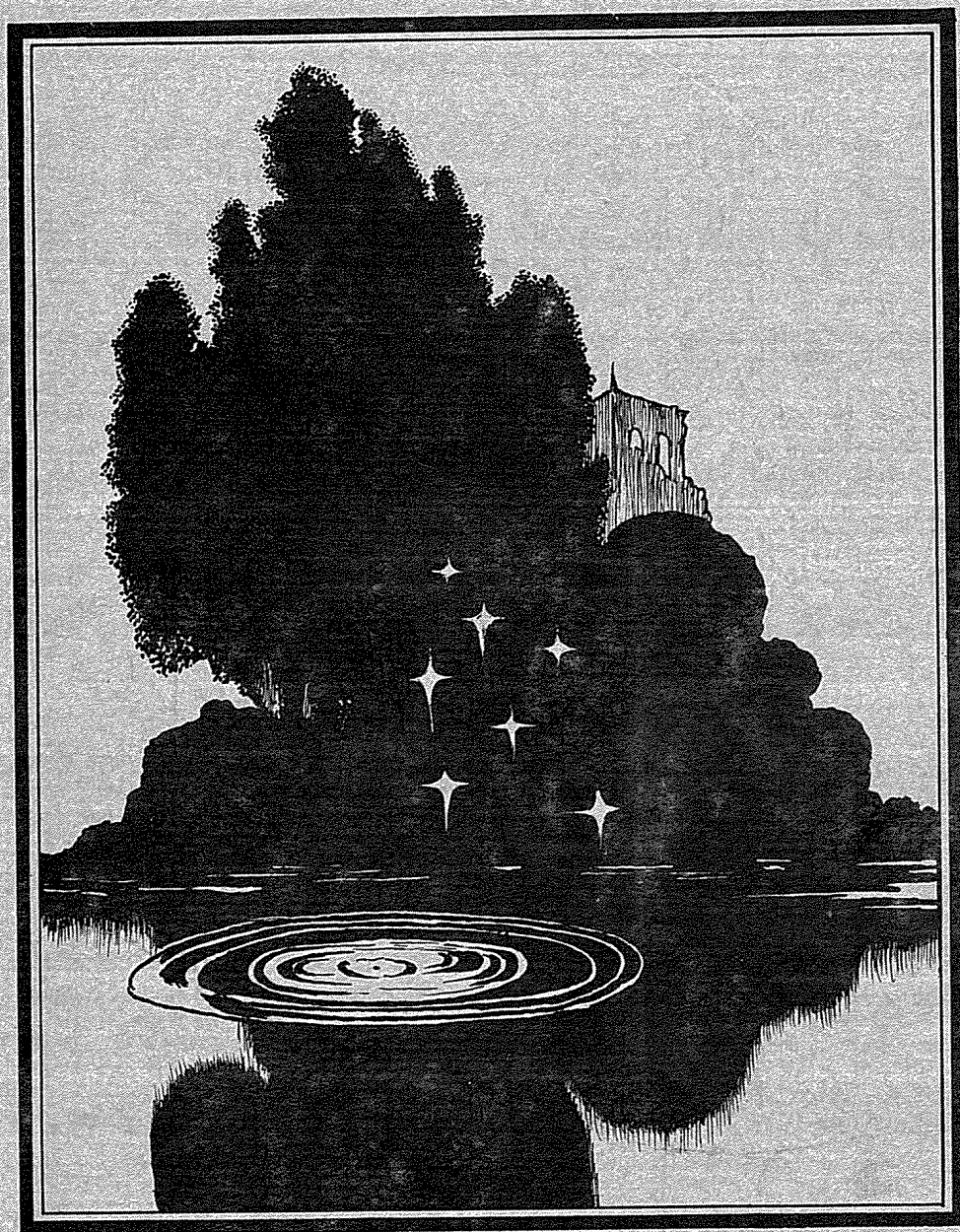


One Dollar Fifty Cents

RETROSPECT



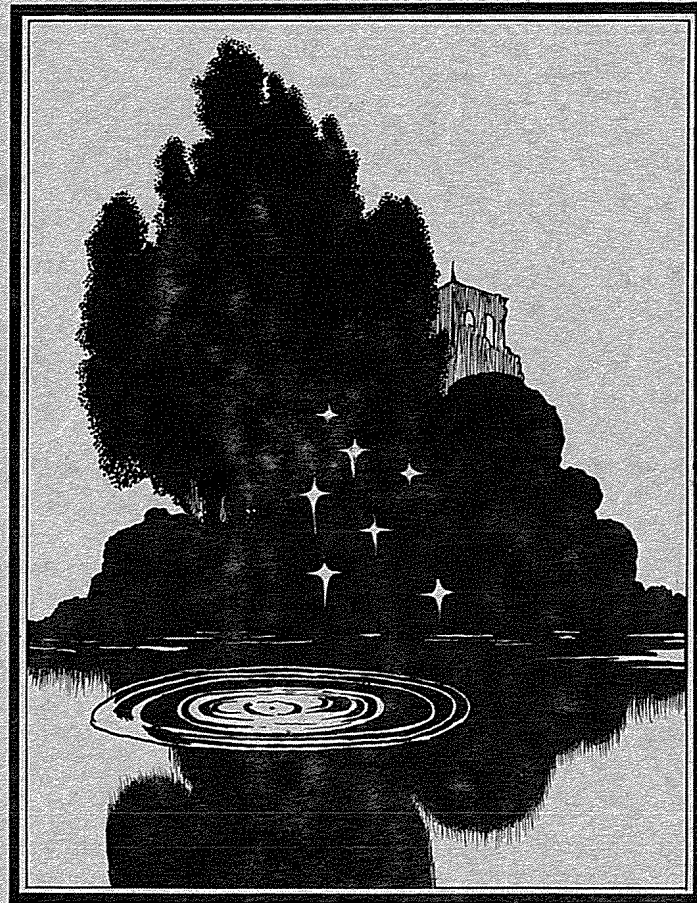
IMAGES 1976

RETROSPECT

Ellensburg High School

Volume II

1976



Retrospect has been published as an outlet for student expression not provided by any other high school publication.

Images of familiar faces, fun times and exciting events flash through one's mind making each year unique; filled with special memories. This collection of stories, poems, artwork, and photographs, are images captured and recorded; expressions that will enhance memories of 1976.

A PUBLICATION OF ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
AND GRAPHICS LIMITED
ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON

One Dollar Fifty Cents

Contents

Short Stories

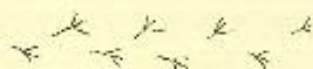
- 30 Conquest *Pat Locke*
7 Fear *Rich Ray*
25 A Flower on His Coat *Tom Kerr*
18 The Knife *Rich Ray*
12 Scattered Dreams *Annemarie Housley*

Verse

- 27 Aurora *Susie Long*
40 Buggy Salad *Dee Ann Yuskoff*
32 The Fireside *Barbie Smith*
26 Haiku *Jeri Hodges*
23 Her *Carole Miller*
8 Just Out of Reach *Ellen Wheatley*
34 The Last Breath *Nancy Sperline*
3 Loneliness *Jeff Osborn*
41 Memories *Chuck Haberman*
26 Memories of a Lady *David Arthur*
29 Michael's Summer Sonnet *Karen Mee*
40 My Rocks *Joe Moore*
9 Myself *Ellen Wheatley*
36 Ode to My Marbles *Mitch Comstock*
44 The Sea *Sharon Clemens*
35 Shakespearean Sonnet *Annemarie Housley*
14 Show Me *Amy Fleming*
9 Simple Hopes *Ellen Wheatley*
22 Solitary Confinement *Sandy Beardsley*
17 Sonnet *Paula Osborn*
4 Small Infinity *Carolyn Dean*
5 Spinning Top *Mary Schwab*
28 The Sun *Gerard Labreque*
2 Untitled *Mary Schwab*
25 Untitled *Mary Schwab*
2 Villanelle *Karen Mee*
15 The Wind is My Mind *Debbie Spurgeon*

Themes

- 38 The Betrayal *Malcolm McClinton*
10 Death *Sindi Tuttle*
33 War is Hell *Malcolm McClinton*
39 What is an American *Paisy Maurer*
16 Lullaby *Mark Keller*



Your minds wandering could carry
you to far away places
Full of paths, emotions,
and ever changing faces.

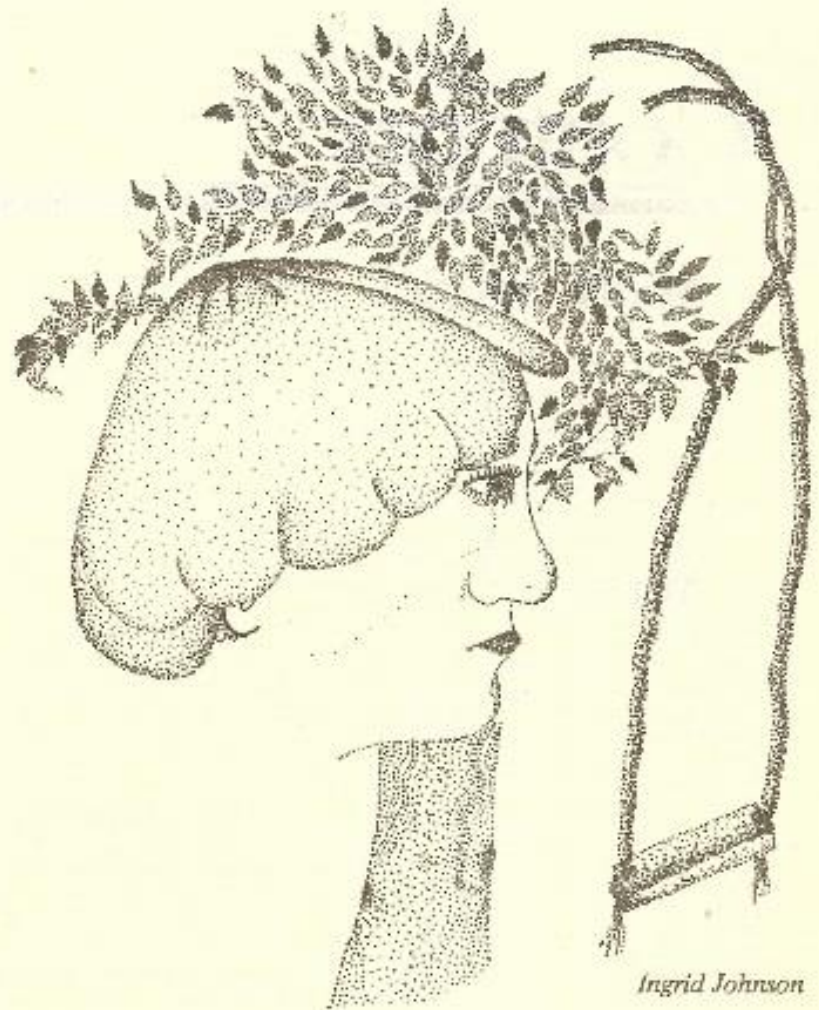
I know you can't take me with you,
as your mind travels from
place to place
For you are looking for your own
special friend
Who's in your own body
and has the same face

You know nothing about your friend,
except that he's always there.
He never leaves you, and he always
cares.

When you find your friend
Like I've found mine
You'll have found yourself
And place in Time.

If your mind's wandering should ever,
then,
lead you to my door
Don't ever forget it will always
be open
Waiting for your friendship
once more.

Mary Schwab



Ingrid Johnson

villanelle

By Karen Mee

Whipping wild I love its slashing force
Old men are bent and hats are flying free
An entity, no ending and no source

Our trees reveal with tilt its tainted coarse
Envisioned in my ears a roaring sea
Whipping wild I love its slashing force

Through wires soprano shrieking cold remorse
Chaotic rush yet scored with harmonies
An entity, no ending and no source

Endeavors it a hair from head divorce
An errant knight on earth messaging spree
Whipping wild I love its slashing force

Stinging prairie towns in wicked torso
Winter brother, boundless energy
An entity, no ending and no source

Teasing dust and air to intercourse
Major mover Marching seed from tree
Whipping wild I love its slashing force
An entity, no ending and no source



Ron Swelberg

loneliness

By Jeff Osborn

An empty park bench waiting,
Waiting for some lonely man,
With hollow eyes, empty heart, to rest his aching legs,
He huddles on the bench, pulling his tattered coat around him,
Scuffling his worn out shoes in the dirt,
He cries dry, bitter tears, while the knife in him twists deeper,
He hates, hates everything, yet he reaches ever,
Groping for happiness in his shallow, sinking life,
The lonely man gets up, and shuffles away,
Back to the people, whose love he cries for,
But whose hurried nervous eyes look through him,
My God, Loneliness.

Wines



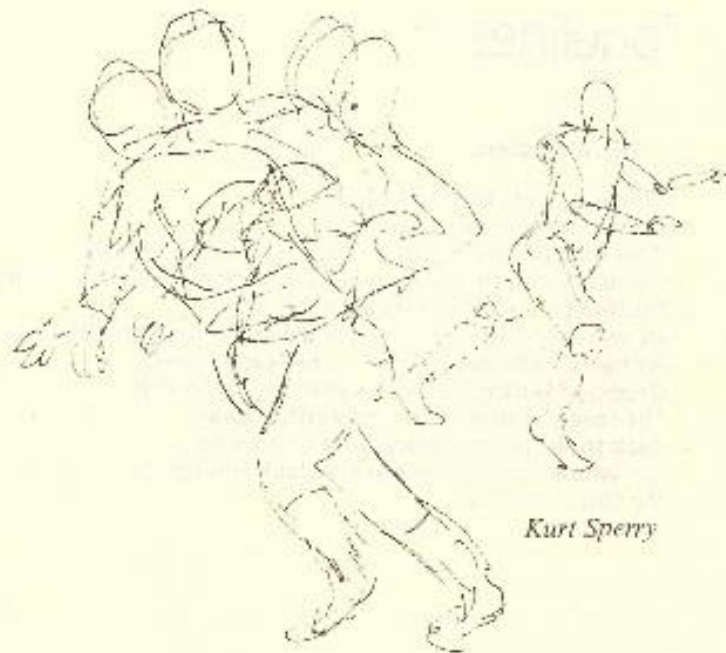
Seth Macinko



small infinity

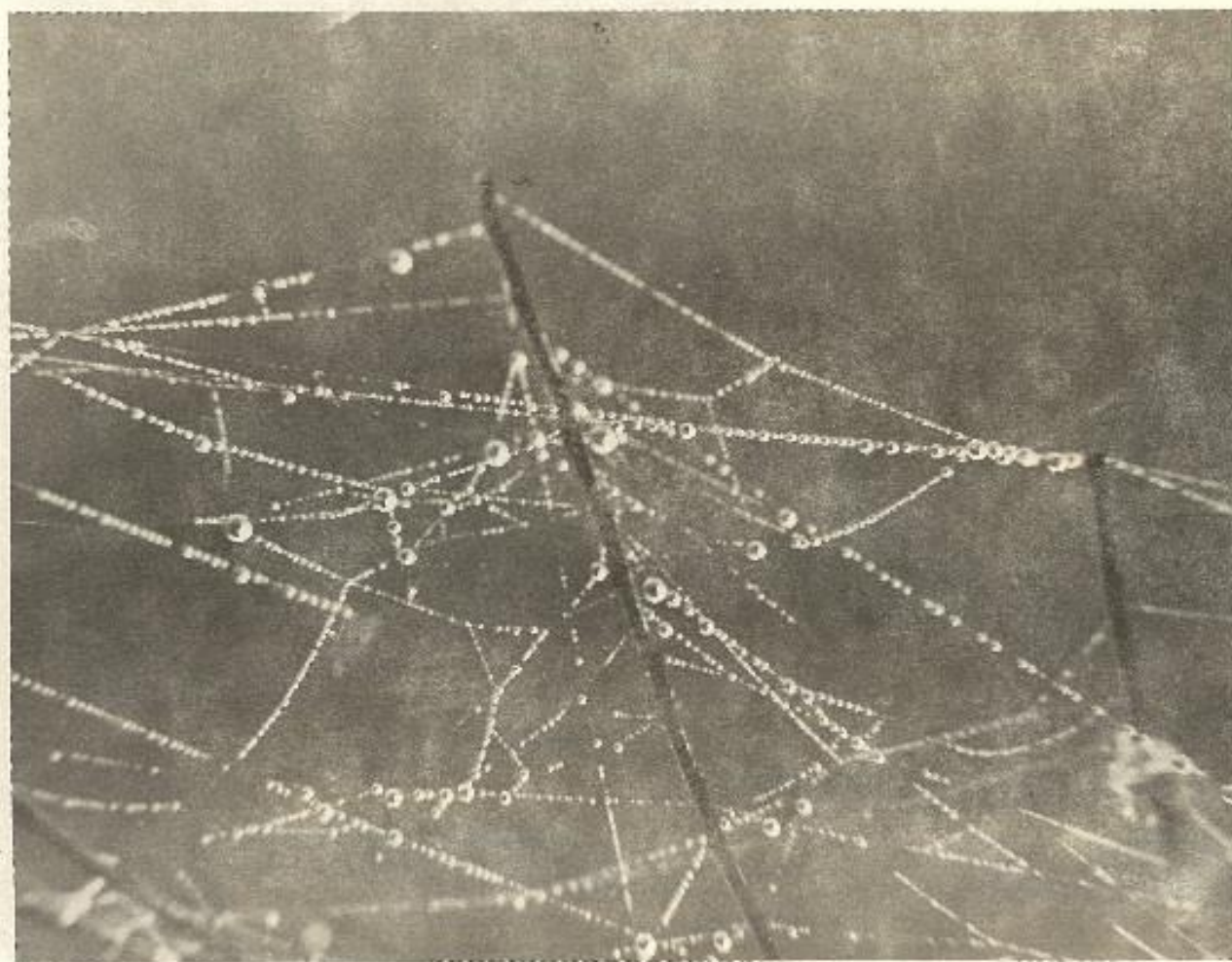
By Carolyn Dean

What is a mere mile
to a muddy, brown striped snail?
Slovenly sliding at the pace
named in his honor,
He forms a pencil-line path
across the damp beach
His forever is the sand and sea.



