshner

## Road of Life

A single pebble on the road,  
Like all the others, but not exactly.

It gets kicked around and tossed aside.

It watches life pass it by and  
Remains unnoticed on the road.

—Betty Ridley  
Dr. Helen Bottrell

## Plodding

The heavy, trodding beats of  
the piano are over come by the  
blue notes of the saxophone, it's  
mournful tones cry out against  
the straining warble of the painted  
singer.

The door swings back with its  
whinnying sound and a shabby  
man enters the room full of sad,  
wailing music.

As he glances at the bar he  
notices a cheaply dressed, young  
girl. She is looking coquettishly  
at an unshaven boy who is not  
enjoying his brooding alone.

Forced laughter drifts over  
from a bottle-cluttered table oc-  
cupied by an overly loud group  
of four.

The bartender grumbles un-  
pleasantly as he wipes the counter.  
His ulcer is acting up again  
and he wishes he could go home.

Once again the door swings  
open letting in the drizzle which  
blends like the bitter and the  
sweet with the plaintive music.  
The man leaves this drab place  
for another . . . bars as all else  
grows old after a while.

—MEG BRADFORD  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Finals

The finals they are coming soon,  
And if you would grant me just  
one boon,

Although it may be just a whim,  
Why don't we do away with them

—RICHARD PORTER  
Dr. Helen Bottrell

## Comment

I am tired ow writing poetry  
That no one understands  
I am tired of painting pictures.  
They fade beneath my hand.  
I am tired of this producing—  
An inevitable thing.

I am tired of being Poet  
And not pleasing anyone.  
So, if you are dissatisfied  
As you easily could be

Remember that you could not  
write,

A line that would please me.

This is not a humor column  
Or a space for choice names  
But merely a slice of life  
And the author's not to blame.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Wandering Into Deeper Things

Around me now are hills under  
covers of white. After a long  
walk these hills are behind me,  
and I face a deep canyon. The  
walls of this canyon are blank-  
eted with snow from the top to  
the middle, except for an occa-  
sional patch of red clay that  
peeks through the white snow and  
the green trees. In the lower can-  
yon, the walls stand in their ver-  
dant glory. The warmth inside my  
body clashes with the cold air  
around me as I stand looking at  
this magnificent panorama. The  
realization of seeing two of the  
world's most wonderful offerings,  
snow and the Grand Canyon; to-  
gether, makes me forget all  
earthly feelings and think of  
things that are much deeper.

—NANCY TOLER  
Mrs. H. D. Teshner

## Time

Time can be good or bad,  
It can cause something to blos-  
som

Into a thing of beauty,  
Or it can cause it to die, wither,  
and decay.

But even in its decay, it makes  
the earth fertile

For the next season of love.

—JOE LEE PRITCHETT  
Mrs. Agnes Yost

## Punishment of Houstonius

(A Myth)

Houstonius was the rangy,  
steely-eyed god of prosperity. His  
kingdom was a sprawling city  
on the coast of a huge country.  
His city had achieved the best of  
everything in every field. Pre-  
cious black oil, fat cattle, and  
fields abundant with crops were  
among the many blessings on  
which the city grew wealthy. It's  
port sent ships out all over the  
world, carrying the city's treas-  
ures—and the city prospered.

Houstonius, although proud of  
his city, never grew vain. For he  
was wise and realized that, if he  
did, his city's wealth would slowly  
sink to poverty. So Houstonius  
strove to keep his city as it was.

However, Dallasus, a long-time  
rival of Houstonius, was not the  
same. He was a jealous god. He  
looked down on his own city and  
found it only mediocre compared  
with Houstonius's city. This dis-  
covery made him very angry. The  
enraged god tried to think of  
something that would cause the  
fall of the rival city. Then, wear-  
ing a cruel smile, he slowed the  
city's oil production to seven days  
a month. At first Houstonius's  
city faltered, not knowing where  
to turn under this new problem.  
But Houstonius, knowing how to

face emergencies, aided the city  
by telling them to grow more  
crops and fatter cattle, and to  
send out more ships. By following  
his advice, the city flourished  
again.

Seeing that his scheme had not  
worked, Dallasus sent hoof-and-  
mouth disease, boll weevils, water  
pollution — everything he could  
think of to cause the destruction  
of the city. Houstonius had an un-  
controllable temper, once aroused,  
and having to fight the curses  
sent by Dallasus made him very  
angry. He stormed into Dallasus'  
temple and found him gone. But  
seeing Dallasus's son, Highlandus  
Parkus, there, killed him, instead.

