

SECOND

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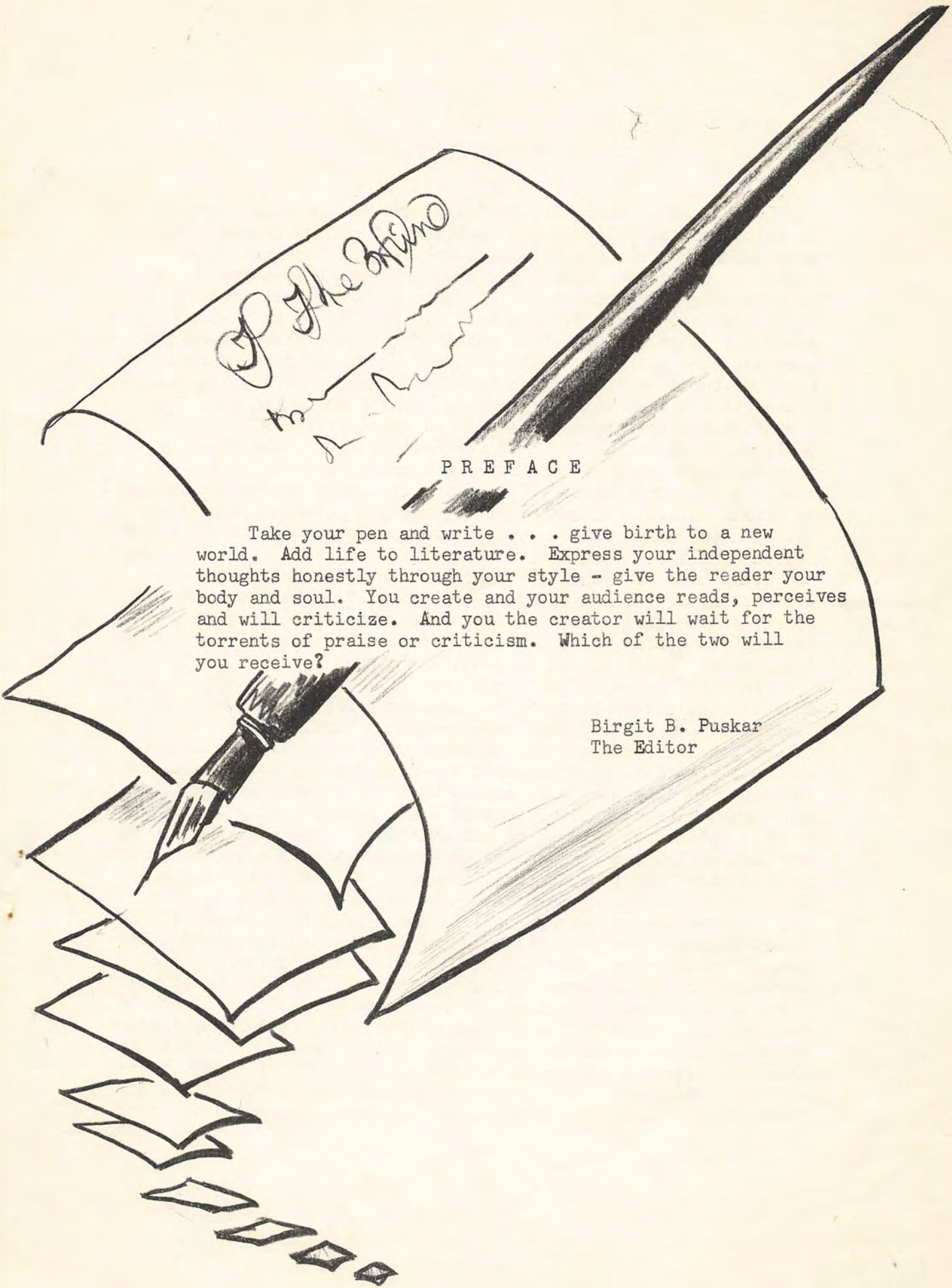
Gaayl Bartos

Darla Gradwell

Birgit B. Puskar

Chris Castillo

Dave Auclair



P R E F A C E

Take your pen and write . . . give birth to a new world. Add life to literature. Express your independent thoughts honestly through your style - give the reader your body and soul. You create and your audience reads, perceives and will criticize. And you the creator will wait for the torrents of praise or criticism. Which of the two will you receive?

Birgit B. Puskar  
The Editor

## A NATION OF BUTCHERS

The night of March 21, 1685 was cold in Eisenach, Germany. It felt especially depressing, however, to a 35 year old woman, pregnant with her sixth child. Complications had earlier resulted in her doctor flatly advising her to get an abortion, or face the tragic circumstances of permanent damage--or death. But Hilda remained firm: "If the Lord saw fit for me to die thus, I shall not alter His will." Suddenly she felt a sharp pain; she knew her time had come. But when Herr Doctor at last emerged from her tepid bedroom, Hilda sighed, "I know just what to name him--Johann. Yes, that is perfect: Johann Sebastian Bach."

Although the above passage is somewhat fictionalized, the topic which it introduces is unfortunately true. Abortion, or the premature expulsion of a fetus from a mother's womb, is not a newly-developed technique, but a practice which traces its origins to primitive man. In modern times, however, not only the physical, but also the moral aspect has penetrated the medical book and daily newspaper alike. The implications of the incident related above, had Hilda been persuaded to abort her son, are apparent to all. Indeed, anyone who has heard the religious "St. Matthew Passion" or any of the great "Masses" can appreciate their contribution to the musical world, and would mourn their loss as a cultural tragedy. But the significance does not end here.

What if the child had turned out to be another Nobody, simply an additional mouth to feed, and perhaps a financial burden to his family? Would his abortion have then been justifiable? No society which bases its scale of the value of a human life exclusively on a man's mundane accomplishments can assert claims of religious heritage. One is hardly to assume that the absence of magnificent achievements from the biography of a man automatically indicates the absolute worthlessness of his existence. Who can know how he may have influenced his associates toward better living, or brought love to those who knew him well? Have we all suddenly acquired the judicial wisdom of Solomon or the sagacity of God?