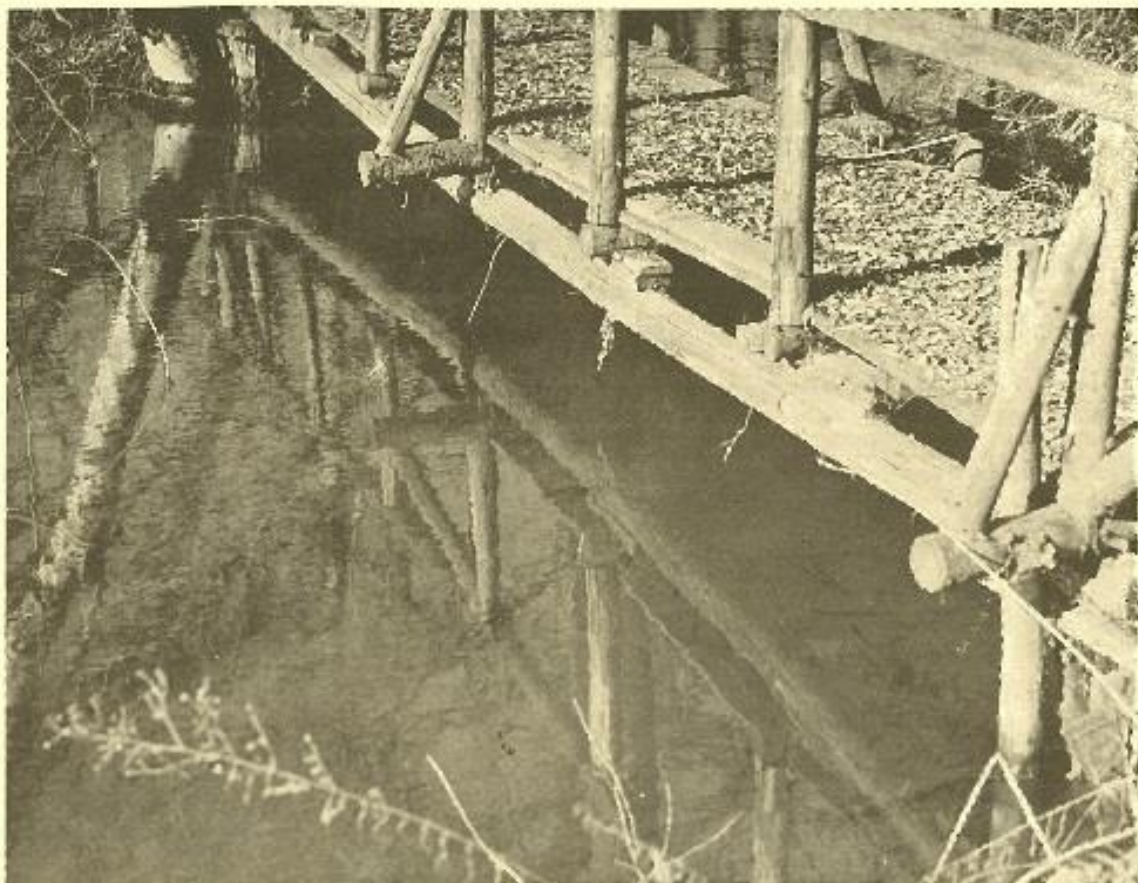
Kurt Sperry

Kevin Roberts



IMAGES

Karen Goodburn



The Spinning Top

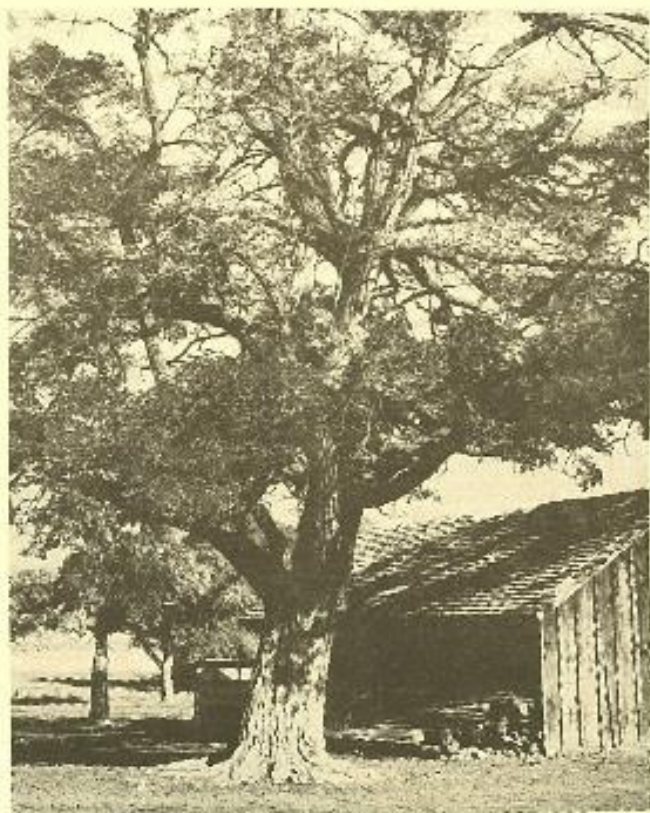
by Mary Schwab

In the fall the leaves float to the ground,
Brown and crinkled
They lay all around.

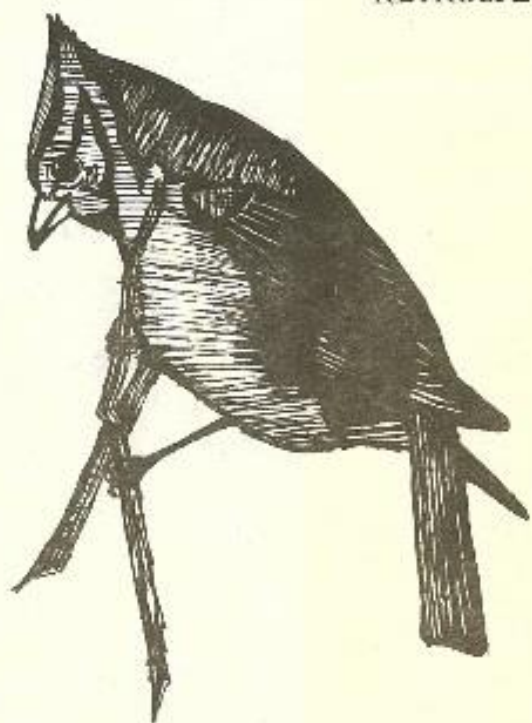
In the spring the fingers of life
Touch the bear limbs
Bringing to them the joy
Of love and life again

It happens over and over
Like a spinning top
Never ceasing to astound you
Never coming to a stop

Like the leaves in the Fall
And in the spring
Life comes and goes
And with it brings;
The joy and comfort of Love
and peace
The misery and sadness of which
Death is the least.



Ron Swedberg



From the Sketchbook of

*Danita
Barton*



FEAR

BY RICH RAY

A festive occasion it was, that fine late summer's afternoon. Food, drink and conversation flowed freely as was typical of these gatherings and there was not an unhappy face in the crowd. Here were the Doths, Archie and Del, fifty years together they were, and the Laudrys, suave young Wayne and his pretty wife Mary and their five year old Adam. There were Steadhams, and Rays, and Ragsdales.

And then there was Beth, Beth Lynn Ragsdale to be specific, Jack and Carol's lovable little monster. Bright for her age, Beth's about as shy as a politician and as meek as a football player. The terror of the party, Beth's favorite jest was that of the tackle. Stealthy as a cat she'd crouch in a strategic position behind an imposing piece of furniture, waiting, waiting until her unsuspecting victim had his back completely turned and was standing, legs slightly apart in blissful ignorance. A blur of motion and a squeal of giggles, Beth would hurtle directly for the hollow of the knees. With her tiny forty pounds, she could, and did, bring hundred and seventy pound daddys to the deck. A hyperactive youngster Beth's always where the action is, and if she's not, she'll see to it that someone is mighty miserable for it.

Between the ice cream and the camel fights, the horses and the frisbees, the badminton and the croquet, well, we of the younger set were in hog heaven. And somewhere amidst the festivities I began launching kids from my feet. If you've seen it a thousand times, the big kid on his back, knees drawn to his chin, feet together, and the tough little boys who dare perch themselves on his feet, to be propelled into the wild blue yonder.

Now yelling and now giggling, Beth clawed her way among the boys and announced loudly, "It's my turn." Grudgingly, the young male chauvinists helped the intruder aboard and she was off. I knew as soon as she left my feet that it was an ill-fated flight. Leaning too far back, she had lost her balance. Sailing into the air her body was turning slowly and at the apex of her journey was still in a sitting position, though tail side up. From my overextended sprawl on the ground I helplessly watched the inevitable.

Pixie grin of triumph on her face she fell earthward, upsidedown. Her head struck first and the tiny neck folded. Head and neck perpendicular to her back, the base of her neck absorbed the full impact of the crash.

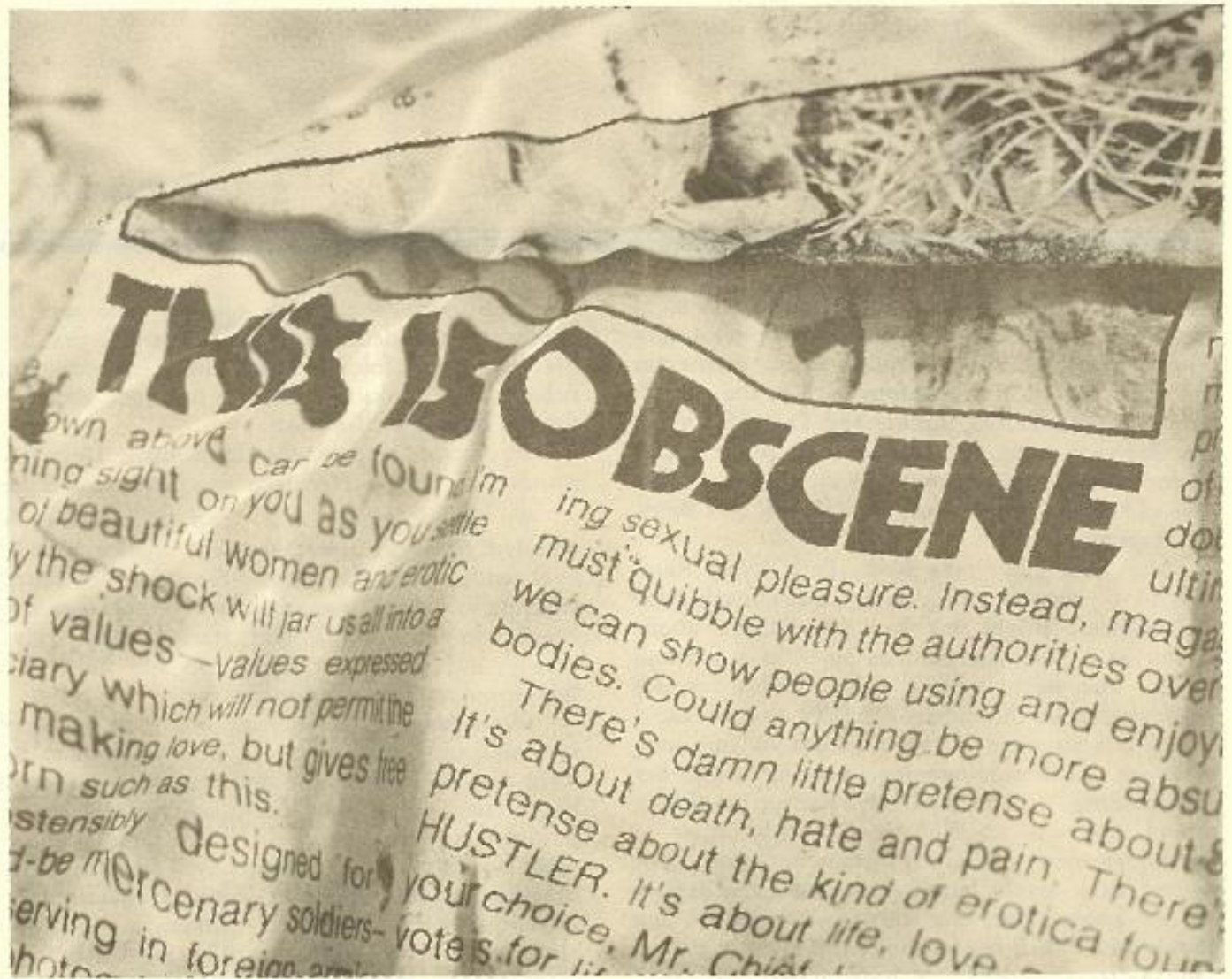
We stood around the limp little form too stunned to speak. Her face was chalky and her

We stood around the limp little form too stunned to speak. Her face was chalky and her eyes wide from the shock. Save for her muted whimpering there was silence. Suddenly her eyes ceased to see. Blank and staring they rolled, slowly and in unison high into her head. The lids closed and she did not breathe.

Blind panic swept over me in a rush, and with it a sickening hollow pit in my stomach as if I were starving. Slowly the muscles of my abdomen began to tighten. My freshman first-aid course pounded in my head, a chaotic jumble of disorganized facts. I knew somehow I had to get her breathing again, but how could I touch her? I was positive her neck was broken, yet to apply resuscitation the head must be pulled back to open the air passage. What was this called anyway, negligent manslaughter? Oh well— "Breathe into her," blurted my brother, "Breathe into her." Mechanically, in a daze I moved to follow instructions, but she was dead anyway. I had killed her and she was dead. What did it matter whether or not I breathed into her? Her neck was broken wasn't it?

I lowered my mouth to hers and...she gasped, a great huge, sobbing gasp that swelled her chest to where it seemed it would burst. Relief overwhelmed me in a flood. My taut muscles went limp and began to quiver convulsively. A few more gasps and the lids flickered open and Beth began sobbing loudly. In on mother's knee, she remembered nothing of her ride from cousin Richard but instead had fallen from the back of a horse.

Sure, I've been scared before, automobile accidents, thunderstorms where flash and roar were one. But I never really tasted fear, genuine fear, until that family reunion where I nearly extinguished another's life before it had yet begun.



Mark Schmidt

Just Out of Reach

With wants so far away,
with thorns at my side,
to close,
I wonder, if ever it
will get better, or even
just change



Alice Doi



Myself

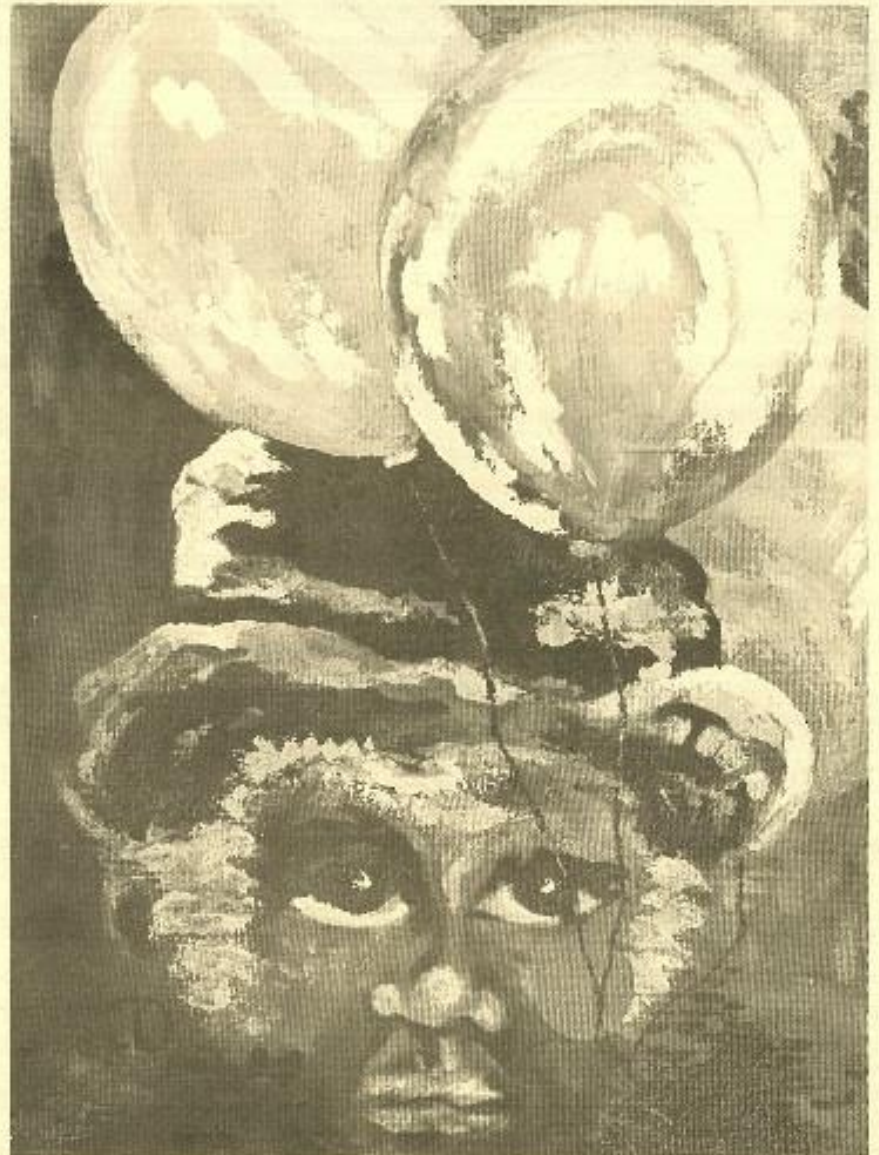
I'm just me.
 Accept me for what I am.
 I may change, so will you.
 We will grow close with time,
 Love, and
 Understanding.

