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MIKE RANBY
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The Torch

SCOTTSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

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FREE

I'm walking on a cloud.
The music sears my bones;
It burns into my brain
With psychedelic tones.

A song is rising in my lungs;
I shout it to the world.
My heart is wound with ecstasy,
Never to be unfurled.

I'm not on marijuana.
I'm not on LSD.
I'm on a trip of happiness
Because my soul is free.

 Kathy Bertagnolli-

STILL MY THOUGHTS RETURN

Still my thoughts return
To the world we shared
so young
so free

Still my thoughts return
To the moments spent together
so precious
so few

Still my thoughts return
To the love that was ours
so sweet
so tender

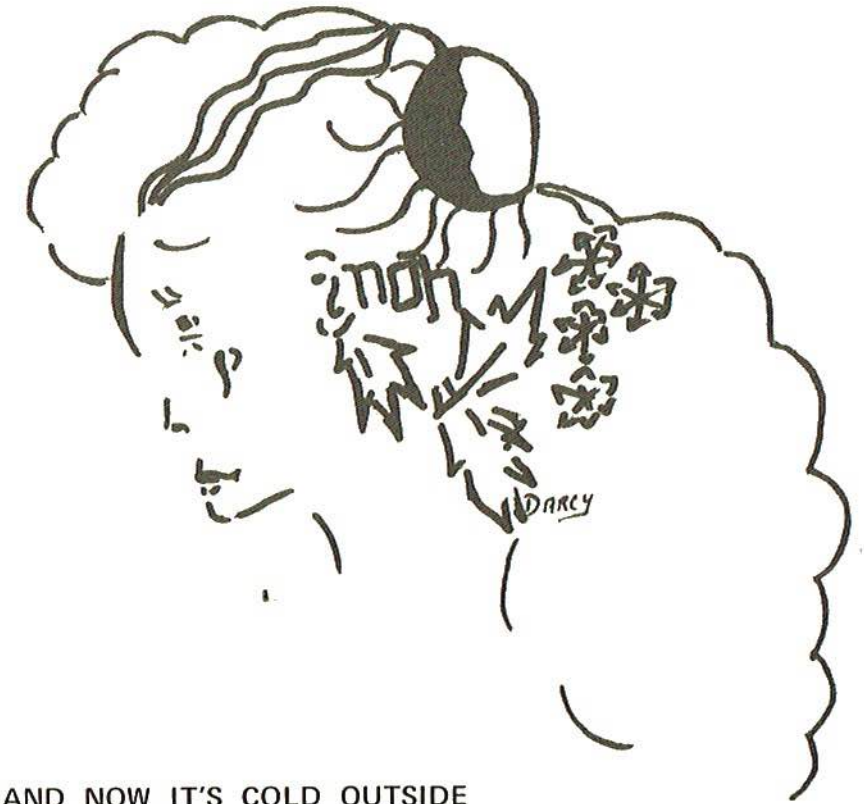
Still my thoughts return
To the words hastily spoken
so harsh
so unkind

Still my thoughts return
To the foolish vows made
so childish
so bitter

Still my thoughts return
To the days spent alone
so long
so lonely

And still my thoughts return
why?

Cindy Cotten-



AND NOW IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

Long summer days; the cool blue waters,
My mind is wandering further into the past.
All these visions only remind me of you;

Then came autumn with red-brown leaves;
The crisp clean air;
And these too remind me of all those times we shared.

And now it's cold outside, snow drifting;
Slowly and gently to the ground;
Reminding me of coldness and you.

Emily Norwood-

THE FREAKS

Flashing flowers
Blowing in the wind,
As a circus band
Comes moving in.

It opens up on Saturday night,
And everyone pays to see
The freaks that come rolling in
Straight from some big city.

It's not the rednecks
They come to see.
It's the ones with the hair and beads
That they pay to laugh and tease.

But deep inside it hurts the ones
That try to be themselves;
Because they can't be any better,
They want to be put away on shelves.

The rednecks laugh and tease them
Because their hair is long,
They have no other way of making funds.
Do you think that this is wrong?

To laugh and kid these people
Who're the same as you and me,
Because they have a chance
To be what they want to be.

Now just stop and think a minute.
Where would we all be,
If it wasn't for the entertainment
By the ones you call the freaks.

You probably said, a lot better off
If you're a faggot as we say;
But you'd be in an old fogie world
If it weren't for us today.

Mike Roney--

WHICH IS WORSE?

We smoke some weed and you're in
an uproar.

So to calm your nerves you go to
the bar.

You have quite a few and praise
the war.

Then, you fool, you drive off in
your car.

As you go down the road you can't see
so straight.

And you're driving at a really
stupid rate.

Then it happens! You've killed a
little girl,

A precious thing in this dirty
world.

You act very sorry and very remorseful,
But behind the wheel you weren't so
resourceful.

Now it's over and you've paid a fine,
Your license is gone and you're walking
the line.

If people could open their minds
Then you'd be sure to find,

That if you put it right to the mass
They'd rather you'd stayed home and
smoked some grass.

Michael George--

MY POEM

When I try to be myself
You look at me and say,
"Look at her and her long-haired friends.
What a shame she is that way!"

Well, what way am I supposed to be
That you don't approve of?
Is it because I may be different?
Or that I want the world to love-

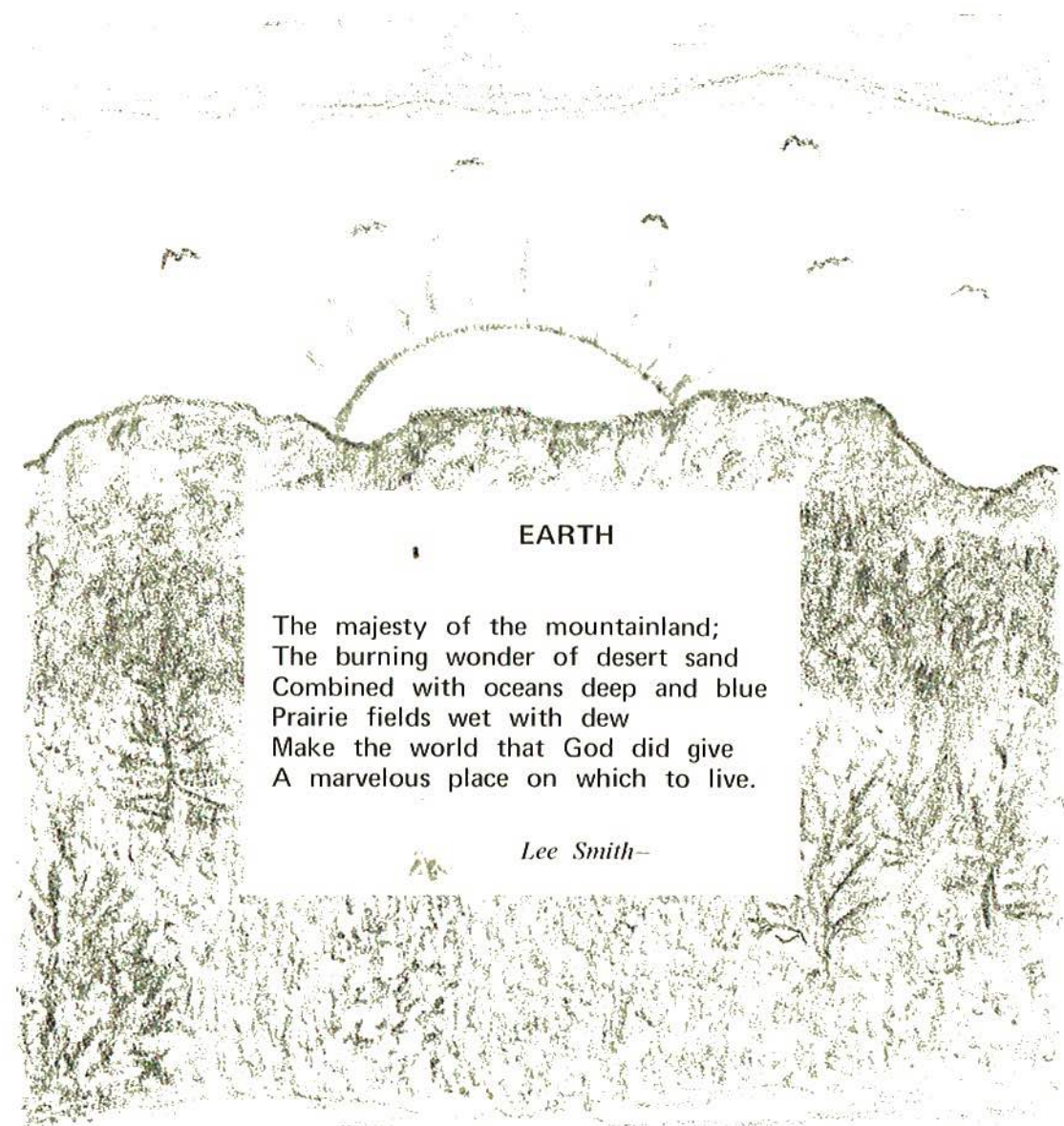
To be a real and honest person--
Since when is that so wrong?
I'm asking you--when can we communicate?
I hope it's not too long.

