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Wauwatosa East High School

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Let it be known that even in the midst of confusion, calamity, construction, chaos, incongruity, and without prior realization, the works herein were conceived in the minds of youthful intellects. As the editors of the forty-first volume of Parnassus, we would like to express our most sincere and deepest hopes for the continued acceptance of new and creative ideas.

... CREATION

The blank page

stares blankly

at you

while the mind folds itself around ideas

smashing them

shaping them

digesting them

then - -

it comes

the inspiration falls

the ideas stumble over themselves

with a screaming desire to be unleashed

they flow wildly--incoherent

you whip them into submission

into the pattern your mind saw

they become

what you want them

your ideas

in a tangible form

a . . .

Donna Benthien '74



Lynn Barany '74

THE DENTIST

The dentist removed the mirror from its bath and tapped it dry on the silver tray from which it had come. John's eyes were fixed on that tray. He knew that inside that tray were the picks and drill bits that the dentist used in his work. He winced at the thought of the drill. Ever since he was a child, he had feared the drill. He always had fears of drilling too deep or of having a tooth broken. He felt the sweat on his brow as the dentist moved through his mouth with the flashing mirror. Take it easy, he thought. Worrying about the dentist is something that little kids do, and he was not a little kid. It wasn't so bad. The thought had just occurred when the dentist grabbed the drill. John felt a wave of shock go through him, and he clutched tightly at the chair.

Dan Schowalter '75

PLEASE REGISTER WITH THE RECEPTIONIST

Sitting
on a long black vinyl couch
waiting to be called.
Mingling odors of antiseptic and alcohol
tease my nostrils.
Flipping through old medical pamphlets
and Ladies' Home Journals.
The paintings on the walls have grown familiar.
A cough breaks the loud silence.
I look up and see an embarrassed old man.
Time must be running backwards.

Can the doctor still be alive?

Jeanne Stenholm '75

Edward placed his feet on the pedals and pedalled an even pace toward the lake. The wind called out to him, pushed him on softly to the water, blew his hair and whistled past his body. He smiled more and more because of it, loving it, enjoying it. Reaching the beach, he was out of breath, but a muscled man with very hairy legs stood there, and Edward, suddenly conscious of the limp development of his own body, circled his bike and headed back the way he came.

Cathy Cunningham '74

The sweat drips off as I sprint down the floor.
I've got an idea to sprint out the door.
Pondering, wondering, why stays the old fire,
"Why am I doing this?" and the crowd yells, "Desire!"

Ah, yes, thanks for telling me; it just slipped my mind.
Desire's the reason for all this toil and grind.
"You love this sport, boy! That's why you work.
That's why you practice every night like a jerk!"

"Sacrifice! Punishment! You must pay the price!
Once you start moving, this game is on ice!"
Coach, why'd you say "ice"? My mouth feels like paste.
"Aw-- go hit the showers; this practice was waste!"

I do like the sport, but what can I say
To people who ask "Why?" day after day?
"Tell me," they demand, "and lay it flat on the wire."
And I join the crowd and cry out, "It's desire!"

Parry Cartier '76

These be
Three misty things
Gray dense clouds drizzling--
Concealing fog in the morning--
Your eyes.

Lisa Poggemann '74

75TH STREET

I look out the window over the street. I find it hard to believe that less than ten years ago Brian, David, and the rest of the gang used to play kickball with me in the same dead street. Houses used to line the street. And trees! Oh, there were trees. The most beautiful trees in town. During the summer, there were parties with balloons, children, and singing. Everybody knew each other. The housewives kaffeeklatsched during the day. It was the perfect neighborhood.

Then, the construction workers came. Suddenly, all my friends had moved away. Now we had to move, too. The parties, kaffeeklatsches, and kickball games were over. The houses that used to stand tall were suddenly a pile of rubble. Five years later, the teachers park their cars where I used to sleep.

Comelia Ille '74

Golden leaves upon the ground
Padded feet don't make a sound
Hound dog sniffs to find a trail
Probing nose will flush the quail

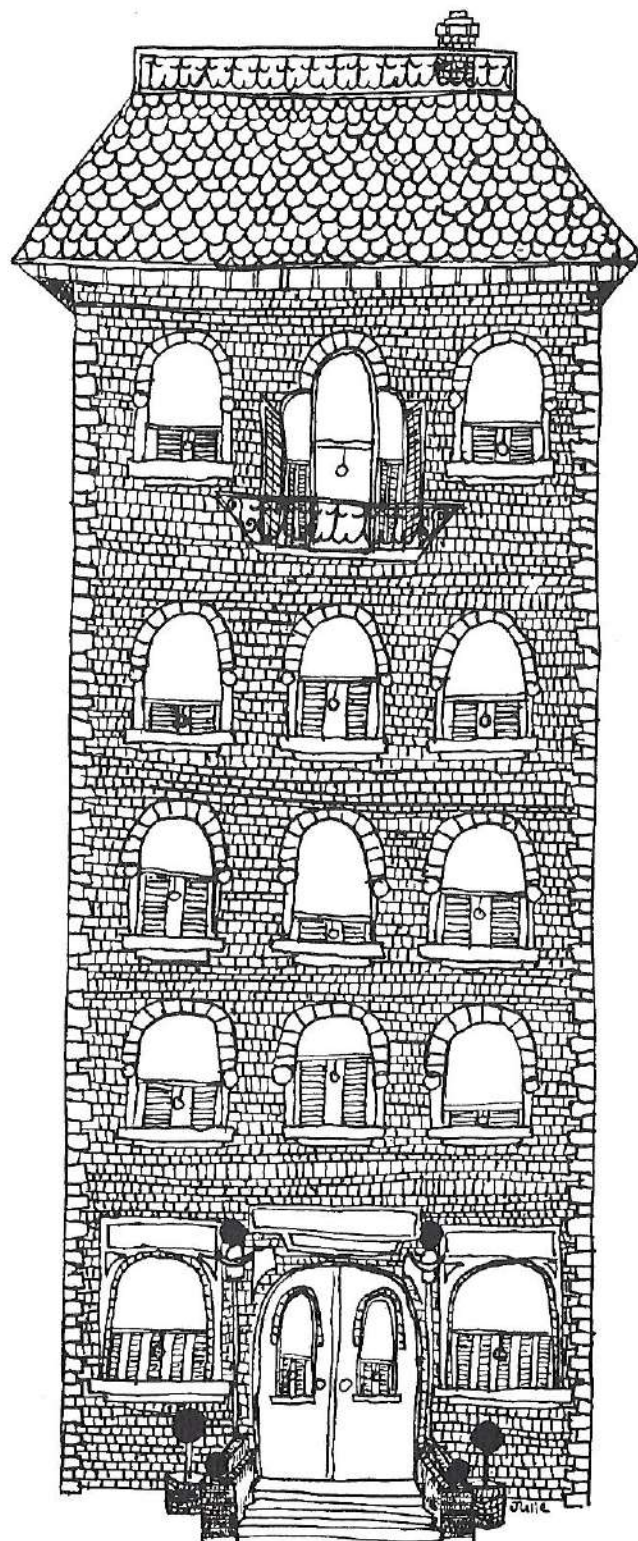
Howie Baer '75

THE CORNER SALOON

Dull streetlights and soft moonlight
illuminate the dim, corner saloon.

A man,
alone, in the corner
does not understand, is not interested in
The beer and coke, and
two old men sitting across a wooden table.
No one understands, is interested in
The beer and coke, and
two old men sitting across a wooden table.
No one,
but the two men,
can understand the feelings between
two long-departed friends
when they meet, by chance,
in the corner saloon.

Tim Hitz '74



Julie Rauschenberger '74

MOTION

Movement affects me in many different ways. Adjectives that best describe movement are "fast," "slow," "quick," "constant," and "graceful." Movement gives me pleasure, but sometimes makes me feel very sad. Movement gives me a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment; movement is a very big part in my life.

Graceful movement can be best exemplified by skiing. You're constantly reacting and responding to the hill. You challenge it here; it challenges you there! You burst over ridge after ridge of small moguls; you feel shock, after shock, after shock, and way down deep that warm, confident feeling starts again. You wind up and give 100 per cent full attention to skiing and the hill. You're preturning, checking, factoring body position and speed, generating incredible torque. You feel your edges grab; you and your skis are in intimate contact with each other. You come to the mountain as much as the mountain comes to you. You're fixing everything in your head, so you can have it there whenever you want. You're crossing that fine line between beauty and chaos. Over it and back again. You get it back together, and you still have it, still hot. Then, at the bottom of what had to be the guts run of the day, you stop... and smile, knowing it'll probably never feel that good again--until next time.

Another type of movement is soft and quieter movement. It is the movement of a clock ticking in a silent classroom. It is the movement of a cat quietly walking across a soft living room carpet. It is the movement of soft, delicate snowflakes falling on the ground. It is the movement of cars snaking along the freeway at night when it is storming and raining out--with just their headlights on and the constant flap, flap of the windshield wipers. It is the movement of a golf ball slowly rolling across a green. It is the movement of white puffy clouds padding their way across the sky. It is the crisp autumn day when oak and maple leaves fall to the ground and are buffeted by the wind. All of these things represent movement to me, but in a different, quieter sense.

Fast or quick movement can be best exemplified by a basketball game, or a horse race, or car race, or a speedboat towing two skiers. At the Olympics, there was an overabundance of quick, fast movement. These movements ranged from boxing to whitewater canoeing, to volleyball, to skiing, to tennis.

There is also constant movement. This is the movement of the earth, or the moon, or even the universe. These things are constantly moving. Other constant movement is movement of the human body. We are constantly moving. During each day, we move all around: we walk, talk, play, run, eat, write, and read. During the night, our body is resting, but our heart, brain, and other body functions still keep moving. When we are asleep, other parts of the world are moving.

Because of focusing on the value that movement has in my life, I am preoccupied with a tragedy that has robbed my friend of all movement. One day he was jumping off a high cliff into a quarry. One time he missed and landed flat on his back. This act of movement has caused him to be paralyzed from his neck down for life. He doesn't have any feeling in his

legs, but he has a slight feeling in his arms. He is flat on his back all day, every day. Now the only thing he can hope for is that physical therapy will bring back the feeling in his hands. For him, that is what he prays for, the simple movement of one's hands. Every time I tie my shoe, or pass a football, or even sign my name, I know this is what Brian someday hopes to do.

To me, movement is everything and very plentiful. To Brian, movement is his hope, his dream, and his prayer.

Merrick Wells '74

THE SONG FOR ME

Too bad one doesn't
Have just one love,
And only one.