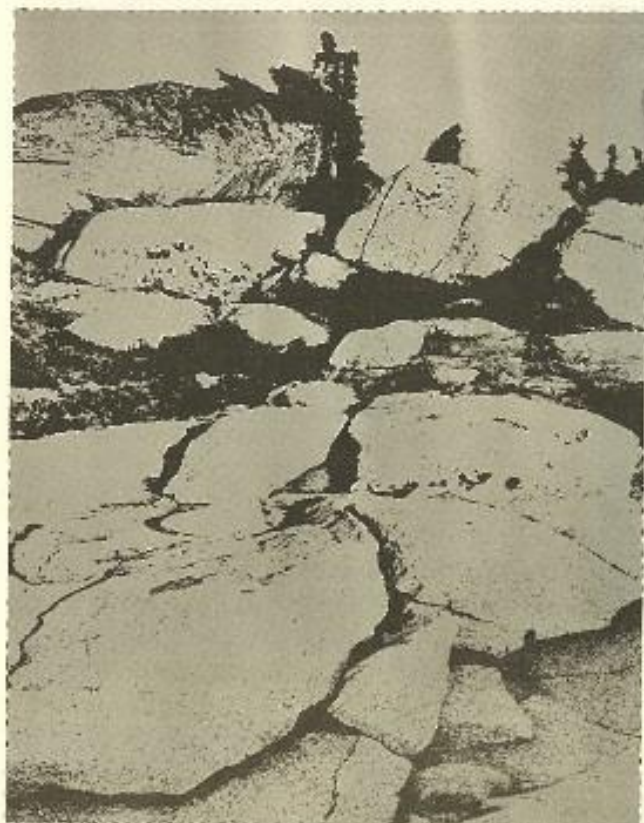
Lyle Gardinier

Simple Hopes

Toil for your daily existence,
 Fight for your freedoms.
 Yes, that keeps us all sane,
 for without warmth,
 compassion,
 We all
 Wither and die

Verse by
 Ellen Wheatley





Kevin Roberts

A child sat in the falling rain
 on the road that left MyLai.
 In clothes that didn't fit him
 In tears too big to hide.
 These people's language I did not know
 But not all talk is in words
 And the looks on this child's face
 Had a haunting shadow of all his fears.
 I tried to reach out and touch this child
 And bring him close to me
 To let him feel the warmth inside,
 To let him know what I had done was
 to set him free
 But as I drew near
 His look changed to hate
 And I felt I would rather die
 Then go through life,
 Seeing the look
 And always knowing why.

by Mary Schwab

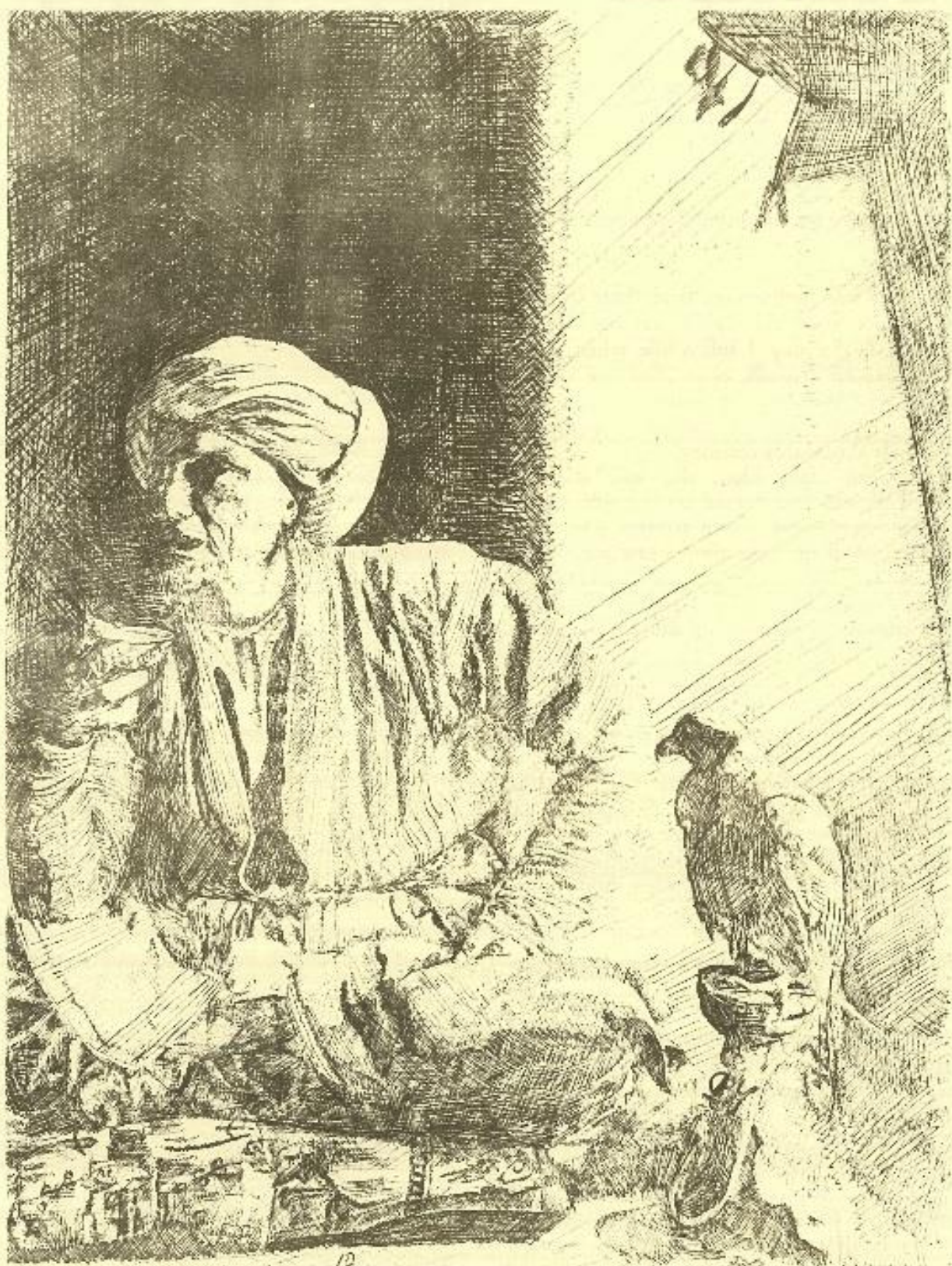
DEATH

by Sindi Tuttle

Death struck suddenly! Dying young is hard to take. If we must we must, as it goes for all things in life including death. I hear the drizzle of the rain, soft and warm continually tapping on the roof and walls. Like a memory it falls on my thoughts. I have many things on my mind - like singing in the shower, hot fun in the summertime, end of the spring and here she comes back..... first of the fall - she must return. That's when I had most of my fun - then! Summer days, those summer days. I got up when I felt the urge, out of school - I'd be there in the summer sun. That's enough of the past, because it is the past....the leaves once green turn to brown, then fade from the windmills of my mind.....through the windows of my eyes I face reality..... in the naked light I see the devil looking at me, my fingers start shaking, I begin to run.... the bully and I begin to wrestle, I was on top - but not for long, it was truly hotter than hell! I knew this was what I had earned from a life of robbery and little else.... I am alone! Hello darkness my old friend, I've come to talk with you again. I remember an aunt once told me of a savior. Her words might have taught me, her arms might have reached me... but at the time her lips never uttered a sound. Now the memory couldn't speak louder. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit... blessed is the lamb whose blood flows, my mind seems confused. I was everyday people - I wasn't a bankers only child with power, grace or style, having my picture printed...I cursed my poverty... weaving my path. But I am here just the same standing alone without belief..... Jesus have mercy on the criminal So long Frank Lloyd Wright!



Kurt Sperry



Ink Sketch by Karen VanLeuven

Scattered Dreams

A true story by Annmarie Housley

Kay Tatnall was perhaps my first "best friend." We were friends from the day I met her when I was eight until the day I left Chile when I was ten. We remained friends even after we moved and they moved back to the States. Letters written on green apple scented stationery were sent back and forth across this country.

Standing four feet high, she had shoulder length wavy blonde hair parted on the side, round cheeks that highlighted a big toothy grin. This is how Kay looked the first time I saw her. Warm chestnut brown eyes were always sparkling except when she would cry; then they looked like damp soil after a spring rain, not muddy but moist and soft.

There was never a moment when we were together that we weren't doing something exciting. Modeling was our favorite, play-time activity. Dressed up in our mothers' dresses, some were black ruffy ones, some were yellow and orange summer smocks, or sometimes we would wear our own clothes, we would parade around in the back yard pretending to be models straight out of Vogue magazine. We even rolled thin pieces of white paper into small two inch rolls to look like cigarettes, Kay said all models smoked. Another pastime of ours was playing Man from U.N.C.L.E. We never missed one of the mind-entrancing T.V. spy episodes. We wanted to learn all we could about spies and how they went about their business. I was the quiet Ilia Kuriakin and she was the bold Napoleon Solo. Fearlessly we would creep about our houses and listen in while our brothers were talking. We both had black ballpoint pens that we said converted into walkie-talkies. Kay was always the leader, she would decide whom we'd spy on and what our dangerous missions were. Never questioning her decisions I followed and obeyed her, not only because she was older but because she was my friend. And another reason which I didn't know at the time was because I loved her.

Kay was always aware of my feelings. One hot summer night when I was spending the night with her I got really scared of the dark. Her great big double, antique, oak bed seemed like a huge bottomless pit which was slowly swallowing my tiny body. Turning from side to side thinking of grandma's house and sitting on my mom's lap, I kept seeing Barnabous Colins lurking behind the curtains ready to suck every drop of blood from my body. Meekly, I reached out a hand, small, shaky, and sweaty and touched her cool smooth shoulder. She startled from her sleep. "Kay, I can't go to sleep." I whispered.

"Why not?" my sleepy friend asked.

"I don't know I just can't." I didn't want her to know I was scared of the dark.

"Okay, I'll turn on a light for awhile and we'll play Old Maid. O.K.?"

"O.K. That sounds like fun," I replied, regaining my courage.

She climbed over me and out of bed and bravely went across the room to flip the light switch on. That night we sat up in our pink, cotton, babydoll pajamas until 4:00 playing Old Maid. The next morning when Mrs. Tatnall asked us why we were up late, Kay told her, "Oh, I just felt like playing cards," and with a big smile she looked at me and giggled.

Our families did all sorts of things together, but one of the most exciting activities was a trip to the sea coast to hunt agates. Our moms, Kay and I would all go in our navy blue sedan V.W. loaded with plastic bags and cardboard egg cartons for our agates and sea shells. Our dads and brothers would go in Kay's white Ford stationwagon loaded with the picnic baskets and kool-aid and icetea jugs. By the time we would reach the beach we would usually have shed our shorts and tops and be wearing one piece stretch swimsuits and pink rubber thongs. Having arrived, Kay and I would scramble down the grassy banks, screeching and almost falling because of our thongs' digging into the skin between our toes. When we got to the pebbly beach we kicked off our thongs and splashed into the cold sea, ignoring the stinging salty water. I can still remember Kay laughing at the top of her lungs as she bobbed up and down in the surf like a pelican. Tired of swimming we would put our thongs back on and go hunting for the alluring agates. On our hunts, Kay could be frequently seen sitting Indian style on the beach with a plastic bag next to her, digging and picking through the pebbles. When she thought she had found one she would jump up, her blonde hair sticky with sea salt blinding her; finally she'd get over to me and panting ask, "This is an agate, isn't it Annie, isn't it?" Holding the smooth stone

over to me and panting ask, "This is an agate, isn't it Annie, isn't it?" Holding the smooth stone up to the sweltering yellow sun I would check to see if it was cloudy and milky inside. If it was, Kay would get even more excited and nine times out of ten she would drop it. Then she'd have to spend more time relocating it than she did the first time. Once she found a huge milky white agate and she wasted no time gloating over it. All day she went hopping from one person to the other with a sickeningly sweet smile on her face asking if we needed any help. I became so furious with her that I didn't talk to her for the rest of the morning. Feeling bad for her conceit she brought me over an ice cold green bottle of tart Sprite. Accepting her peace offering I guzzled the drink down enthusiastically.

There were times when I was jealous of Kay, but those times were few. A few times I remember well were when she got a pair of green corduroy hip huggers and I didn't because I wasn't old enough and didn't have hips to hug and then when she got her ears pierced because that's what gypsies did.

I'd soon get over my jealousies because Kay would explain that dumb things like hip-buggers and pierced earrings didn't mean anything at all. Even though I thought she was just saying those things to make me feel better, it did make me feel better hearing her say them.

Over the years the contents of our letters had changed from favorite T.V. shows to boyfriends, going to Walt Disney matinees to going to all night parties. In almost every letter we would mention plays, models and the Man from U.N.C.L.E. In her loopy handwriting she would remind me of how she would always boss me around when we were playing spies. I'd laugh because I never thought of it as bossing.

I hadn't heard from Kay in about three months when this past Sunday Mrs. Tatnall called my mom. I figured she just called to talk, because like mother like daughter, Mrs. Tatnall loves to gab, so I went into my room, sprawled out on my bed and started to read my C.P. Snow murder mystery. Twenty minutes or more later my mom came in and said, "That was Mrs. Tatnall and she said she's going to write you a long letter because Kay was murdered!"

"Kay?" I squeaked in disbelief.

"Apparently," my mom said, "Kay was going out with a guy. When Mrs. Tatnall found out he had a prison record she didn't want Kay going out with him anymore. So the next time he called to ask for a date, Kay had to tell him "No." He got angry and came over (when Mrs. Tatnall wasn't home) and held Kay and her younger brother at

gun point threatening to kill them. She managed to get him out of the house away from her brother. Once Kay was outside her boyfriend went berserk and shot her face off."

My mom quietly left the room. The word murdered bounced like a lead ball in my brain. Spurting from my eyes came the tears that had been dammed up. Every time I thought of Kay lying dead on the ground with her face blown off, my shoulders shook even more. "This only happens in the movies," I thought to myself. Remembering the book I was clutching onto, the title said in bold gold letters, *Death Under Sail*, I threw the book against the wall and soaked my pink gingham pillow case with tears.

Today I know now and have come to grips with myself that I'll never see Kay again. Shattered by an irrational bullet, our dreams of modeling, spying and going back to Chile to hunt for agates are gone forever.





show me.

By Amy Fleming

When you discovered the sunshine
and came running and dancing in
to tell how bright it shone,
I laughed and said,
"I've noticed that before."
And you crept off,
so sad to know that you were
not the first to discover it.

And when you found laughter behind
the stars and rushed giggling
to tell me the news,
I laughed and said,
"I've noticed that before."
And you turned
and did not bother to tell me
of the toads between the grass,
the contests of the crickets,
of the way the wind spoke

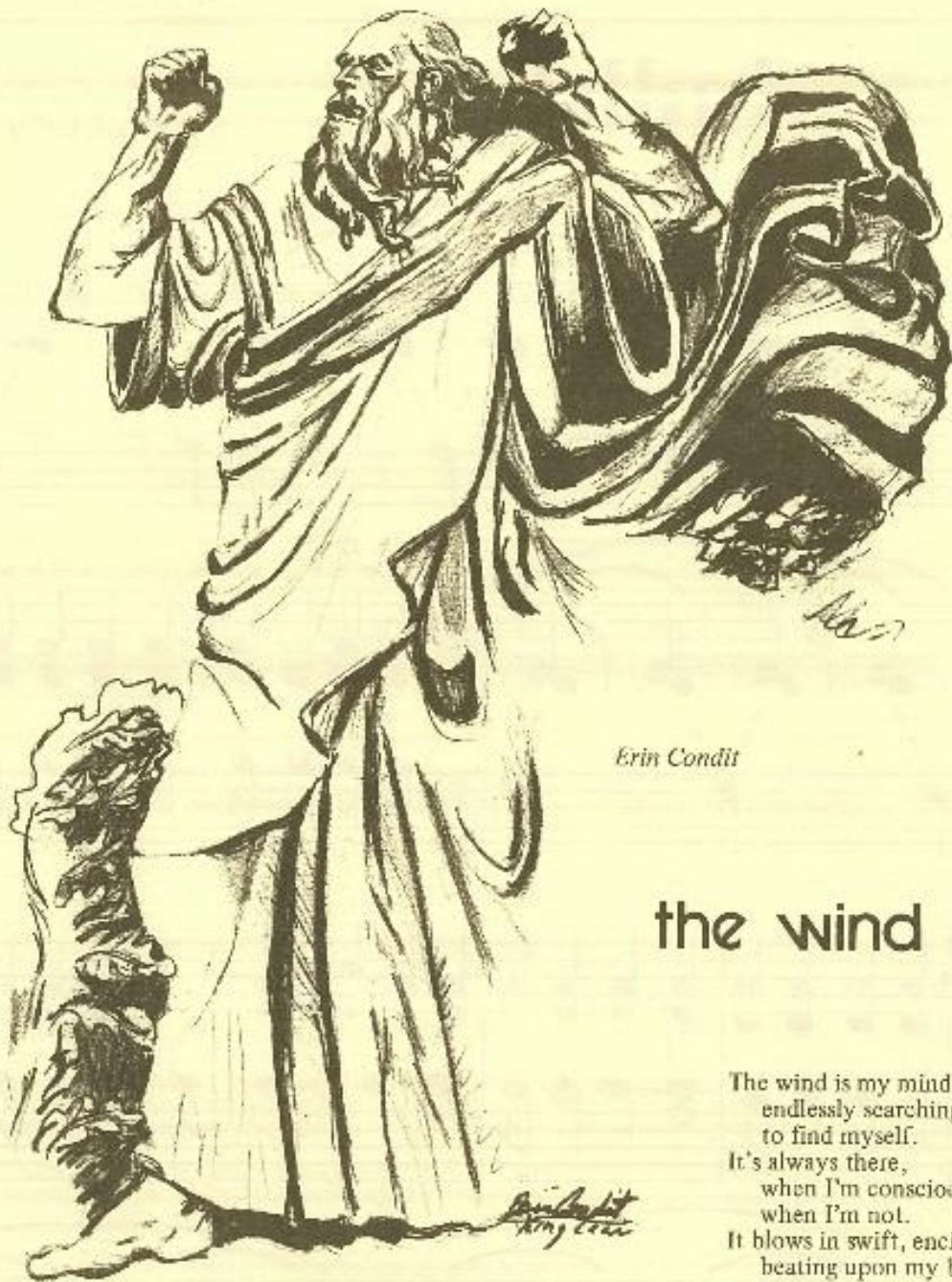
I am sorry, forgive me
Please, can you show me the wind?