Of course, Houstonius realized  
his guilt and went to Mount  
Olympus for trial. He told the  
gods who were to judge him  
about his killing Highlandus  
Parkus. The gods talked among  
themselves for a while, deciding  
his punishment. Then, turning to  
Houstonius, Zeus said:

"For your punishment, a creep-  
ing thing shall come upon your  
beloved city, undermining its  
buildings, causing disease, driv-  
ing people away with its stench,  
and ruining its beauty. Your city  
shall be cursed with—bayous."

—FRANCES WHITEHEAD  
Miss Margaret Buchanan

## April's Ribbons

Not so very long ago and not  
so very far away, there lived a  
teen-ager named April, who was  
just as pretty as her name; in  
fact, the entire neighborhood ad-  
mired her. At school is was al-  
ways April who was elected May  
Queen or Teen Queen or Home-  
coming Queen. Any of the entire  
male student body would gladly  
have given all of the next year's  
allowance for one date with the  
prettiest girl in high school.  
Needless to say, April basked in  
all this admiration, but alas, it  
also made her vain.

At home while her mother  
washed dishes, cleaned house, and  
picked April's clothes up off the  
floor, this foolish girl never lift-  
ed a finger to help; instead, she  
sat before her mirror for hours  
with an oh-how-pretty-am-I  
expression on her face, trying to  
decide which ribbon to use in her  
hair. This went on for a long  
while until one day Fate interven-  
ed.

On this portentous occasion,

## Poetry

Poetry is one of the fine arts.  
It is the form of literature that  
strives to the creation of intel-  
lectual pleasure by the use of  
imaginative and passionate lan-  
guage. Poetry is regarded as the  
final and ideal of all pure litera-  
ture. In a sense, it dwells be-  
tween prose and music because a  
skillful poet can interweave  
these three arts by bringing prose  
into the realm of poetry and by  
touching his rhythm with musical  
rapture.

Yet poetry is not just words  
written on a sheet of paper. Po-  
etry brings out the true feelings  
in a person. It is his spiritual-  
strings, the God-Spirit of man,  
that brings out love, imagery, and  
beauty that is swelling within  
him. In a poem, a person can  
humbly seek and find all the wis-  
doms of the world composed in  
one short, meaningful line.

Poetry is a sublime ecstasy  
here on earth waiting for mor-  
tals to take it and to seek the  
deep, meaningful messages writ-  
ten within the lines.

—Karon Hughes  
Miss Helen Greenwood

the Spirit of Virtue was passing  
by and happened to notice April's  
selfish behavior. After passing  
to observe the situation for a  
while, the Spirit appeared just as  
the family was sitting down to  
dinner. Naturally everyone was  
startled, for spirits were not  
often found in dining rooms. Ex-  
plaining who he was, the Spirit  
of Virtue announced his decision.  
April was to be banished to the  
House of Loneliness in the an-  
nuous dark regions in the depths  
of the earth. The poor girl would  
spend the rest of her days in  
complete solitude without even  
so much as a mirror to reflect  
her beauty. April's parents, lar-  
ing her in spite of her faults,  
pleaded with the Spirit not to  
punish her thus. After a moment  
he relented. He would not con-  
demn her to the House of Lones-  
ness; rather, April would be ban-  
ished to the sky where she would  
have to weep for her foolishness  
every time dark clouds covered  
the sun's face. These tears would  
nourish the earth, the Spirit pro-  
mised; and to remind people of  
her folly, he took seven of April's  
ribbons, one each of violet, indigo,  
blue, green, yellow, orange, and  
red. At a word from this unusual  
visitor, the ribbons merged and  
increased in size each second,  
forming a great arch, until all  
beheld them in the sky — a rain-  
bow.

All year the girl weeps, but  
most of all in the months for  
which she was named, and after  
each storm her ribbons appear to  
warn people everywhere to heed  
her fate and beware of that  
treacherous pitfall—vanity.

—PATTY McKEE  
Miss Margaret Buchanan

## Myself

When I think of it, I shudder and  
Want to scream  
Though it was small to others,  
When I think of it, I ask myself  
Why,  
Am I afraid of myself?

I am imprisoned within myself  
I am a captive of my own mind  
Trapped in a thick-walled cam-  
paign of misery

Though I can study my mind,  
Is not my mind the studier?  
For every intelligent question my  
good side asks

Cannot my bad side give an in-  
telligent answer

Is there no way to crawl out and  
Look at myself

Must I look through society's  
Distorted mirror to see myself

Whole

And if the answer comes only in  
death

I wait impatiently.