To have to seek the Earth and Sky
An endless trek, unless I die.
To search for her on distant Sea,
In foreign lands, if there she be.
To travel far and travel long
In places lost to find the song
She sings for me; the one of everlasting joy,
The one for all eternity.

But if the lands of Earth don't show
The one I long to care, to hold
I'll search the Stars and all of Space;
To touch, to breathe, to see the face.
The one of promise, the one for me.
Through times untouched and primeval seas
Of worlds not born and stars, long dead
Until at last my journey ends,
In absolute oblivion.

Too bad one doesn't
Have just one love.
But I've found mine
Not far away.
Tis you who sings the song for me,
The song of everlasting joy.
The song for all eternity.

Aragon



Lisa Carlson '76

O. HENRY IMITATION

But a clerk in the Drive-In Hot Dog House was Ann Thomas, yet her slender body was a structure that enfolded the passion of Juliet, the gloom of Othello, the mystique of Cleopatra, and the inspirations of Victor Hugo. Pity, then, that she had been denied any personality or beauty, that she was destined to a life of anonymity and diffidence, that she was doomed to be wordless and timid around the muscle-bound angels she adored and dreamed about in vain. Some towering handsome young man would one day snatch her passionately into his cream-colored convertible and drive off into the sunset, singing of violets, fireworks, caramels, and love. Or another Beau-Brummel villain might maliciously abduct her, yet soon find himself deep in unfathomed adoration and vow to walk along the straight path of life with Ann forever at his side, 'til death do them part. Alas, again, though, that these handsome young men rarely did more than whistle for service and flip a ten-cent tip. Dream on...

Sarah Wolz '75

i could rhyme until your
ears fall off.

writing peppery poems
that could make you cough.

Kathy Korpela '75

FLIGHT

It took off, slowly at first, then faster.
It climbed, leveled, and climbed some more,
swooping low, and turning swiftly.
It was large and radiant and looked like it
would never come down.
The sun made the wings shine brightly,
and the body was long and slim.
The tail whistled through the wind, and
the nose rounded off everything, large and black.
Higher and higher it soared.
Farther away it went, until it was just like
a speck of dust.
Then, it disappeared into the crimson sunset.

Diane Houriet '76

SUPERMARKET

Cruising down the aisles with my modified '57 grocery cart
I eye the honeycomb of tin cans,
bearing brilliant labels, prophets of the delights within.

The apples stacked like cannon balls,
under the scrutiny of an underweight clerk
who eyes them suspiciously. He analyzes
the texture, color, and general appearance
with the gravity of a plantation owner about to buy a slave.
-- finally deciding to be extravagant by purchasing
a Golden Delicious.

I philosophize on the coffee beans, going into the machine
like they do, so warm looking,
and coming out much the worse.
Born in Brazil, they are destined to be slaughtered at this
supermarket,
mercilessly attacked by the aproned stock boy,
and having their remains boiled alive in the new
Electro-Perk.

As I contemplated the sad fate of coffee beans in the
civilized world (separated from home and family and kidnapped
into a strange land),
my soul drifted to other points of confusion. In the
Pet Supply Section
there was a great "sale" in
Rubber Doggy bones (liver scented)
for Fido.

This was suitable sport for brutes only.
Three-hundred pound housewives, brandishing twenty-pound purses
were clearly the ablest.
They quickly fought their way through the crowd of
meek filing clerks and slim stenographers
to get to the sought after Doggy bones.
When one young man failed to surrender his position
(He must've been new in the city)
to a rather obese woman,
he was clubbed in the head as she
swung her purse above her head, gradually
picking up speed with each movement of the wrist,
until she released her grasp and the high velocity weapon
hit him, and knocked him down, reminding me
of the Gauchos when they throw their bolas.

Even more brutal was the Dispute Ring.
If two customers lay equal claim to an item,
they go to one of the three supervised Dispute Rings,
where they are allowed to fight it out.
The rules are simple -- no shoes and no weapons.
(they might tear up the mat)
I arrived at the Women's Heavyweight Pork Championship Finals.

All day long the various contenders had fought for a certain
cut of meat
and here were the two Finalists,
grunting,
sweating,
bleeding in the face.
One of these would get the big prize at \$2.98 per lb.
Suddenly I saw the flash of a switchblade --
down down down down
The victim screamed in agony --
I stepped aside as a torrent of blood flowed near.
I heard a whistle blow and a referee
in a striped shirt came running onto the mat.
Disqualification. The penalty -- a two-month ban from the matches.
The woman who had been stabbed seemed to be dead,
so who would get the pork?
"Ladies, the judges have decided that a new contest
for this magnificent cut of meat
will be held tomorrow."

Frank Lamelas '76

WATCH OUT FOR THAT OTHER GUY

Mr. Globy was ready to leave. He put on his old red hat with black
visor and ear muffs. His heavy tweed winter coat hung straight from his
shoulders to his knees. He slipped on his new, cheap, black leather
gloves and entered the world of whiteness, closing the door behind him
with a quick crack that filled the silent backyard.

Globy switched the key on, and the large engine slowly turned
over. The V-8 kicked in, and he immediately raced the motor so it wouldn't
die. Unmercifully he pressed on the accelerator until finally he decided
to back the pig out of the garage into the alley. Application of the power
brake locked the wheels skidding to a halt. He proceeded forward down
the alley to the right angle turn starboard side. At twelve m.p.h. he hit the
brake, but kept going and headed for a solid wood telephone pole. His
heavy vehicle slowed somewhat, but would not stop in time, he judged, at
this present rate. Panicked, he steered right, and at the last possible
moment let the pressure off the brake for lack of anything else to do. It
was the correct procedure. His car reacted and followed the direction of
the guiding front wheels.

No one was in his way, and Mr. Globy soon forgot the incident and
its possible tragedies. He travelled about two miles in traffic. Nobody
knew his driving abilities. He was virtually the drunk driver of daytime.

Fred Kinsey '74

We picked up one excellent word--a word that no girl wants to think about; a nice, secret, almost ridiculous, handy word--"pouch." The pronunciation is the same as the everyday word "pouch." We picked it up from West--only the East girls know what it means. It was brought to our attention by one girl the first day; we heard every girl talking about it the second; we related it to the latest gossip the third; we adopted it and got facility in swinging it the fourth. It had a restricted meaning, but we soon spread it out by adding our own adjectives, verbs, and nouns to make it more colorful. It is the equivalent of being stood up, ignored, dumped. When thrown into a conversation, it makes the best rumors. Now when the girls talk at lunch--or even in front of our favorite boys, we can say it to their faces--they'll never know the meaning... (until it happens to them).

Lynn Stevens '75

Great silvery globes of translucent
crystal,
The domes rise majestically,
An offering to the heavens,
Encasing worlds of unlimited
beauty and life.

Jade and emerald green are the lush
jungle growth,
Entwining and entangling orchids of
exquisite beauty,
Sapphire waterfalls, like sweet
wine,
Dripping gracefully over broken
stones.
The smell of damp earth,
The steamy breezes, the waving
palms,
The essence of primitive life.

Chameleon skin green are the
dusty desert growths,
Stretching their parched needles
to the porcelain domes,
Dusty yellow sand, like fine powder,
Blowing grittily through the air,
The parched smell of hot plants,
The gritty breezes and thorny cacti,
The essence of primitive life.

Great translucent bubbles,
The domes rise majestically,
An offering to the heavens,
Encasing worlds of boundless
beauty and life.

Betsy Roberts '75

A RIDE DOWNTOWN

I entered the freeway from 92nd Street, intending to take the six-lane maze of concrete downtown to the focal point of Milwaukee's communal society. Exhaust-spewing automobiles and thunderous diesel trucks whipped by on my left as I gradually merged from the narrow inclined entrance ramp. The quantity of traffic was formidable, and only after an exchange of horn blowing and lane maneuvering was I able to enter the general flow. At this point, the landscape was unimpressive: a few hills of dried-out brown grass bordering the highway, steel-linked fences, and the frequent monstrous bridges that passed overhead.

As I turned eastward onto I-94 toward the downtown area, the volume of cars and trucks appeared to increase, and I found myself reduced to a mere unit of the road, an individual droplet in the torrential stream of traffic. The grassy roadside areas gave way to crowded neighborhoods consisting of tightly packed duplex houses and lonely, forboding telephone poles and street-lights. As I proceeded further, gigantic towers of gray metal loomed up on my left, holding thick black wires with dark purple porcelain insulators. These ominous structures traversed the neatly arranged, white-stoned rows of a veteran's cemetery. Another large creation of steel and cement appeared to my right, the outer shell of the county sports stadium. The surrounding parking lot was jammed with cars and busses, the crowd obviously witnessing brutal athletic competition within the metallic confines.

A curious odor arose in the atmosphere as I approached 35th Street and the Menomonee River valley. This smell, definitely distinct from the usual odor of carbon monoxide and diesel exhaust, was the blending of freshly processed yeast from the factory to the freeway's right, and of beer-brewing industries of the tall buildings to my left. The odor, while not particularly appealing, carried the scent of flavor and life, somewhat ironic from the visual appearance of the civilized, industrialized region. As my car went on, dark, smoky air was blown toward the freeway, gathered from huge piles of coal located to the right. Following this, the smell of trains innumerable was detectable from the large freight yards near the river.

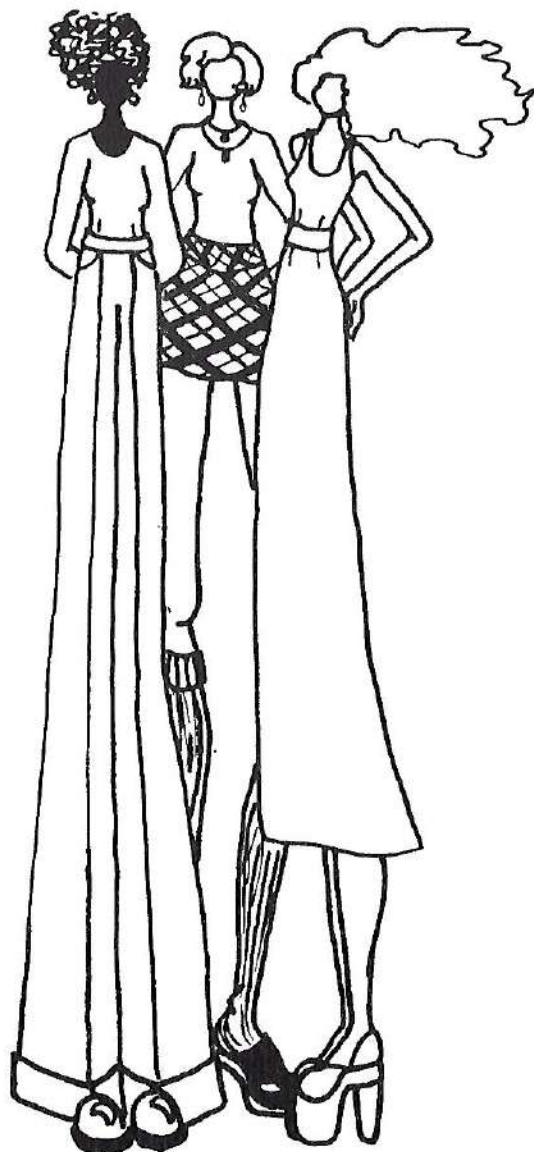
As I approached the actual center of the city, large, old factories stood on either side of the freeway. Impenetrably dirty windows looked right out onto the road, and the never-ceasing lights of industry could be seen burning inside where men worked at a faceless job to produce faceless goods. The Milwaukee Casket Company was a particularly sinister place, with blackened cement walls, windows which never opened, and a gloomy sign which carried the thought of death.