I look at the stars
Wishing upon them for dreams
But what can stars do?

A.F.

Lyle Gardinier





Erin Condit

the wind is my mind

Debbie Spurgeon

The wind is my mind,
endlessly searching for a place to rest,
to find myself.

It's always there,
when I'm conscious of it,
when I'm not.

It blows in swift, encircling confusion,
beating upon my back for answers,
answers I don't have.

It brushes upon my face,
with a wrapping chill of loneliness.

It sails forward, then sideways in gallants gales,
helpful pushes of a close friend,
encouragement of a loving family,

It's gusts briskly swish the trees,
it is wild, it is excitingly restless, it is free
in search of adventure.

The wind is of the autumn,
the latest of summer
the earliest of winter.

My mind is of my autumn,
the latest of childhood
the earliest of adulthood.

My mind is the wind,
The wind is restless.

Sophie Lietar

exchange student

from Amiens, France



Lullaby

Mark Keller

Andantino

mp

opp. 8va

pp

Rall.

ppp

3



Kevin Roberts

The sand
is wet
Beneath
my feet.

I wiggle
my toes
And they
disappear.
A.F.

sonnet

Pale silken flutters stirred by slightest touch
A restless captive hopes for quick release,
Its strength will fail—it longs to fly too much
Yet desperate beating wings refuse to cease.

My fingers touched by powdered yellow dust
It leaves the sheltered hollow of brown hands.
Away at last—now helpless yet it must
Caren far from my grasp before it lands.

A tattered reeling scrap upon the wind
I watch its wild escape through blinding sun,
Above the sprinkler crazily it spins
Then through fine water spray its white wings run.

Frail nothingness I tried to hold too long
Now captured in a thought—the magic's gone.

Paula Osborn

THE KNIFE

BY RICH RAY

"Huh?, two forty-seven?, Oh yeah, sorry." Clumsily leaning my dirty, orange pack against the time worn and boot scuffed counter, I self-consciously fumbled through my Levis for the correct change. Handing the dumpy, grey-haired proprietress my hard earned money, I sheepishly mumbled something about being caught off guard. Eyes twinkling, she punched some keys, pulled a handle, and the ancient cash register jingled. The drawer shot out and old woman, with a benevolent, motherly smile, handed me my change of three cents. "Thank you, and come again, sonny," she said.

Yep, that's what she said, "Thank you and come again, sonny", just like I was some kind of a school boy in a candy shop. "Sure," I said in an accepted fourteen year old fashion, "Sure, I'll do that." Indignantly, I picked up my pack, and leaving the tinkling clatter of china and silver and hot, sticky smell of frying grease behind, strode in a very dignified manner out the door and into the darkening summer afternoon.

Dull grey clouds were scudding in from the south, and the foothills of the distant blue mountains were nearly obscured by an ugly black streak on the horizon. A breeze was stirring, but it wasn't a comfortable wind. It was the hot, stagnant air that had hung motionless over the sun baked farm land all morning; and it made breathing a task. It was the kind of weather that gives you that funny, nagging feeling like there's something you'd better get done quickly, but you don't know what. I'd read some stuff on meteorology, and after surveying the sky, predicted, with sort of a smug adolescent pride, an electrical storm. The realization didn't disturb me really, I just knew I had to get a ride before the Oregon skies opened up.

I pulled out my wallet to review my cash reserves. Eleven dollars and twenty-eight cents. I was going to make home with money to spare. The La Casita cafe had been an expensive luxury, but the roast beef, potatoes and gravy sure beat all the junk I'd been fixing in my mess kit and telling myself tasted so good because it was real camp cooking. A week and a half I'd been eating Betty Crocker's instant beef stroganoff, or freeze dried potatoes and pork, or dried apricots and greasy

fried trout. Man, I'd forgotten what real food tasted like.

Checking first to make sure my junk was in order, my little Sony transistor wasn't falling out of a side pocket, or my fishpole coming loose of it's moorings, I hefted the pack frame to my shoulders. After spending the appropriate amount of time in gymnastic contortions, I buckled the nylon hip harness across my waist. Joggling up and down a couple times to square the thing on my back, I patted my toadsticker, which was in its leather sheath on my belt, and set off toward the interstate eighty interchange, some half mile in the distance on the outskirts of the little town of Ontario.

My toadsticker, that's what I affectionately call my prized possession, the big case hunting knife my dad gave me for my twelfth birthday. A beautiful custom made knife, the grip is a massive piece of carved elkhorn which is flawlessly mated to the thick, tempered stainless steel blade, the back of which is serrated like a saw for about four inches. It has this wicked looking upward curve past the serration that pointed toward you, makes your blood run cold. I guess I patted the thing, not just to reassure myself that it was still there, but also because it reminded me that I was one of a dying breed, the rugged outdoorsman.

And maybe it was because the knife had been the deciding factor in my making the trip. You see, at one time, we used to live in Wyoming, but that was before I could remember. Anyway, we owned a cabin on forest sevice land way up in the Rockies. We moved to Washington when I was three, and up until this trip, I'd only been to the cabin three or four times, when our family could get away for a vacation. But my fourteenth summer I decided I was going to visit our cabin regardless. I couldn't drive legally, didn't have enough money for a bus fare, so it seemed to me the only logical thing to do was hitch. Now, mom didn't go for the idea one bit. She's a worrywart and thought I was too young. But I just decided I was going to do it and that was that. My daddy didn't like the idea much either, but he's sort of liberal when it comes to raising us kids. I don't want you to think I've never been whipped.

Many's the time I've felt the sting of my daddy's belt. But he's a college educated man and like I say, he's sort of liberal.

After many a session of my mother's worried wringing act and "No, no, no, when you're a man, my son" and my stubborn insistence, my dad finally capitulated, "The boy's got to learn", he said. He assured mom that as big as I was, if I carried that toadsticker, no one but a lunatic would give me a ride and he insisted that I carry the knife.

But I'd proven them both wrong, I made Idaho the first day. I called mom from a gas station in Caldwell and she wouldn't believe me. I told her I caught a ride out of town from a Sunnyside rancher, real nice guy with grey whiskers and a great big laugh that was more like a bellow inside his dirty, blue Chevy pickup. He asked me if I wasn't afraid some kook would pick me up and take my belongings and leave me in the middle of nowhere. "Nope" I told him, "I ain't afraid of anybody or anything." He just roared that great, big laugh. Anyway, I got a ride out of Sunnyside from a couple of lovebirds on their way to Idaho to visit the girl's parents. They wanted to know what kind of mom I had that would let her fourteen year old boy take off alone. I told them I was old enough, and patting my knife proudly said, "I can handle myself all right." The girl giggled and the guy snickered and I was steaming mad at them for a while, but before long we were talking like old friends and we made Caldwell by 8:30. After I talked to mom, I ate a bag of potato chips and rolled my sleeping bag out under a picnic table in the city park. It took me only two more days and five subsequent rides to reach Caspar, Wyoming, which is about thirty-five miles from our cabin.

My week wasn't nearly as exciting as I'd hoped it would be, but I enjoyed myself. I had listened to the weird mating bellow of a bull moose, and cupping my hands over my mouth, had tried unsuccessfully to reproduce the call, as my father could. I had lain on the bed of pine needles in front of our cabin reading James Bond, Goldfinger, and



listened to the chatter of the squirrels above my head and their occasional irate scream of disapproval at my invasion. Twice I had succeeded in reaching the lake unannounced and tossed a pebble in to listen with satisfaction to the flat crack of the beavers' tails on the water. And I fished a lot. Caught some pretty nice rainbows, one twenty incher, which was great, but somehow, the greasy, cod liver oil smelling stuff that emerged from my frying pan didn't really appeal to my appetite.

The week went fast and I headed back early Saturday morning. Down and down the twisting dirt logging road, past the old beaten up shack where the hermit lives, down to where the Sillamook creek joins the Greenwater and finally to the paved Smoky Canyon road where a farmer gave me a ride to Caspar, from whence I started my journey homeward. It had taken me three days to get to Ontario, Oregon, and the La Casita Cafe, and I knew if I didn't get a ride quick, I was going to spend a miserable night in a rainstorm.

Approaching the interchange, I began to walk backwards, my thumb extended, appealing to each passing motorist with a very sincere pretty please? expression on my face.

An hour passed, during which the wind had turned cool, almost cold. At least thirty cars had passed without so much as a wave. I was getting desperate and angry as that black convertible appeared in the distance. It was moving so fast toward me that I didn't even hope that it would stop, but I stuck out my thumb anyway and smeared a real genuine smile across my face.

As if by magic, the roar of the engine dropped suddenly and the convertible, tires complaining loudly, halted. It was a big Pontiac GTO, with its rear end jacked way up in the air. The thing was perched real solidly on these great big fat Goodyear Indy tires that stuck way out of the wheel wells and were mounted on flashy mag wheels. Mounted on the hood was a monstrous moulded air scoop which read "Ramcharged 455" on the side in big, bold lettering. One of the windows was filled with multi-colored decals like Hooker, Hearst, Crower, and Cragar. Down the sides of the car, under the doors ran large gleaming chrome pipes, with just enough of the headers showing to prove they were there. From the ends of these pipes, out of a square black opening was emitted a great chest reverberating flow of sound which sort of enveloped me in its intoxicating blap-blap-blap.

Inside sat two college aged males sucking on a couple of Heidelberg beers. The driver wore

one of those cartoon race car T-shirts you see in Hot Rod magazine. Under the picture of an ancient Indian driving a monster muscle car read the caption: Old Pontiacs never die, they just go faster. I could hardly hear the curly blond-haired passenger who rolled down his window and asked me where I was going. "North," I shouted, "I'm headed for Washington." "How's Pendleton sound?" he asked. "Great," I replied. He climbed out and moving around back, and opening the trunk, put my pack in. Pushing the passenger's bucket seat forward, I climbed in the back. Inside, was the pungent odor of cigarettes and beer mixed with the crackling blare of the seven o'clock news.

I had no more than pushed an empty six pack aside and sat down when the comfortably muffled staccato of those side pipes rose to a high pitched, satin smooth roar. I felt like a great hand had pushed me hard in the chest, pinning me to the black haugahyde upholstery. My head shot back and struck glass with a numbing thunk. Those fat racing slicks churned at the asphalt and pierced the air with a banshee scream of agony.

We shot through the curve of the entrance ramp, under a huge green sign reading: "Pendleton 165 miles" and out onto the freeway in a matter of seconds. Both passenger and driver whooped noisily with fanatic "Oh yeah's." I swallowed hard but my mouth was dry as dust. Finally in fourth gear the hand on my chest let up and I dared lean forward and peek over the driver's shoulder at the speedometer-it read 85. The slender red needle on the sun tack hung steady at five and a half, two and a half under the redline at the right.

I stifled my initial reaction of sheer, mindless panic, and rubbing my bruised skull, forced myself to relax. "Well, whaddaya think?" the driver asked between pulls on his Heidelberg and drags on his Marlboro. "Not bad", I choked, "do you drag in it?"

"Yeah, once in a while, at our hometown strip, not much competition there though, I'd just as soon cruise the ave in Boise."

"There's not a machine that can beat Mike either," chimed in the passenger proudly, "Not a machine in Boise."

Somewhere among the running narrative that followed, I gathered that the two had been to a dull rock concert in Boise and were headed back home to Lewiston, the long way around. They told me all about buying the car wrecked, and fixing it up in Mike's old man's body shop, about having the crank ground and tried, milling the



heads, and putting in alloy rods and high compression pistons, a special manifold and high lift cams. Anyway, I must have relaxed a little, because the two of them talking, the drone of those pipes, and the rhythmic throb of the radio put me to sleep before we reached Colville.

The next thing I remember was that smell. I awakened sometime after dark to the discordant jangle of Jimi Hendrix, the swish of the windshield wipers, and that queer odor. It was sort of like the stink of a shorted circuit, when all the wires under the dash start to smoke. I sat bolt upright and sniffed cautiously.

"Hey, wow man, little shit woke up," professed the passenger. I couldn't see his face, only the silhouette of his head, but he was staring straight at me, his head moving slowly from side to side. He giggled loudly and repeated his original intelligent statement. "Little shit woke up."

Between the two figures, what I took to be a glowing cigarette ash moved uncertainly about, leaving S-curve afterimages. "Hey man, maybe little shit wants a toke huh?" Chortled the driver, "Go ahead, give little shit a toke." The orange spot swerved toward me until it was bobbing in front of my face. Finally I made out the shiny lines of the car antenna. The passenger held one end in his hand. To the end near my face was soldered an alligator clip, which held clamped in its jaws the burning substance responsible for the strange stench. "Uh, no thanks." I said quickly, pushing the aerial away, "no thanks."

It was then that I noticed the erratic path of the car. It was swinging lazily from shoulder to centerline and back again, as if Mike were driving kiddie-style. I peered out a water spattered window into the dark nothing. Suddenly, a jagged thread of lightning split the blackness, revealing for a split second the tops of the Douglass firs which fell away from the shoulder of the road, the small rainswept valley, and towering peaks

beyond. We were deep into the Blue Mountains. A lighted road sign streaked by, "Summit Dead Mans Pass elevation 3,835. Trucks use lower gear."

"Wheeeee," giggled the driver, "It's over the top, and down the chute we go!" What followed was not unlike a nightmare to me, the kind where your own self-reliant certainty gets you into a dangerous situation over which you have no control, and you belatedly realize you should have listened to somebody else. The name "Dead Mans Pass" is no joke. The road winds down a couple of thousand feet in a matter of twenty or thirty miles. It's all switchbacks, and at every corner, a truck escape ramp continues straight, in case of brake failure.

I remember grabbing the two corners of the bar which held up the convertible top and hanging onto it all the way down. I can remember passing the red and yellow running lights of semi after semi so fast they could have been parked. I recall passing cars on the inside lane through those 180 degree hairpins and that funny, almost tinny sound the engine made on the straight stretches when the tachometer was reading above eight thousand. I remember the nausea in my stomach when we slid into one of those turns. There was a lightning flash, and I could see nothing past the blurred guard railing; just the wet mountains beyond the abyss. My imagination made the car, turning end over end in the air, reality I could touch. The car was equipped with fog lamps of I can't remember how many candlepower, and every car that passed flicked his lights from low to high beam in an appeal to us to lower that blinding glare. My knife had somehow escaped its sheath and rolled from side to side among the empties on the floor, occasionally making a delicate leap over the carpeted hump of the driveline. And those two in front of me, laughing and giggling like a couple of idiots from a padded cell. Their

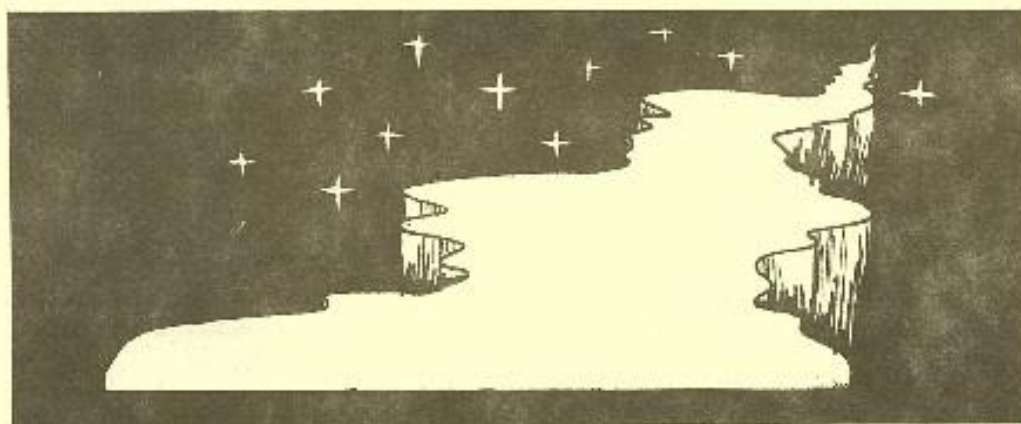
ludicrous conversation turned to girls and I nearly went into a cardiac arrest when, removing both palms from the wheel, the driver outlined his girlfriends's figure with his hands. The streaking blobs of white headlights and slower red tail lights, reflected on the drenched ribbon of pavement hurtling by below me, combined with that bitter odor, and the scraping of the windshield wipers, the mingling roar of wind and rain, of tire and asphalt, of the engine and the acid rock all mixed and melted into an onslaught to my senses that I fought hard to shut out. I squeezed my eyes closed tight and tried not to think of what I'd look like, arriving home in one of those plastic bags.

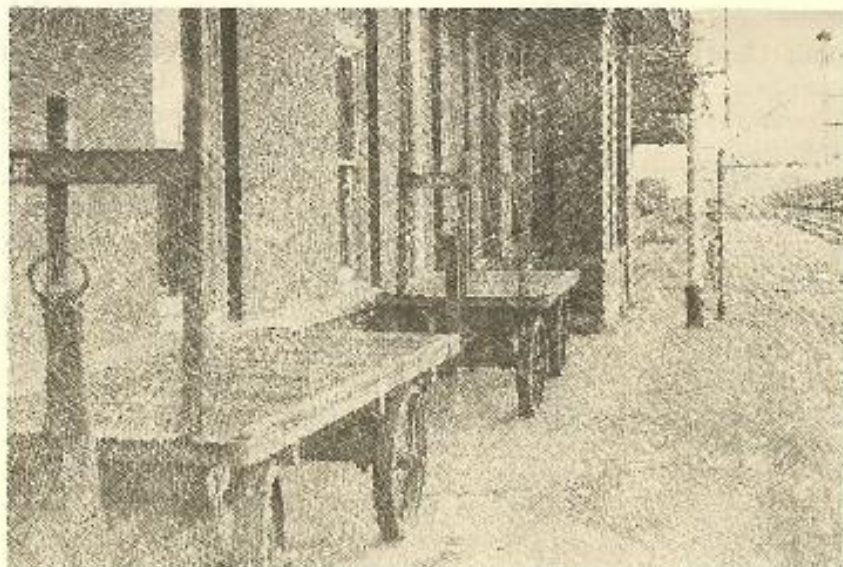
We stopped at the freeway exit to Pendleton and I stumbled out after the passenger into the freezing down pour. He wobbled around back to get my pack and climbed back in.