But now enters the rationalist who claims that women such as Sherry Finkbine who took the treacherous drug thalidomide and was thereafter convinced that her baby would be born deformed, are within their rights, legal and moral, to have the baby destroyed. There is, they say, enough suffering in the world; when it can be avoided, the action should be taken. Must one, therefore, deplore the birth of Helen Keller, an inspiration to thousands of deaf and mute, and withhold her right to live on the basis of physical deformity? Experience with even a small number of physically deformed people proves their unmistakable affability and even tem-

perament. They, have, so to speak, involuntarily forfeited physical assets for traits of sharper mental alertness and a more tolerant outlook. Can the reader honestly swear that he would rather never experience life at all, or be born with only one arm?

Not to be neglected, too, is the unfortunate plight of the single girl who is attacked and raped. Some people argue that she shouldn't be made to suffer further by the birth of an unwanted baby in addition to the brutal experience she has undergone. But can a doctor, for no matter what reason, knowledgably murder an innocent child? Man as an imperfect creature has a hard enough time in the administration of justice to those guilty of vicious crimes; he cannot possibly foretell whether by the murder of one fetus he will save the world from a Hitler or deprive it of an Einstein, or neither.

The question strongly resembles a science fiction story wherein men were permitted to return to bygone eras and observe historical events firsthand; if they so much as disturbed one insect, however, this privilege would be revoked. The tale ended violently as one careless explorer stepped on a blade of grass. Instantly humanity ceased to exist, having long ago died of the starvation resulting from the destruction of this food. Although improbable, the anecdote serves as a reproving parable. The balance of nature is much too delicate an operation for such a clumsy group as mankind to tamper with. Anyone living in Australia surrounded by rabbits will testify to this.

The core of the problem centers around an age-old moral dispute: has a fetus an identity when it is first conceived, or does it become a human only at the moment of birth? Or some time in between? Doctors sometimes argue that only when a baby can be safely delivered can it be considered a "person", but when the moralist retorts that upon conception, an immortal soul is fused with the body, thereby giving it the quality known as life, his answer appears by far the more credible. Merely the fact that a child is dependent upon its mother for life does not indicate that it is not as distinct as you or I, or doesn't have the potential for greatness of every new-born baby. The only differences between a nine-day old human embryo and a nine-month old unborn baby are physical.

For a nation so vehement in its protests against injustice suffered by people falsely condemned to death, the United States is surprisingly liberal in its permission of therapeutic abortion. It is no wonder that the amount of criminal abortion has risen so high in the past ten years. We have become a nation of butchers, refusing to take the responsibility for our actions, even when warned, as in the case of a woman told she might die if she bears any more children. If there is to be any great population explosion, America has no worry; she can employ abortion on a nation-wide scale, a sort of decimation by choice...

It is time to look rationally and honestly at the practice of abortion and recognize its destructive power, both as a physical killer of children, and a moral executioner of responsibility in a world where standards are low, truth is hidden, and opposition to righteous conduct high.

Elaine Tyo  
(Senior)

## EASTER IN SPAIN

The aura of my Spanish holiday was animated by two, twelve hour, bizarre train trips. I met convivial people and had several compulsions to wreak the atmosphere, but was averted by a desire to be stoical. French trains certainly proved to be by no means an auxiliary to my comfort, but befitted my needs.

The cardinal tourist attraction is the country itself: the natives and the scenery. The antithesis of Spain from France was my first assimilation. The vineyards, orchards, sheep, and white adobe houses with red tile roofs offered a relief from the typically arab-colored French homes with shutters. The weather was heavenly and bland compared with the clouds, rain, and wind of Dreux, France. Providing an attraction for all tourists, including myself, was the complacency of the white sands of the Costa Brava wacked by rugged mountains; quaint tourist shops and hotels and the ingenious, friendly attitude of the natives.

Being a luxury for the Spanish peasants, cars are not their main means of transportation; rather horse or mule carts, motorcycles, and foot are employed by these people. Credible or not, many elderly women, seemingly indefatigable, walk kilometers to the open market everyday without a caprice and chronically prepare two large meals daily for their hard-working menfolk and families.

I contemplate, from experiences, that a week is an inadequate amount of time to allot for a vacation to Spain. Until you have actually driven the roads, you cannot compute the time needed for travel: but it is tremendous. One short, brief week will be hastily spent traveling from one destination to another allowing little time for actual relaxation and enjoyment.

Cindy Truog  
(Sophmore)

## A HUMOROUS EVENT

As I suppose, things are funnier when they happen to you, at someone else's expense, but I can remember only one really funny situation when the joke was on me!

This particular experience happened to me this summer in Tunis, on the local train (believe me, I'll never make fun of tourists again!) My best friend and I had just gotten on the electric train that runs from Tunis to Sidi Bou Said. This train has been running since World War II, and looks every bit of its twenty-four years! It rattles and bangs and makes one heck of a racket.

As I was saying, Nancy and I had just gotten on the train in Tunis. We were in that mood when everything and nothing is right, and it was just the mood when humiliating tourists is the most fun (during the months of July and August, Tunis, Carthage and Sidi Bou are mobbed with German and American tourists.) We got in the small compartment in first class and perceived, as we sat down, a middle aged couple sitting in the next one. By the mountains of travel folders, cameras, and other paraphernalia, we naturally assumed they were German "tourestahs". What we didn't bother to check was the language in which those Travel Folders were written!

Well, time went on, and after about ten minutes, Nancy and I became rather bored. Little by little, the subject of tourists crept into the conversation.

"Y'know, I would hate to be a tourist," said Nancy, with a very indiscreet look towards our two friends.

"I know those cameras-- (ha, ha!!!) I said, beginning to laugh.

"And what a scream--that fractured French!!" said Nancy, rolling in the isle. "The Americans aren't as bad as the Germans-- but those huge hats", said I looking at the womans voluminous white straw bonnet.

The conversation was getting sharper, the laughter getting louder, and the remarks were cutting deeper. Time passed quickly until the train stopped at Carthage, the stop just before Sidi Bou.

"Dear, is this Sidi Bou Said?" said the lady tourist.

English! American! I could have gone through the floor.

Nancy and I made for the door and jumped out of the still-moving train. I guess we covered the quarter-mile from the station to my house in record time!