—JACK DAVIS  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Storm

I feel as though I'll burst inside  
When I behold the lightning  
thunder, hell's fiery tide.

On a rain-swept shore, on the  
darkest windy night

When Satan's troops begin their  
fight,

A fight unending in my heart, a  
fight which knows no part or

piece of life,  
But only death.

This is my belief; the storm, my  
god.

—NORMAN TRAHAN  
Mrs. Jennie Teshner



## Cats

I hate cats. Ever since I can remember, I have hated any member of the feline clan, from the hideous roaring monsters of the African plains right down to the common tabby curled up by someone's hearth.

The basis for this pet peeve goes back to a day when I was five. I was able to yell loud enough to gain my parents' permission to accompany my older brother to a charming little children's matinee entitled *The Cat-man of Death*. Of the show itself I can remember only the screams of the victims; however, I vividly remember my own screams as I went tearing into the lobby. This incident was the catalyst for my implacable animosity.

I would be much happier if the cats shared this fervent lack of admiration. Instead, they seem to have a particular affinity for my company. For instance, my girl friend has a pet cat. When I visit her, it's always my lap the cat chooses to use for a cushion. At a time like this I must admit I harbor a suppressed desire to hurl the nauseating little beast out of the window. I quickly bury this idea, however, because I realize that my girl friend is asking me if I like cats as much as she does. "Why, yes," I'm forced to reply, while my feline friend sheds all over my freshly laundered trousers.

"Aren't they gentle, loveable little animals?" she coos, vivaciously reaching toward me—but only to stroke the cat's back. Innocently, the beast looks up, purring, while digging inch-long claws through my pants deep into my flesh.

"Oh yes," I also purr, managing with a surreptitious pinch to dislodge the beast so I can get down to business.

## Born Again

Like the whiting snow of a winter day,  
Or a blooming flower in April or May.

Like a falling leaf of a big Oak tree.

Like a love that could never die,  
Or drops of rain falling from the sky.

Like the glimpse of a bird in flight,

Or the changing of a day into a night.

All of these things have beauty we love, but they must die, and when they die they wither away . . . only to be born again.

—JIM WATSON  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Life

The plant grows and the man eats it  
And it becomes part of the man  
The man dies and his body becomes

Part of a plant that grows  
Please bury me in a weedy field  
That I may never cease to be  
A part of life.

—JACK DAVIS  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Spark of Hope

Though I may hate him  
Still I know  
He does as he thinks right  
Hitler, Caesar; Men of War  
But even then  
They did as they thought right  
Isn't there  
Some spark of hope here?

—JACK DAVIS  
Miss Louise Fuller

The neighborhood cats also seem to have a fond feeling for me. They have even started a clubhouse under my window, where they howl their greetings to me all night long. I have taken several steps to cure them of this nightly serenading and have lost several shoes in the process. I finally devised a way to live with the problem: I stuff my ears with large wads of cotton and quickly fall into sweet dreams of a Paradise where Saint Peter resembles a Saint Bernard, and no cats are allowed.

It's not by chance the sneaky type of thief is called a "cat-burglar." Well I remember when my aunt—plus Siamese cat—visited us. "Tony," my mother called, "your steak is ready and on the table." I answered with the alacrity that only the mention of food can inspire. But I wasn't fast enough. The steak was no longer on the table; in its place was a tan Siamese robber, complete with black mask, blinking his almond eyes and licking off the last minute remnants of my T-bone. The next sound heard was my aunt asking shrilly, "What's my darling cat howling about? What happened to his tail?"

Believe me, friends, the only cats I dig are the ones heard playing on the juke-box and even those lose me when they pull out the string instruments. You know where those strings come from, and I can still catch in them a faint taint of the howling of that Siamese cat as I swung him by his crooked tail.

—ANTHONY SHEPPARD  
Mrs. M. Page

## Laughter

A thundering roar, a tinkling bell  
Laughter of people carefree and gay

Who for a moment can forget  
The cares and problems of their day.