In a short time, nothing could be seen but the monotonous beige road ahead, the pollution-darkened sky, and an endless conglomeration of buildings, factories, and winding streets. I strained to see the lakefront, but a heavy smog obscured my view. The freeway was dwindling to an end now, parallel lines of concrete slowly approaching a common intersection. The huge new First Wisconsin skyscraper soared upward in front of me as I exited from the freeway onto Van Buren Street. As I jerkily drove my way through the city, obliged to stop at every other intersection because of

traffic lights, I noticed that the world here consisted of three things: frantic people scurrying along the sidewalks, traffic bustling to and fro, and the tall, dark buildings that encased the area.

I was downtown.

Peter Esser '74



Marie Swanson '74

THE BROKEN DREAM

Sometimes the anger builds
in mountainous fury
but nowhere to go, it stays
quiet for a while
until it rises again
like some blood-preying beast
it draws upon the life-blood
and drains the love,
how to banish it forever from our shores,
how to replace the torn and jagged hate
with free-flowing love
when we are unwilling
to try once again,
in the now too small room
the final pieces fall fatally to the floor.

Karen Fox '75

THE COTTAGE

It's old.
The warped door and mildewed floor defied
the anxious efforts of its tenants.
The shingled roof, the weathered sides, the
mossy beams have felt the anger of
the cold wind, the crashing wave, the
rising river, the grinding ice.

But it stands.
It mutely, dumbly clings to its own
postage stamp of earth
and by its presence flings back the curses
of both man and nature.

It sits alone.
Once friends who loved and understood it
made it their summer home.
Then laughter shook its walls and happiness
poured out its crooked windows.
It smiled grotesquely in its own joy.
But now its friends are gone.
All that remains is warp, mildew, wind,
wave, ice, and rising river.

Roger Voltz '76

The **Insight** section of the **Sunday Milwaukee Journal** carries a restaurant review article written by Herbert Kubly. The author usually pans the places he eats at. It is a select restaurant that makes the grade. Here could be one of his articles.

DINING AT GEORGE WEBB'S

This past Tuesday night, my wife and I decided to try the George Webb's Hamburger Parlor at 65th and North Avenue. We called for reservations, but the cook--waiter--cashier--bus boy--hat check--dish washer--matre de told us that reservations weren't necessary.

We arrived at 7 p.m. and were seated immediately, being the only people in the entire place. The decor was that of early coffee shop, with a very bright appearance. We sat at the counter, which faces directly into the kitchen area. It wasn't the best seat, so we asked to be moved. The waitress responded with, "Sit anywhere you want. I don't care!" We moved to the other side of the counter, which was much better. I was disappointed that my stool didn't have any grease on the swivel. It was so tight that I couldn't spin around and look out the window.

We were surprised that they didn't send a cocktail waitress to our counter seats. (I thought sure that I looked 18). Nevertheless, we decided to order, and, much to my dismay, the waitress (who was chewing gum, of all the nerve) didn't even present us with menus. She just came up and said, "Watcha want?" I asked where the menus were. "Look right above ya," she said. The menus were painted on plywood boards mounted on the wall above us. We asked for a little time to consider our choice for dinner.

Scanning the board for appetizers, we found the split pea soup to our liking. The waitress took our order and directly in front of us ladled the soup into bowls. Then, she put the soup, with soda crackers, in front of us. For some strange reason or perhaps for a novelty effect, the crackers were shaped like thumbs and were in the soup. The soup had a thick, rich texture and was very good. After we finished the generous bowlful, the waitress returned to take our order for the entree.

My wife found the cheeseburgers to her taste and ordered two of them, while I ordered three of the pure beef hamburgers. To accompany the cheeseburgers, my wife had hash browns. To enhance the flavor of the burgers, I requested fried onions on the hamburgers and a side order of French fries. For liquid refreshment, we both ordered Cokes. The burgers were brought in waxpaper-lined plastic baskets, with the potato side orders on separate plates. The Cokes were in glasses. My wife reported both of her cheeseburgers to be very good. However, she did say the hash browns were a bit dry and the Coke was overcarbonated. As for my hamburgers, they were the best I've ever had. I hadn't had a burger in an extremely long time and was glad to know they are still just as good as they were when I was a kid. The onions I would recommend to anyone to add an excellent flavor.

Our meal concluded with a piece of blueberry pie which, although commercially made, tasted rather good.

Our bill for the meal was \$4.35, which wasn't bad. There are numerous George Webb Hamburger Parlors in the city. Stop in sometime and enjoy a good old American hamburger or other fine American cuisine.

Gordon Hering '74

indian summer and the tee-pee

a

guy, you

wore braids

and the majority

here resented your

individuality. but that

summer i T.P.ed your yard

to make you feel wanted so

you'd be happy. i spent my weeks

allowance on charmin and northern

bathroom tissue. a tiresome job. i

was up until two

and got beat up

on the way home

not by policemen

but by my mother

who waited up for me

she was so furious

that she forbade me

to ever see you again.

but i didn't mind,

so long as she let me

keep your peace pipe.

Barb Huntman '75

A THOUGHT

Someday you'll be lying

there in a nice trance

and suddenly a hot,

soapy brush will be

drawn along your face

- - it will be unwelcome.

- - someday the undertaker

will shave you.

Kathie Roche '75

TOAST

It comes:

 crisp and light,
 browned,
popping warm --
emitted from shiny metallic wired slots
to be paved in butter that fills the porous
 bubbles/holes.
Its coarse texture garnished with cinnamon,
 honey, jam,
contained by vitamin-enriched crusts;
 soggy, with water-filled sponge
 consistency or burnt,
The quick eight A.M. cocktail,
toast -- my morning pick-me-up.

Carey Hanson '74

TO WONDER MAN ON HIS BIRTH:

Sorry, my sweetheart, my eyes have grown cold
Your stare is quite glassy, sends chills down my soul
The senators shout the devil's been killed
Tell Abby to serve up the bill.
Sorry, my darling. I'm packing to leave
I've grown tired of the tangles, the stories you weave
The baby is crying, his milk has been spilled
Tell Abby to serve up the bill.
Sorry, my honey, the dancing must end
The Christmas tree is dying, I love your best friend
But the car horn is honking, his tank has been filled
Tell Abby to serve up the bill.

Liz Pradt '75

Cars
f al ling a pa rt
killing the people
can cost you friends
 jalopy

John Gibbs '74

GENUINE

We began
 as bus stop buddies.
Each day I'd leave the house
 too late,
And swish through those golden leaves on the lawn
 as I weaved to the painted white gate.
My smile was real,
 the world was crisp and lovely.
I'd begin the mile slowly,
 savoring every stone on the highway,
Basking in the blue of the sky,
 pasting it to my eyes.
My heart was ready for a full day
 of country kids,
And you.
When I got to the crest of the hill,
 there was a splotch of blue, or yellow, or brown,
Waving
 to hurry,
As the bus came lumbering down the road.
Then I would fly,
 with the fresh air catching ahold of my lungs.
My books became lead,
 and my face all colors of pink radiance.
You'd stall the driver,
 having already prepared what you'd say,
 knowing I'd be late.
As I boarded the bus,
 my once-combed hairs were everywhere.
But my smile would expand
 as my country friends showed eyes of interest . . .
And I answered
 with a laugh; and love that I meant to convey
Was reflected in a warm
 "Good Morning."

Marie Swanson '74

And I don't think much about dying,
only the ridding of my plastic overcoat,
that exterior wall that separates
my soul from yours.

Laurie Mosher '75

Sitting on a sand dune, all alone,
 It's gone dry, has my levee.
 My levee's been dry,
 Since the fall of the Chevy.
 Peaches and cream!
 You know what I mean!
 The place to boogie
 Is now, just a dream.
 I'm a lonely teenager,
 Fan of Wolfman Jack.
 Rockin' in blue suede shoes,
 To the tunes of Flash Cadillac.
 Sole survivor
 Of a kingdom once great.
 I thought I could help,
 But the help was too late.
 I lift my eyes to the horizon,
 Daddy-o! What do I see?
 Why, it's a heavy Chevy,
 Just a-hunkerin' on towards me.
 Following at a close second,
 Is a nifty fifty; and man alive!
 A grand old Plymouth,
 Vintage: '55.
 They're coming! They're here!
 They're back by the score!
 They've returned by the thousands,
 To boogie once more!
 Hunkered down, greased back.
 Ready to kick.
 Know where it's at, daddy,
 You're lookin' real slick.
 I say, "Slap my hand,
 Give me some skin.
 C'mon, daddy-o!
 Lay it in!"
 Open up that closet door!
 Let out Johnny B. Goode.
 We're going to get this place hoppin'
 Like you know it should.
 Grab the chicks
 And come along.
 We're reelin' and rockin'
 'Till the break of dawn.
 Socks up to here,
 Skirts down to there.
 Greased back, ratted up,
 Ducktailed hair.
 Rockin' to the sounds of
 Chuck Berry and Elvis.
 Sway those hips!
 Move that pelvis.

Booze, beer, butts, grease,
 And my baby.
 I can dig it!
 Crazy, man, crazy!
 Up tight, out of sight,
 And in the groove.
 Make with the beat, daddy,
 And move, cat, move!
 Dancing with Sweet Sixteen,
 Imagine that!
 She's got high-heeled sneakers,
 And an alligator hat.
 Too much beer, too much beat,
 But still, I savor more.
 One more guzzle,
 And I pass out on the floor.
 I come to; it's quiet.
 No one is near.
 Not a bobby sock in sight.
 No one is here.
 The grand old kingdom
 Of yesteryear.
 It still exists,
 We proved it right here.
 My levee, our levee.
 The levee is high.
 As high as the kids
 That just boogied to the sky.
 It's alive and kickin'
 And will stay that way.
 'Cause Rock 'n Roll
 Is here to stay.