Safely inside the house, and the privacy of my room, Nancy and I rolled on the floor, hysterical. Our mirth was suddenly stilled by the ringing doorbell.

"I'll get it, Mom," I yelled, running for the door (which was a mistake). Reaching the door, I quickly opened it, only to be confronted by a large white straw hat! What would you have done?

I D I E D !

Heather Stiles  
(Freshman)

. . . AND NOW I LIVE

I stood mute as marble in my prison cell vaguely aware of the goaler's approach. As he entered he told me to put on my clothes. Under strong escort I was led out into the yard--I shivered when the icy wind penetrated through my garments. It was five o'clock in the morning. Four fellow prisoners and I were put on a cart accompanied by two soldiers.

"Where are we going?" we asked. "I can not tell you," the younger soldier replied. And I watched the countryside, as the cart rolled along slowly; I felt lonely and abandoned. The vast fields and the farms, all appeared so lifeless; yet I desired to leap from the cart and run through the fields, until. . . until I would reach the horizon.

I thought that perhaps this was all a dream, and in reality I was in the chateau of my parents, warm and protected. Sitting in my room, faintly hearing my sisters' chattering with their friends, I, unable to concentrate on my law books, would wander down to the parlor and join them in their gay laughter. But suddenly I was roused--roused into what I knew was reality.

At last we reached our destination, Place de la Rivoli; located near the law school I had attended before my arrest. In the center of it a scaffold was raised, up to which we were led and arranged in a straight line. We were closely guarded, thus any words whispered were easily overheard by the soldiers.

Then the prison warden appeared on the scaffold to read our sentence of death--I can still hear his words in my ears. Five times the deadly words were repeated: "Sentenced to be guillotined!"

After the officer read our sentence, he descended the scaffold and disappeared in the dusk. As I stood there I thought, "They can't mean to kill us!" and I communicated these words to my nearest companion; but he, instead of answering, pointed at a row of coffins near the scaffold, each covered with a flimsy black cloth.

At that instance all my expectations left me; I loved life and how could they take away from me what I cherished so highly? Unwillingly I submitted to my fate.

I was frightened but as before I was determined not to show any fear--perhaps, I thought, God will be merciful. . .

To my surprise a priest came, a young man about my age, to ask if any of the condemned wished to confess their sins, but no one stepped forward; though when he held out the crucifix we all touched it with our lips.

Then the first prisoner in line was led up to the guillotine and a soldier tied the prisoner's hands; (I noticed every intricate detail); the young man was trembling. I was so moved that at that moment I wanted to burst through the soldiers and free him from this agony. But my actions would have been fruitless.

Seconds passed--each second felt like an hour. I gazed at the priest, for he represented the God that I might face in a few minutes.

Suddenly my trend of thought was disturbed by a commotion among the crowd; something extraordinary was happening. I discerned an officer riding across the square frantically shouting and waving a white handkerchief. He was sent by the counsels of Talleyrand (this I discovered later) to announce our pardon. The new French government wanted no more unnecessary bloodshed. But the experience was fatal for all of us. When the young man was released from his position he, in all his desperation, went mad--a mark inflicted that, I am sure, will never be healed. Nor will any of us ever escape the dread that we all felt at the sight of the huge bloodstained blade.

Birgit B. Puskar  
Senior



## A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

It was a miserable night. The rain whipped at my face and my coat afforded me little protection against the cold, driving wind. Even my mount was becoming skittish as the black shadows around us seemed to grow darker. With the ever consistent lightning lighting up the sky overhead I was afraid that my horse might bolt, likely causing a disaster in the crowded, forboding forest. It was because of these thoughts that I turned from the dark holocaust. Leading my mount around a gigantic bolder, I saw a bright light through the gray mists. I speeded up my pace and was before a large, ancient cathedral in less than five minutes. Although I felt a deep premonition about the old structure I could not resist the feeling of warmth which was emitted from its walls. Finally I walked up to the door and rapped the unique knocker three times....

From beyond the door I could distinguish mumbled voices. Moments later the door was swung open and a man whose features I can not put into words was revealed. He was the first to speak.

"Yes?" he queried.

His appearance surprised me so much, however, that I was momentarily unable to give a reply. Then, as though he could read my mind, he said, "You must be seeking shelter for the night. Come in and make yourself comfortable."

"Thanks," I stammered, still fascinated by this strange appearance.

"You are welcome to stay for the night," he said. "Dinner will be served in one hour. I am Count Natas and you are Michael Regan, I take it."

"Why, yes," I answered in surprise, "How did you know?"

"Oh, I know many things," he replied, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "I suppose you are also in search of your brother, who is reported to have been lost two days ago."

He seemed to enjoy the astounded expression that escaped me and clapped loudly for no apparent reason. Suddenly I heard the scuffling of feet behind me and whirled to find a figure with a hood and robe confronting me. Although I could not see his face, I felt a cold chill run down my back.

"This is one of my disciples," replied my strange host, "He will show you to your room where dry clothes are waiting."

I muttered a thanks and followed the mysterious figure up a winding staircase. After reaching a long corridor he opened the second door on the left and motioned me inside. He then closed the door, leaving me alone. I glanced about the room, taking in all the exquisite designs and modern furniture it contained. Finally my gaze fell upon the bed, revealing the expensive clothes that somehow looked familiar. I quickly slipped out of

my wet garments and found, completely to my surprise, that the clothes fitted me perfectly. I then found my way downstairs where Count Natas and a score of his disciples waited in silence for my arrival. Immediately upon my appearance, however, they turned toward the large oaken dining table with squeals of delight. They then started eating in such a way as I had never seen. They ate mouthful after mouthful of the juicy red meat which appeared to be the only course; while I sat in silence, looking at the tantalizing meat, which for some reason seemed to turn my stomach. The inhabitants of that strange place were also capable of drinking endless quantities of the pure red drink that was stored in flasks that they kept tied to their belts.

Although my host tried to make me comfortable, I couldn't enjoy myself because of the yelling and screaming which came from the hooded figures.

Finally Count Natas stood up and gave a high pitched command to his disciples. Everyone immediately sat down, as if expecting a great event.

"And now," my host said, "let us have the final course of the meal."