How can you condemn me
When you don't try to understand?
I'm only trying to fight what you accept.
Won't you join the band?

We're fighting to save our only earth
Against the ravages of man.
We're fighting pollution, war, prejudice, and hate
The only way we can.

Couldn't we accomplish twice as much
If we join together and fight?
With God's help we could overcome strife,
And build a world that is right.

Susan Nichols-



EARTH

The majesty of the mountainland;
The burning wonder of desert sand
Combined with oceans deep and blue
Prairie fields wet with dew
Make the world that God did give
A marvelous place on which to live.

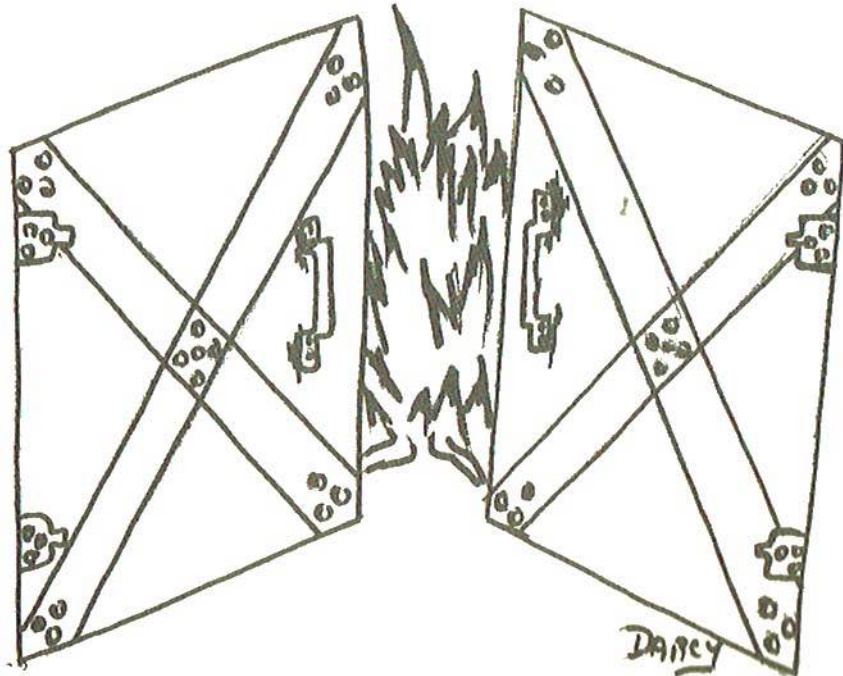
Lee Smith-

Lee C. Dulan

THE CAST IRON DOOR

The path I followed was long and dark.
What was this journey on which I embarked?
Cast iron gates all rusted and black.
I looked for a peephole and found a small crack.
What I saw made me shudder, I shook like a leaf,
Yet no sound did I utter, nor a sigh of relief.
Charred people and fire and demons galore
Were what was behind the cast iron door.
I wanted to scream and get out of this place,
Yet invisible forces held me in their embrace.
Screaming and crying "don't beat me any more"
Were the sounds from behind the cast iron door.
Torture and pain till eternity's end.
Why had it waited till now to begin!
The doors were jerked open, I fell to the floor.
Now, I am behind hell's cast iron door!

Donnie Jones—



WHEN THEY LAY ME IN THE PIT I DUG

I put away my shovel,
For the pit was finished now
The fortune teller told me
Yes, she knew. I wondered how.
They scoffed me when I told them
What the lass in black had said.
She told me that within a week
My body would be dead.
But notice, she said body!
Where will my spirit be
When they lay me in the pit I dug
Beneath the willow tree?
Half a week has gone by now
And yet I'm still alive!
Oh, Satan's servant, were you right?
Will I lose my life?
I sit here and I'm waiting
I'll die soon, can't you see?
And they'll lay me in the pit I dug
Beneath the willow tree.

I walked into the kitchen
For poison I did seek
To kill the worry in my mind
And make my body weak.
Accepting death is very hard
So I'm helping it along.
By the time tomorrow rolls around
My body will be gone.
Everything is blurry now;
I find it hard to see.
Soon they'll lay me in the pit I dug
Beneath the willow tree.

They carry me along now
In a six-foot-long pine box.
And very, very gently
They set me on the rocks
I hear my family talking.
Yes, now my soul is free.
And they laid me in the pit I dug
Beneath the willow tree

Donnie Jones—

TO THREE CATS

FOR SPOONY

Lovely, young Guinevere
Stretches her hand
and clutches the heavens
Bringing down the stars
To greet the cat, Spoon.

FOR QUAD

Quad comes into the room
on soft black paws,
Drawing back her eyes to show
Frightened love and insanity.

FOR CHARLENE

Born while awakening from a dream,
Surrounded by Holy light,
Charlene sits in the window-
Watching.

Mickey Nichols-

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HAIKU

Happiness is as a flower
Beautiful for a while;
Then it will die.

Dreams are only my hopes;
Hopes are what I live by.
Without hope there is nothing.

Yesterday you loved me
Now yesterday is gone;
There will be no tomorrow.

Emily Norwood-

Long blank sand dunes
Dark threatening ocean
People need each other.

Patty Mullaney-

As the cold wind blows
The lonely soul wanders on
Searching for true peace.

Micah Taylor-

Trees grow tall and high
Roots grow deeper and deeper.
Time runs out too fast.

Mike Metcalf-

DEDICATED TO ONE I KNEW

Through my mind race senseless thoughts.
Bits of the past flash before my eyes.
My ears are filled with dreadful words
Spoken long ago – lies
I try to cry, but no tears will come.
The pain I felt inside has gone;
I feel nothing now but emptiness.
I sit as in a daze.

Suddenly, someone touches my hand.
I find myself gazing into large, gentle eyes.
The voice I hear is quiet and pleading
But full of assurance and strength.
The room grows still as the magic words are spoken.
Come, the answer lies with me.

Cindy Cotten-

TO US - MAYBE

We are opposites, but we are meant to go together
Just like:

day and night
sun and moon
love and hate

We were happy - at first -

Then, we only knew the necessities about each other -

names
homes
parents

Now we have learned all;

It isn't as beautiful now knowing:

Your faults
Your dreams
Your ambitions

We have so many of the same hopes -

Yet, our ways of obtaining them are opposite -

We never agree
We fight against each other
We take different sides
We hurt each other

Yet, one look into each other's eyes -

Can bring us together -
attract us -

Like:

North and South
East and West
Right and wrong

We both have so much pride -

God! so much pride -

You in yourself, me in myself, and never any in-between.

We both strive for all or nothing

We dominate and detest being dominated

Yet, there is something acting as a magnet between us

Some thing indefinable

Some thing that motivates us

Some thing that makes us come together

And not care who is dominating,

Not care who is right -

We have only a few hours

Yet we part -

mad

angry

upset--yet strangely satisfied -

Knowing that we will be drawn back together

Like:

sun and moon
day and night
love and hate

Someday--

Forever.

Jane Thomas-

QUESTIONS WITH NO ANSWERS

Sitting 'round and understanding
for whatever it is worth.
Rocking back and forth,
turning 'round and 'round
you don't have the answers.

Sitting 'round and caring
all about the earth.
Rocking back and forth,
turning 'round and 'round
you don't have the answers.

Why, we ask?
Why, is there war?
When, we ask?
When, will there be peace?
How, we ask?
How, to stop pollution?
Where, we ask?
Where, to put the population?

Sitting 'round and talking
not knowing what to say.
Rocking back and forth,
turning 'round and 'round
you don't have the answers.

Sitting 'round and thinking
your mind is in a mess.
Rocking back and forth,
turning 'round and 'round
you don't have the answers.

Lindsay Douglas-



LOVE POEM

A love poem

is

just simply

your name -

Said with mine

together

for only a moment

but -

forever

Belinda Butler-

The snow falls softly
And animals run for warmth
Love is soft and warm.

Lynn Price-

Spring's sunshine has come
Flowers spread in bright colors
As I think about life.

Anita Brown-

Trash lies in the park
Bottles glisten in the sun
Life trips on a can.

Carol Hill-

Snow begins to melt;
Trees lift their arms to the sky.
The war is over.