—SUZANNE VAUGHAN  
Miss Margaret Buchanan

## Love

Love is not passion; it is friendship. It is consideration, understanding, thoughtfulness, and patience. It is not a burden; but contentment. Love doesn't allow selfishness, nor neglect; but demands constant repair. It is a chain that binds friends to an understanding that is never ignored. Its links are composed of continuous faithfulness through all that life brings forth. Not one jealous link must it have to weaken this precious bond; for a shunned friend is a lost key; without love, a hopeless orphan. True friends are never apart—this chain is ever present. Love is confidence, comfort, integrity; but never should it be abused, hurt, or taken for granted. True love is strong, but a false love decays and erodes the unselfish heart; deceives and misleads the truthful friend. It is condemned to the perils of the earth beneath, disgraced and forgotten. Love is a virtue; it trusts, and is trusted; forgives, and is forgiven; accepts, and is accepted. It tolerates, and is gentle; cherishes and is kind. It is alive, joyous, delightful, and sweet. Love finds no malformity, returns no ingratitude, takes no revenge. It gives praise, and demands none in return; forgives without confession. It is tireless togetherness, a companion with whom to converse endlessly. Love is a prayer. God is love.

—PAULA GREENLEE  
Miss Agnees Yost

## Funeral

The people rustled, blending with the rolling chant of the minister's voice. His voice droned on—lulling, soothing, rhythmical, never losing tempo—in a monotonous way as if the funeral service were in another room and he only rehearsing his part. Without emotion he snapped the prayer book closed and slid it stridently across the podium and, in the same breath, meaninglessly began the Lord's Prayer. A murmured response of voices broke from among the choking throats of thin-lipped mouths and rose and fell, repeating dully the beautiful phrases. A woman sobbed quietly. A man tried desperately not to. A child hummer lilted to himself, bored with the rites he could not understand. The organ music, just a murmur throughout the first part of the obsequies, suddenly swelled in volume, screaming, not musically but more like a voice at its highest point of grief. The coffin lock clicked, signalling the end of a service and a life.

—KRISTEN SCHLEETER  
Mrs. Mae Gates

## The City - Bound

The great city lay like a smoky blot upon the land surrounding it. Its suburbs were laid out nicely on a small efficient scale, but closer to the city, industry's encroachment on nature was plain to see. Parkways cut deep into the countryside, making great dull slashes through nature's domain. Along these roads flowed a solid mass of cars. Of all sizes and descriptions, this nondescript horde of commuters sped on toward the metropolis.

Nearer the heart of the city, factories groaned and stirred to life, their complex machinery turning out the necessities making city life possible, and the

luxuries to make it bearable. Dense clouds of soot and waste spewed forth from their chimneys, settling over the land like a killing rain, blackening and choking the plants not already dead like those nearer the factories.

The city itself wore an overwhelming cloak of mist, tinted somber shades of gray and black. The people reflected the aura of speed and mechanization around them. They rushed about in a constant hurry to perform their various duties. On the faces of their isles of refuge in the suburbs after the workday had ended. Most faces, however, mirrored a blank, trapped expression. These were the city's progeny. Born here, they will live here and die here. No escape for these forgotten people. They must be content with their lot, for they know no better one. Some crave beauty, and plant window-boxes of flowers for their apartment windowsills, and go through spiritual agony as they watch their plants take on the sickness of the city. Others, already number to any feeling of despair, dare not even hope, but eke out their lives from day to day, groveling in the very baseness of their environment, never realizing the futility of their quasi-existence, their life without beauty of fulfillment.

CHESTER FAULKENHAINER  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Monsters

Monsters, everywhere,  
They leap at me, scream and stare.  
They crawl under the door and through the wall,  
They're three feet short and ten feet tall.  
They multiply when I close my eyes,  
And change colors, as if by magic dyes.  
They come closer, closer, and closer to me,  
And linger there until eternity.  
And when I shout at them they disappear,  
Only to come back again, to haunt my fear.  
They won't leave me alone to sleep or think,  
Only one thing to do, take another drink.

—JIM WATSON  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Have Ailments --- Will Tell

It all started about two years ago. Until then I considered myself a fairly typical, reasonably healthy, and definitely sport-loving teenager.

That spring of my fifteenth year, I decided to teach myself to dive. Up until then I had been an excellent swimmer, but before I could show off my numerous aquatic feats, I had to jump into the water with an ungraceful splash. Anyway, I perched rather shakily on the side of the pool, employing my brother to hold my feet down so I would go in head first, said a prayer, and plunged. Only one thing went wrong—I missed the pool. The result: my left leg and knee were out of commission for a long, long time.

The next summer I was chasing a tennis ball beyond the court and across a field. It was a lovely field with lots of grass and, OH, SO MANY HOLES! I suddenly realized what I was doing and just as suddenly stepped into a hole and sprained the other leg. In the hole, besides my aching foot, was a tennis ball.