A servant brought in a silver platter, covered with a large golden top. I could sense the eyes of everyone upon me as the tray was set down. The Count then picked up a carving knife and raised the golden lid, saying, "And now the desert."

The last thing I remember before passing out is the shrill scream that escaped my lips. Although I have told many people my story no one will believe me; and why should they? Who would believe that the "desert" referred to by the Count was the head of my brother? Even after I woke up in a forest clearing I could still not wholly conceive the events which had just taken place. But now that I think of it, what is Natas spelled backwards?

Chuck Ladendorf  
(Freshman)

He searched for his brother in pain  
For he felt that he was not dead,  
But his search was in vain  
Because he found his brother - dead.

## THE LONE WOLF

I used to love to hear Gramps tell me stories when I was a kid. He used to tell me one that I really loved. It was about a wolf, not a big one, but nevertheless he could hold his own. Yep, hold his own. He was a loner, don't know why, but he was. It's kinda interestin' so ah reckon ah just might tell it to you.

I'd sit by the fire with Gramps in the big comfort chair and he'd pull on his pipe and get a faraway look in his eye. That's when he started tellin' stories.

"Son, did I ever tell you the story of the lone wolf? Can't member if'n I did or not. Anyway that's not important. Kinda goes like this.

Seems that once upon a time there was a big woods out here where we're staying now. Well, I was just a little tyke not more than knee high to a woodchuck. I remember a incident that happened over an' over again to our farm. But first I'll tell you 'bout the wolf.

Now this here wolf was bown in a cave up to the high country. His maw was the prettiest she wolf you evah did see an' his paw was the king of the wolf pack. He was a purty cub and downright frisky. He'd play with his brothers and sisters just like any other wolf cub would. Looked just like his old man, too. He grew fast and it t'weren't long 'fore you could see that he was gonna be a strong little guy. Why he was just a few weeks old fore he was out chasin' after rabbits an' other game. Maw had to stop him tho' 'cause he was liable to get hurt.

Months passed and this here Lobo was almost grown before you know it. His pappy told him that some day he'd become a part of the huntin' pack. And sure enough, there came that day when Lobo was out there with the rest of 'em. Took him a little while to catch on to the ways of the pack. He didn't particulary like 'em tho'. . . smart little guy. . . he figured that he'd catch more game on his own then with the boys around. Took off on his own quite a few times, never come home till late. He was learnin' tho'.

Now the other members of the pack didn't much appreciate his gallyvantin' around all the time. Asked him why. He told 'em that he thought that the ways of the pack weren't always right in his way o' thinkin' and that he figured as long as he had a mind of his own he oughta use it. Some things are right for some wolfs, he said, but not for others. He got downright angry and told 'em that he didn't want to do just like the rest of 'em 'cause they did it that way. He said that he thought that what was best for

them wasn't best for him all the time.

Now then, for this the pack decided that he wasn't fit ta live with 'em so they made him an outcast. They drove him from the pack by treatin' him bad and causin' him hurt all the time. He couldn't take it for very long and he finally left. Yep, took off on his own into the wilderness.

From that time on he became a loner. He always knew where the pack was and what they were doin' but he never bothered hisself with seein' 'em. 'Sides the fact that they didn't want nothin' to do with him. Got hisself a cave up in the far regions of the deep woods and made a den out of it. He hunted when he felt like it, slept that way too. Come night time he'd go out and walk like a ghost in the moonlight. He gained knowledge and muscle and he led the life of a loner to the hilt. Didn't much care what the other animals thought of him. Didn't care. He didn't bother them an' he wanted them to leave him alone too.

Ole Lobo lived like this for quite awhile, always by hisself, but after awhile he kinda got a hankerin' for someone else. He wondered why and it finally came to him. Poor ole Lobo was lonely and wanted a she wolf to take care o' him when he come home nights all tired out from huntin' and to comfort him when there was a bad night f'r huntin'. Yep, the loner took out of his cave and headed down to the low country.

He traveled for 'bout a week or so 'fore he came to the low country. He set up shop in a lonely little part o' the woods. It was a fine little brushy area surrounded by rocks. He found hisself a crevice in a cliff face and made his den.

It took him a few months to be found out, and when he was the other wolves stayed away from the area. He was a loner and he was treated like 'one. He wasn't gonna stay that way long tho', nossir, he didn't know it but he was about to find hisself a mate.

One day 'bout the fourth month after he'd been huntin' in the low country he was stalkin' bout one night an' he ups an' hears a little rustle near his cave. He was alert and ready for anythin' thet just might happin'. He was expectin' trouble 'cause none o' the other wolves came that way. He kinda stood there waitin' when out of the bushes stepped the dadgumdest lookin' she wolf he'd ever laid eyes on. The she wolf kinda looked at him in surprise. Guess she hadn't counted on seein' 'em like that. Well now our Lobo kinda figgures that he might see what could develop since he walked right into it. Course he didn't know that this here she wolf hadn't made that bush rattle by accident.

From then on it was pure heaven for the ole Lobo. He shared his kill with her. Gave her half of his den, and what's even more important he gave her half of his heart and life.

The main pack would always see the two together. They'd sit on the hilltops watching the moon rise over the mountains before they went on their nightly hunt. Even though he was a loner he

decided that he'd look for happiness. Ornerly cuss found it too. Them two wolves lived life and shared it. They was always together.

Lobo didn't know that trouble was a brewin'. Went out for a hunt one night. Got himself further 'en he expected and decided that he'd stay awhile 'fore goin' back. Poor ole Lobo got the shock of his lonely life when he went back. He found his she wolf runnin' with another pack the next time he saw her. He couldn't believe what he was a seein', son, and it damn near broke the poor wolf's heart. He was sore and hurt but there wasn't nothin' the poor fellow could do but leave. He was leary o' the company his she wolf was a keepin' and figgered that it was up to him to watch out for her. Poor ornerly devil, even with a fall lak that he was gonna watch out for his she wolf.

Now this here's where the farm, this un right here boy, comes into play. Seems that this here bunch o' wolves was the ornerly type an' they liked to cause trubble. They started raidin' them chicken coops out yonder. They wasn't hungry, they just wanted 'em cause they was there. Lobo went plub loco with fear. He knew that if'n they was caught then man would start pumpin' lead an' one of em was bound to catch it. He couldn't bear the thought o' his she wolf gettin' hurt so's he set out to stop 'em.