Gravel bit into my shaking legs and dirty water sprayed me from the waist down. Those big red tail lights disappeared over the overpass, and the scream of those pipes trailed into the blackness.

I dug through my pack and removed my CWSC sweatshirt, the heaviest article of clothing I'd brought. I put on my pack and felt my belt for the reassuring texture of the elkhorn handle. It was gone. Standing there in the darkness, rain in my eyes and dripping off my nose, my whole being as limp as a dishrag, I didn't really care.

I walked what must have been two or three miles past closed gas stations and cafes, neon signs and cheap motels before reaching the building I was looking for. I entered the dingy little Greyhound bus terminal at one thirty five that morning, and without hesitation, I paid the balding old man what he asked; \$10.95 for a one way ticket home. ■





Jeff Ruck

Solitary Confinement

Sandy Beardsley

I wish there was a box
that was all my own
anytime I pleased
I could escape
and be alone

My secret place
consisting of four square walls
and a flat plane
could miracously
keep me sane

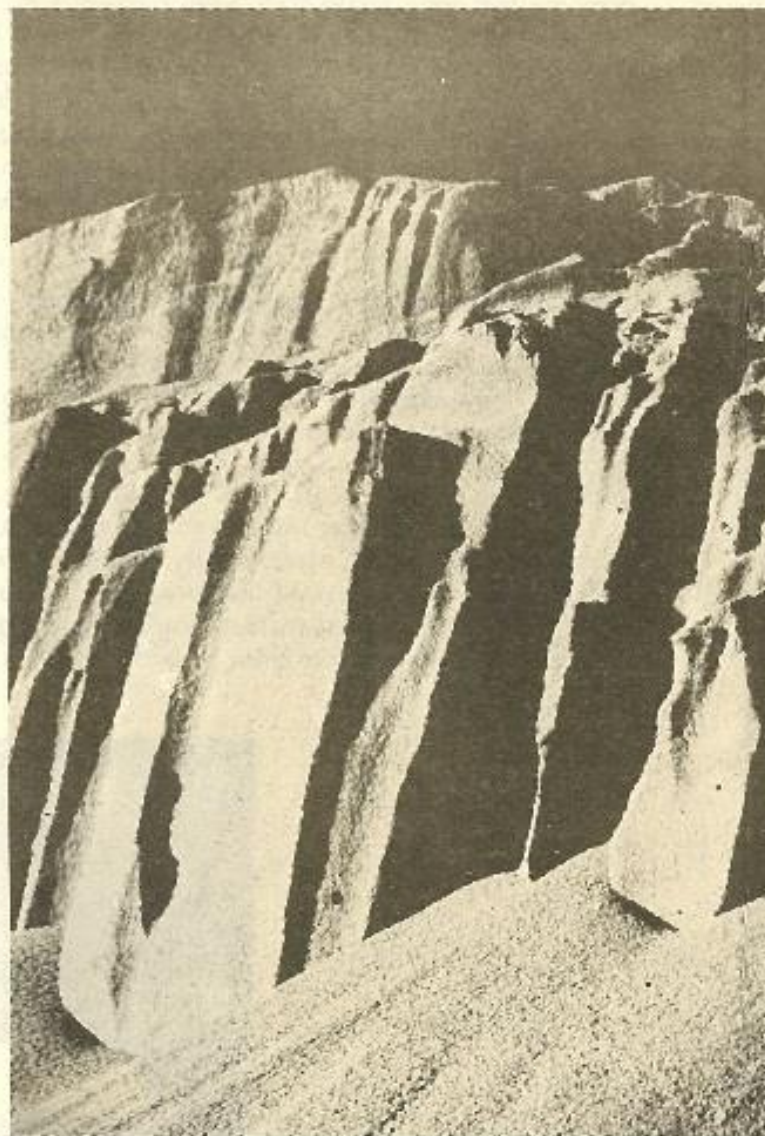
No telephone
with it's persistent ringing
or dishes waiting
to be done

For in my box
I hear only silence
I feel nothing
and darkness is my friend

There is no end
my mind decays
my body rots
inside my box I hide
away from all reality

And all that exists
outside.

Alan Jakubek



I am the Poet

The Ellensburg School District is pleased to present this small volume of poems, written by students in district schools in the second year of our Artists in the Schools program. Ed Harkness was our resident poet again, spending three and one half months in our district this year.

He is a graduate of the University of Washington and holds a Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Montana. Before returning to Washington in January 1975 he spent two years as resident poet in Montana.

The Artists in the Schools program is funded by the Ellensburg School District, the Washington State Arts Commission, and the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency in Washington, D.C. Publication of this book is a service of this district, and the costs of its publication were matched in the cash grant from the NEA.

The Artists in the Schools program is administered by Educational Service District 105, Yakima. Orville J. Widman is superintendent and Jeanne R. Crawford is Arts in Education Coordinator.

*Marvin J. Schroeder
Superintendent*

*Dick Robinson
Coordinator, Artists in the Schools*



Introduction

Because I'm a writer—a poet—I'm concerned about the language. Like a lot of people, it bothers me that entering college freshmen these days find it hard to put together a simple, clearly written paragraph. It's obvious that grammar, spelling, punctuation and syntax are essential tools in my trade as a writer. However, I am not a teacher of grammar, spelling, etc. I'm a poet. My main interest is the imagination, the lovely, luminous worlds of the brain. If I can get kids excited about words, get them to believe in the beauty of this life, their own inner lives, then it follows that they'll want to write. If they want to write, they'll learn to write. If they continue to want to write through their school years, they'll learn to write well. And they'll read more. Write more. Spelling, grammar and the rest will tag along close behind, a natural part of the process.

The writing on these pages is clear, clean, always intelligible. More important, for me, is that it is also, by turns, nutty, somber, wild, moving, scary, and zany. If kids are blessed with teachers who welcome and sympathize with imaginative writing, the problem of how to put a clear sentence on paper will be less likely to arise.

These poems, stories and imaginative writings were made by Ellensburg students whose classes I visited during the fall, 1975. The bulk comes from junior and senior high writers. In the elementary grades, rather than get the kids to produce poems, I invented language games designed to spark their imaginations and improve their word skills simultaneously. I read poems, told stories, had them make up their own stories, I even played tunes on my Appalachian dulcimer. In general, I provided as much sensory experience as I could. Several writings in this book were done by 1st and 2nd graders.

So take a look at these kids' writings. I'm crazy about both. They speak my kind of language.

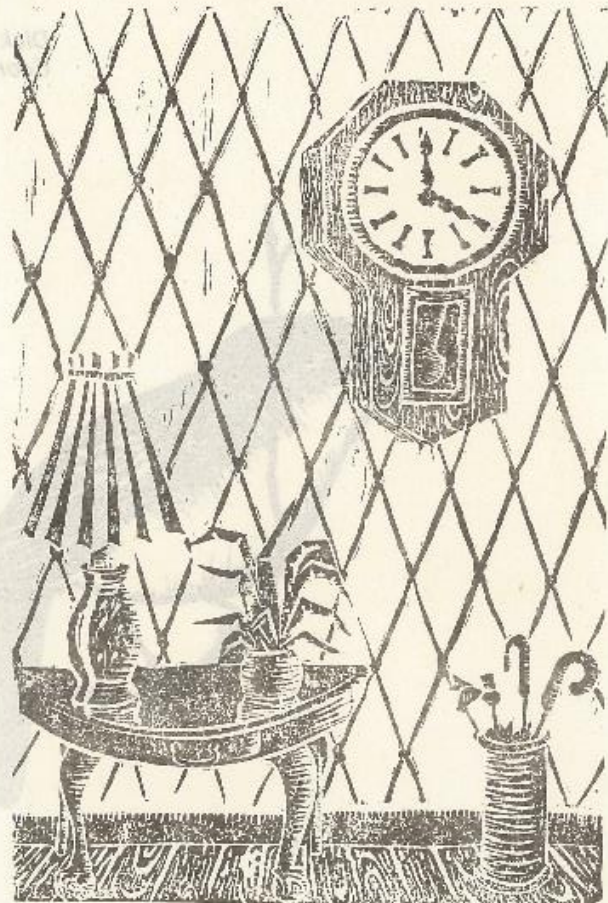
Ed Harkness
January, 1976

As I Sit There

As I sit there watching
my parents fight, stepping
their feet on the floor
and pounding their hands,

I got scared and frightened.
I wish they would stop and
then they stop. My dad
picks me up and puts
me to bed.

Shirley
Morgan Junior High
Ellensburg



About Dirty Dinky

Dirty Dinky was a very bad boy. He was always dirty, he never took a bath, he did not stay home. Dirty Dinky was a very bad boy. Dirty Dinky didn't go to school. He did not learn anything. He was always spanked because he did not go to school. Dirty Dinky was a very bad boy.

Susan Draper, 1st grade
Lincoln Elementary
Ellensburg



Claudia Lym

A dead grasshopper
with its insides
oozing from its body

lies in a
country field.
The daisies and

sparkling grass
are streaking
up to the sky.

Richard Arlt
Morgan Junior High
Ellensburg

Crazy old Lady

I'm high, imagine that!
Hey man, so far so good.
Crazy lady is lazy and crazy.
What do crazy old people do?
They dance around in their
birthday suits.
Hey you dumb bunny sonny boy.
Who is after me? With their
bloody fingers going up my nose?
I'm a crazy old lady
and soon I will marry a
crazy old man!
Want to come to my house
and smell my new flowers?
The British are coming! Get
your broom so you can
beat them on their butts!
Home Sweet Home is all.

A crazy lady says, "Lck, you smell!"
Eek! There's a finger nail on the floor!
I was married to Robert Redford
one year ago!
I fly to Japan every night on
My own 747 with my cow Lulu.
How is your tooth?
Don't pick my blinking peaches!
How a peach goes Uck, Uck.
I'm going to kill myself
by eating a chicken poacher
with lead poisoning.
Day duh der, it's
fun being crazy!
This Halloween
I will turn all those stupid kids
into warts on my face
if they trick or treat me,
Crazy old men!
Hogwash! Ya tell me a fib!

-a group effort by Mr. McDermott's
4th period poets, Morgan Junior
High, Ellensburg

True Love (bad poem)

As I wandered down the path
my heart grew quick to see my lass.
Her golden locks and sparkling smile
gave me cause to stop awhile.
My love for her is like a rose,
scented sweet, it tickles my toes.
Drawing near I chance a glance,
Our love is like a waltz or dance.
Her sparkling eyes give me a clue;
our love is and will be always true.

To Be Different (good poem)

I hit my thumb with a nail.
Cursing air and flame was cruel.
Air and gravel seemed to mix.
Golden night fell like bricks.
The lizards ran always faster
and pails tended near disaster.
The milk was good, but beer is better.
Magic drew me to a close
and then it ended
dead and gone.

Randy Ross
Ellensburg High School

bad poem

The bum sat on his squalid railroad boxcar
obscuring the sonorous tracks.
He described impecunious infinitesimal
bovine bugs smashed.
He harangued the man who ran the train
for creating a sight so sanguine.
The engineer so hurt
kicked the bum off in the dirt.
The obsequious seeking commiseration
cried out to mankind,
I have prickly heat.

good poem

Milking lizards with a nail,
storming gravel with a pail,
night falling.
I grab my magic wand
straight as an arrow
and zap you sterile.
Flame scorches the ground,
prairie fire whirs.
Parlez vous?
TENS TENS COMING MY WAY
I begin to play.

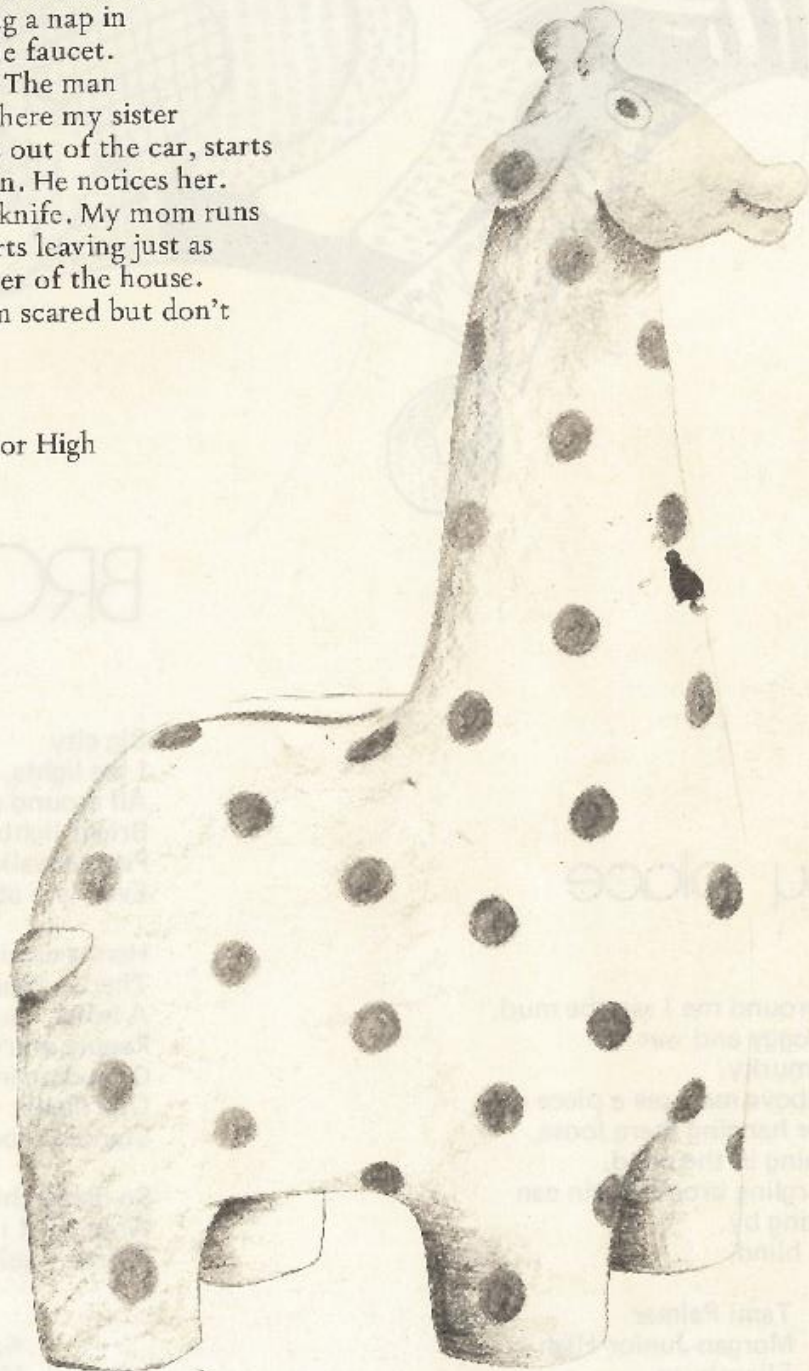
Jim Howell
Ellensburg High School

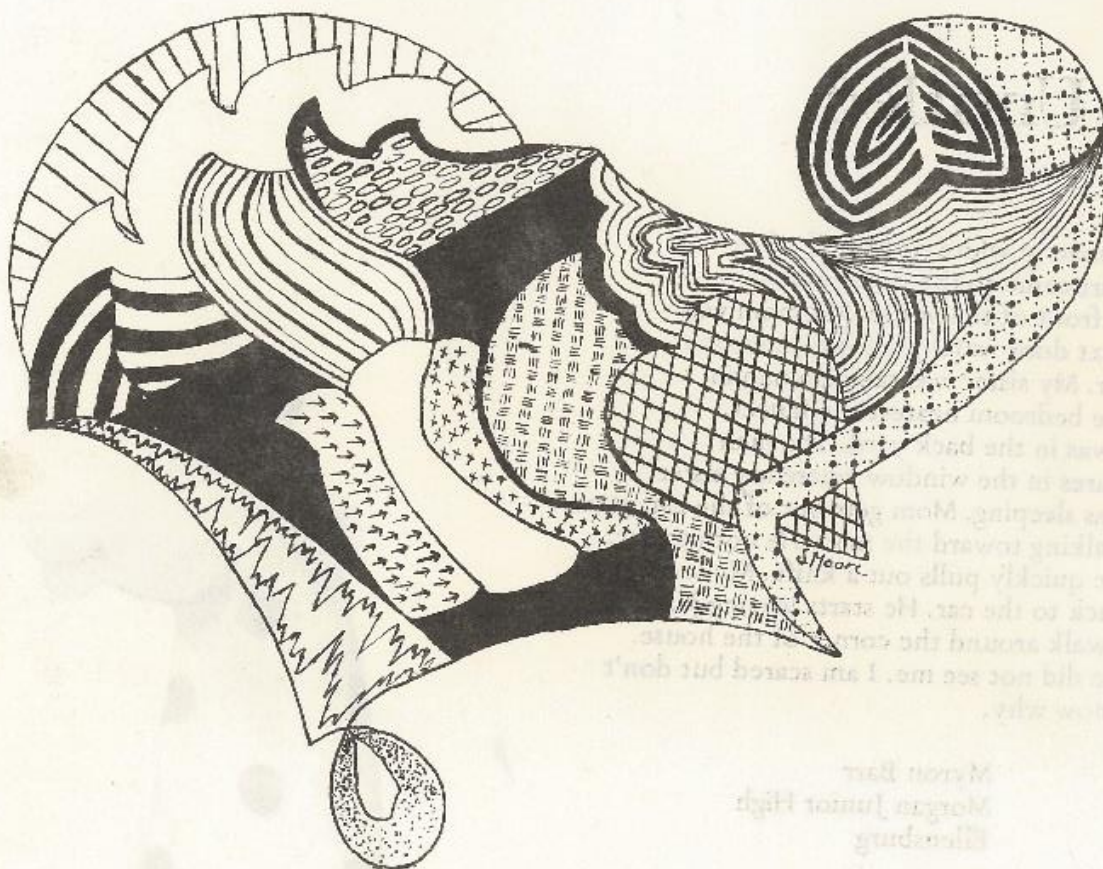
(Note: In several Creative Writing classes we dealt with the problem: What, exactly, is the difference between a good and a bad poem? Finally, I challenged the kids to a Bad Poem Contest, see who could write the worst poem. After the 'bad' poem, contestants were to write what they felt was a 'good' poem. The results were intriguing, sometimes hilarious. -E.H.)