As my tennis days were cut

short, I tried a gentler sport of badminton, hoping to hit the shuttlecock, make a good score, and stand in one place simultaneously. These I did, but one day the "birdie" took wing and flew over our back fence, which was made of wire. Naturally, there was nothing to do but retrieve it. I started over and had one foot on the opposite side of the fence when it slowly began bending backward. Not knowing what to do, I hung on. Farther and farther back it went until I was up-side down, my head was on the grass, and I was hanging by one knee from the wire fence. Well, I hung there a long time, not being accustomed to thinking wrong side up and finally dropped from sheer muscle strain. Several days later I had one very sore leg. It hurt, not only from going over the fence backward, but from that adventure several years ago with the swimming pool.

Oh, for the days of armor . . .  
—NEDRA MOORE  
Mrs. Mary K. Sims

## Futility

I stepped  
on a blade  
Crushing its greenness.  
The blade struggled  
trying to revive itself  
Pulling upwards  
Toward me.  
And finally  
straight again  
But slightly wrinkled  
It grew.  
But accidentally  
I stepped on it again.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## The Lake

A dense group of dead moss-filled trees covered most of the lake. I spent the first ten minutes pushing my small boat from tree to tree going farther into the lake. Occasionally I would have to use a long pole to push the boat across the water. The deeper I went, the thicker the trees were; the thicker the trees, the more twisted and unusual they looked. They seemed to lie at an angle, and the moss hanging from every limb made them look beautifully sad.

There was a break in the growth of trees where I threw out my line and began to fish. Fishing has several advantages over hunting or other sports. There is no danger of being shot by another fisherman and it is more relaxing. It is also the only sport I know from which I can return feeling the same if not better than when I started.

I will admit fishing can involve plenty of hard work, but energy seems to return when I restfully watch a cork float on the water and listen to the frogs croak and hear the water boil as a large bass breaks the surface.

The sun was coming up about the time I settled down to fish. The fog made the rays of the sun, which pierced the openings between the dead tree limbs and moss, appear strong enough to climb on.

The beauty of this undisturbed lake lingered with me for days.

—WAYNE ALLISON  
Mrs. Mary K. Sims

## Lovely

Snowflakes float, coat, soak,  
The Earth.  
Wet and Cold  
Yet . . . lovely.

—TILLIE MCINTYRE  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Today

Today the trees are grey.  
There is a damp dingy drizzle  
In the air  
After the fog lifts.  
I walk taller in this weather  
Without downcast eyes  
For when the sun is shining  
brightly  
There is a God that lies.

—CAROL ILLIG  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## To Be Alone

The house is still and silent now. There is no movement, no life, no sound. Nothing . . . save a whisper and a rustle . . . the whisper of a gas stove that sings the soft, lonely music of solitude . . . the rustle of the rain that whirs like billowing yards of gray silk. This is my world.

All about me, there is movement. Cars with bright, watchful eyes skim along streets of liquid gauze . . . moving . . . always moving. Quietly, thoughtlessly, they rush past me, casting only a fleeting play of yellow light upon my wall. Like an endless parade of acquaintances, they sail by, silent and solemn, and never once do they pause to speak, or to listen, or to know. In a moment, they are gone . . . perhaps to touch other lives and enter other worlds . . . and I soon forget that they ever were, for not a word has passed between us.

The raindrops slide wordlessly down the frosted window glass. They glisten in the firelight, and then, a second later, melt away into a thousand other raindrops. They are mute, yet they can speak, and listen, and know, for they are as one.

Above them, the moon stands hushed and watchful, blue-white against the empty blackness. For a moment she is alone. And then a hazy veil of cloud wisp steals across her immobile face . . . and she speaks. And the clouds listen and speak also . . . and they know. In the silence of night, the two are joined in understanding.

And the stars beyond move, breathing with life, blinking and glittering in a velvet sky . . . talking to one another with tongues that reach across a universe.

And the wind, the voice of God, speaks to all things, and listens to all things, and knows all things. She tells Earth of the wonder of the heavens, and she tells the heavens of the warmth of Earth. With every breath, she speaks. And all things listen and know . . . all things except man . . . for of all creatures, only man is alone. Only man, beneath the illusion of society, "is sentenced to a lifetime of solitary confinement."

—JUDY MOFIELD  
Mrs. Mabel Scott

## Don't Laugh

Don't laugh at this.  
What if you had to write a poem,  
Come to think of it,  
That would be pretty funny.  
Ha! Ha!

—TILLIE McINTYRE  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Tre.e.s

hav e U  
read  
e.e. cummings?  
(you'll ex-  
cu-  
se  
me!)  
boast)  
\*BUT\*  
)i(  
no tonly  
read  
h i m,  
\*BUT\*  
)i(  
di ghim  
the  
most!