Jackie Schaff '74

The pink car in the west field over there was the most famous car that ever came to me. I am a junk collector, and I've had many cars, but I think this one was the most eye catching. I can imagine just what it looked like when it was new. A bright pink car with chrome hub caps and black fenders. The seating was upholstered in black-and-white plaid, which was the latest style. It had a pair of dice hanging on the rear view mirror and, of course, had a built-in mini bar in the back seat. This car wasn't owned by just anybody, as you might guess. It was owned by a rock-and-roll star in the late 1950's. She drove this car everywhere she went. She was a real swinger. But when she got married, her husband made her sell it because he didn't like pink. Instead, he got her a nice gray Cadillac. The pink car was sold to a 16-year-old teenager for \$300. The teenager was rich, also, but unfortunately he did not drive as well as his parents kept track of their money. The car's front end was totalled in an accident two days later. Too bad it had to end so soon.

Amy Bartoloth '75



Tom Holleran '76

UNATTACHED

I felt like writing a book today;
 (about a girl)
 But when I realized how much there was to say,
 I stopped.

Things like

 the texture of piano keys beneath
 her hands, and the old dingy and cracked walls,
 And all the little things confused me.

Besides, the girl would have turned out to be me
 In an old black-and-white photograph
 From yesterday.

Gayle Ruesch '75

TRIBUTE TO TASHUNKA WITKO (CRAZY HORSE)

did grass once grow,
 and water flow
 so many years ago . . .
 the center of the earth
 has since been misplaced,
 the circle is broken,
 our women: disgraced.
 the prairie grass: stained red
 of the blood
 of a million laid dead.
 spirit hooves stamp
 where a thousand once roamed,
 our brothers, the buffalo:
 expelled from their homes,
 like us.
 the wind echoes
 whispers
 of the ghosts of our kin,
 tearfully mourning
 their sorrow within,
 lamenting our plight
 since the onslaught of whites,
 i pray that they might
 reach the Other Side--
 where water is sweet
 and we nourish ourselves
 with buffalo meat,
 where game is abounding
 and the sun shines bright.
 The Other Side--
 where the water is sweet,
 and no one is
 white.

Steve Krueger '76

MASTERPIECE

delicate scrolls in fine wood
 whisper of a patient art,
 long forgotten

Karen Fox '75

Subject: mentally insane
 me
 insane
 not really
 actually They are
 ... insane
 don't lock me up
 don't walk away
 please
 don't turn off to me
 come back
 dam
 i hear things other people can't
 behind those doors
 the locked ones
 someone is screaming
 as They conform him to Their mold
 or pick his brain apart,
 like vultures over a corpse
 i can see behind those locked doors
 where he lies already dead
 though he still sees and his heart still
 beats
 slower and slower and slower and
 slower and slower and
 slower and
 nothing
 i'm not really insane
 do you believe me
 please believe me
 please
 oh god
 help me
 God
 I'm next

Kevin Giehl '76

Struggling helplessly, a baby sparrow attempted to fly. All it could
 do was flutter its bare wings. A newcomer to the big world, it looked ugly.
 It was bare, had green eyes, and showed a short, dull, yellow, blunt beak.
 Tumbling down the curb, it flopped into the street. A lady riding her bike
 swerved to avoid it, but it was dead. In about fifteen minutes, it was back
 on its feet. It flipped to its feet, but wobbled quite a bit. It regained its
 balance and hopped across the street.

Curt Kuenzi '75

Hey old timer
 tell me a tale of the time when you threw
 the scared little chipmunk and the squirrel
 down the flue.
 Of the pigtailed schoolgirl with ink in her
 hair and the teacher and spider who
 sat down beside her.
 Of cool, bubbly brooks and hot, sultry
 summer days, and the old butterfly
 collection you traded to Dave.
 Of Rover, that rascal that romped
 through the kitchen, eating cookies and
 fresh pie-- Mom gave you a lickin'.
 Of rust-colored fall leaves that swept
 on the breeze, and picking wet mushrooms
 while down on your knees. Yes
 Sing me a song of the years gone by
 to the tune of the world as it spins
 silently by.....

Jacque Bourbonais '74

Flying aimlessly about
 soaring to the clouds
 diving to the sea
 around the cliffs they glide.
 Gulls lost in a fog.

Leslie Ott '76



Louise Flick '76

THESE THINGS I SEE AND REMEMBER

And this is how I see New Mexico. I have seen its good and its bad and have felt its true examples of beauty and life. But I remember it now, walking from an adobe mission in a small valley town called Santa Cruz. Instead of trees, I see a rugged wall of huge gray mountains. It screams out its clean, fresh beauty in the morning. It hums a mysterious song of enchantment in the afternoon and provides dark surrounding protection at night. I have the feel of ground underneath my feet and the scorching sun in my eyes. As I look upon the hills, I feel I know the answers to nature's most hidden secrets. And I feel the cool mountain air come to settle upon the small Spanish village for the nights.

Amy Bartoloth '75

And this is how I see the forest. I have walked through its towering trees and have felt its coolness; but now I see it, as always, from my campsite, a green world, the sun sifting through leafy cathedrals. I hear the birds calling one another; I smell the tangy pine trees. And I see a campfire, bright and glowing, with white hot ashes and hidden chambers beneath flaming logs. That I can never forget.

Ellen Haertel '75

I can see his cabin, just a small wooden shack, with a fancy carving of Welcome on the wall and a huge black bearskin strung stretched between two poles for airing. And I can see his garden, without tidy rows or sections, planted full to the fence with juicy red and yellow tomatoes, tall stalks of green string beans and yellow sweet corn, and flat stretches of sharp green peppers, cucumbers, and radishes-- just the right amount to accommodate him and the many travelers who passed his way, tourist or backwoodsman, skier or snowmobiler, farmer, hunter, or highway bum, all welcome to his house.

Katie Druse '75

And this is how I see East. I have seen its secret corridors and looked into its very soul; but now I see it from the outside, outlined by the early morning sun, brown brick and sturdy at noonday, lonely and empty at sunset. I have the feeling of remorse at the vision of the years that will separate us. A bright, white light shines from the depths of the empty halls, and the morning air is crisp on my face. We stood in line the night before, with diplomas in hand, as blurred memories, happy and sad, rushed through our minds. A stilled hush fell over the graduating class. That I will never forget.

Pandora Sanders '74

I remember those evenings, when the sun would set early and the papers were heavy with Christmas ads. It was awkward walking with those papers; it was impossible to ride a bicycle because of the mud. I remember those Sunday mornings, and Saturday collections, and paying the bill; and how I spent more money than I had on gifts and my bill often came short. I had won one service and that was all I wanted. I remember the Christmas tips and the greed of counting the money and remembering what each person gave before and now. But the evenings I remember most: wrapping the papers with rubber bands and sloshing through the mud and fields with the papers and counting how many I had left. I always ended up at the shopping center, where I would buy a Coke and then go home to dinner.

Eric Stuve '74

TO THE "DRAGGER": UNLIKELY COUPLES

Chocolate milk and Ginger Ale
Butterscotch and rum
Orange juice and Seven-up
Tequilla and sloe gin
Liquid memories of our times together

Real Chili and birthday cake
Free popcorn and Doublemint gum
Angelo's pizza and garlic bread "to go"
Beef burritos and ham-- sliced thin
We ate our share of heartburn

Humpin' Hanna's and the Meet Market
J. V. Grunt's and the Gym
Chessmate and the Ardmore
Madhatter and the Bobbin Inn
Fake I.D.'s and fast talkers: politicians at heart

Barry and E. J.
Peter and John
Jim and Jimmy
Joe and Kevin
We made friends with important people: bartenders

from 76th and Oklahoma
to 16th and Wells
from 72nd and the "Ave"
to 35th and Poe
Distances grow further as we grew closer,
thanks.

Anne Marie Schmanski '74

YOUR OWN WAY

Behold! The World.

Population:	overwhelming
Technology:	ever increasing
Pollution:	ever abounding
Problems:	ever mounting
Questions:	infinite supply of
Answers:	in great demand
	hopelessness surrounds
	what is left to do?

Live each day to its fullest
Think of what you do and say
The job for you is to search
to find your own way.

Lisa Poggemann '74

a
 cry
 of joy,
 freedom
 and love.
 Love for
 the life
 that's a lot.
 On silent
 air while
 far above.
 Above the world that
 cleanliness scoots. He
 knows a grace and
 that's only his to know.
 on high goes currents
 his bliss,
 while reels
 the earth
 below.
 A cry
 of joy
 yet
 woe

Brad Ott '74

THE SEARCH

I went in search of me,
 Knowing not where to look, or what to look for.
 I comprehended only nothing about myself.
 Yet, I know time.
 The sun will shine, and the moon will glow,
 Long after I am gone.
 I have no inflated opinion of myself.
 And, finally, this ultimate simplicity bore the revelation.
 My search has ended.
 I've answered who, why, what, when.
 But I shall not divulge the responses.
 This knowledge is but for me, for my peace of mind.
 No other relevance can be found.
 "Who are you?" is the question now, my friend.
 So we both will go in search of you.

Jane Prescott '74

Re (once in a field) member
 when (we sat in the sun)

You told me (how much you wanted to
 believe) where your life was going.

It was (not only in God, but me)
 warm.

An airplane (we looked at the clear
 blue sky) made a roaring noise and left
 a streak of white.

(and there was silence) A gentle
 breeze rippled the tall grass (you
 handed me a purple clover).

I looked up (and I smelled its spicy
 sweetness) and was grateful.

Pamela Reinke '74

DREAM

Darkness engulfed me. I groped for the switch that would free me
 from my fear. Up, down, nothing. Was I condemned to live my life in dark-
 ness? No!

I remembered the matches and the candle. I found the candle and lit
 it. It gave me just enough light to see that there was a door. I crawled to
 my chair and wheeled my way to the door. Locked!

I found an old crutch and beat the door open. Light bombarded me,
 and I closed my eyes. My eyelids flickered. I heard laughing and talking.
 I heard someone gasp, and, suddenly, it was silent. I opened my eyes, but
 kept my head down. I looked at myself. I was dressed so shabbily. Where
 was I? I thought.

"Who are you?", I yelled at the strange people. I wheeled my way
 into the crowd; no one spoke. I confronted a man in a doctor's coat.

"What is this place?"

"This place is your mind."

With that, I returned to the dark-filled room, locked the door, and
 cried myself awake.

Trina VerMeulen '75

THE PRESENT

On a cold December 24, 2055, a boy, his father, and mother rode the swift walkway to the end of the rocketport, where they would depart for the planet Valkrie in the Carmine star system.