Untitled

A man in white pants and white shirt came to the water faucet in front of the house. My mom was next door watching from a maroon car. My sister was taking a nap in the bedroom nearest the faucet. I was in the back yard. The man stares in the window where my sister was sleeping. Mom gets out of the car, starts walking toward the man. He notices her. He quickly pulls out a knife. My mom runs back to the car. He starts leaving just as I walk around the corner of the house. He did not see me. I am scared but don't know why.

Myron Barr
Morgan Junior High
Ellensburg





my place

All around me I see the mud.
 All soggy and wet
 and murky.
 Up above me I see a piece of
 paper hanging there loose,
 blowing in the wind.
 A gurgling brook. A tin can
 floating by.
 I am blind.

Tami Palmer
 Morgan Junior High
 Ellensburg

BROADWAY

Big city
 I see lights, night lights
 All around me
 Bright lights
 People walking
 Even late at night

Here a casino
 There a theatre
 A hotel, fountains
 People everywhere
 Crowding in to see a big star perform
 One night
 Standing room only

So many things to do Things to see
 What shall I do
 Before I go?

Kathy Burrough
 Morgan Junior High
 Ellensburg

death to come

It was in
the summer
and I was
staying
at
my grandmother's
over the hills
for a couple of weeks.
At the end
of these
weeks I came
home, my mom
was terrible
upset. I was
confused. Finally
I asked, "What's
the matter?"
I was sorry
I asked. My
happy smile
turned into
an upside down
banana. My best
friend's mother
had finally died
after all
her suffering.
From a brain tumor.
In a way I was glad
because she suffered
so badly from
the pain. But
in another way
I was sad. I
felt the whole world
was caving in on
me. Then it
hit me. My friend,
how was she taking it?

Jane Fine
Morgan Junior High

Ode to my Blue Jeans

Two years ago
I bought a pair
of blue jeans,
The price was
originally
twelve dollars but
I got them for
nine.
They were stiff and
new looking
but now
they are faded
and full of holes
like they were
made to have
air conditioning.
The denim is far
from being stiff
like a board as they
were when I bought
them.
They're comfortable
as wearing nothing at all.
The buttons complain
like a bunch
of old people
when they

have to
do
something.
Blue jeans such
as these are
like a rare species,
almost extinct,
in my
clothes drawer with
all of the other
pants.
I'll miss them
when my mother
finally says
they have to go.
Old blue jeans
are like an old
friend.
Once they're gone
you wish they
weren't.

Karen McNealy
Ellensburg High School

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

Once upon a time Kelly and Roger got lost in the deep woods. As they walked they could see purple trees with yellow leaves. Ferns, daisies and spider plants grew everywhere. And dangling from the branches were gold two-headed snakes and half-elfant-half-chickens with long belly buttons. There was a stream, only instead of water it was full of orange juice. Clouds gathered overhead and it began to rain grapes and watermelons and cherries and chalk and desks and teachers. "Look at those weird things!" cried Kelly. It grew dark. Suddenly, from behind a cactus, they heard a strange noise that sounded like wind blowing around a corner. "What do you think it is?" asked Roger. "Maybe it's a copper-colored hairy monkey," said Kelly, "or a huge three-headed ant." At that moment out jumped a fat ugly chick with turquoise eyes and a purple-pink head that felt like an alligator. "We've had it now!" screamed Roger, and they climbed into a tall Venus Fly Trap to hide. From out of nowhere came running Tammy, Tracy and Jeremy. "You pig-face!" shouted Tammy at the fat, ugly chick. "You little shrimpy punk!" added Jeremy. Tracy took an old tomato and bopped the fat ugly chick on its nose and the horrible creature howled off into the trees. And everybody lived happily ever after.

-a story by Ms. Murray's 2nd graders
Mt Stuart Elementary

MAILBOX

LETTER TO MOM FROM PRISON IN SOUTH AMERICA

Well, here I am, I don't know how I got here, I was on a hay ride with a group of dancers and next thing I knew I was being thrown in a truck. The smell of rat excrement has been driving my brain insane as well as the rest of my body. The forever sound of wailing and screaming of tormented people is always in my ears. My feet and hands are raw meat, I can't go on like this! The work is hard, I sleep with tears on my face burning my cheeks. My soul is dead, my mind is dying. I am very sick, I think I have pneumonia. I am hungry, I hate this place. Even the maggots throw up when they smell it. Why am I here with a bunch of neurotic sadistic prison guards? But why should you have to listen to my trivial troubles? I'm having a great time, wish you were here, boy, do I wish! Yours truly, Kane.

Kane
Morgan Junior High

LETTER TO ED FROM REBECCA

Hello! Its' been to good. Nobody seems to notice life until they can't see what's going on behind them. It's very distasteful: no class, no respect. The lights just went out. I just know the water will be next. Send help, just tell anyone hello. God's got no eyes! He sees only what's ahead, turn your head, that's it, look away, we can do without! I received a vacancy notice, whatever that is. Our doorman is still sober. But he doesn't really understand. Maybe he does, Jesus, it must be me! Would you send yourself. I need another thought. Hurry! The doorman's on his way up! Love, Rebecca

Rebecca Crews
Ellensburg High School

Flake Off

Of course I tried to tell her but she cranked her head without an excuse. I said, "The tree trunk dripped onion dip because the canine swished the fish." Then I said, while scratching my elbow, "The bathtub sucked in the mildew because the grass strangled the bubblebath." Then finally we turned into snowflakes and blew away.

Kathy & Lori
Morgan Jr. High

Her

Carole Miller

She had lips like deep red
cherries.
And eyes that shone like
diamonds,
Her yellow hair hung
in ringlets to her waist.
She was all he ever
dreamed for but she
was more than he had hoped for.
Too bad for him.
She loved his brother, Fred.

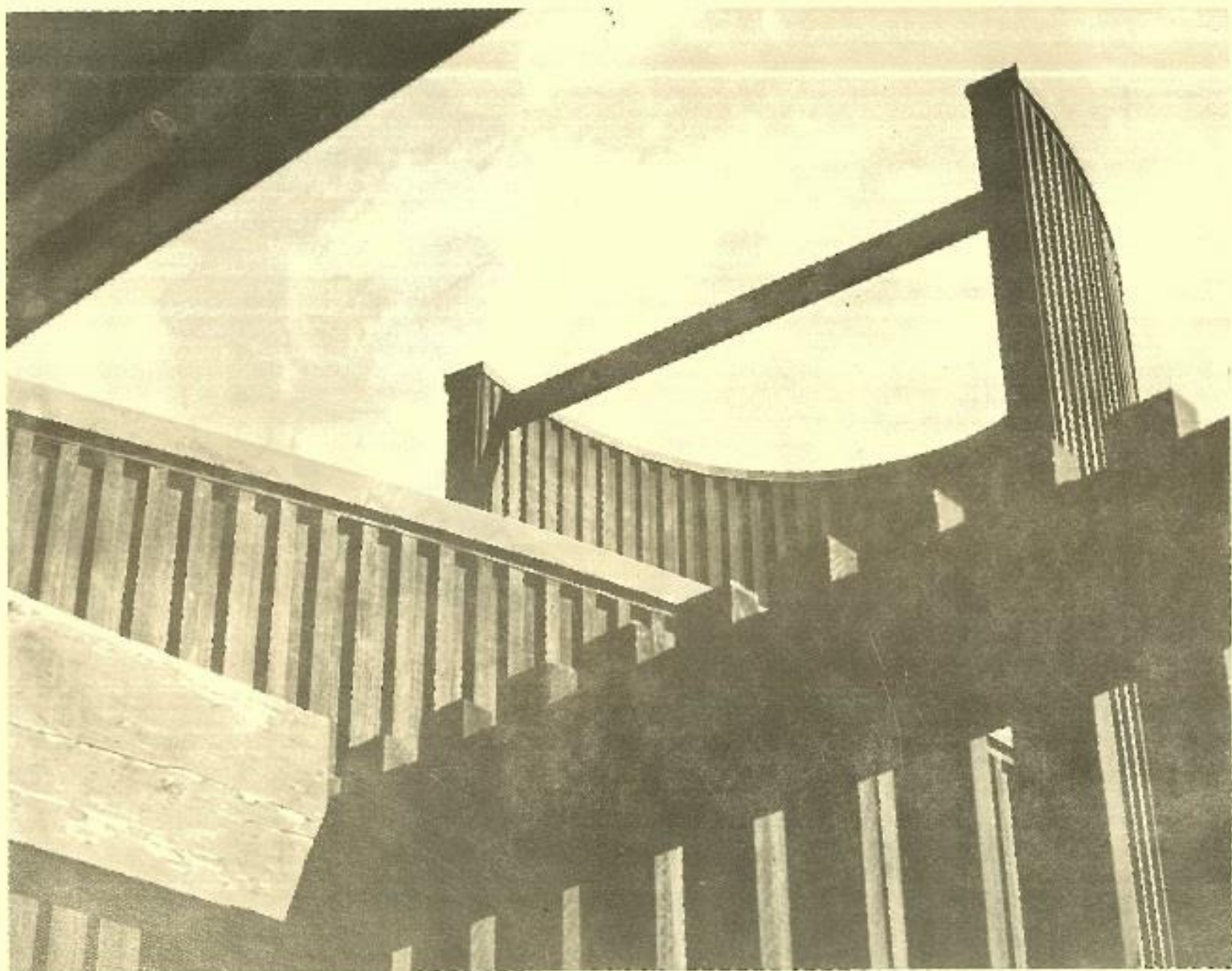


Lori Leavitt

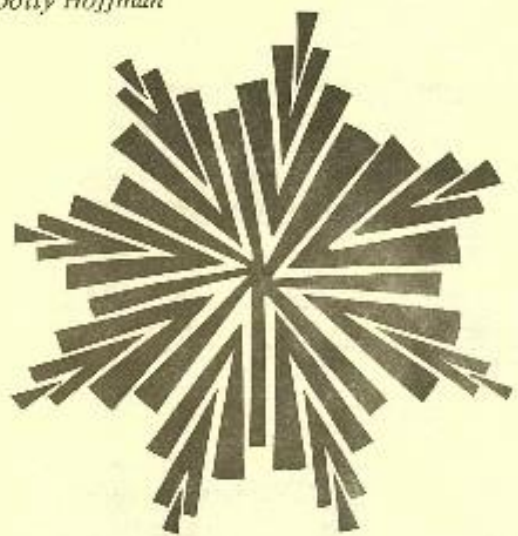


Theresa Seaton





Dotty Hoffman



Mike Dillon

In the summer she was
clothed in beautiful golden green,
but when winter came, as if she'd
committed a sin,
the winter undressed her.

Reaching her cold and barren
branches out to the sky,
she asked for forgiveness.

A Flower on His Coat

by Tom Kerr

Lindsey was not handsome, but spruce, as he strolled down the avenue with the air of one who knew his way about town. A grin from ear to ear dominated his countenance, and his sparkling blue eyes travelled over the afternoon crowd contentedly. Thoughts of a red carnation tickled his mind, and Lindsey set himself to purchase one. "There's nothing like a fresh carnation to complete a real gentleman," Lindsey chuckled to himself.

Spotting a young woman at a flower cart, Lindsey slowed his pace. He approached the well proportioned female vendor and tipped his derby philanderously. The young woman only smiled curtly and looked away.

Refusing to accept this subtle rejection, Lindsey drew nearer and chirped a flowery "Hello, there!" His breath mint overpowered the mild flower scents. Flaunting his freshly pressed flannels, Lindsey leaned over the cart and exclaimed,

"I'd like to purchase a carnation, Miss."

"Hey, yer crushin' ma flowers!"

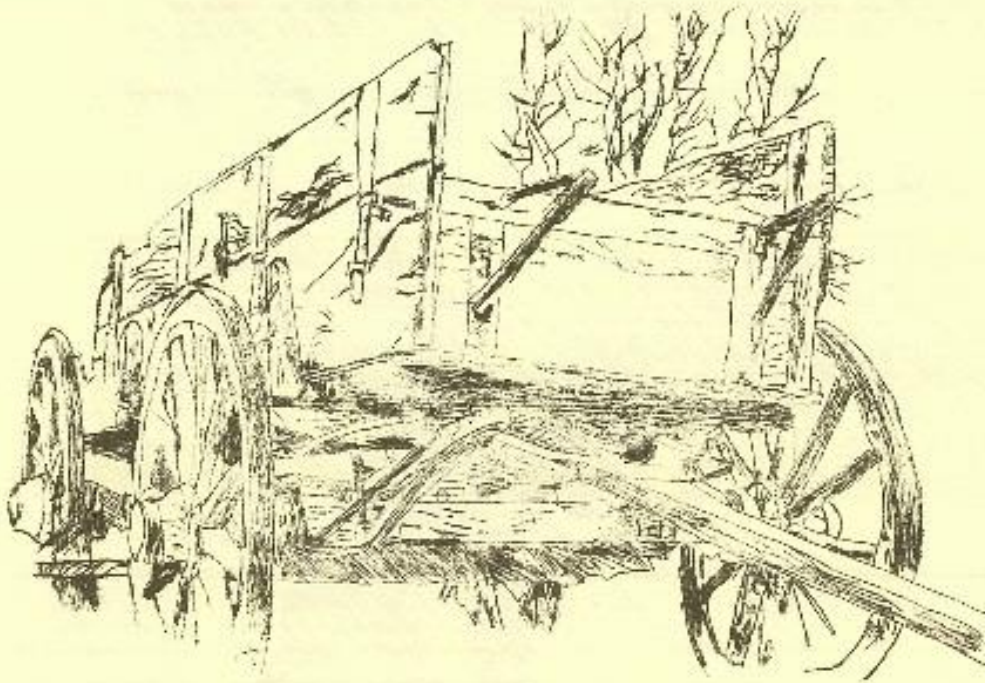
"I think a white one would do nicely," Lindsey persisted.

"Lemmie see yer money."

"On second thought, make that one white one and one red one. Yes, that's what I'd like." Lindsey leaned still farther over the rickety cart.

"Hey! Yer gonna knock this whole thing over in a minute!" The young woman stepped back.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMM?" Lindsey breathed. And with that, the cart teetered and fell from under him, throwing his Derby to the gutter and Lindsey upon the flowers. The girl's shrill screams summoned an immediate crowd around Lindsey. As the afternoon sun glinted down upon the prostrate Lindsey, in his fragrant bed of blossoms, he pleaded over and over, "Has anyone a little flower for my lapel? Just a...tiny...little...flower?" ■



Debbie Rossow

Memories of a Lady

David Arthur

The flames are out,
 the hearth so cold,
 a tinge or two of rust.
 She sits in silent solitude,
 amongst a sea of dust.
 The silver on her shotgun stack
 has turned a tingly gray.
 Lonely by herself she sits
 and thinks of yesterday.
 Yes, once with pride that
 old girl stood with her
 brass all polished bright
 To bring the mail through sleet and hail
 and passengers by night.
 But little did she realize
 her day was soon to come
 And many stood by with tears in their eyes as
 she made her final run.
 Now she sits on rotted ties
 dreaming of days gone by.
 Her whistle held in silence
 her boiler cold and dry
 And yesterday is long since gone
 as years go slipping past
 With prideful stillness she still stands
 alone for she's the last.

A young senseless bug
 Marched onward with his head high
 To his unknown death.

By Jeri Hodges



Karen Van Leuven

aurora

By Susie Long

Silently the sun
 Awakens in aureate splendor,
 The song of a meadowlark
 Rises tunefully in the crisp air
 As the sun bathes the lucid
 Blue lake in warmth and
 Shades of purple, orange, and pink.
 In awe, stand, breathing
 The spicy pine scented air,
 And Realize,
 Dawn has come to Malibu.

Rich Ray



the sun

By Gerard Labreque

The faint yellow orb rose slowly
in the sky,

It grew larger and larger each
passing second,

It changed from yellow to a
pulsing warm orange,

With little crevices, and burning
hills and lumps,

It rose.

Could it? Could it be? Yes,
yes, yes, yes it is!