—GENE CLEMENTS  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## Once I Took Some Clay

Once I took some clay  
And I was God making Adam  
And I was Michelangelo creating  
David  
And I was Rodin dreaming of the  
Thinker.

I took my clay  
And caressed it as a masterpiece  
And smiled  
And put it back.

Once I took some clay  
And I was God fashioning Adam  
And I was Michelangelo breath-  
ing life into David  
An I was Rodin hammering the  
Thinker.

I took my clay  
And worked  
And worked  
And worked  
But my hands were only dirty.  
—GENE CLEMENTS  
Miss Helen Greenwood

## So What

So what if I walk funny?  
Or my face is strange  
Or my hair doesn't "do?"  
It's up to me to worry  
About myself,  
Not you.  
So what if I can't dance?  
Or my nails are long  
Or my friends are few?  
Opinions don't matter to me  
You see.  
And neither do you.

—JO FRAN KOVACH

Miss Louise Fuller

## Waiting

I must hurry; it is nearly  
Twelve—and he will be waiting  
This time. For he promised he  
Would meet me there when  
He came home. We used to  
Meet in the garden, by  
The pool—before he went  
Away—Tonight he will be there—  
He must; he promised to  
Return to me when the war  
Was won. It's over now. Why  
Hasn't he come home?

The night is dark—I can barely  
Discern the shadows that are  
The young lovers. They sit and  
Laugh on the very bench I  
Sat on with him—before he  
Went away. He promised to  
Come back to me, and I promised  
To wait—I have, but I'm so  
Tired of waiting.  
Three years to a day after he  
Went away, I saw the letter, the  
Yellow letter from the Depart-  
ment

Of War, and I knew what it  
Meant, but I did not open  
It. No I couldn't open it because  
It was not true. It couldn't be,  
They just don't know—I went  
To the garden to the pool where  
He promised to meet me—To  
The pool where I wait for him.

When they took me from the  
Dark water of the pool, some  
Cried and said "Such a pity, and  
So young"—others said "Maybe  
It was best this way—she never  
Saw the letter, never knew that  
He was killed—" But no!  
He is not dead! He will  
Come back to me, and I  
Will wait for him—wait by  
The pool in the garden—  
But I am so tired of waiting.

—MARTHA YEARGAIN  
Miss Louise Fuller

## The Matter of Conscience

Two persons made decisions. The first of these was made more than 2,000 years ago by a very learned man, well along in years and knowledge. The second was made about 100 years ago by an almost illiterate young boy. Both decisions involved offenses against man-made laws, laws that inflicted great punishment, by public scorn as well as by the law itself, if disobeyed. The first of the two people was Socrates; his was a decision to die for his ideals. His reasons are explained fully in Plato's "Crito." The other was Huckleberry Finn, a fictitious character in Mark Twain's famous novel. Huck could not present any reasons for his actions as did Socrates, but surely the decision demonstrated the courage of Socrates and the attention to an "inner voice" which we might call conscience.

In the first place, what is conscience? Freud explains it as

## Hope For Existence

The sun beat down upon  
The scorched, cracked earth.  
The dried bony skeleton of some  
creature,  
Who was once as thirsty as I,  
Destroyed my little hope for ex-  
istence.

A cloud of death came upon me,  
As I lay awaiting, this, my  
Most dreadful death.

This cloud of death blotted out  
the sun,  
As it rained upon me.  
The scorched earth cracked once  
more,  
And I full within its jaws.

At least my bony skeleton won't  
Be seen by others like me,  
For it may destroy their little  
hope  
For existence too.

—TILLIE McINTYRE  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Rained On

My sister and I must have been  
My sister and I must have been  
two sad little figures in the rain  
that day. Jeannette's pink and  
blue flowered dress clung to her  
spindly body and the water from  
it dripped on her legs. Her be-  
wildered eyes stared ahead un-  
certainly, and her straight black  
hair shone sleekly from the wet-  
ness. Our Chinese paper umbrel-  
la did not offer much protection  
from the rain which pelted down  
on us with rhythmical force.

We didn't say a thing—we were  
just two little girls being ruined  
on for the first real time. I think  
we both knew this, and that is  
why we didn't speak. The water  
ran into the corners of my mouth  
and tasted salty, and still it pour-  
ed from the closed-in sky that had  
become so small. It soaked me,  
and I was saturated with all-  
awakened life and death.

Suddenly a streak of lightning  
tore the sky, and suddenly it was  
the sky again and just as far  
away. Jeannette and I ran back  
down the cellar steps feeling  
small and frightened, and shiver-  
ing together in the half-gloom of  
the windowless concrete room.