Carol Hill-

THE OASIS OF LIFE

The orange globe of sunset was sinking slowly in the sky
With all its blazing fury, its last rays kissed the earth goodbye.
The desert night was cloudless with stars of greatest magnitude,
The animals came prowling looking cautiously for food.
The desert is cold at night, you know, and the cold wind swept my back,
And the shadows cast by the moon's hazy glow looked like demons dressed in black.
The flapping of the buzzards' wings and the rattle of the snake,
And the coolness of the sand at night made my body quake.
Only one match did I have to build my fire by,
Not even a weapon to stalk my prey and my canteen, I found, was dry.
I held the match behind large stones to shield it from the wind,
And as I scratched the surface of rock I feared my life would end.
There came a spark and then one more, oh God, let it burst into flame!
The sulphur and wood began to burn and with relief my body went lame.
But it is not over yet, for a fire I must start,
And as the crackling of the wood began, it relieved my pounding heart.
After puncturing several cacti, for water to quench my thirst
I heard a rustle behind a tumbleweed and I thought my heart would burst.
Gila monsters and rattlesnakes crawl ruthlessly on the rocks
To bite their victims with poisonous fangs and put them into shock.
I grabbed a blunt piece of firewood, my nerves almost a wreck,
And behind the lonesome tumbleweed was a hare with a broken neck.
He was still alive as I approached but he'd never before seen man.
But he was terrified to death and I dropped the stick from my hand.
The little thing was skin and bones, but at least it would be food.
And to know I had food, drink, and warmth put me in a better mood.

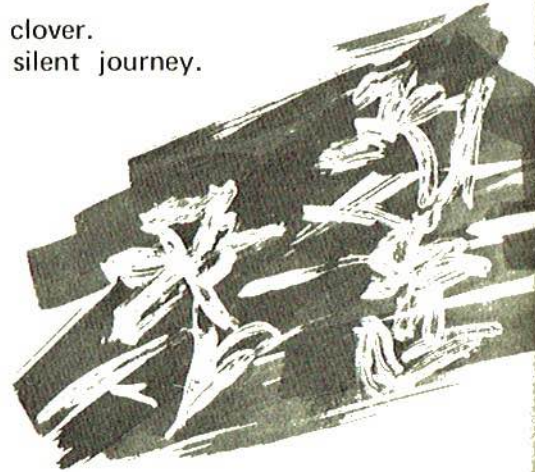
I awoke to find the sunlight shining softly in my eyes.
I discovered the wolf wasn't howling his long and lonesome cry.
What was that in the distance? An oasis, could it be?
Or is it just a tricky mirage like a mermaid in the sea?
But no, the trees are swaying ever gently in the breeze.
It seems as they are saying, "Dear friend, put your mind at ease."
I put my shirt across my head and canteen on my back
I ran so fast it didn't seem I even left a track.
When I came to the water my eyes were filled with tears.
I hadn't been this happy in many, many years.
My friend, if the same situation ever happens to you,
You can always count on Nature, for somehow she always comes through.

Donnie Jones-

A TOUCH OF YELLOW

Lovely rows of buttercups
Standing in the rain.
As a buttercup dangled in the shower
A silent raindrop ran down its face
On to the stem and immersed through the ground.
This tiny raindrop brings more lovely buttercups
Up through the harsh soil.
They spread their elegant faces
Once more unto heaven.
You think, O Lord, how lovely.
The rains come again.
Bringing a host of yellow to the clover.
Once more the raindrop takes its silent journey.
You think, O Lord, how lonely.

Debra Wildman—



DARCY

The flower
Growing in the field
Brings color
To a slowly dying world,
And even
The growing flower
Is dying
Ever so slowly,
In quiet
Protest against death
Its beauty
Gives reason for life.

Lee Smith—

A MATTER OF CARING

What can one person do for his God, for his country, for his family and friends? I often ask that same question when I think of how big this old world really is. It is full of jobs to be done, places to see, and people to help. There is so much to be done.

Are there enough people today who are willing to give just a little time to help that poor family that lives near by, who cannot afford decent food and clothing, but who are too proud to ask for help? Do we really care enough to stop to think of those who have suffered deep hardships and misfortune, those who really have it bad? Once we think of these, do we think of what we can do that can really help?

There are those of this world, in our nation, foreign lands, and even in our community who are starving to know that some one cares. They are seeking those who are willing to share not just material possessions, but love and deep abiding affection. Is it too much to ask of us?

We have so much that we can give to mankind because there is so much that has been given to each of us - love for our God, family, friends and nation; joy and happiness that we feel in our hearts, and much more. We can share a little of this love, joy, and happiness with those deteriorating lives that we may discover in that old shack down the road, or the home for the elderly, on the other side of town.

Let us stop to take the right look at our friends and neighbors here and abroad. Let us not close our minds and hearts to them, thinking only of ourselves and of our immediate needs, but let us always keep an open mind to love and minister to mankind. Let us make other pathways a little clearer and lives a little brighter.

Gael E. Durham

LOST

lights flash on and off, but there are no lights around.
facts flow before my eyes, but I don't see them.
people I know I see before me, but I don't recognize them.
flowers blossom with the love of life, but the hate I don't
feel follows.

where
am I?
I?

in my mind,

I wonder . . .
thoughts that aren't mine flow thru.
freedom of speech that was once mine, is taken by these.
thoughts that are others' come out instead--I talk as other
people do.

what has happened to the individual?

me . . .
you . . .
anybody?

Karin Rung-

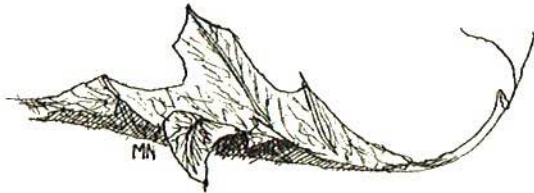
THE DYING LEAF

Late one cool, autumn night,
I spied a leaf beneath a street light.
It motioned for me to move near,
So that it might whisper in my ear.
It murmured words wise and true
About the world, old and new.
Now - here I repeat its words to you:

"The world is young, yet so old.
Old from war which turns hearts cold;
In war love is forgotten and thrown away;
And while fighting, peace seems to stray.
Beside other planets, ours is but a babe.
So that in our youth, our eyes are too blind to see
That war will destroy our world's humanity."

These were the wise old words spoke
From a child of nature's oak.
It had lived only one spring and summer
And seen enough to welcome death's slumber.

Vonda Black-



BEAUTY

Sitting on a rainbow
Now picture what you see,
Orchids and fields and waters
As plain as they can be.

I sat upon a rock last night
The moon shown in my hands,
My hair was blowing in the wind
As the sun came o'er the sands.

The waves shining in the light
Were beautiful as I recall,
But when you said you loved me
Was the loveliest moment of all.

Mike Roney-

THE CHOICE

The light began seeping through his slowly opening eyelids, and he thought, where am I? And then he remembered.

He had been hiking in the hills. He was climbing around on some rocks, when he fell into that hole. It was then, after he had recovered his breath, that he noticed the door. It was shiny and metallic-looking even in the darkness of the hole. He put his hand up and touched it. To his surprise it split open with a quiet hum. He went in and was immediately knocked unconscious by a bolt of blue light. But what had happened after that?

He sat up and looked around. His surprise was unbounded, to say the least. He was in a great hall of machines. The room was lighted by a pale-blue glow of power. How long he looked he didn't know, but finally, for lack of anything else better to do, he asked, "What is this place?" He did not really expect anyone to answer but to his astonishment someone or something did answer.

A machine, larger than most of the others, said in a surprisingly human voice, "This is the Hall of Knowledge of the Controllers. While you have lain unconscious for this time period, we have analyzed your brain. We now know everything that you know about things. We, computers, as you call us, will not harm you. If you wish to call me by a title other than a machine, you may call me Central Computer."

The boy, with an even tone that surprised himself, asked, "What is the purpose of this place and who are the Controllers?"

"In order to answer your questions fully, it is necessary to give you the history of our makers," replied the Central Computer. "Before your planet was even formed, here in the center of the universe, life was already formed. These were our makers. They were similar to you but were much smaller. They lived on a planet similar to yours but it revolved around a blue-white sun instead of your yellow sun. They evolved, gained intelligence, and became civilized. From their planet they soon spread over all the known universe of that time.

"In a word, they were masters of the universe, but a universe of what? They were the only intelligent race anywhere. Yes, there was life, but only in the amoeba stages. Nowhere were there other races to share their knowledge and universe with. The Controllers were possessed with a need for comradeship. So, they kept searching for life capable of sharing their vast knowledge.

"The Controllers found thousands of sub-intelligent life forms but only a very few intelligent ones. One of these forms was yours. At this time the Controllers had been living for several eons. Your planet had been in existence for only a few billion years, but already life was beginning. Such unparalleled advancement had never occurred before, even after all this time. And to add to that, this life was fantastically intelligent.

"The Controllers realized that time was running out for them. They had never discovered the secret of immortality. True, they were extremely long-lived but they were mortal; and they could see the day when they would be extinct and then whom would they share their knowledge with? Your planet seemed the best bet. So, they set up a vast storehouse of all their collected knowledge from over the ages. This is that place.