As they boarded the rocket, a young stewardess weighed and checked their belongings. "I'm sorry, sir, but your package is 4 ounces overweight," she said. "You'll have to leave it here."

"That little tree with those miniature candles was so cute, too, and now we have nothing to give him," said the mother.

"We'll think of something," said the father.

A stewardess showed them where to sit and how to fasten the seat belts. No sooner had they strapped in when a voice came over the intercom. "Good evening, this is your captain speaking. My name is Jack Reefer. I would like to welcome you to United Space Transport Flight 501. Our destination will be the Inegielus colony on Valkrie. Our trip will take approximately 5 hours, and we will be travelling at a speed of Warp 7. Please fasten your seat belts until we reach the proper trajectory. Enjoy your flight and feel free to ask any stewardess for anything you might want."

"When will I get my present?" asked the little boy.

"As soon as it's twelve o'clock," said his dad.

A message flashed on the screen above them. The count down. 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5...blast off. A great surge of power, almost overwhelming, took the passengers by surprise.

As soon as they reached the proper trajectory, another sign flashed on the screen, "All Clear," and a voice came on the intercom again, "You are now free to move about the ship."

"Billy, why don't you get a book to pass the time?"

"Tom, his first Christmas..., and we don't have anything to give him."

"Shhh--not so loud! Do you want him to hear?" Tom said. "He'll get his present." And he left her for about twenty minutes. When he came back, it was five minutes to twelve.

"Billy, Andrea, I want to show you something," he said.

Billy said, "Am I going to get my present now?"

"Yes," replied his father.

It was now one minute to twelve, and he took them to the only space-viewing window in the ship. As Tom opened the door to the darkened room, people began to sing old Christmas carols, and Billy rushed to the window and gazed at the millions of candles of light that filled the sky.

Steve Brueggemann '76

Forward all my mail
to the yellow star
where orange trees
grow green fruit
and smiles are free
In this land they only
sell extravagance
The taxman has big
chains around his feet
All the men have
strong arms that can hold you
All the women dance
the days away
Children grow on
apple trees and never cry
Old age makes them
wise enough to stay
Fancy beads swing
round an open doorway
I'll enter laughing
never to return
eating grapes and living
for the first time
No, keep my mail
and tell my friends
to learn

Liz Pradt '75

FIRST SNOW

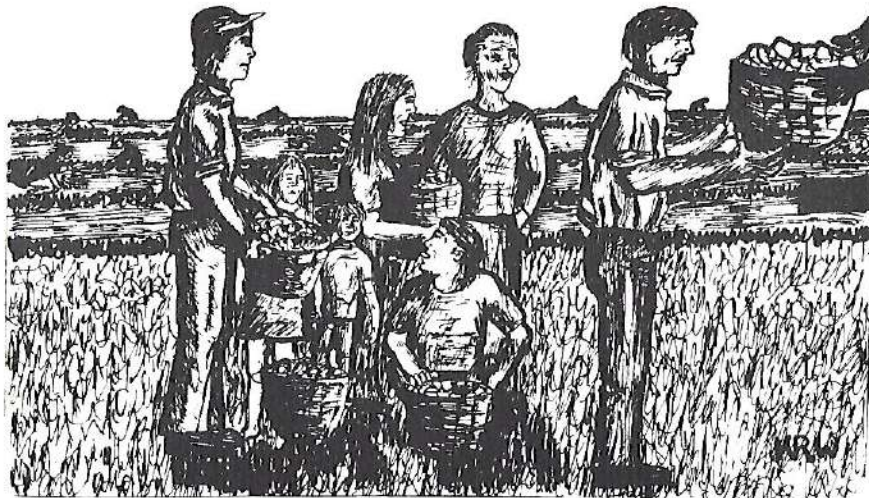
It happens every year; I should be used to it by now.
But every time the first snow comes, I somehow want
to shout.

I walk inside of a crystal ball
that glitters so brightly, like magnesium fire.
The trees have donned coats of glistening white fur,
and mounds of white powder have frosted the houses.
Everything is hushed;
the silence is so quiet it hurts my ears.
A single breeze carries an odor to my nose.
Its scent is like that of line-dried sheets and pillowcases.
Yet it carries a hint of more special things:
a balsam fir, and tingly peppermint bits,
snap-crackling logs, and delicately perfumed hankies.

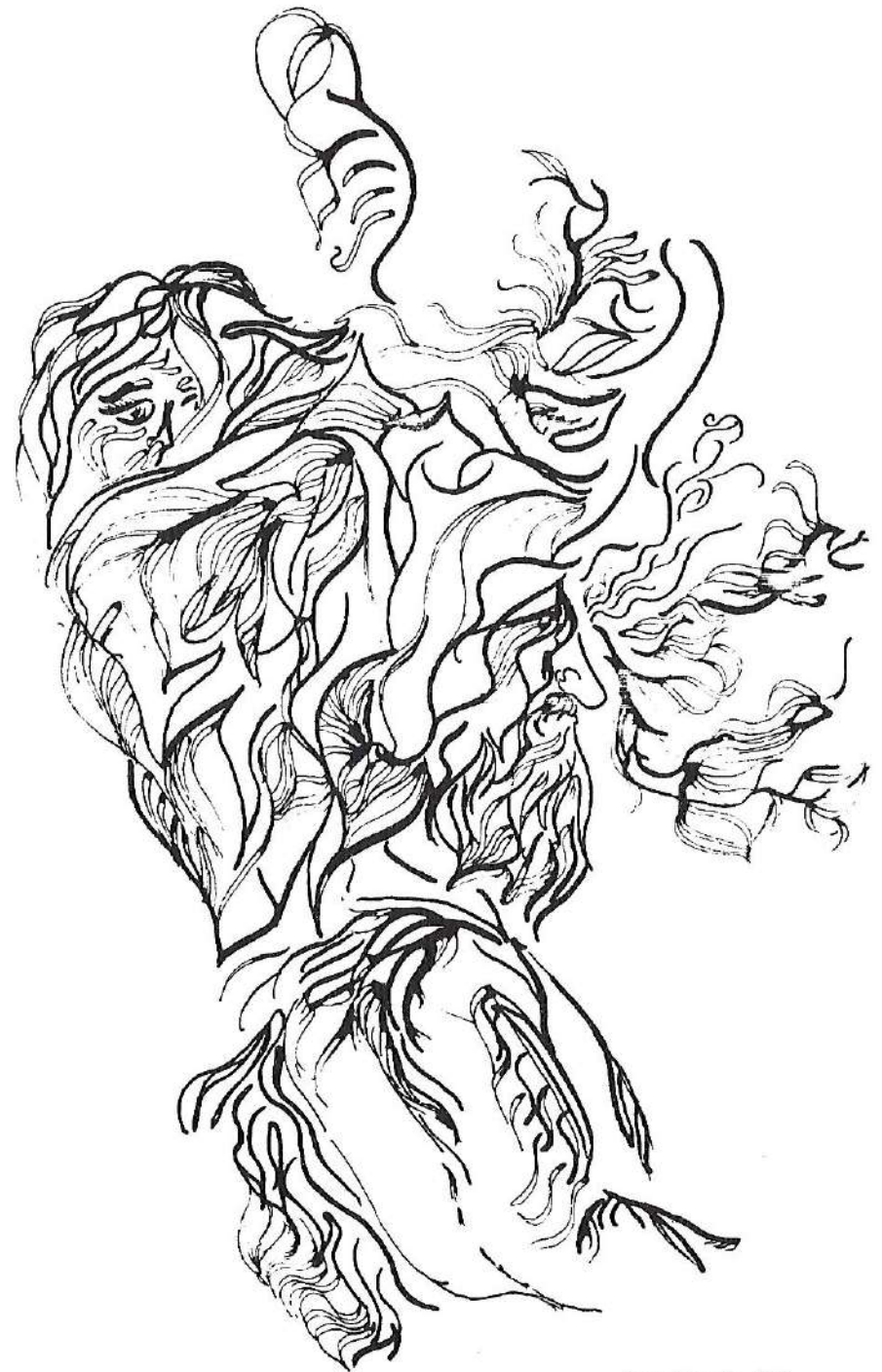
Susan Stolz '75

i'm deaf today... don't even look my way cause
 i'm not listening
 to what you or others say.
 i'm walking alone...
 some call it stubbornness, i call it a
 time for sorting out my thoughts,
 sorting out myself.
 it's time that i learn for myself
 what i'm all about,
 not what i am
 in your eyes.
 i'm deaf today,
 give me the security of your smile
 but let me hide awhile,
 with no one near me to tell me who i am.
 i may walk awhile...
 i may even run awhile,
 and for the first time in so long...
 i'll smile.
 then i'll be ready to see you again...
 but remember... i'm deaf to you today
 so don't make me listen,
 cause you can't... today.

Kathy Williams '74



Katherine Weishaar '74



Liz Pradt '75

SAILBOAT

"Well, isn't it neat?"

"Sure is. How much is it?"

"Five dollars," said Fred.

He stood in front of the dime store, his eyes fixed on a sailboat resting in a display case, his nose pressed against the shiny window. It was spring, and a slight drizzle was moistening the already soggy earth. He wore a pair of red rubbers on his yellowed tennis shoes, a baseball cap on his head, its red contrasting with his brown hair. His jacket and pants were coated with mud.

"Where are you going to get that much?"

"I could save my allowance. But, to get that much, I'd have to wait six years."

"Yep, I know what you mean," grunted Mark, who slouched against a parking meter near the curb, the legs of his blue jeans drenched from jumping in puddles.

"Got any ideas how I could get some money?"

"How about shoveling snow?"

"There's only one problem."

"What's that?"

"There isn't any snow to shovel."

"Oh, yea," said Mark giggling. "I never thought of that." He sat down on the curb and started to build a dam out of mud and sticks to clog up the nearest sewer. "Why do you want that sailboat anyway?"

"I don't know. I just want it."

"You could ask your dad for the money."

"He wouldn't give me any money for it." Fred sat down on the curb next to Mark and contemplated his problem.

"Want to help me build this dam?"