Lobo followed them in and he started howlin' at she wolf. She didn't pay 'im no mind tho'. All them wolves went right on raidin' night after night. They was lucky that they didn't catch no lead either. Why if my Pap hadda been home 'stead of ridin' herd on steer they'd all o' been done for.

Them wolves got tired o' raidin' the place and they up and left. Lobo went to followin' the she. Well nothin' ever came of the new pack and Lobo was left to hisself again. Never saw his she wolf again neither. Last time I saw 'im was before my pappy came in from the drive, an' the last view I got o' him was when he was headin' for the high country again. Heard tell he always watched she wolf tho' in hopes someday she'd come back. Never did. Don't know 'bout Lobo tho'. Heard tell he's still up in the high country lickin' his wounds and waitin' for em to heal. And son, I don't mean the kind that drew blood."

With that Gramps would knock out his pipe on the hearth. Then he'd turn to me and say

"Did ja learn anythin' son?"

I'd sit there and wouldn't say nothin' cause Gramps would always tell me what it meant.

"Son," he said to me, 'if you ever think you're right then go ahead with what you think it is thet't right. But don't ever 'come a lone wolf cause you can't always stand alone."

You know somethin'? Gramps is always right.

Dennis Morales  
(Senior)

JUNIOR'S HIAKU POETRY

Beautiful and green, the fields with a breeze  
as the crow flies over;  
the sun explodes, and fades into the darkness.

William Kaspar



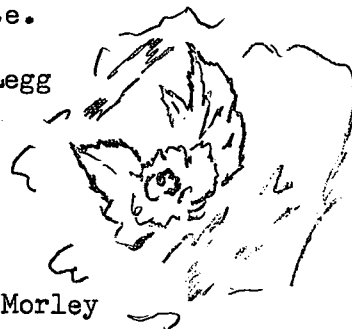
THE WRITER

My paper and pen are lost,  
My mind wanders,  
but still I write.

Gene Legg

The sun shines bright  
for this wedding day  
but soon enough there will be clouds.

Susie Morley



Man dares into space,  
great chasms of danger  
where stardust children play.

Jan Rupe

The rain beats down  
to break the grass,  
but it bends to rise again.

Linda Franklin



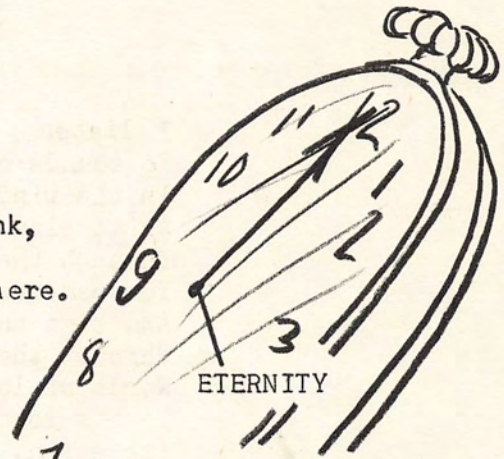
IGNORANT

The master lectures  
Oh! what a long day it is  
but, what have I learned.

Tina Russo

INEVITABLE

There stands the sturdy oak,  
There lies the rotten trunk,  
I too am destined there.




Time started long ago, before, even before.  
Time now is us, just for an instant.  
Time will go on, for ever more.

IMMORTALITY

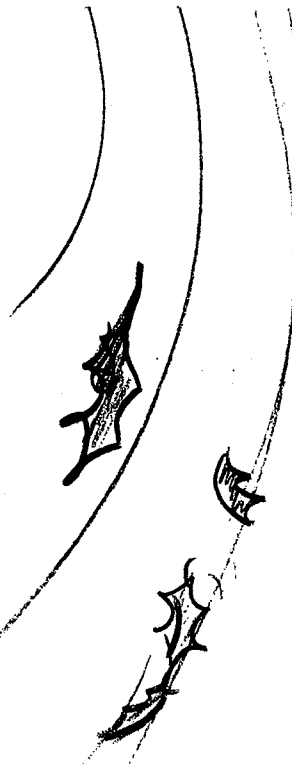
There was your Grandfather and his.  
There is your Father and you.  
Your Grandson and his, there will be.

Michel Picheloup  
(Junior)


I LISTEN



I listen  
To sounds of love  
In the wind  
As it blows  
Through the trees.  
You can hear it murmur  
And sigh and whisper  
Through the leaves  
Words of love.  
To its lover  
The earth.  
She blossoms  
Under his caresses  
And gentle words.



I listen  
Unknown to the wind and earth.  
To my ears, the sound is  
Ecstasy; crystal music.  
Oh, that words of love  
Such as these  
Could be  
Whispered and sighed  
To me;  
That someone's love  
For me would be  
So rapturous and  
Sought after.  
The wind continues;  
Life goes on.



I listen  
To the marvelous  
Tinkling music,  
Always to my eaves dropping ears,  
But not for me alone.

Wilma Brewer  
(Senior)