"But how could they get the people of your planet to this place? They made a door. Then, after transporting their displaced atoms here and reforming them, we, the guardians of this place, would scan their brains. If their intelligence seemed great enough, we would then awake them and offer our knowledge. If they were not intelligent enough, we would destroy them. You are the first human to ever enter the door and pass our intelligence level test.

"And there are your answers to your questions," said the Central Computer. "We are here to teach you the knowledge we have if you so desire it. Do you want it?"

The boy thought long, and hard. Never again would he have this chance for unlimited knowledge. The temptation was terrible. Yet, his world was torn by wars, hatred, suspicion of others, and distrust. What would happen if superior knowledge became available? Would the world settle down and become truly civilized, or would the mess just expand and become worse. He was still human: would he be wise enough to use the power for peace and civilization or would he use it to conquer and destroy the world? He could do whatever he wanted. Finally, he turned to the waiting computer, and with wisdom beyond his years, said, "No, I don't want your knowledge."

He then turned away and started to walk back to the glowing doorway from which he had entered.

Robert Page

THE OLD GOAT MAN

He was the queerest looking man at the gathering. He looked like a dirty Rip Van Winkle. His overalls were a faded dirty gray and matched his wiry beard and shoulder-length hair. He seemed to be covered in dirt from his canvas hat to his torn tennis shoes. He and his small herd of goats were walking around the square First Monday when I first saw him. The old cart he was pushing was filled with paper bags, sticks, and trash. The man next to me asked me if I had ever seen "the old goat man." He began telling me about the wrinkled old man from Fitzpatrick, Georgia. "The old goat man and his herd of fifteen or twenty goats have walked all over the United States. He pushes the cart along collecting things to sell and letting people make his picture. The goats follow him, stopping where they can get to some grass or garbage to eat." Yes, the old goat man was the queerest looking man I have ever seen.

Nancy Blackwell

THE PHILOSOPHY

My philosophy is peace,
YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT PEACE.

I enjoy my hair long,
IT INFRINGES ON MY RIGHTS.

I have rights, of my own,
YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS.

We all have our rights,
BUT YOU DID NOT FIGHT.

Must we always fight,
ARE YOU A COWARD?

You are rationalizing,
YOU ARE A DANGEROUS RADICAL.

Is it wrong to want peace?
IT WILL NOT WORK.

Why?
THE COMMUNISTS ARE DIFFERENT.

They are people,
SO?

They want peace too,
YOUR HAIR IS TOO LONG.

We are talking about peace,
I DON'T LIKE YOUR CLOTHES.

Won't you listen....?
TO WHAT?

My philosophy is peace.

Jack Wooten—



THE WAY GOD PLANNED IT

When I look up into the clear blue sky,
I often wonder
Why God made such things
As storms and thunder.
To see the beauty
Of things in spring,
It makes me forget
The cold winter sting.
But that's the way God planned it.

To see the green grass
And the flowers in bloom,
I forget all my worries
And all of my gloom.
I feel free as the birds
That fly high in the air,
Without any worries,
Without any cares.
But that's the way God planned it.

Everything seems just right;
Then winter comes
Killing all of the flowers
Until there are none.
But wait until spring,
It won't be very long,
The flowers will be back
With the birds and their song.
That's the way God planned it.

Steve Bynum—

A PRAYER

Instead of trying to ruin my dreams
With devious thoughts, plans, and schemes.

At least try to tolerate,
If not celebrate, my plans for the future.

Others have done much worse than I
And have been forgiven and kept their pride.

But they make me feel
Unworthy, and still . . . I love them.

I did not try to hide my wrong
Now I've been exiled for so long.

I've lost forever their love and respect,
Please, God, please make them forget.

Cindy Cotten—

IS THERE REASON?

There are so many times in a young person's life that he searches for a reason - a reason to be, a reason to live. This time of our life we begin to wonder why we are here and what is our purpose in life.

These are the wonder years. These are years that we wonder just why grass is green, the sky, blue, and mountains, high. We ask, "Why do birds fly? What makes the leaves grow to a beautiful green, turn colors, fall and die? What makes the wind blow? What makes the rain fall, rise, and then fall again?"

Those are questions that we all ask at one time or another. Is it our nature to look, to search for reasons of things unanswered? We search and dislike what we discover; so, we turn from marijuana to drugs; from drugs to sex. We escape from man, rebel against society, and turn away from God; however, there is no escape, no true running away, for we awaken to a deeper reality: men hate men. Our churches are full of hypocrites. Children hate their parents because they feel that their parents have attempted to give them everything, but have failed to give them love.

We are now living within the closing pages of this world's history. That which has been foretold is now true. Why don't we, instead of turning away from God, turn to God for a reason - a reason to be, for a purpose in life, for knowledge with a reason.

Gael Durham—



A MAN

While children are laughing, engrossed
in their play
A man will die sometime today
Fighting in a foreign land
Involved in a war he can't understand
But if his death could possibly mean
That those children would never be seen
Fighting in some dreadful place
To his death he now would race.

Lee Smith—

WORDS

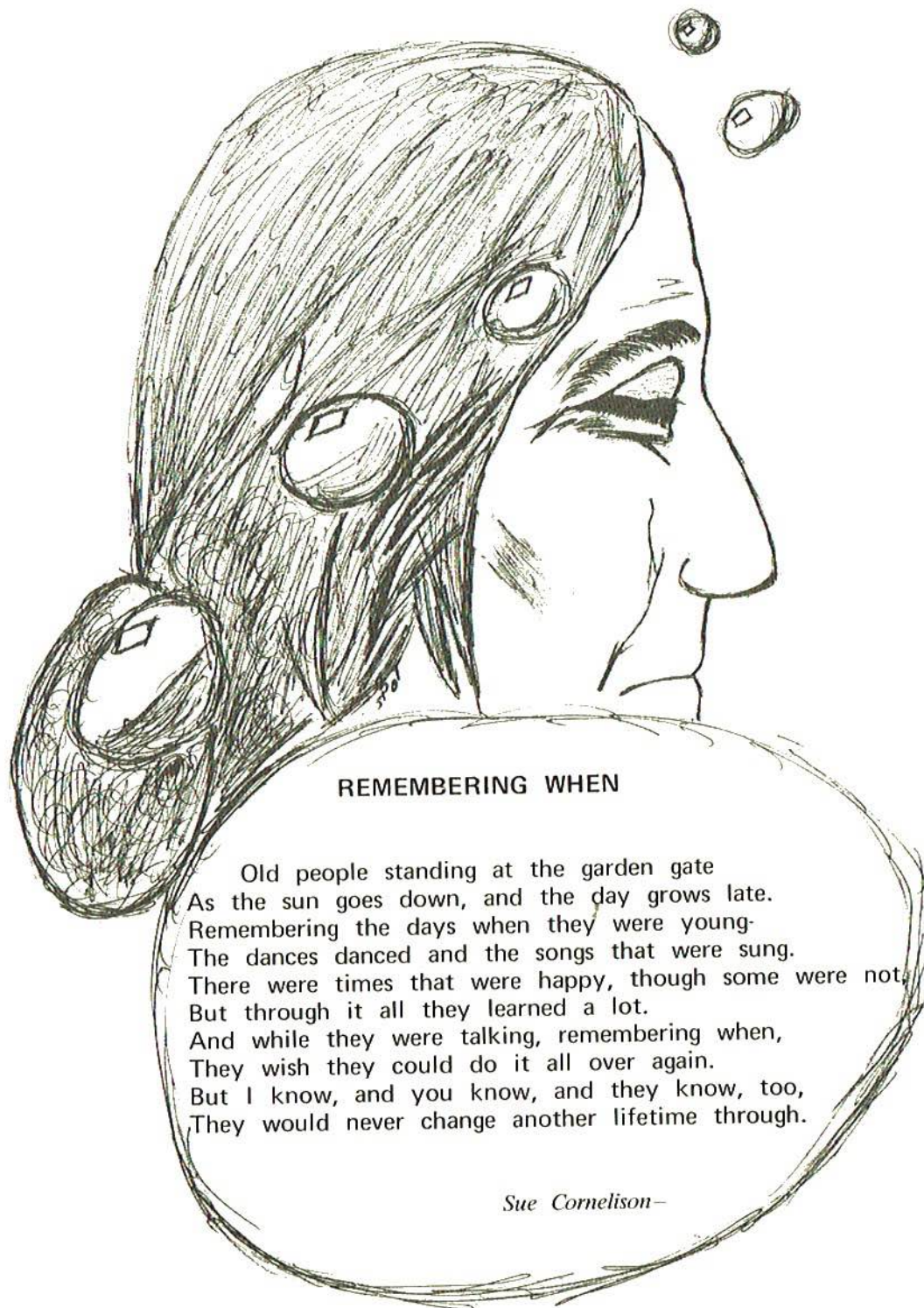
Obstinate child, your words are
unparalleled.
They have beauty and spirit
And much profound meaning.