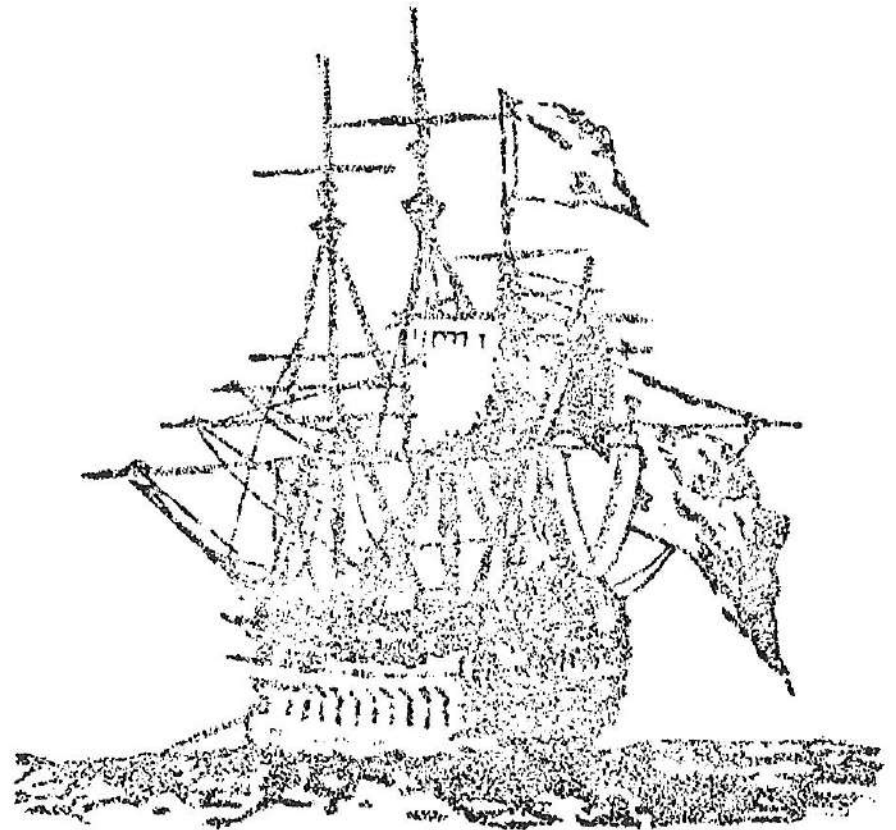
"I guess."

The two sat and constructed dams for hours.

"Look, the street lights just came on. That means I better get going!" gasped Mark. He got up, his hands and face muddy. "See you later," he shouted over his shoulder as he ran down the flooded sidewalk.

Fred pulled himself up with a sigh and began walking down the street, kicking a rock along in front of him as the rain suddenly increased from a drizzle to a drench.

Ellen Bartling '76



Pat Hunt '76

LIVING

Life was born on an early
morning in
April.
He grew up with
the summer's light
and summer's showers
and summer's rainbows.
And then he met Beauty.
And because of Beauty
there was
Love.
And because there was so much
Life, Beauty, and Love,
no one noticed when
Death and Hate walked in.
death and hate couldn't speak
without listeners, and since
no one noticed them,
they left.

Amy DeLong '75

There is nothing quite as delicious as a warm, soft, salty, chewy
and fresh pretzel. The flavor is fabulous alone, but the addition of a close
friend on a cold day greatly enhances its tastiness.

Shawn Stanton '74

THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS

There was a flower on a hill.
Tall, green, crowned with yellow,
Smiling in the peacefulness of a sunny day.
Then someone called it a weed
And now it is gone.

Su Sievert '76

I wish
I could care
That there's a war
And hunger, and pain
And death. But at times
Like these, warm summer
Nights and golden-blue
Autumn afternoons, the
Joy has to be taken
And I am
Satisfied with
The World.

Mary Fensholt '74

There's a mouse house
In the hallway
With a small door
By the hall floor
Where a fat cat
Sits all day
The same way
All day, every day
Just to say
"Come out and play"
To the nice mice
In the mouse house
In the hallway
With a small door
By the hall floor.
But do they
Come out and play
When the fat cat
Asks them to?
Well, would you?

Steve Siever '75

THE MAN WHO LIKED COUNTRY MUSIC

He liked country music. He didn't care what anybody thought or said, he just liked country music. Country music had a way of soothing him that no other music could stack up to. Country music reminded him of the sunrise over a misty Tennessee lake in July. It took him back to his childhood, away from the kids and politics, air pollution and his law practice, back to the first vacation the family ever took together.

When he was five, Mom and Dad decided to take a trip to the Smoky Mountains in Tennessee. He didn't remember much about the trip, but he did remember the quiet beauty of land, not yet spoiled by man, and that curious music they played on the radio. He never heard music like that in Queens, and he kind of liked it.

And when he was nine and the other kids were into Ricky Sloop or Junior and the Seven Bubblegums, he was into Merle Haggard and Roy Clark. When the gang found out about Roy Clark, they kicked him out of the Pirates Club. They laughed, and they giggled and told stories behind his back.

When he was fourteen and the other kids were into Angel Revere and the Sho-be-do-Wahs, he was into Scruggs and Platt. When the guys at school found out about that, they found him one night after school and kicked the hell out of him. He showed up in school the following day with a black eye, two new teeth, and a couple of nasty cuts. They laughed, and they giggled and told stories behind his back.

When he was seventeen and the other kids were into The Electrical Banana or Vera, Chuck, and Dave, he was into Roger Miller and Johnny Cash. And when the girls found out, they wouldn't go out with him. Every time he would call a girl up, the sweet voice on the other end of the line would say that it had to babysit or that it was cleaning its fingernails tonight. So, they laughed and they giggled, and they told stories behind his back.

He was forty three now. He had a nice home, a satisfying job, an understanding wife, and two cherished little ones. As he drove to the high school reunion, he wondered whether his classmates had changed much over the years. Now he knew. Some of them were garbagemen or janitors. Some of them were factory workers with huge, beer-bloated bellies. Some of them were public accountants, getting up at 8 A.M., working from 9 to 5 and going to bed at 11:30 P.M. every day of their lives. Some of them were lawyers, doctors, and architects, with well-wrinkled brows and three stomach ulcers.

When he arrived home, he sat down in the easy chair, put his feet up, and loosened his tie. And then he laughed. He laughed until his tear ducts ran dry and his stomach cramped up like a tight little monkey's paw.

Tom Stieghorst '74

SUMMER

But I still long for summer. Not the sun on the lakes or the warmth of it-- those things are for people who enjoy the daylight. I long for the nights; high up in the sky that surrounds it are its numerous stars with their glittering lights. I dream of lying on a beach, alone, but unafraid and mellowed by the moon, which is romantic even for the unemotional. The sky is dark, quiet, peaceful-- untouched. Seagulls fly about in the moon's pale light. The only sounds are crickets and the waves, cold and alive. I am resting my tired body for awhile. There is a breeze that sweeps in from over the lake, bearing its clean scent and the smell of freshness. And that breeze is my night. I have dreamed that it's still here. Yet it is gone, unattainable, until the summer of next year.

Margie Dougherty '74

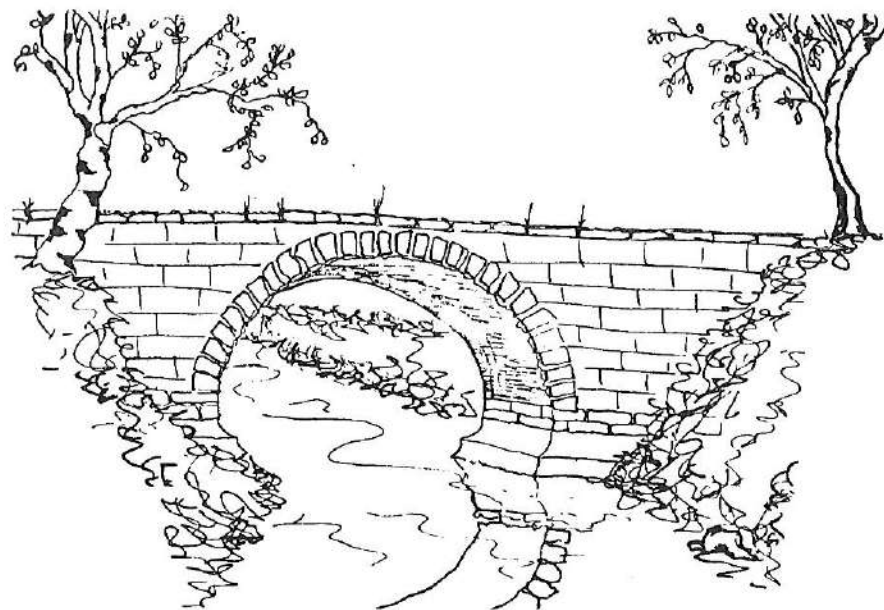
NATURE

Stillness around me

Quiet, I speechless; breathless

I inhale nature

Debbie Bloedel '74



Marie Swanson '74

FOUR MORE ORDERS

I am a broken smile
I am a swollen wave
I am a wound-up dial
I am a forgotten grave

Smile, brighten someone's day
Wave, wash away the sand
Dial, turn to times ahead
Grave, satisfy the dead

Sandy Hey '75

RAIN

There was rain
and
I ran down the street
in bare feet,
stepping on pebbles
but
They didn't hurt.
no
I didn't notice them
(then
a car whizzed by,
wipers
flapping).
My feet
are calloused from
concrete.
It smelled
fresh
Musty but clean.
Nature-ish.
birds like the rain,
I like the rain, too.

Mary Mueller '74

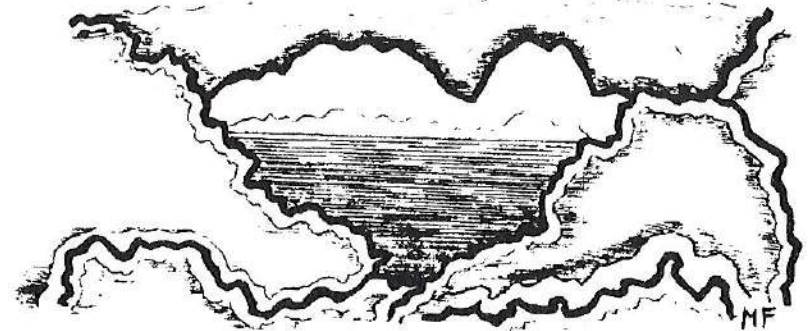
WHAT A DRAG TO BE OLD

He stood alone in the park on the cool, wet summer day. His feeble hands shook as he grasped his cane and leaned on it heavily. His eyes pained him for they had been going bad for the past few years. The pigeons flew about his head, looking for the bread he usually had for them. He pulled a bag from out of his pocket and threw the crumbs on the ground. He felt good watching them eat. He felt good because they depended on him for this food. Oh, sure, he knew others fed them, but he felt he was special in a way. When the last of the crumbs were gone, he slowly walked away.

He contemplated doing it a faster, easier way, but he felt this was braver and more impressive. He made his way along the narrow cobblestone alley, tripping on pieces too high. Turning this way and that way down the familiar streets got him very tired. He wanted to stop and rest but decided against it because what he was about to do would probably give him all the "rest" he needed.