## TO THE SURF

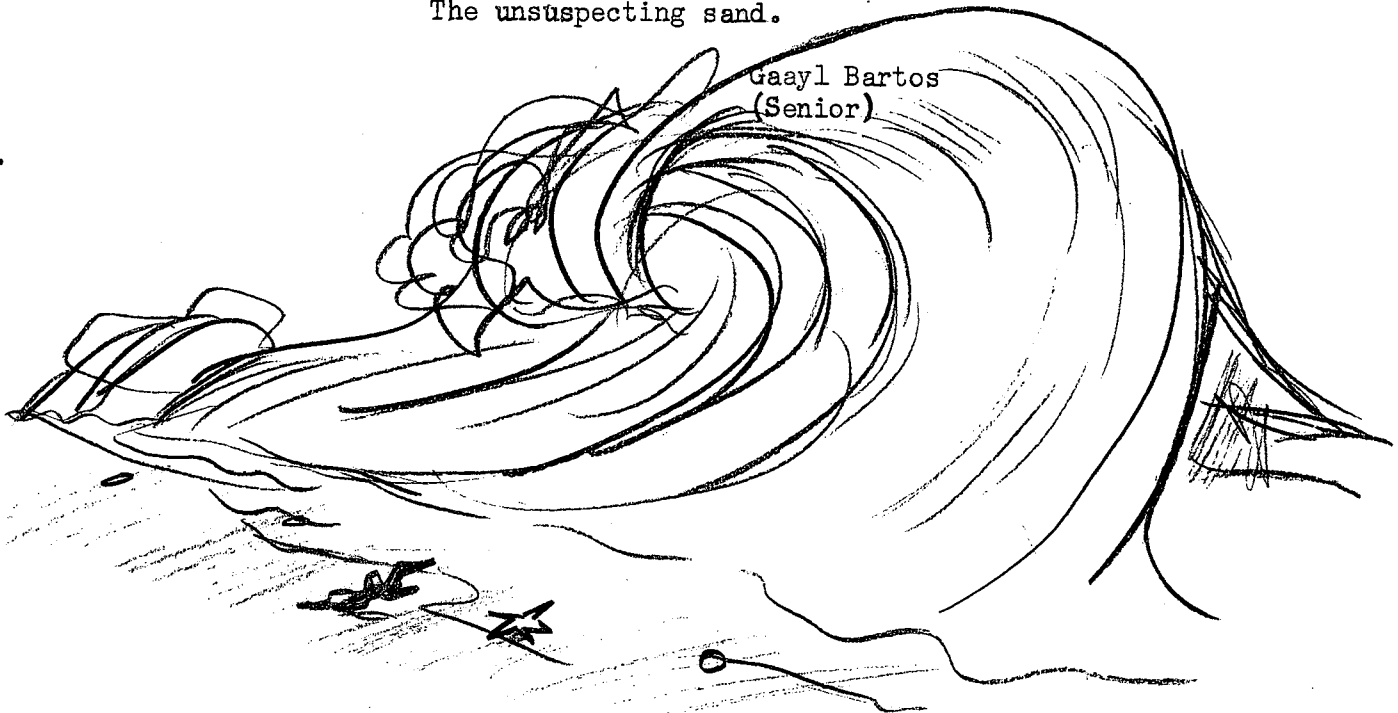
Silently you gather your forces,  
Swiftly you join arms,  
Higher your might grows  
As you prepare for the  
onslaught.

Waves clap their hands,  
And splash over their comrades;  
The tide tows you closer  
To your goal;  
You crawl noiselessly onward.

Suddenly your fury mounts,  
You begin to howl through the  
Dark;  
Arms raised, you seek your  
Enemy;  
You cry at the low flying  
Gull.

Then the battle front sighted,  
Rage fills your soul,  
You throw yourselves down  
on your foe;  
The unsuspecting sand.

Gaayl Bartos  
(Senior)



## ON GLOOM

He walks through the dark, still, lonely woods,  
Weaving listlessly in and out of the black gnarled trees.

He sits atop a dead child lost to the night.

He stands outside the crumbling church  
In expectations of it falling to earth.

His friend, the Mist, covers the night in awesome haze  
That weights the soul with fear.

Another comrade, Wind, lashes at bare faces  
Cutting, killing flesh.

He destroys the will to fight,  
And so, comes the downfall of man.

Silence lurks behind the sky, hushing cries for help.

He quiets children sleeping with a cold, icy hand.