"Jeannette! Sally!" came the  
sharp voice from upstairs. "You  
come back up here this instant!"  
We knew we were in trouble,  
and we knew why. But we had  
been rained on, and the rest didn't  
matter.

—SALLY CLAY  
Miss Helen Greenwood

two shells over the instincts of  
man, or "id." The first shell is  
the "ego," which tells him how  
to acquire the things he desires.  
The shell above that is the "su-  
per-ego," which lets him know  
that there are certain things he  
cannot have. These two, says  
Freud, are products of human  
society and are "shells" that be-  
gin growing around a person at  
his birth. However, Socrates  
openly said and Mark Twain kept  
illustrating that part of our con-  
science is not a man-made thing;  
it is given to us by a power  
greater than a law-making body  
or an opinionated public. The other  
is a result of our mother's  
teachings and the doctrines of  
our society. This is the reason  
that acting entirely according to  
conscience is not always the best  
action. We must learn to dis-  
criminate between the two, for  
perfect decisions all of the time,  
which is wishful thinking.

Let us look at a conflict be-  
tween two opposing forces as ex-  
pressed in Huckleberry Finn.  
Poor Huck had been troubled  
greatly by his helping a Negro  
slave escape to freedom. He could  
not refrain from thinking that  
he was a "dirty abolitionist," and  
to make matters worse, he feared  
greatly his home town's distaste  
for such a person. But his loy-  
alty as a friend to this Negro  
prevented his returning the slave  
to the owner, even though part  
of his conscience told him he was  
offending God and society. In  
comparison, Socrates, while  
awaiting execution for express-  
ing new and revolutionary ideas,  
was offered a plan to escape.  
Crito, his friend who had volun-  
teered the plan, feared the pub-  
lic's disdain if he did not help  
his friend to freedom. This can  
be compared to Huckleberry  
Finn's fear of his home town if  
it should know that he was an  
accomplice in the "evil doing" of  
the Negro slave. Socrates reason-  
ed in this manner: If an ath-  
lete lives as the rest of the people  
instead of by his trainer's rules,  
his physique will deteriorate and  
he will no longer be fit for com-  
petition. Why is this so? Because  
the people do not have the knowl-  
edge of the situation that the  
trainer has. Therefore, the train-  
er, or higher law, should be  
obeyed rather than the people.

Huckleberry Finn and Socrates  
were conforming to this higher  
law, though one was not aware  
of the fact. However, the two  
persons can also be contrasted

## I Surrender

A cool ocean breeze blows high,  
And sea gulls wing their way  
through the sky.  
The beach is sandy, hot, and wet;  
And yet . . .  
The ocean seems to open its arms,  
And I . . . I surrender to its  
charms.

—JUDY CASON  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Happier

The vote-getter smiled to every-  
one,  
Her mouth stiffened from such  
Strenuous use.

The conceited, too perfect to  
smile,  
Didn't smile to anyone.  
Her mouth almost growing  
Together from this such use.

The sincere smiled sweetly.  
She's happier,  
Isn't she?

—TILLIE McINTYRE  
Miss Louise Fuller

in their manner of doing so. Soc-  
rates felt it was morally right  
to give himself to the State since  
it had given him life and educa-  
tion. Huck, on the other hand,  
disobeyed his State's laws and  
obeyed an impulse, yet the right  
impulse, of his conscience. Each,  
however, was obeying the more  
noble qualms of his conscience.

Luckily, our morals are not  
localized as they once were,  
thanks to more widespread  
knowledge and understanding.  
This evolution can be distin-  
guished in the comparison of  
these two writings, since the  
morals of ancient times were dif-  
ferent in each city-state, and  
morals of the 19th Century were  
much the same over larger areas.  
Today even larger groups have  
similar ideas about right and  
wrong, even though men's indi-  
vidual, active codes of morals  
may differ. Today we are often  
in the position of submitting to  
qualms that are not entirely  
right but our consciences are giv-  
ing more opportunity to direct us  
into the right decisions. The key  
to this is to listen to that inner  
voice, the barely audible cry of a  
direction, greater than public  
opinion or our own ingrained  
prejudices.

—CAROLYN THOMPSON  
Miss Mabel Scott

## Tiny Drops of Dew

Tiny drops of dew  
Fell upon my face  
Disguising all my tears.

Tiny drops of dew  
Have washed my tears away  
I feel much better now.

Tiny drops of dew  
Have all vanished now,  
Until needed again.