Your audience is deaf.
Their ears are damaged, from
years of apathetic, reassuring
words.
Constantly, the words boom
in their ears
And now their sense of awareness is
gone.

Kent State didn't happen-
DDT is good for kids,
And nuclear plants stop-
THE POPULATION EXPLOSION.

Obstinate child, don't fret-
People grow old,
Times change.
You will get a chance
If you're still around.

Jack Wooten—



REMEMBERING WHEN

Old people standing at the garden gate
As the sun goes down, and the day grows late.
Remembering the days when they were young-
The dances danced and the songs that were sung.
There were times that were happy, though some were not,
But through it all they learned a lot.
And while they were talking, remembering when,
They wish they could do it all over again.
But I know, and you know, and they know, too,
They would never change another lifetime through.

Sue Cornelison-

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Remember when we first met?
Children we were, I believe,
Oh yes, I picked and gave you a flower
I'd found under a magnolia tree.

And then we grew older and had our first date,
I came about seven, an hour or two late,
I had flowers then too, but these were from the store,
You must have loved them a lot
For you kissed me at the door.

Then finally we got married, but I had to go fight,
I left early one morning or maybe it was still night.
They packed me up and sent me across the sea,
And now; can you dig it?
You're putting flowers on me.

Mike Roney-

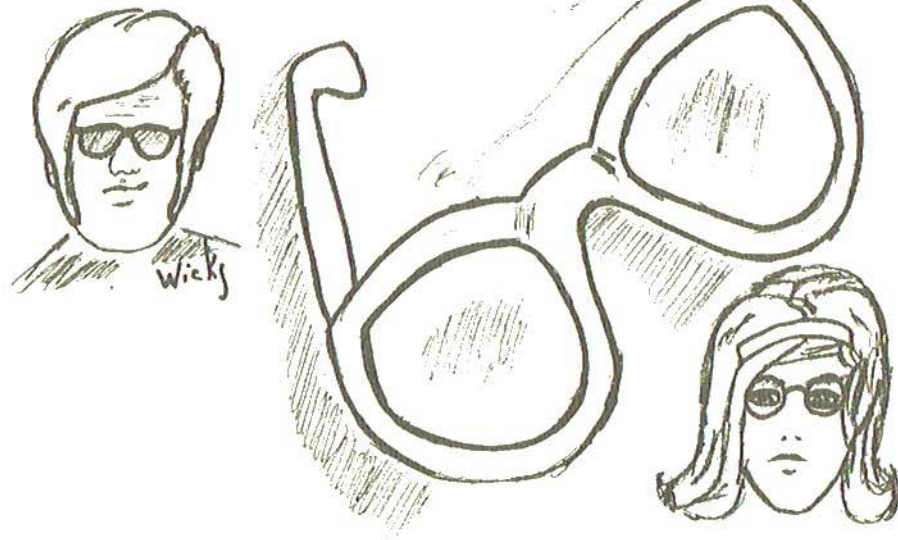
THE HUMAN ZILCH

Saturated plastic
Curdled up milk,
The grass is made of love and velvet
And the trees are made of silk.

The sky is one big rainbow
That shines out with flashing lights,
And the feelings of other people no one knows,
For nothing they say is right.

But I really love you,
And all my friends,
Because I know how they feel inside.
So before you say you hate me
I'll just leave and say - Goodbye.

Mike Roney-



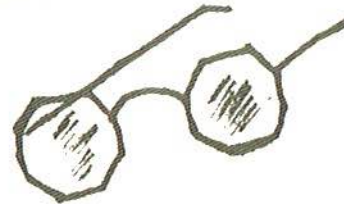
IMAGINARY GLASSES

It is so funny how
When I put on my imaginary glasses
That life seems to change its face.
I look at an ugly old stump and see
A beautiful tree in its place.

I think of the girl I don't understand
(Her motives are different from mine.)
But I put on my glasses and what do I see?
Oh! She's focused so clearly! She's kind!

I think of the teacher who doesn't care
For my thoughts and ideas of today
But if I look through my glasses I see
That she cares about me in every way.

By now I'm sure that you all have guessed
What my imaginary glasses are made of-
A true and real perspective of life
With compassion and brotherly love.



These glasses aren't purchased just anywhere.
They have to be found in your heart
Where the mysteries of life are unfolded
And all dreams are given a start.

Cynthia Cabiness-

A FALSE ALARM

The sidewalk is dark with shadows lurking over. A slight drizzle of rain is falling. The sound of footsteps breaks the silence, hurriedly they seem to come. Then more footsteps, there are three people now. One is ahead of the other two. Very dimly a man in casual clothes appears. He walks on quickly. Now the other two appear. Mobsters? Robbers? They appear as this, in their trench coats, hats, and sneaking around with a sly appearance.

Slowly the two in trench coats gain distance on the other man. The imprints of guns show beneath their coats. Closer and closer, they are gaining distance.

The other man now quickens his steps and disappears around the corner. What does he have in the small black case he is carrying? Could it be money? Jewels? He comes to a bar, quickly he goes in and makes his way to the back of the room where it is quite crowded.

Have the men in trench coats lost him? No. They are thinking as he is. Casually, they walk into the bar.

Everything grows silent. The man with the case tries to escape through the back. It's locked. What now?

He screams, "All I have to do is push this button and we'll all be dead!"

What does this man have? A bomb? Is this man crazy?

Suddenly more men in trench coats appear - then more.

"We've got him now," says one man.

"Grab him, he'll get away!" cries out another.

Gently, a man in the front of the room says, "Come on, Mr. Jones, you know that isn't a bomb. It's late, let's go back."

"I'll blow you all to bits!" cries out the man.

He pushed the button, the lid of the case flew open. And - - nothing - just silence. He began to cry. "I wasn't going to hurt anyone," he sobbed. Then he fell to the floor.

Two of the men picked him up.

"We'll take you back to your room," said one of the men.

"Fill out the reports, Sergeant," said the captain. An insane man, a bomb scare, that's all that is needed."

Kathy McConnell-

In thoughts and dreams I press
her body close to mine.

Out of the confusion of dreams comes
the fact of love.

Is it possible one so foolish
and rough could possess her affections.

We kiss, but do not touch,
I strain to make my feelings known.

She is, as many I have loved-scornful
of a foolish hope.

She walks in beauty, her features are
as untouched cream, soft and smooth.

Out of my confused thoughts did
emerge the fact of love.

Richard Neely-

I MUST LEARN?

I must learn not to care
Or you will make me cry.
I must learn not to hurt
Or you will destroy me.

I must learn not to believe
For what you say is untrue.
I must learn to feel lonely
For soon you will leave.

I must learn to be brave
Because of "talk".
I must learn how to pray
Because I will need help.

All these things I must learn and more.
But I knew that.
Remember?
You warned me before.

Cindy Cotten-

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Oh, for the comforts of childhood's ease
Swinging and laughing out under the trees.
Free from the problems of Mother's world;
Nothing to do but be a girl,
And play with your dolls throughout the day
And find new friends with which to play.
A nap after lunch to settle you down,
But you slip out the window when Mom turns around.
And, laughing and giggling, you find a place
To hide from Mommy, just in case
She returns to the room and finds that you're gone.
You don't realize that you're doing wrong.
When Daddy comes home you beat Mom there
And he hugs you and throws you up high in the air.
Then you, like an angel, innocent and sweet
Ask if, maybe, he brought you a treat,
And you hope Mommy won't manage to say
What a naughty girl you've been today.
Then after supper, all snug in your bed
Mommy and Daddy heard the prayer you said.
Then as you drift off, you hear Mommy say,
"What a darling girl she's been today."

Sue Cornelison-



QUESTIONS

What can I say?
What should I do?
Shall I confess
What I feel for you?

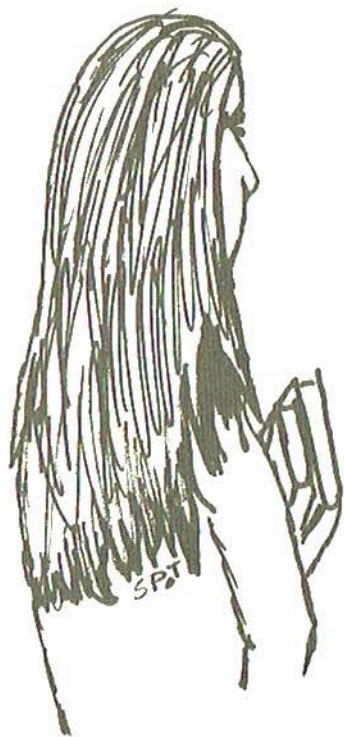
Shall I be frank
And break our rule?
Or shall I forget
And play it cool?

Today I will
Tomorrow I won't
My head says do
My heart says don't.

I know the answer---
But there's no way
I could leave you
And stay away.