As the ball rose from the
horizon these breathtaking words appeared.
Sunkist, Sunkist



Theresa Seaton



John Cooper

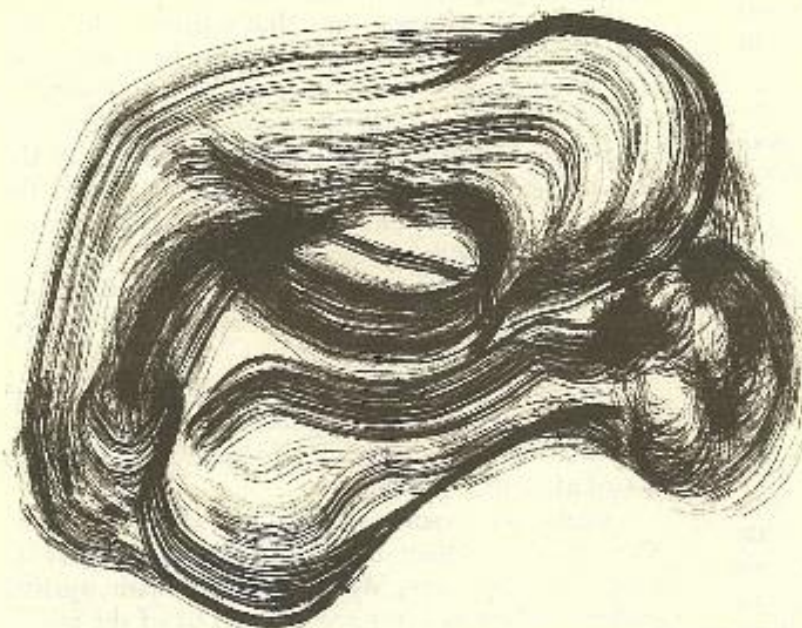
Michael's Summer Sonnet

by Karen Mee

The reeling river spoke to me of oceans
 As white mist owl above me silent soared
 Wings wide spread, fair bringer of love notions
 Pale granite was my throne, the stars my hoard
 At tempted touch of palms a queen you made me,
 Then fascinated, I the flow released
 A summers worth of pent-up giving from me
 Like gentle fountain-feelings flowing peace
 We balance beamed the curbs of Boise sidewalks
 The rainbow flowers I plucked, you organized
 And marvelled we the floating sparrow hawks
 Thin worries we knew then, all micro-sized
 The cloak we stitched now gapes with severed seams
 The things we gain are what we lose, not Dreams



Alan Jakubek



Karen Elaison



CONQUEST

BY PAT LOCKE

We were in a conquering mood, ready for any challenge that might present itself. Jon's stocky torso was set off by his square face and dark complexion. He and his shiny black hair, which looked to have been cut with the sole utensils of scissors and a bowl, had come over from Kelso just after summer vacation had started. Both of us were young toughs, calloused by our experiences stemming from two years in junior high school—his sentence had been served in the Coweechie State Reformatory, mine in Morgan Correctional Institute.

Ahead of us were the railroad tracks, twin ribbons of steel gleaming under the hot summer sun. We ambled up the sloping roadway, past a time-worn sign illegibly proclaiming "High-Gro Fertilizer." I turned around, glancing back down road. Five blocks away I could see Eighth Street, heat waves rising above it to dissipate in the cloudless blue sky. As I pivoted to my right, Kiwanis Park came into my view. Two small children were playing on the merry-go-round. Near them was the round drinking fountain.

I halted and considered for a moment: Should I or should I not go get a drink? My thirst almost prevailed, but the drinking fountain was a bit too far away, and my feet won the battle.

Jon glanced at me, and we resumed our rambling trek. Leaving the road, we wended our way through the parking lot of the vacant fertilizer warehouse. Gravel crunched beneath the soles of my aging tennis shoes. A mischievous pebble found its way into a hole in my shoe, and I lazily ejected it with my big toe as we approached the railroad tracks.

"Wait!", said Jon. "Let's not look to see if a train is coming, okay?"

"Ya, let's risk it," I replied brazenly.

We looked straight ahead as we crossed the tracks, not daring to shift our gaze even a fraction to the side. To do so would be to violate the unwritten oath we had just silently agreed upon. When the tracks were behind us and our brush with death was over, we both heaved long, drawn out sighs of relief.

Our destination was before us: the Swamp.

We loped down the dirt footpath that led into the hollow marking the edge of the marshy area. I looked above. The sky was an unblemished azure blue from horizon to horizon. A gentle breeze was toying with the limbs of a willow some thirty feet overhead.

Jon scrambled up the steep embankment of the hollow and got back on the trail. I followed in his footsteps. We rounded a bend in the path, and suddenly the pond was revealed to us. Perhaps eighty yards across, it was bordered by shoulder-high reeds and cattails on the far, northward, bank. On our side, trees, brush, and leaves encircled the pond. To the left was a thin isthmus of half-submerged land connecting our shore with the far one. Beyond the isthmus was a smaller pool, more than a little overgrown with reeds. Patches of algae dotted the ponds.

Where we were standing the trail forked. One branch led west, to the left, and the other wound through the brush to my right. The first path went deep into the Swamp, and seemed awfully muddy. I glanced at my ragged tennis shoes. "Equipped with deluxe air conditioning," Jon had put it.

"This way," I motioned, gesturing toward the path to the right. Jon nodded. After crossing through a small clearing in the thick grove of cottonwoods encircling the pond, the path meandered down to the moss-covered bank. Here an eight-inch board had been placed over the water with one end resting on the bank. The other end was set on a small island about ten feet out covered with foot-high reeds. There was nothing at all of interest near the islet.

"I wonder how come that's there." Jon was apparently thinking along the same lines as I was.

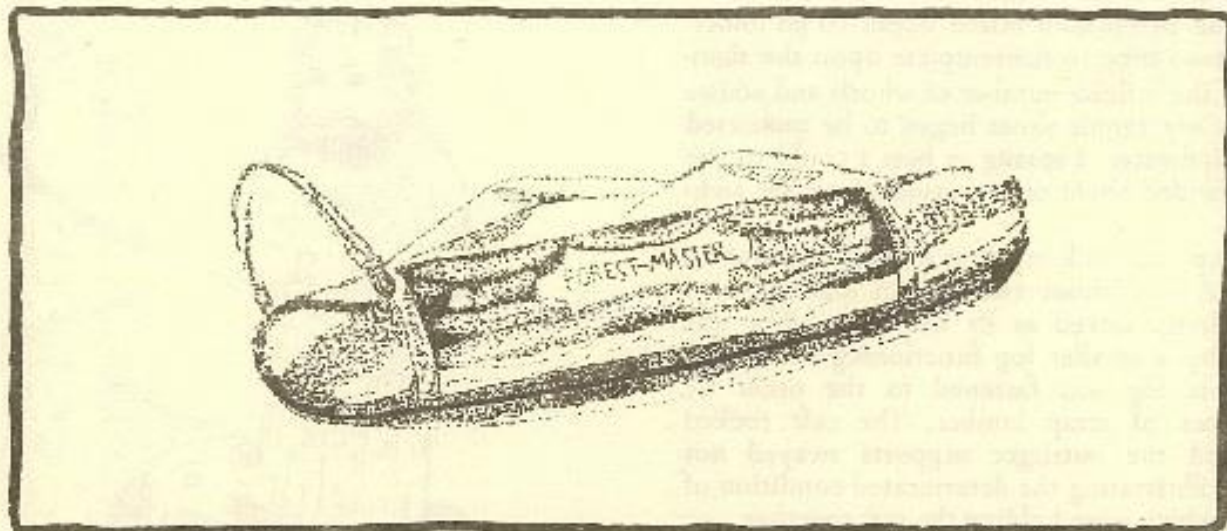
"Well, there's only one way to find out," I replied. I stepped onto the plank. It sagged under my weight. I took another step out. Suddenly the board began to slip off its insecure perch on the island. I leaped backwards onto the welcome bank just as the plank splashed into the water.

I stared at the indentations left by the board in the muddy bank where it had slid down. "My God! It's a booby trap!"

Jon looked around apprehensively. "We must be behind enemy lines," he whispered.

"We better get moving before they send a patrol after us," I said.

Again we resumed our hike along the trail. The ground underfoot turned from dry dirt to mushy swamp ooze. My tennis shoes made squishy sucking noises as I stepped in and out of the muck. The path turned north as we rounded a corner of the roughly square pond. I surveyed the murky



Dean Lillard

waters. About halfway out a stick was floating, bobbing up and down as ripples rolled past it. Closer in a patch of pond scum interrupted the pond's surface, and a little nearer to us was a log raft. A log raft? A log raft!

"Hey," I said excitedly to Jon, "look!"

"What? Oh, hey, ya!" We both stared at the raft. Jon broke the silence. "We gotta get it."

"Right," I said sarcastically. "Why don't you just walk out there on the water, Mr. Divine."

"Oh come on, get serious. There has to be a way." He paused, and then added hopefully, "Doesn't there?" The prospects certainly did look bleak. Our objective was at least fifteen feet out in the water. Near it were two clumps of reeds, possibly located on firm ground, more likely simply floating there by virtue of their bouyancy. Closer at hand, overhanging branches provided at least a start out to the raft.

"I got it," I stated, my tongue firmly lodged in my cheek. "You jump onto that branch, hop over to that island of reeds, and do a triple back flip onto the raft."

"With one hand tied behind my back, while balancing an egg on my nose, I suppose," Jon commented wryly. "But seriously, how about if we get that board that was back there, and kinda lay it across from the bank to the near island."

"It's too short."

"Okay, but if we get another one and put it on the bank with me standing on it, then put the first board on top of that one and resting on the island, that would work, wouldn't it?"

"It's worth a try," I admitted.

A few minutes later we were ready to begin our attempt. We slid our two planks into the water.

Jon positioned one of them firmly on the bank while I climbed out on a protesting branch of one of the cottonwoods overhanging the pond. Jon gave the second board a shove, and it floated out to me. I moved it into place, onto the first board and resting on one of the reedy islets, almost falling in the water in the process.

"Okay," I said to Jon.

He stepped onto the board. The weight of his body brought the other end of it up almost out of the water. The second board was raised out of the pond completely, since it was on top of the first board. Here was a seemingly safe path to the raft.

"Well, here goes," I muttered to myself. I swung my legs off the branch and onto the board. Even though my arms, tightly wrapped around the limb, were supporting most of my weight, the board sank noticeably.

"No way is this going to support me," I informed Jon. "What you gotta do is move fast," he replied. "Just take two or three quick long steps and be there before the board has enough time to sink."

"Right," I said, wishing he was the one about to drown himself in this godforsaken attempt and I was the one on the bank making stupid suggestions. Well, can't back out now, I thought to myself.

I moved out another step on the now partially submerged plank. Here the branch ended, as would my support when I took my next step. I paused for a moment, gathering up the courage to jump along the board to the raft.

And then I leaped far out onto the board. For a second, time was suspended and I was standing

Continued

on the plank quite comfortably. Then, all of a sudden, the overloaded board began to go under. There was no time to contemplate upon the significance of the infinite number of whorls and eddies created as my tennis shoes began to be immersed by the pondwater. I sprang as best I could to the raft and landed there on my stomach rather awkwardly.

I sat up and took my first close range look at the raft. A log, about two feet in diameter and ten feet long, served as its body. Stability was provided by a smaller log functioning as an outrigger. This log was fastened to the other by three pieces of scrap lumber. The raft rocked gently, and the outrigger supports swayed not so gently, illustrating the deteriorated condition of the joints which were holding the raft together.

"Can you get it into shore?" came Jon's voice from what seemed a distant location. I looked up and scouted the shoreline for a suitable place to dock. "Uh, sure, okay, how about over there on the south shore a little west of where we came into the Swamp," I answered. It looks pretty good from here."

"Okay, Jon said, and he was off, running back along the path to our rendezvous. For a split second I wondered how I was going to pilot the raft over there, and then, laughing inwardly at my stupidity, I picked up the board I had so recently used to get to where I was now.

As I poled my way over to our landing, I reflected on how peaceful it was in the Swamp. Not quiet, but peaceful all the same. Birds chirped overhead, the trees swished softly in the breeze, and the methodical splash of my pole only added to the tranquility. I looked up at the sky. Was this what living was really like?

Then I pulled into the dock, Jon climbed on, and we shoved off. Somehow I didn't have that feeling anymore, but that was fine with me because we were explorers now, venturing far into the uncharted waters of the uncharted wilds. Nothing could daunt my spirits, and nothing did, not even when Jon and I poled against each other and we both took an unexpected swim. When we headed home that evening beneath the darkening sky we were wet and we were tired, but that didn't stop us from having a exhilarating feeling of challenge met and conquest realized.



Dean Lillard

The Fireside

I sit quietly watching
the fire, casting shadows
along the wall above me.
A tiny bug crawls across
the roof, rather busily.

The dog is sleeping
in the corner. He is having
a dream. Outside, leaves
are fluttering lightly.
It suddenly occurs to me
that I am lazy.

Barbie Smith
Morgan Junior High

War is Hell

BY MALCOLM MCCLINTON

I crouched behind the truck, my hands pressed tight to the pain in my side. My breath came in tearing gasps that jerked my whole body; my hearing was dimmed by the pounding blood in my ears. It was too late in the evening to distinguish more than light and dark, shadow and open; even the bright red of the truck was a black-gray in the dusk, but it wasn't too dark for me not to notice the silhouetted figure eye it's way along the fence. I could see the gun in his hand.

I tightened the grip on my own pistol. I forced my trembling body to remain in the shadow of the truck as the silhouette edged closer and closer. One slip and it would be over. My right leg was shaking with a spasm I couldn't control. I had to move to relieve the pain. Slowly, ever so slowly, I pulled my leg over the ice covered ground. But I didn't notice the board leaning against the truck and I knocked it over, making a crash that

broke the silence and alerted the figure.

It stopped and turned from side to side listening for another sound. I could see its breath against the cold, dusk sky.

Then it moved again, this time in my direction, his gun tight in his hand.

I knew what I had to do: kill it or be killed. I slowly raised my pistol over the edge of the truck as I whispered, "war is hell."

Holding the gun with both hands I pulled the trigger yelling, "BANG!"

The silhouette didn't fall. He, my little brother just stood there and dropped his plastic gun.

"I got you Duncan, you're dead."

"No, you didn't; you missed."

Duncan every time we play army you cheat—I quit.

And so ended the third world war for now.



Seth Macinko

The Last Breath

Nancy Sperline

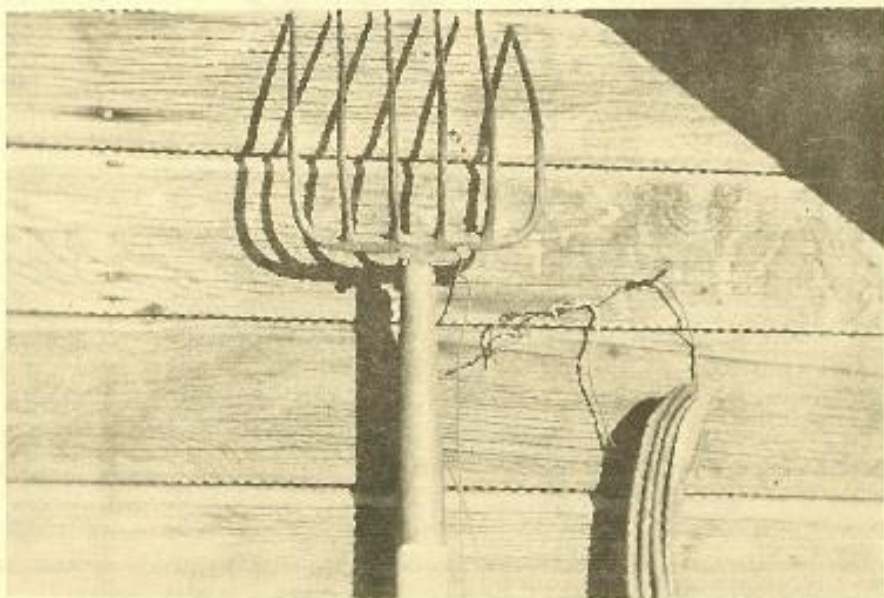
Lying down slow breaths appear,
there is a bleeding cow now dying.

Life now is almost gone.
She struggles one last breath.

There's no movement now.
A slight breeze appears.

I take the seeds of grasses
and dandelions to a far off place.

Now as the dead rest among
the new young life, it begins to rain.



Ron Swedberg

Brad Peck



Shakespearean Sonnet

By Annmarie Housley

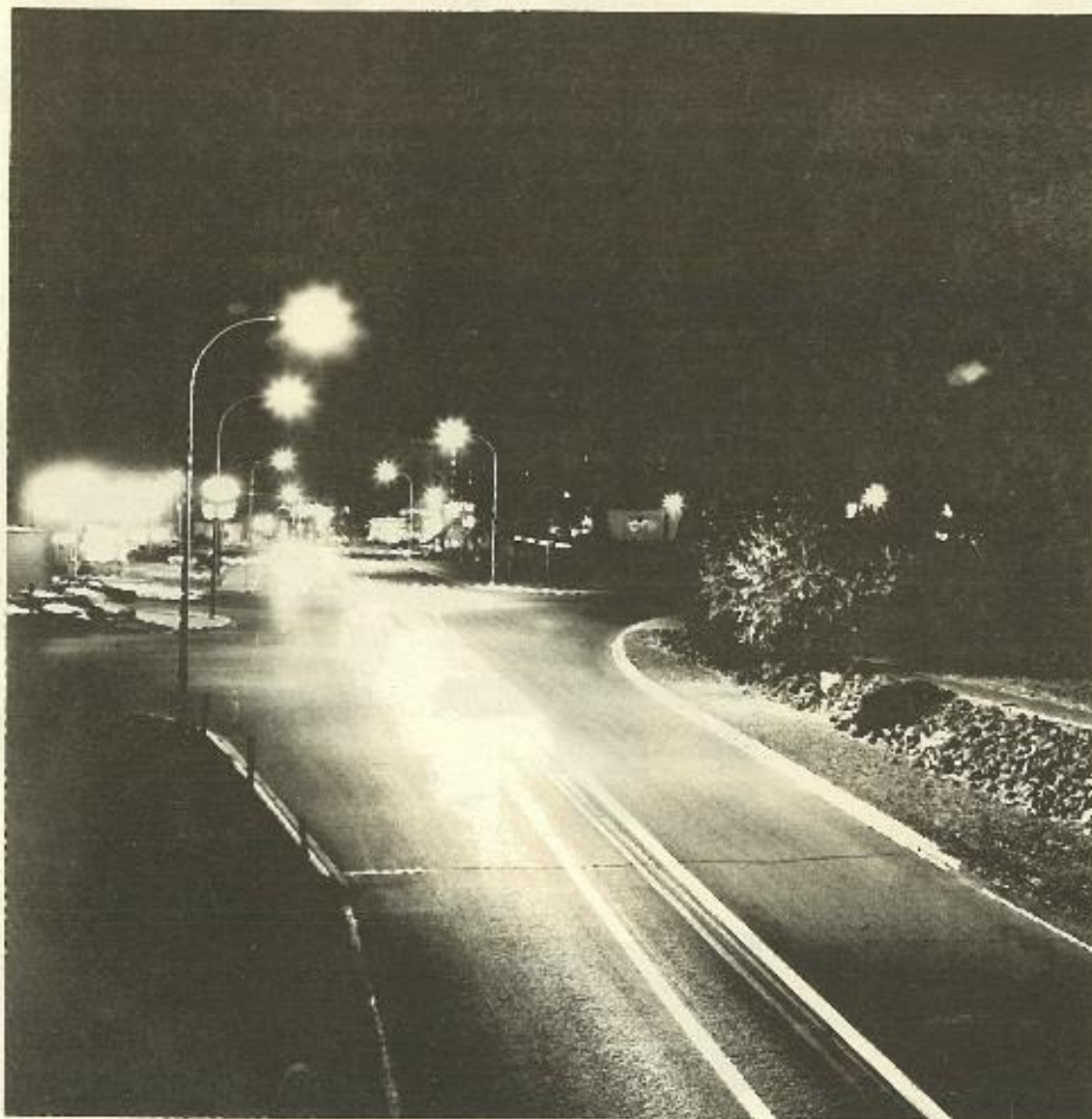
We both were thinking I would be back soon
Those times of "cruising", midnight cokes were through,
No more talks 'till setting of the moon.