He finally reached the bridge crowded with cars and people. He looked over the edge and smiled to himself in satisfaction. Carefully he laid down his cane. Next, he slowly removed his topcoat, then his frail-rimmed glasses. He grasped the railing tightly and crossed himself. Seconds later, he clumsily flung himself into the toiling waters of the river Thames. The last sound he heard was the voice of a girl who was selling poppies nearby scream, "No, guv'nor! Don't."

Sue Dundon '74



Mary Fensholt '74

HOLLYWOOD

Bright lights

cameras

Director's busy voice shouting, "Quiet on the set!"

Rumors about Burton, Taylor, and maybe Bardot

This is Hollywood to me.

Rhett Butler and Scarlett no one would replace.

Garbo's words, "I want to be alone," make her a star
without a question.

The round, chubby cheeks of Shirley

Everyone's doll

Disney's unforgettable Mickey Mouse

This is Hollywood to me.

Fans reading magazines with star's life sprawled
on two pages

Girls ripping the shirt of their favorite singer

Sinatra

Jones

Johnpaulgeorgeringo

Autographers

Bloodhounds

standing, waiting, ready to pounce

This is Hollywood to me.

Gable's black mustache, his cool savoir faire
over the rainbow with Judy

Producers

blond, blue-eyed, red-mouthed secretaries

The young

The old

The Ups

The down

The way it is with Redford and Streisand.

This is Hollywood to me.

Jennifer Swain '76



Pat Ulschmid '76

The tennis ball sits motionless on the court, left behind by some extravagant tennis players. It is worn out, and they will replace it with a new, fuzzy, bright-white ball.

This ball has travelled the length of the court many times. It has been smashed, driven, dinked, and lobbed. It has been hit with topspin, sidespin, and underspin. And through many grueling battles under the hot sun, this one ball has been the subject which all the players have intended to kill. It has survived a terrific amount of torture, but it is much worse for the wear.

Several weeks ago, it was first released from its vacuum-packed home. The can was opened, and out with the long, hissing pop rolled three perfect white balls. They smelled strongly of rubber, and each was symmetrically rolled. The ball's furry coat extended half an inch from the rubber, and the black letters of "Wilson" were exactly printed in black. On one side of the ball, there were imprinted three small dots--these would serve as a quick aid in identification from balls from other courts. Not only was this ball beautiful to see, but it bounced to a true, exact height. It was a delight just to hit with this ball; it responded so beautifully.

But now, after many hours of service, the ball has changed. From a furry-white beauty, it has been transformed into just one dirty-grey ball. The nap of the tennis ball is all but worn completely off; it is now a hairless, bare-naked grey. The letters of "Wilson" have vanished, and there is no trace to tell of its former high quality.

The ball is now dead.

Jane Hanson '75

REJOICE

The heaven is a pastel, purple-blue, slowly turning black. Dusk is upon the earth. Towards the horizon, the sky is white, still remains of the setting sun. A nestling town settles. Tiny lights glimmer through the oncoming darkness. High above, a lone star shines radiantly. A restless dove spreads its soft, white wings before it falls off to sleep. The air is still warm, but a sense of the earth cooling is present. The breeze stirs the sands of the barren desert, and the rounded hills cast shadows. In the distance, a weary donkey travels, its head hanging low, bouncing slowly with every step. The faint line of the harness is held in the hands of a man. On the donkey's back sits a woman, whose bent head is veiled, as a queen's. In her arms, gently she holds a Babe. And the eye of God is shining brightly.

Dee Eykmans '75

SIBERIA: PRISON CAMP

Visualize four walls,
Closing in around you,
Massive walls of steel,
Containing the soul within you.

Looking out a window,
You catch a slight glimpse of the sun.
But you're contained by bars,
And freedom cannot be won.

Imagine you're a bird,
Locked within a cage,
Having to depend on others,
For the necessities of your age.

Now you know my feelings,
And I'm not the only one.
There are thousands of others like me,
And freedom cannot be won.

You have another commitment,
But rules cannot bend.
You're in solitary confinement,
And this may never end.

Escape would surely be dear,
But where would you go?
You're hundreds of miles from nowhere,
In a land of ice and snow.

You're a bird in a cage,
For the rest of your age.
Under the iron hand,
Of the Soviet Union.

Cheryl Schienbein '75

A rainbow arches
O'er the earth, colored chiffon,
A bridge for raindrops.

Betsy Roberts '75

On the soft petal
of a flower, remains a
tear, cried by the moon.

Betsy Roberts '75

OLD THOUGHTS

The musty smell of lost antiquities pierces
the threshold of awareness
Dusty, wheezing photograph albums
Yellowing pages hold the discolored treasures of the past.
Smiling faces and dimpled cheeks have now withered,
Like old apple cores among maggots.
Movie stars with sparkling teeth and liting eyes
Now wistful pieces of oblivion,
Forced to cling to the jewel-studded past to retain
a drive to live.
Smashed sapphires of visions rot to become
cobweb-covered moldy nonentities.
A rusty key turns, displaying camouflaged dreams
Diaries with crawling gray hieroglyphics reveal
unfulfilled aspirations
Old thoughts captured by flowing ink decompose
Illegible mysteries useless but to those
who once shared their secrets.
A sanctum, a muted refuge from painful
black-on-white realities.
In their dimly lit grotto of yesterdays
Old thoughts and pages mellow, discolor,
Disintegrating into a timeless misty void.

Lisa Grayson '74

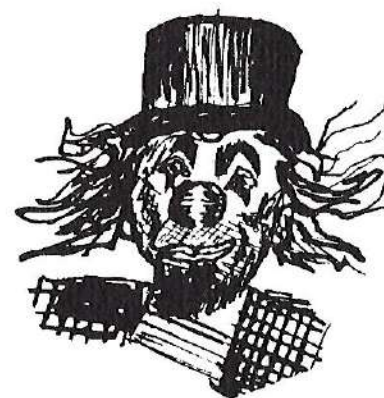


Mark McBride '74

TO THE CIRCUS

Come!
Lift my curtain;
Kneel down on your hands and knees
And spy inside my circus tent.
Look!
That is me on the tightrope;
Remember if I stumble it is only because
The wire is taunt and unknown to my feet.
Laugh!
My face is made up;
I am a clown--I make you laugh,
But did you know my colors are not always true?
Gasp!
I pull rabbits from my hat;
I might astound you with my tricks,
But I perform them with hidden strings.
Sigh!
The circus is my only life;
When I must perform all the nights
Every show cannot be my best.
Cry--
All good things must always end;
With every circus there is a little boy
Who never had his ticket torn.

Kelly Vetter '76



Louise Flick '76

A SONG

Said the blind man
To the man with sight
Can you please describe
color to me?
Let me in on the feelings
of it that I will never
begin to know.
Tell of its warmth and beauty
and why it is so important to you.

Said the deaf man
To the man who can hear all things
Show me please what music is like
Give me the feelings of it if you can.
Try to let me understand what I'll
never know.

Asked the mute man
Of the man who could speak clearly
Explain to me if you can, how it is to hear
your own voice.
Tell me please is it a beautiful feeling
to say the words, I love you?
Help me to grasp this thing I will never be
able to show.

Asked the man who knew no touch
Of the man who felt all things
What is it like to know soft and hard?
How does it feel to know that your love is
near and next to you without turning your head
or listening?
Please explain to me this sense I will never
experience.

Begged the sad man
From the man filled with joy
Can you tell me what it is that makes you
smile?
Do you know how to express the feeling
of your joy?
I want to understand this part of life I
may never know.

Begged the lonely man
From the happiest man of all
Can you tell me how it is to not have this flaw?
Show the feelings of knowing you
have friends.
Let me know so I may find it someday and
if I don't at least I can dream.

Cried the orphan
To the young boy, whose parents loved him so
What is it you have that I have never
known?
How does it feel to be secure and safe?
Explain the care you receive for it is
too late for me to have it.

Cried the man who could not love
To the man who loved all beings
Tell me, tell me please how is it that
you can show this?
Try to express the feeling of this wonder
you do show.
Let me know of it before it's too
late for me to grow and be a total
human man.

Tina Marie Pecor '76

LIMERICKS

A girl who weighs many an ounce,
used language I just won't pronounce;
for a fellow unkind
pulled her chair out behind,
He wanted to see if she'd bounce.

God's plan made a hopeful beginning,
but man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
will end in God's glory,
But at present the other side's winning.

Brad Ott '74

LATE NIGHT BAKERY

The cookies sat
Quite quietly,
Still toasty warm,
Sending their noisy peanut butter
Aroma upstairs to my room.
I suddenly awoke
To the now not-so-distant din
-- Oh, what is that racket?!
Finally, I identified it
And went to put a silver bowl
Over the source of the noise.