So I have no choice
But to live in doubt--
Hoping always
We can work it out--

Jane Thomas--



A THOUGHT

Wouldn't it be nice if we turned around
and as we turned we found
that this old world was just
an illusion.
And we loved as we looked at one
without confusion.

Michael George--

DESCENDANTS

They chose this world to be their own
At a time unseen, to us unknown;
They declared that this would be
A world of peace and liberty.
Now eve, descendants of that race
Which dared to cross the realm of space,
Face the greatest crisis of our day,
And must decide the way
To end the wars of this small earth,
Which have existed since its birth;
Or we will continue to live the life
That comes along with greed and strife.

Lee Smith--

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

I am sitting here, looking at the gun on the table, unable to walk or even to speak. No, I am not shot; let me explain what has just happened.

My name is Jane Dorrey and the girl sitting beside me is Billie Roberts. We are seniors this year in high school.

I guess every girl goes through a stage in her life when the meanness and mischief come to the surface of her personality. Well, such was the case with Billie and me. The butt of all our jokes was a sophomore girl named Nancy Proctor. She has just left the room.

We tortured poor Nancy until the jokes got out of hand. She would not break down under any condition (one reason, I guess, that we always picked on her). Anyway, today we had her. She lost a bet about a ball game and agreed to play Russian Roulette.

Naturally, we would never take a chance of blowing our heads off with a 22 pistol. Neither would Nancy, and she was betting on our backing out at the last minute. To fool her, we took an old 22 shell that had been used and put a bullet in the end, but no gunpowder in the hull. There was one dent in the end where the trigger hit, the first time it was fired.

We set the place of the Russian Roulette to be the basement of Billie's house. We were all there, ready to begin.

I took out the gun and put it on the table. It was not loaded. I gave the gun to Billie, and we began to talk to Nancy.

Nancy was no coward, but she was no fool either. She did not think we would load the gun, so she didn't ask to see it. She only asked who would try first. I took out the bullet and loaded it into the gun. We thought this would scare Nancy out of it, and we would not have to go on any farther. I gave the chamber of the gun a spin, so we would not know if the bullet was in the proper place to be fired, or if one of the empty chambers would be there.

I don't know why I was sweating, I knew the bullet was not loaded with gunpowder - still, I could not give the gun to Billie, even though she did volunteer to go first. I couldn't fire the gun at my own head, either. Why? I don't know, I just couldn't.

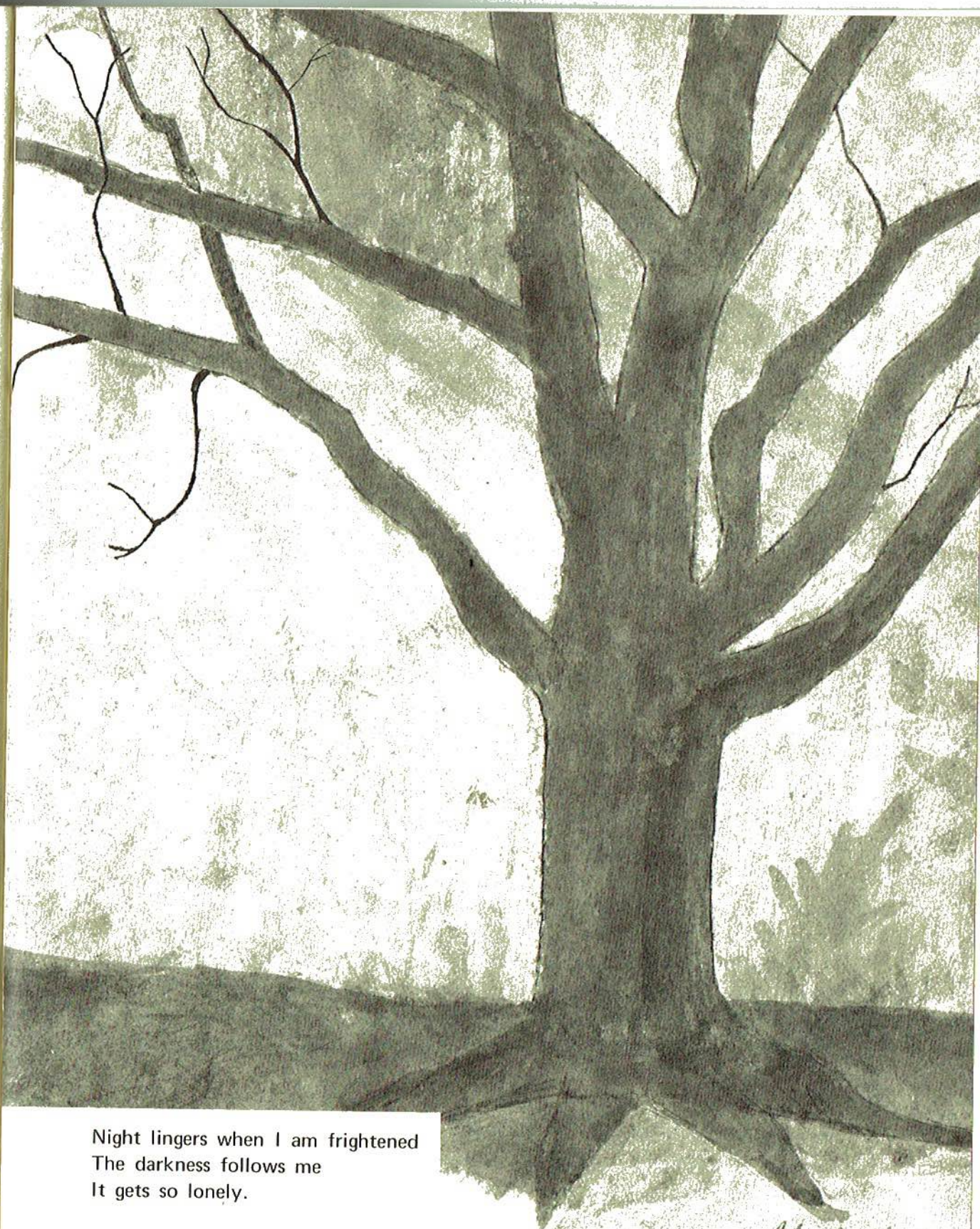
Why did Nancy take the gun? I don't know that either. She saw us back down, and she saw the bullet. Did she still think we were using a fake shell? She must have.

She took the gun and put it to her head. She drew back the trigger. There was a click as she pulled the trigger. Nancy set down the gun and walked triumphantly out of the room.

I was too terrified to pick up the gun. Billie laid a shaky hand on it and picked it up. She took out the shell and showed it to me. I don't suppose I will ever have so horrible a feeling as I had when I examined the end of the shell.

There were now two dents in the 22 shell.

Darcy Buck



Night lingers when I am frightened
The darkness follows me
It gets so lonely.

Glenda Durham

Blenda Durham
45

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Sandrene would show them - all of them, her included. She would do it and would be just as good as she - Miss Fantastic. That was a good name for her - Miss Fantastic. She could do everything. In fact, she had been in the skating festival for years, and she made sure that everybody had known it too. For years it seemed, Sandrene had dreamed and worked for this one chance to skate for this one group. She would show them Miss Fantastic wasn't that good! She wasn't that great either, although she had managed to take Bill from her but that didn't matter any more, because she still had Ken. But the remembrance still hurt! Of course, the only reason for looking forward to the event wasn't just to show Miss Fantastic. It would be a good experience and fun. Finally, the time was almost come. She had reached her goal and. . . .

The door slammed and Sandrene awoke from her dream. It was time to go.

The event came and passed. She did it. She had been great. She had shown them.

After the skating exhibition there was a party at Sandrene's. When she walked into the room she headed toward the corner where Miss Fantastic and Ken were. Oh, for Pete's sake, is she trying to take Ken away from me too? This is too good a night to be ruined by worrying about it. I'll worry tomorrow. Sandrene stopped short at this. . .

"Wasn't she great, Miss Fantastic!" exclaimed Ken. "If you want my honest opinion, great isn't exactly the word for it. . ."

Now it is coming, thought Sandrene and Miss Fantastic did go on.

"It was so bad I think a beginner could have done better. She was terrible, but what was so bad was that everybody was telling her how good she was and they all had their fingers crossed behind their backs. If I were she, I wouldn't show my face again for a long, long time," laughed Miss Fantastic as she and Ken headed toward another group.

Hurt to the quick, Sandrene ran blindly through the house, tears streaming down her face and dropped exhausted on her flowered bedspread. Her body shook from tears, hurt, disappointment and anger. Her mind kept asking, Why? Why? Why did she have to say that? Why did she get all the breaks? Why does she hurt people so?

There was nothing else left to do but die. That was it, to die. Panicking, she ran to her parents' medicine cabinet and grabbed a bottle of sleeping pills.