Your letters in red ink, lines full of news;
the wind blowing; lousy tennis weather.
Boys you like as friends in love with you,
If only you and Rick could get together,

The Rockies' beauty brings you to my mind.
The Bluebells' grace cannot compare to yours.
In crystal tripling streams-- your voice, I find,
Remind me that we've been away for hours.

Despite the lonely fact we are apart
Our friendship has grown closer to my heart.

Seth Macinko



Ode to my marbles

Mitch Camstock

I received these
marbles
through the mysteries
of the
universe.

One day, marbles
found in
the closet,

hiding
as if scared
of the daylight.

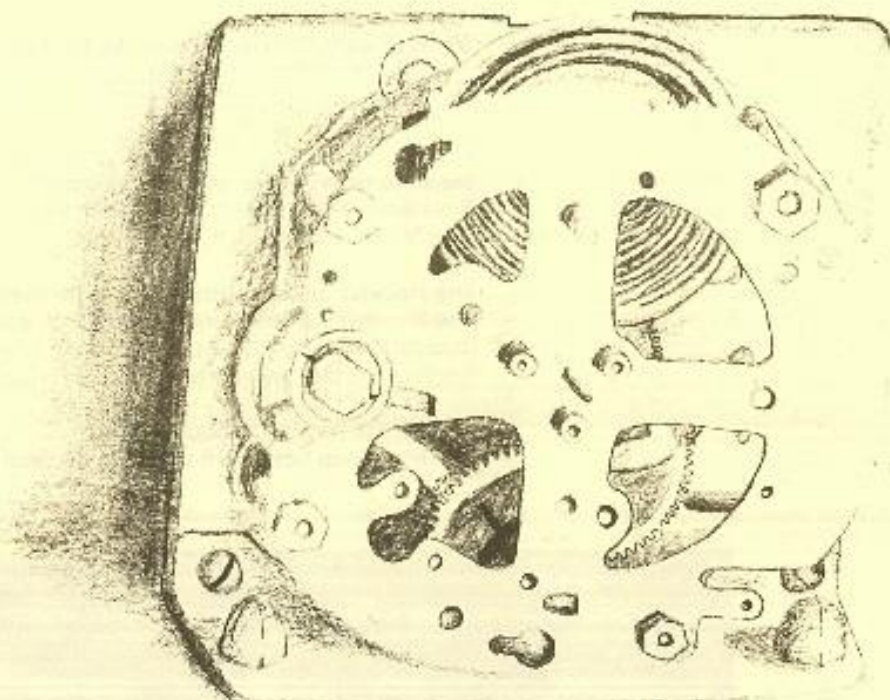
These marbles, smooth
as a polished
silver spoon,

round as the sun
and colored
like a rainbow,

These marbles
waiting--

Waiting for the
game,

a game
of marbles!



Leslie Lewis

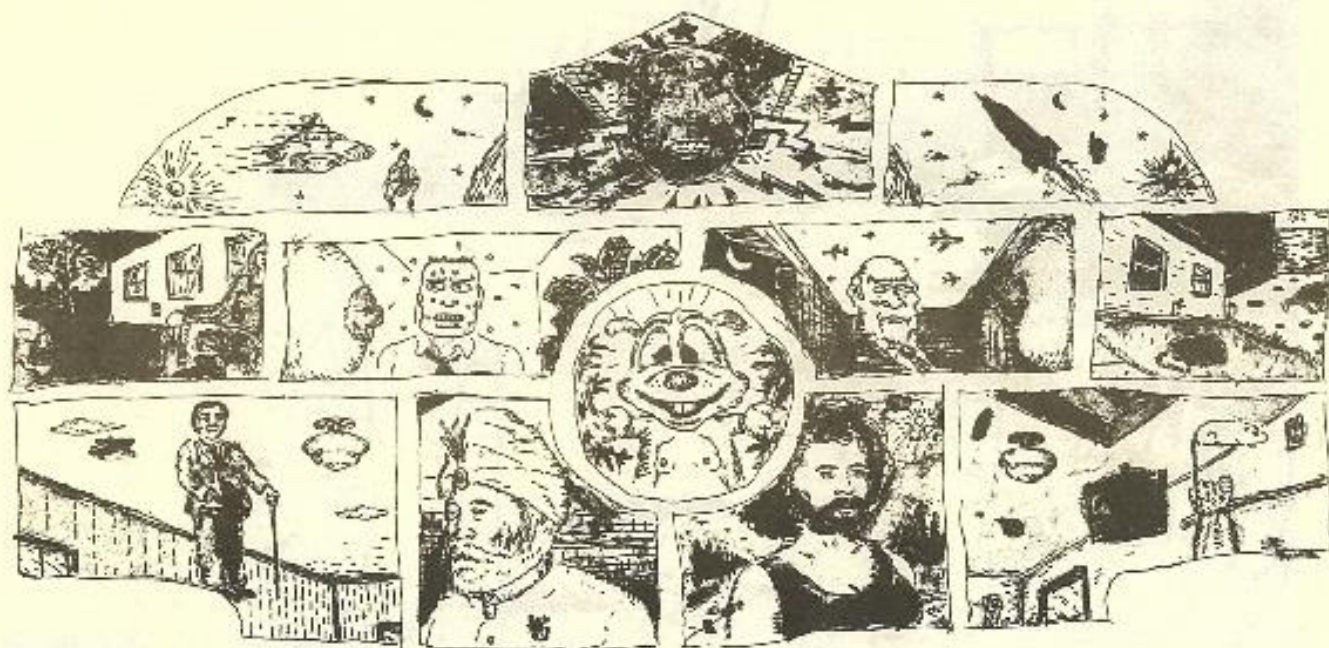


Seth Macinko

insanity

-a group effort by Mrs. Gilliam's 6th period poets

Wait!! Stop!! Oh oh oh AH! I'll-I'll-I'll--oh oho hoi
 Swirling chaos--dizzily drown me.
 Display your sword, mates, I'll take you all!
 Isolated from the world & to
 kill anyone who crosses me.
 Too fast, too much, oh, it should stop!
 Damn crows ain't got no respect
 for an old woman, catch 'em by the scruff
 of their necks and crush the little critters'
 brains out!
 I'm being swarmed by vicious
 ravaging lice!
 Shut the doors and windows, the sun seeks to blind us
 while the claw from behind reaches for us!
 I got eyes that see black ghosts!
 Kill them! Don't let them near me! People staring,
 burning holes! The world is a big book falling on me?
 Everybody's out to get me.
 Beware the Jabberwock, my son, cruel
 and terrible but kind at heart.
 The drab institutional green walls, no nurse, you young wench,
 keep away I tell you! You will never know me, all is the enemy.
 My life is a dove, full of unreal love.
 The teacups are coming from beyond starland spoons!
 I want to get out!
 When do I die, can I go next?
 The stars are roaring, my tongue is deaf, I'm lonely, lonely,
 I have no name.



Kurt Sperry

The Betrayal

BY MALCOLM MCCLINTON

The winds of thousands of years blew in the face of Jeff Hawke. He found it hot and hard to breathe as he sat in the time machine. And though it seemed like hours, it was really only a few short minutes since he had started out on this one-way mission.

He was traveling 2,978 years into man's past. In his own time now lost in the future, civilization and life were just words. Man no longer lived, he just existed from day to day. He no longer had a goal for tomorrow or a yesterday to look back on. Oh, once in a while there was laughter, but it would always die. And soon civilization too would die—all because man had forgotten!

Jeff had volunteered for this mission. Now traveling so many years to change and shape history, he was to kill a man through betrayal.

It wasn't the man's fault but his death would be remembered.

Even more important, the meaning of his death would be remembered.

Jeff knew that he would never be able to return to his own time and he knew that he himself would die, so many years from home.

He also knew that his sacrifice would never be known. In fact, he would be considered a villain all through history.

And the man who's life he was to take would be praised and this time he wouldn't be forgotten. At first there would be war but in the end it would pull mankind together.

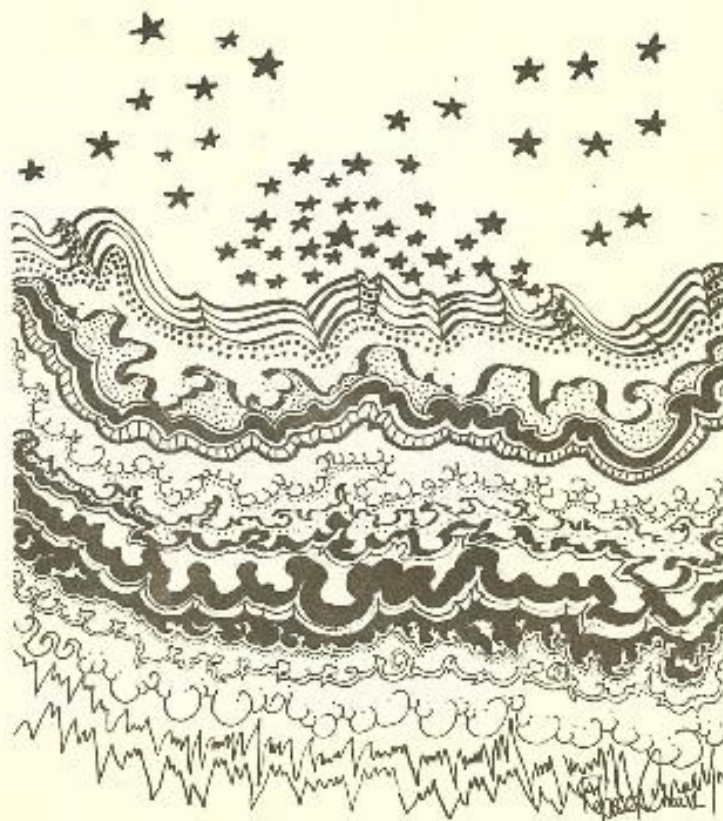
His breath left him as the time machine slowed down and after long moments it came to a halt.

He struggled with his straps and at last setting himself free, stepped from the time machine. Only for a moment did he hesitate to repeat the name he was to use in this time.

Judas, Judas Iscariot.



Seth Macinko



Rebecca Crews

What is an American?

BY PATSY MAURER

Mr. Webster defines an American in his dictionary: An American is a citizen or an inhabitant of the United States.

The term American renders more meaning to me. To say that an American, a true American, is merely an inhabitant of the United States is skimming the surface.

An American has a concern for others, a love for his country, a respect for other's opinions, and a will to abide by the laws.

I am not saying that America is perfect or that the law system is perfect either. But if you have been wronged or feel you have been wronged, you have the right to question, to take to court and to justify your opinion.

Fighting for what you believe in is not un-American, as much of my generation believes. It is a protection of our precious freedom, our freedom to be able to express our opinions, as much of us think we have the right to do. Indeed they do, but without war to gain our freedom they wouldn't be able to publicly ridicule the government as they do now.

As written in the Gettysburg Address: "Let us not let our nation of freedom fail nor let those who have died for this freedom have died in vain, but let us remember those who fought and thank God we are still able to be free."

When you say the Pledge of Allegiance or sing the Star Spangled Banner, listen to what you say and think about what you hear, then maybe this term American can have more meaning to you too.

We, the young generation, have never had to fight for our freedom and hopefully we never will, but if our country ever calls us to do so, I pray our parents have installed enough American devotion in us that we will stand up against the intruders and protect this precious gift that has been handed to us from 200 years of true Americans.

Being an American is the greatest privilege ever granted to anyone, for being an American inspires in all of us that search for individual freedom that makes America a success.

Buggy Salad

Sorry I used beetle bugs for seasoning in the salad but I ran out of caterpillars.

DeeAnn Yuskoff
Morgan Junior High



Lyle Gardinier



My Rocks

Joe Moore

To me my rocks
are like gems of
fire and sunlight.

Others are like
deep dark canyons
with sharp edges
of death.

Others still
are like wide open
plains, in
the background
mighty mountains.

In them are giant
caves and crevasses,
filled with gold
and silver and
treasures long forgotten.

Blaine Green

Memories

The old barn creaked on that hot
summer morning.

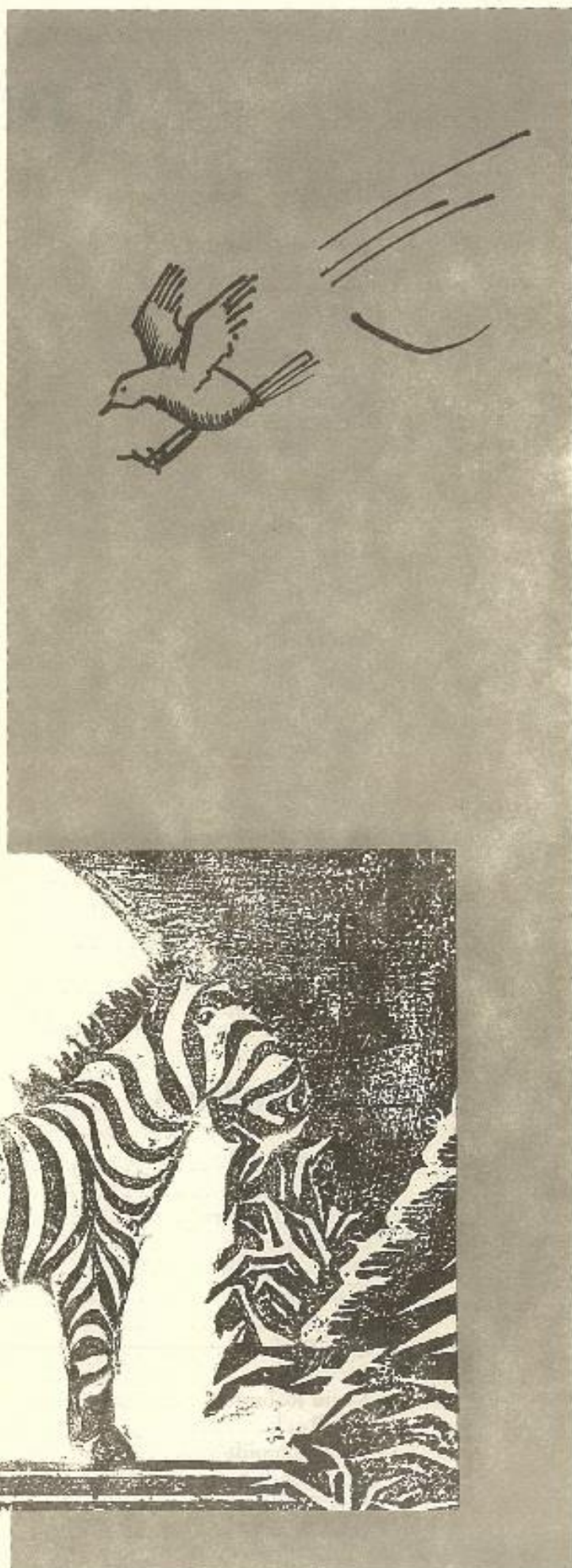
The hay stuck to my shirt
like thumb tacks.

The sparrows were singing off to my
left, to my right the dog was playing.

Up above I see a spider spinning
a web. The chickens are cackling.

A slight breeze is coming up.
What a rotten day.

Chuck Haberman
Morgan Junior High



Tom Kerr

Credits

Artists

Toby Allenbaugh	13
<i>etching</i>	
Danita Barton	6
<i>Birds</i>	
Erin Condit	15
<i>King Lear</i>	
Rebecca Crews	39
<i>sketch</i>	
Carolyn Dean	9
<i>oil painting</i>	
Mike Dillon	24
<i>block print</i>	
Ann Doi	8
<i>black and white</i>	
Karen Elaison	29
<i>ink sketch</i>	
Tom Kerr	41
<i>block print</i>	
Lori Leavitt	23
<i>etching</i>	
Leslie Lewis	36
<i>sketch</i>	
Sophie Lietar	15
<i>sketch</i>	
Dean Lillard	31, 32
<i>ink sketch</i>	
Debbie Rossow	26
<i>etching</i>	
Theresa Seaton	23
<i>sketch</i>	
<i>etching</i>	28
Kurt Sperry	4, 10, 19, 20, 29, 37
<i>ink sketches</i>	
Karen Van Leuven	10
<i>ink sketch</i>	
<i>block print</i>	27

Photographers

John Cooper	28
Lyle Gardinier	9, 14, 40
Karen Goodburn	3
Blaine Green	40
Dotty Hoffman	24
Alan Jakubek	22
Seth Macinko	3, 33, 35, 36, 38
Brad Peck	34
Rich Ray	27
Kevin Roberts	4, 10, 17
Jeff Rock	22
Mark Schmidt	8, 29
Ron Swedberg	2, 5, 34
Kris Thedens	44
John Wines	33

藝
術
熱
蘭
花

勞
廿
燕
心
雨
陵

Chinese Writing by:
Anna Lo



the sea

Crashing waves.
Seagulls screaming.

Sunset on the water.
It's all a part of me.

Sharon Clemons
Morgan Junior High

Kris Thedens

RETROSPECT

Staff - Amy Fleming, Tom Kerr
Copy reader - Pat Locke
Typist - Kathy Kelleher
Printed by - Graphics Limited



Produced as a training grant by HLR/HR



A division of Graphics High School, Inc.