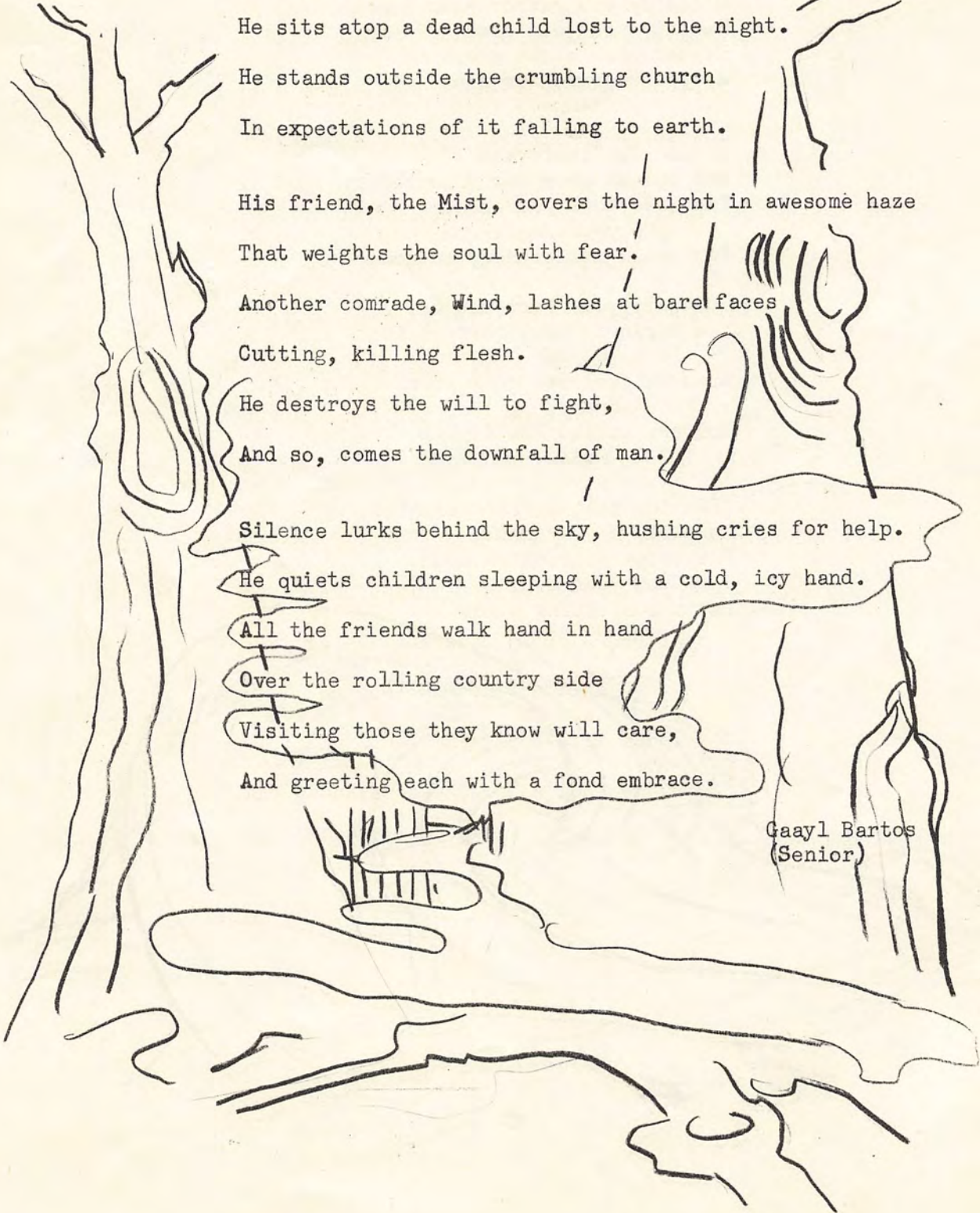
All the friends walk hand in hand

Over the rolling country side

Visiting those they know will care,

And greeting each with a fond embrace.

Gayl Bartos  
(Senior)



TO A FRIEND

From the province of comradeship,

Onward like a drum,

Beat the sounds of amity,

Watch and hear them come.

Fight for what is right,

Die for all mankind,

Have a friend who calls you friend,

They are hard to find.

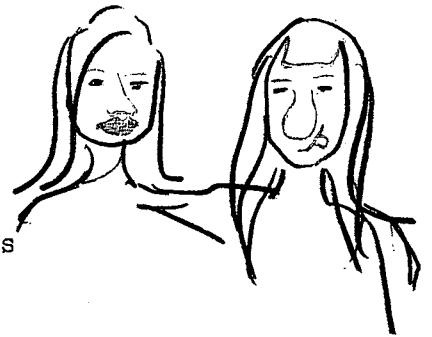
Be as a soldier,

Ready to defend,

Country, home, and family,

And your closest friend.

Gail Bartos  
(Senior)



## THE CRYING EYES

A walking down amongst the vale  
And o'er the hill and rise  
I spied a thicket set way back  
And then a pair of eyes.

The eyes were soft and liquid pools  
They cried as I could see  
But then I thought why should I care  
They do not cry for me.

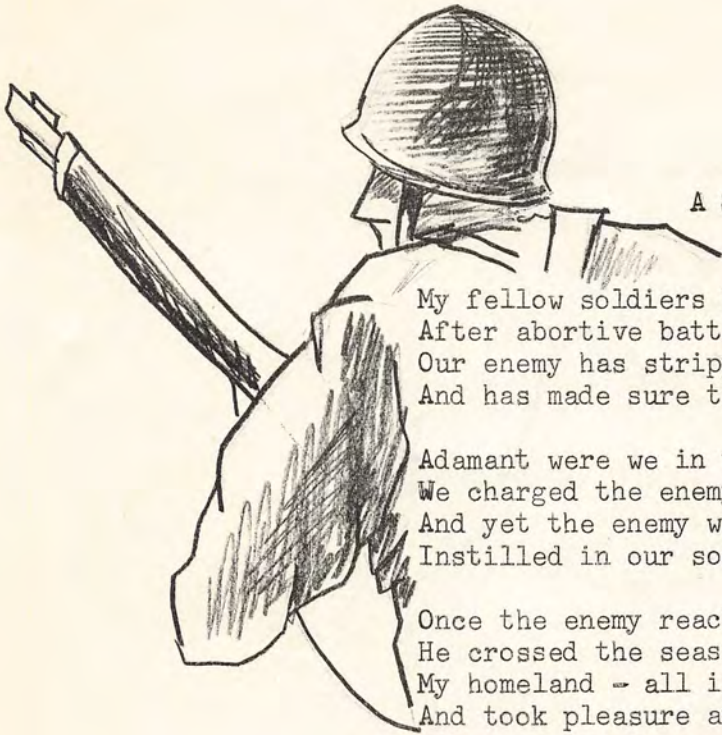
About the beauty still and green  
I pondered long and strong  
I knew the tears would go unchecked  
I felt that this was wrong.

But I could have no pow'r o'er them  
For my heart could not reach  
The soft live heart in sheltered place  
I was too old to teach.

For all my days were spent in hate  
And I was left alone.  
I never learned what love could do,  
My heart was turned to stone.

And to this day I walk alone  
I cannot seem to die.  
And wonder why God let me see  
Those little crying eyes

Darla Gradwell  
(Senior)



### A SOLDIER'S POEM

My fellow soldiers have died on alien soil,  
After abortive battles and days of toil.  
Our enemy has stripped us of life,  
And has made sure that few will survive.

Adamant were we in the fight,  
We charged the enemy with all might.  
And yet the enemy with their intrepid force  
Instilled in our soldiers a sense of remorse.

Once the enemy reached the zenith of power  
He crossed the seas to devour  
My homeland - all in all;  
And took pleasure at seeing my country fall.

(The battle has ended, the enemy has won.  
My country is waste now, God's will is done.  
Captive are my people, in their own land,  
Reluctant prisoners in the enemy's hand.)



LB  
Birgit B. Puskar  
(Senior)

LOVE IS STRONG

Oh, maiden will you listen to -  
One who loves you right well?  
Who dreams, dreams of you as he sleeps;  
Of that love he would tell.

I saw you in September,  
But of you I thought not.  
I sought others like a very fool.  
Oft winds blow, cold err hot.

There was a day however when from -  
My eyes the scales fell.  
It was then that I begun,  
To love you so very well.


I loved you for your beauty,  
Your good and kindness too;  
Your sweetness and your heart -  
So kind in all you do.

I could say I'd climb high mountains,  
Reaching to the sky.  
I could say I'd fight for you,  
And that for you I'd die.

I shall say, instead, I love you.  
For you alone I care.  
'Tis only through my great love,  
To tell you this I dare.

I beg you listen to me,  
To hear my humble plea;  
I beg you see if in your heart -  
You have a place for me.

Chris Castillo  
(Junior)



FOR WHAT?