Clutching the bottle to her side, she blindly grabbed for a glass. In the process she knocked a book to the floor. Instinctively she groped for it. Might as well leave everything straight. She tried to put it back into place but was shaking so that it fell open. Her eyes caught the underlined words, Be the Best. Ha! She had thought she was the best but only succeeded in fooling herself. They were all laughing, they all knew!

She was sure of it now, suicide was the only way left. Yet, something drew her to that page. Her eyes, showing the turmoil she was in, scanned the page and then to her surprise went back and looked again. Then she read it, then again, each time a little calmer. It seemed as if she was balancing between two abysses, one of death and one of life. She began to read the page once more almost inarticulately to herself.

Be the Best

If you can't be the highway,
then just be a trail.
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that
you win or you fail--
Be the best of whatever you are.

--Douglas Mallock

Did she really want to die? What could she do? She could live and be content with what she was, or she could take the easy way out—give up and never know what she missed—or what she could have done with her life. Now what?

Sharon Wolf

THE THING ABOUT BILLY

It was Sunday afternoon, late spring in 1925, and 11 of the people of Hometown were gathered at the little country church by Baker's Pond for the night meeting. It wasn't quite time for church to start, so the townspeople got in little bunches and exchanged gossip. In one group of ladies, there was talk about Joshua Hawkins and Miranda Carlton getting married on the 26th of May. Some said the marriage would work out and some said it wouldn't, for Josh was mighty bull-headed. Over in a group of men there was talk about the ten-pound catfish caught in Willow's Creek. Also, some were talking about Farmer Wilson's black stallion throwing his son into Jeb Hawkin's hog pen on a Saturday ride. Now there's a spirited horse!

Although most of the usual folks were there, somebody was missing! Just about that time, there was a big splash. Billy Ray Perkins! That's who was missing. Preacher Hill's son and he were swapping licks right around the edge of Baker's Pond. There was water flying everywhere. Joshua pulled them out and put them up on the bank.

"Now, what's this all about? Come on, speak up. Which one of you started this? Speak!" said Joshua with a strong voice.

"He put a duck egg down my britches and squashed it," said Tommy, the preacher's son, pointing to Billy Ray.

"Yea, well, you had no business a callin' my prize-winning frog a dirty ole wart maker!" yelled Billy Ray, just about ready to whack Tommy again.

"All right!" yelled Joshua. "It's almost time to go in for church and I better not see nothin' out of either of you. Hear me?" The boys shook their heads and wiped the dirt and mud off their clothes. Just then the church bell rang and all of the people started in for church.

Everything was going well and it came time for the choir to sing. Billy Ray and Tommy were sitting right on the first row, where Joshua had put them to sit for the rest of church. They really were sitting quietly until, all of a sudden, Billy Ray pulled a little red box out of his pocket.

"Wanna see what I got in here?" asked Billy Ray with a mischievous smirk.

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"Why don't ya open it and see?" Billy Ray urged. So Tommy opened it. Out hopped Billy Ray's frog, his pride and joy.

"Now see what ya did!" whispered Billy Ray. "Ya let him out!" All of this happened during the singing of "Rock of Ages," sung by the choir. They stepped

down and went back to their seats. The preacher stepped up to the pulpit and began his sermon. The frog sat in the aisle as if he were just naturally listening to the sermon. As Billy Ray scooted down the bench trying to get close to grab the frog, it hopped up on the stage where the preacher stood. That frog surely could hop!

"Drats!" said Billy Ray. All he could do now was just watch the frog hop up to the altar. "It's all yore fault, Tommy, you ole frog hater! Go git my frog!" Seeing that Billy Ray was going to kill him if he didn't get the frog, he climbed out of the window at the end of the bench, and went around to the other side where he could reach the frog better. It was already dark outside and Tommy was a little scared. Since he was still afraid of Billy's threats, he climbed in the window on the other side of the church. He walked behind the part of the curtain that had not been pulled back and sat down on the end of one of the choir benches. He waited until the preacher said for everyone to bow their heads in prayer, then he walked over and grabbed the frog. He looked at Billy Ray who was sitting over there with a fist held up, and Tommy ran and jumped out of the window. Billy Ray waited and waited, but Tommy didn't show up. Boy, was he ever mad! He climbed out the window and looked for Tommy. Tommy was at the edge of Baker's Pond with his hands swishing in the water.

"Ya let my frog get away. I'll git you this time," yelled Billy Ray. They were at it again, fighting! They were really giving it to each other this time. Joshua, who had seen a leg fly out the window just as the prayer let up, walked out and caught them fighting. This time they weren't going to get off easy.

"All right!" said Joshua with a stern voice. He got a limb and gave them a big swat. "Git in that church and set down. You on one side of me, Billy Ray, and you on the other side of Miranda." And that's the way they sat for the rest of church.

On Monday afternoon, Billy Ray and Tommy were walking home from school and they went by Baker's Pond. They sat down and looked over the pool wondering where that frog was.

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Billy Ray, but that frog was so slippery and could hop so fast, I couldn't catch him," said Tommy apologetically.

"That was the best frog I ever did have, but he's gone now, so I'll just have to find me another one," said Billy in a low voice.

"Yep, looks like it," answered Tommy.

They walked away from the pond through the church yard toward home. But Billy Ray still had that thing about him - frogs! He picked up a bull frog on the side of the road and put it in his pocket and walked on.

Debra Wildman—

THE AWFUL FEELING

The teacher got up from her desk, walked across the room and opened the file. Craning her neck just enough to see over Ellen's shoulder, Debbie quickly copied down the next few answers on the test. She handed in her paper with a guilty conscience.

After class was over she hurried to her locker. All of a sudden she felt sick. Why did she feel that way? Why did she always feel that way after she had cheated on a test? She knew why. Deep down inside she knew it was wrong. But deep down inside there was also another feeling. She so desperately wanted to get "in" with those other girls. They always made better on their tests than she did. It wasn't that she was dumb or anything like that. She just wasn't as smart as some of the other girls. No matter how hard she studied she just couldn't make as high as those others.

Sure, they included her in some of their parties and other activities, but only every once in a while. It seemed like everywhere they went and everything they did they were together.

Debbie had made her mind up - it was going to be different this time. She was going to make the grades Ellen's crowd made, even if it meant cheating a little.

Debbie hurried on to her next class. As she entered the room she thought to herself, "Just this one more class! After I've finished this test, that awful feeling will go away."

The teacher was handing out the English tests. Debbie started her test right away. It wasn't as hard as she had expected it to be. She hurried through the first part with no trouble at all. The second part was harder though. When Debbie glanced across the aisle, she saw Donna was almost finished. Hurrying, she copied several answers off Donna's paper, then off Jill's.

Suddenly the bell rang. Everyone else was getting up from his seat. Debbie wrote down the last few answers hastily. As she went out the door she handed her paper to the teacher.

As Debbie walked down the crowded, noisy hall to her locker she heard someone call her name. She turned and looked across the hall. It was Ellen, Donna and a few other girls.

"Over here," Donna called, above the noisy chatter in the hall.

Debbie walked over and said, "Hi!"

One of the girls spoke up, "Well, think you made O.K. on your English test?"

She hesitated a moment. She noticed an odd look on Ellen's face. "Oh, I think I did pretty good on it."

"Yes, I'm sure you did." Donna's voice was barely audible. With that Donna turned and walked away.

The other girls stood there, just looking at Debbie for a moment. Then, they too, turned and walked away.

That afternoon Debbie sat in her room wondering. Had they seen her cheating on the English test?

Debbie thought to herself, They must have. Why else would they have acted that way?

Then she said out loud, "If they did see me cheating . . ." She stopped snoring, without finishing. Cheating. That was an awful word. She hated it. But the truth was she had cheated on the tests today. Those weren't the first ones either. What about her geometry test last Wednesday? And all those others too.

Then silently she thought, If they saw me cheating, why don't they realize why I was doing it? Why?

Her thoughts turned to that awful feeling in her stomach. It hadn't gone away. Instead it had gotten worse. Surely it will go away in a little while, she thought.

A week had passed since that afternoon. Another week went by. Then those weeks turned into a month. All this time hardly any of those girls had even spoken to her.

Then one Thursday afternoon Debbie was sitting in the middle of the bed in her room. Books were scattered all around her. She picked up her English book. She looked at it and said, "I'm going to make good on that English test tomorrow and I'm not going to cheat like I did last time." She sat there staring at the book for a few minutes.

Suddenly the silence was broken.

"Hi, Deb." It was Ellen.

Debbie looked up. Donna was with her. "Hi, Ellen, Donna."

"Your mother was outside. She told us to come on in. Hope you don't mind."

"No, of course not," Debbie replied. Then slowly she said, "How long have you been standing there?"

"We heard what you said about the test tomorrow, if that's what you mean."

Debbie was frozen. She didn't know what to say. Then slowly she said, "You know I've been cheating on the tests, don't you?"

"Yes, we know."