—TILLIE McINTYRE  
Miss Louise Fuller

## Grey Christmas

To one, such as I, who has  
spent most of his winters shiver-  
ing, chattering, sniffing in the  
sub-freezing North, the witsful  
wishes expressed by seemingly  
silly friends for white, fluffy  
snow during the joyous Christmas  
holiday season were worthy only  
of scorn. For many thoughts were  
then of the still, decaying shells,  
buried in the cold earth of the  
snow-covered cemeteries, with all  
thanks going to the beautiful,  
silent, white destroyer for which  
my unrealizing companions  
yearned; my memories brought  
back the misery of walking in the  
cutting, cold air through slip-  
pery, often wet slush because  
driving, even with chains, was  
dangerous for the most careful,  
experienced drivers. As I walked  
in the sun-filled, comfortably  
crisp Christmas morning air on  
safe, rough, gripping sidewalk  
concrete to the car, I knew I  
could drive without abnormal pre-  
cautions. I remembered other  
things I had momentarily forgot-  
ten about the snow — its dream-  
like, romance inspiring beauty,  
the bursting happiness that fill-  
ed the eyes and hearts of my  
friends, the games and fun to be  
had in it, even the departing of  
it and the entrance into a wel-  
coming warm home. To the eyes  
for beauty, snow is magnificen-  
tly white; to the hand on the  
pocketbook and steering wheel, it  
is as black as the bottomless pits  
of Malebolger; to me it is grey;  
welcoming, yet aloof; invigorat-  
ing, but deadly.

—TONY DEAS  
Mrs. H. D. Teshner

**Breen's Flowers**  
2512 RICE BLVD.  
"IN THE VILLAGE"  
"To Create a Little Flower  
Is the Labour of Ages."  
—William Blake

**Roger's**  
Wedges of gold . . . heaps of  
pearls, inestimable stones."  
—William Shakespeare

**MEL SHIELDS JEWELER**  
"The Rarest Things in the World, Next to a Spirit  
of Discernment, are Diamonds and Pearls."  
2423 Rice Boulevard JA 2-5036

**Faster**  
Faster, faster beats the heart  
For these who have cared to play  
the part  
For those who haven't learned, as  
yet  
Life is quite dull, you can bet.  
—JUDY DAVENPORT  
Miss Louise Fuller

**SUPER - KLEEN  
LAUNDRY**  
Cleaning Washateria  
1010 W. Gray JA 9-9294

**Village Jewelers**  
"Silver threads among  
the gold."  
—Eben Rexford  
2524 Amherst JA 4-5561

**Who**  
Who has freckles all over his  
nose,  
And spies on me and my fa-  
vorite beaus?  
Who acts like a devil in school  
Monday,  
but resembles an angel in  
church on Sunday.  
Who likes to swim, to fish, and to  
tease—  
play marbles, eat snacks, fly  
kites and climb trees?  
Who has a face covered black  
with dirt  
bare feet, faded jeans, and a  
torn sweat shirt?  
Who watches Mickey Mouse on  
TV—  
but won't let me watch my  
idol, Rickee?  
Who grabs the phone when I get  
a call—  
and tell the poor guy I'm not  
home at all?  
Who's a pest to Father and Mo-  
ther?  
Now, could it be my eight  
year old brother?  
Where's my racket—want to play  
tennis.  
He's hidden it—that Dennis  
the Menace!  
Who has a frog, a cat and a  
duck?  
It is none other but my bro-  
ther Chuck.  
He's a brat and keeps me on the  
run?  
But I'll confess we have bar-  
rels of fun.  
—Elliot Emerson  
Miss Louise Fuller

**Jamaica**  
The sun bent down on me and  
then glared back again from the  
water, and the sea breeze blew  
against my face as I leaned over  
the railing of the ship, trying to  
catch a glimpse of the island. At  
first it had been just a green  
ridge rising out of the water, but  
as we drew closer, I could dis-  
tinguish small, huts sprinkled  
near the water's edge and a huge  
pink building on top of the hill.  
A small combo was playing on  
the pier, and occasionally the  
rhythmic sounds of their calypso  
melody drifted out to us. Swiftly  
the crew made preparation to  
dock. The ship moved closer to  
the pier and finally all was se-  
cured. Then we walked down the  
gangplank toward a delightful  
adventure on the enchanting isle  
of Jamaica.  
—MARTHA MYRICK  
Miss Louise Fuller

**The Real Fault Is To Have  
Faults and Not Try To  
Mend Them.**  
—Anony.

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Loveliness, But Never Count  
the Cost."** — Sarah Tensdale  
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—Isaac Watts

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