Here I sit all hunched and dreary;  
My body so cold, my mind so weary.  
I strain for sounds and watch my steamy breath;  
For all I know is mud and death.

My body aches with chill and fever;  
I yearn to stand erect, but I may never.  
So here I lay in slimy mud with earthen bank.  
Here I am, caked with mud, tattered, dank.

I cannot think of home or love;  
Nor conceive joy when afraid to move,  
And the air reeks of cordite and decaying flesh.  
About home and love my thoughts will never mesh.

I know the pain of trench foot and body rot;  
But I am lucky; others are not.  
I know the anguish of lice and fleas that bite;  
But I am lucky; others have eternal nite.

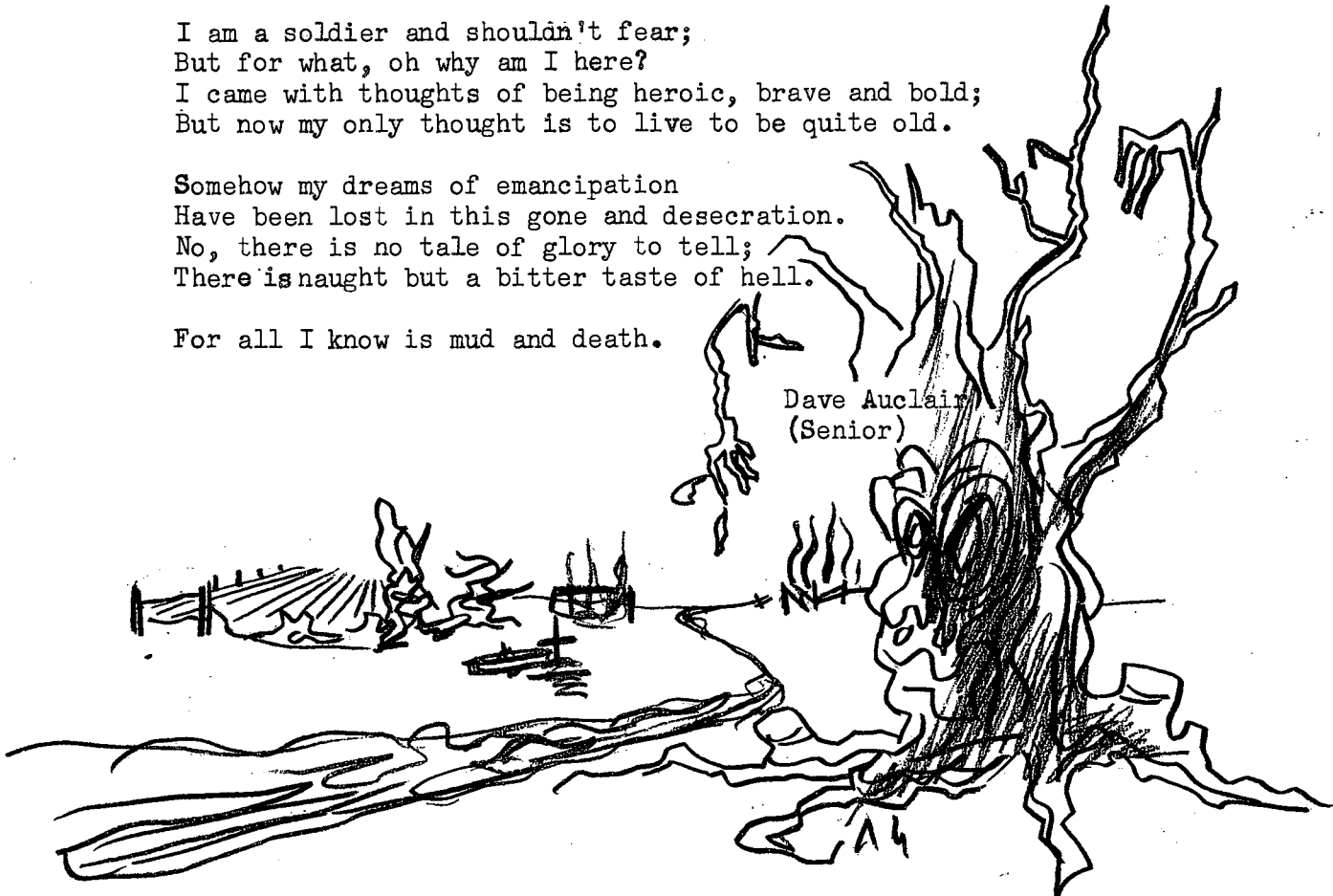
For each shrapnel torn body someone will sorrow;  
But for me, I fight to see tomorrow.  
I mourn the friends I will never again see;  
But I long for the son who has never seen me.

I am a soldier and shouldn't fear;  
But for what, oh why am I here?  
I came with thoughts of being heroic, brave and bold;  
But now my only thought is to live to be quite old.

Somehow my dreams of emancipation  
Have been lost in this gone and desecration.  
No, there is no tale of glory to tell;  
There is naught but a bitter taste of hell.

For all I know is mud and death.

Dave Auclair  
(Senior)



# POVERTY

① NEW ATTITUDE  
OLD ATTITUDE

② 16 MILLION TO POOR - KENNEDY  
35 MILLION TO POOR - JOHNSON  
SUBMERGED  $\frac{1}{3}$

③ PAUPERS - DEPENDENT ON OTHERS  
1 MILLION KNOWN }  
1 MILLION UNKNOWN } 2 MILLION PAUPER

- ④
- A. INCREASE PRODUCTION
  - B. STABILIZED EMPLOYMENT
  - C. LOWER COST OF GOOD
  - D. STEADY WAGES

## TAXATION OF NATIONAL ECONOMY

① HOW NATIONAL TAXATION TAKE FROM THE MIDDLE WAGE GROUP?

② A. INDIVIDUAL } 87%  
B. COOPERATION } TAXING - KNOW TAKES  
52% OVER 25,000 DOLLARS

C. EXCISE TAXS

1. GAS

2. LIQUOR

D. CUSTOMS DUTIES

1. PROTECTIVE

2. REVENUE

E. PROPERTY TAX

F. STATE OR CITY INCOME TAXES

KNOW -

U. N.  
L. OF N.

VIETNAM CRISIS