"I didn't want to. I really didn't. It's just that . . . well, you and Donna always make better than I do and . . ."

You don't have to explain, Debbie. We couldn't care less about what you make on a few tests. We like you the way you are."

"By the way, the reason we came over is to tell you that a bunch of us are having a party tomorrow night at my house. We want you to come."

"I'd love to," Debbie said happily.

After the girls had gone something hit her. She realized that the awful feeling in her stomach was gone. She knew that it was gone for good this time - she didn't have to cheat any more!

Susan Henshaw-

ONE YEAR – AN ETERNITY

Susan was happy today. She really didn't know why. Today seemed to be a very unlikely day for her to be so happy. But then she thought about all that had happened in the past year. That was when it had all started - just one short - yet long - year ago. She had been outside when he rode by. . .

"Hello!" said a bright, familiar voice.

"Hi!" returned Susan.

She didn't really know what she was saying. She was shocked! Here was the cutest boy in the whole school saying hello to her. She had liked Jim for as long as she could remember, but this was the first time he had shown any evidence of even knowing she was alive.

"What on earth are you doing?" the voice continued.

"Oh, nothing, really. Mom wanted me to plant some seed for her." But Susan was really thinking, "I can't believe this is happening. He's finally realized I'm alive!"

Susan continued planting the seeds, almost unconscious of what she was doing.

"How would you like to take a break and go get a Coke?" Jim asked.

He didn't have to ask twice. She went inside and told her mother where she would be.

All the way to Monk's, Susan watched Jim and thought about how cute he was and how thrilled she was to be here with him. She thought about how blue his eyes were, his shimmering brown hair, and his good looks in general.

He opened the door for her and they went into Monk's. They sat in a booth that happened to be right across from her friend, Carol. They invited Carol over to join them.

As they sat and drank their Cokes, they talked about the latest happenings at school. Their team had won the ball game last night. They had beaten their toughest competitor.

After a while, Carol took out what looked like a cigarette. She offered one to Jim and one to Susan. Jim took one, but Susan said, "Carol, you know I don't smoke."

"This isn't a cigarette, Susan, it's pot," replied Carol. "Why don't you try some?"

Susan had always wondered how it would feel to get high, but she had never tried it before. Soon after she started smoking it, her head felt light and she was kind of dizzy.

When Susan finally noticed that it was dark outside, she asked Jim to take her home. They said bye to Carol and left.

When Susan got home, she apologized to her parents for being out so late and, to her astonishment, they didn't get very mad. But she thought she saw tears glistening in her mother's eyes and her father looked very upset and sad.

As Susan thought of that day, she thought of how much pain and sorrow had been caused by her acceptance of that first reefer. She thought of how that had led to much harder stuff and finally to her being hooked on heroin.

Jim had warned her not to take the stuff. He had stopped after that first one at Monk's. Why hadn't she listened to him? If she had, she wouldn't have had to go through all that she had been through. It would have saved her parents a lot of pain, too.

Susan, like so many others, thought she was not hooked, that she could stop any time she wanted to. When she finally decided to quit, she found that Jim had been right and she couldn't stop.

She had explained, with Jim's help, what had happened. Her parents were hurt and sad, but willing to help her in any way they could.

They had taken her to a nearby hospital to get medical help. She could see it all now. . .

Susan and Jim and her parents entered the hospital. Susan found that she had no real reason for her nervousness when she met the doctor. He wore the usual crisp, white outfit. He was very sympathetic and understanding. He suggested that Susan stay at the hospital so she could receive better care. Her parents and Jim would be able to see her at any time they wished.

Susan didn't like to think about the time she spent in the hospital. It seemed, to her, to have been a lot of pain with short periods of seeing her parents and Jim. Jim had stayed with her as much as he could during the time she had been there. She really began to love and appreciate him then, even more than before.

Susan had stayed in the hospital for three months. In fact, it had been only two weeks since she had been released. For two short weeks, she had again known the feeling of being normal.

The loud blast of a car horn snapped Susan back to reality. Jim was already out of the car waiting with the door open for her. As Susan thought, she decided that the only good thing about that day one year ago had been Jim's finally noticing her.

"Hurry up, slow-poke!" Jim shouted. "What's taking you so long?"

Susan answered, "I was just thinking." She was glad he didn't ask her what she was thinking about. On such a bright and beautiful day, she didn't want to spoil everything by bringing up that subject. In fact, she never wanted to remember it again.

Pam McGinty-

HAPPINESS AND TRAGEDY

The concealing light of the tiring sun played upon her dark brown hair and made it look as though it were red. As she brushed her feet through the dull, lifeless leaves, she thought of the times she and Bill had walked slowly down the path through these woods on cool, refreshing, late afternoons after supper. Then she remembered she was only hurting herself by continuously thinking of the great tragedy she and Bill had met. She would probably never see or hear the sweet, gentle voice of her beloved husband again.

Six beautiful months after Bill and Susan were married, Bill received that dreadful call for overseas duty. At first Susan couldn't accept the fact that she and Bill would have to part. They had loved one another for so long and just when true happiness came, it seemed it was all torn down. Gradually though, Susan did learn to accept the fact that life has its many different roads and maybe she and Bill would have that road to happiness when he returned from Vietnam.

Bill was the kind of person who was so sensitive. He always got upset and cried at farewell parties, therefore, he and Susan decided to kindly refuse the parties their friends offered to give before Bill had to go away. But they did accept invitations for supper their wonderful friends offered.

On the night before Bill was to take the plane to Washington in order to leave for Asia, Susan successfully kept from crying until she couldn't bear to hold the tears and hurt inside her any longer, so she let them fall. For a moment it seemed that Bill was about to disprove the idea that men don't cry, but he managed to prevent it.

The next day Susan, her parents and Bill's parents, drove Bill to the airport. Susan felt like she was in a bad wreck with no one to help her. She was extremely cold and nervous. After the goodbyes, Bill got on the plane. He told Susan that no matter what, he would be back to her. Then it was over.

Now he was gone - "missing in action." On some days Susan was so depressed she felt as though the only thing she could do to find peace was to kill herself and destroy the hurt inside her. There was only one thing holding her back from suicide or a nervous breakdown. Bill had told her he would be back. But when? The telegram reporting that he was missing in action arrived November 12, 1969, and now it was November 10, 1971. Only two more days and Bill would have been missing two years. All Susan could do was sit and pray that he would return.

The night had crept upon the woods as a cougar creeps upon his prey without Susan realizing it. She began to run, for she was afraid of being out alone at night. When she arrived at home, she saw that the dinner was about to burn so she ran to turn the stove off. As she passed the table, she noticed a yellow piece of paper. After her dinner was removed from the stove, she opened the envelope. Inside the envelope, Susan found a telegram saying that Bill had been found and was coming home. She couldn't believe it, she just couldn't believe it! She was so happy, she sat down and cried. Then she knelt and gave her gracious thanks to God.

On the night Bill was to arrive, Susan prepared his favorite dinner - pot roast and baked potatoes and rolls. She had put on her new dress and fixed her hair in a special way. Then she waited excitedly.

At 8:00 P.M. Susan heard a knock at the door. She ran to open it and when she did, she gasped. She saw a tall, very pale and lean man standing there in an army uniform. It wasn't Bill! It just wasn't - or was it?

Paula Jones-

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

Our ecological environment, which is unsurpassed by any other planet, is rapidly disintegrating. At the turn of the century ecology was still controlled by natural forces. Machines were sleeping in the minds of many inventors. The need for power had not arrived. Forests and wildlife were almost identical to the primeval country that was unsettled two hundred years earlier. Pollution was an unspoken word. Seventy years later pollution is mentioned in the platform of almost every campaigning official. Television has shown many accounts of how we are killing our planet. Forests are sacrificed for housing projects or much-needed fuel to run our electric toothbrushes. Alligators and leopards are slain to furnish extravagant shoes and coats and are worn six or seven times. Industries spew tons of waste into the air and water. Our lazy legs depend on a pollution machine to carry us one block. Earthlings have forgotten the importance of a balanced ecology. Many ecologists report that if the population rate of gain dwindled to zero, our planet could not be saved. We have killed our wildlife, cut down our forests, polluted our rivers, and over-populated our countries. At the rate we are advancing into extinction, we will no longer exist above ground by the year 2040. If we kill our surroundings with such a flagrant attitude, who would say we would protect ourselves more? It is later than "WE" think!

Rachel Hereford-

JUST PRETEND HE ISN'T THERE

There he is again
But don't speak
Just give him a little grin.

He's near you now
But don't blow it
Manage to keep your cool somehow

He's right beside you now
You're doing just fine
And believe you me you're on his mind

He's talking to you again
Isn't that just great
What? He's asked you for a date?

So you see don't act silly or goofy
Just pretend he isn't there
And he'll show you how much he really cares.

Regina Rogers—



Jane Thomas



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