Mary Roubal '75

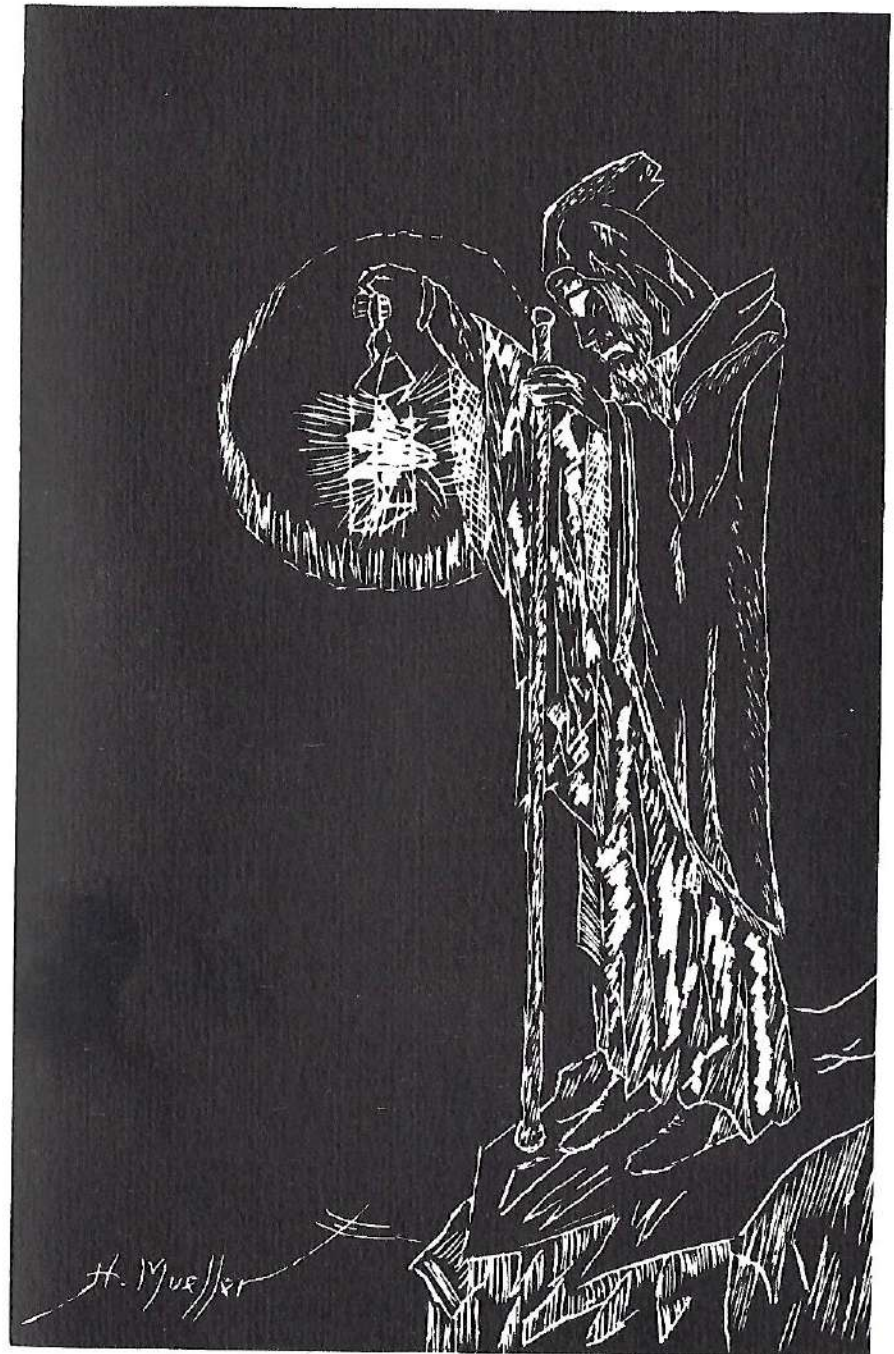
DARKNESS ON THE MORNING

a man came dealing darkness,
lady at his heels--
she was selling silverware;
a lady of the nighttime
candles on their table
plates heaped high with tears...
he came dealing darkness,
she followed with her wares,
golden sun fell on her shoulders,
he walked ahead in shadow.
they came here offering darkness
and a handful of summertime fears.

a man came dealing darkness,
night woman following behind,
she strummed a silver mandolin
while peddling forks and knives,
he sat her on his blanket
and told her of the evening,
she dropped the basket
full of wares
and cried until morning;
'twas a silver sunlit morning
with a promise of tomorrow
they both came dealing darkness
and waiting for the evening;
a purple velvet evening
each star an imperfection--

they've gone into the morrow now;
she's still selling silverware,
he still walks in her shadow.

Cynthia Phinney '75



Hans Mueller '74

ODE TO SOMEBODY

Elton was a loner. He was not a loner of his own free will, but rather because people left him unnoticed. Not having a private home, Elton spent many of his nights asleep on quiet street corners.

Soon a rumor began around town that Elton was a nobody. Invisible to the naked eye, or so he seemed, Elton needed to prove to people that he was somebody.

The sun extended its rays upon the tree trunk where Elton awoke one morning. Daily strollers continued to omit glimpses of him as he observed the tree. He discovered the shadow of a hand, then eventually that of a whole body in motion on the trunk of the tree. Elton realized that the shadow was his.

"I'm somebody!" he screamed in delight. "Look, I'm somebody!"

The neighbors stared at the young man in amazement. They congratulated him.

Elton was now a confirmed member of society.

Barb Huntman '75

THE SCYTHER OF TIME

I walked through the yellow ocean,
waves of daffodils at my feet.
The red sky above me
rained strawberries cool and sweet.
I caught them in a golden goblet,
where they melted and turned to wine.
I raised the goblet to the skies,
in gratitude before I went to dine.
The winds whistled gentle melodies
and threw upon me a veil of doves' wings.
I sat down on a clean, smooth rock,
while the brook at my feet gurgles and sings.
I broke a hunk of bread off and ate,
washing it down with the wine from the goblet.
I was not surprised to find the wine only strawberry juice,
for only Time is able to create it.

Jeanne Stenholm '75

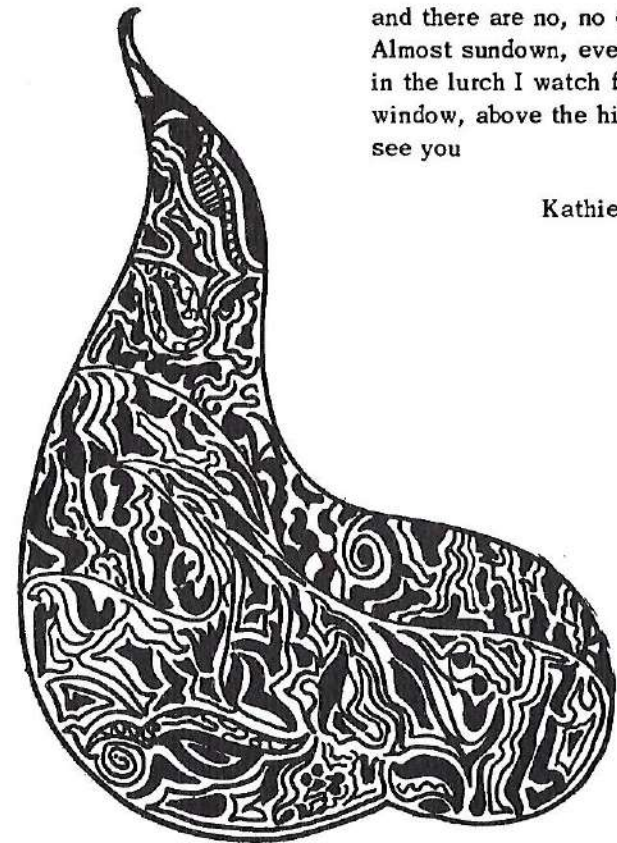
The slush today on the sidewalk
For miles and miles away
Goes for twenty-five cents a cupful
Any sunny August day.
Of course, you get the cup.

Mary Fensholt '74

ISOLATED

Lone walker dressed in
a drab green coat and
corduroys, walking up the path
The wind has died down
and there are no, no cars
Almost sundown, everything is
in the lurch I watch from my
window, above the hill I
see you

Kathie Roche '75



Karen Fox '75

Night
 Dark, cool, still
 A snowflake's soft descent upon the sleeping
 hills and forests
 Faraway cry of a lone gull calling for
 his mate
 The whisper of the wind through the black
 trees silhouetted against a dark sky
 All is still

Soon life is awakening
 Responding to the warm extending
 rays of the sun
 Birds awake chirping to a new day
 Bubbling brooks rushing over polished
 rocks and cascading into a mirror of
 color
 The fresh scent of another day is placed
 before us
 Bright, new, clear
 Morning

Tracy Flemming '76

SUNSET REVELATIONS

through a myriad of dreams
 none but one, smiling
 seems
 to me
 to be a
 chariot of gleaming hope
 flaming its hot licks
 of desire
 in the face of the sun.
 oozing gold colors
 drifting a breeze
 of silken black hair,
 as
 the sunlit gold fleece
 of chariot, flames
 and all
 sinks through a sea of
 sharp reality.
 yet the sun
 must rise once again,
 the dawn of a new day.

Steve Krueger '76

MAJOR FIELD

So you ask me what will you be
 And the applications all say
 Major Field of Interest
 And I say life.

I don't want to be a doctor all my life,
 too many calls in the middle of the night.
 I don't want to be a zoo keeper forever;
 someday the hippo would bite.
 I don't want to be a lawyer all the time;
 courtrooms tell too many lies.
 I don't want to be a teacher for 44 years,
 too many bratty little kids with tears.
 I don't want to be a secretary till age 65
 and type my fingers bare.
 I don't want to be a clerk, a nurse, a preacher,
 or grocery man selling stale bread.
 I'd like to be a musician, an artist, a writer,
 but I'd starve to death.
 I'd like to be sailor, a rock climber, or pilot,
 but I might fall over, off, or down.
 I just want to fly and watch the stars and sky
 Follow trails and feel the seasons turn
 And touch this earth.

And I'll answer them all:

I'll take care of life around me,
 Defend it, teach it, explore it,
 Express it to others,
 And venture all this.

Major Field of Interest: Life.

Barbara Puschel '74

moving slowly, almost imperceptibly,
 with a stretch and a yawn
 the earth begins to wake,
 stretching its icy fingers to crack
 the frozen coating off
 and don robes of green

Mary Roubal '75

DELUSIONS

Eager faces at the
window see
the grass appear as green again
instead of white,
and detect the intricate
song of birds
as more euphonious despite
the lack of species.
The children ride their
bicycles, tricycles
up the street and down (while)
icicles fall.
And the air is
a logical place
to lose all the dreams and plans
people make, just
because of images
they thought they saw in
January thaw.

Kathy Weishaar '74



Katherine Weishaar '74

BUS STOP

"C'mon, Mickey, it's time to go."

The grubby, peanut-buttered child dug his heels into the carpet, resisting his mother's calling.

"You know how the ladies at the club like you."

"I don't wanna."

Gathering her strength, his mother picked him up, wrapping her pale arms around his waist.

"First, you'll be cleaned up; then, we're off."

Tears charged to the threshold of Michael's eyes. Mother carried him off to the bathroom, grabbing a towel off the porcelain toilet tank. The moist, scratchy terry irritated him. He flinched whenever it approached. A softer, dryer towel now dehydrated his face. At last the ordeal was over.

"Let's go," his mother commanded.

She walked briskly to the corner, offering Michael a gloved hand, which was promptly refused. He dragged behind sullenly, pouting, his lower lip almost extending past his small nose. She halted at the corner bus stop.

"Now we wait," she explained. He was silent.

The air was damp and cloying. Melting charcoaled snow lined the streets. A threatening, volatile sky hung over the humidity, dark like suppressed anger. The dirt-caked bus crawled down the slate hill, soon stopping at the curb. Michael's mother grabbed his mittened hand, helping him up the small stairs. She deposited the coins, and he looked at the other passengers from the front of the bus. Their blank faces reminded him of the puppets on Sesame Street. Though they were certainly less colorful and animated, the monotonal faces held immovable expressions. Mother and son stumbled past bamboo walking canes and Gimbels' shopping bags to find a seat midway on the bus. Their voices cut the tense, nervous, aloof silence between the passengers.

"Now, you're going to have a fine time."

"Am not."

"Don't argue with me, Michael John. You will enjoy yourself." Her voice threatened, covering a hidden insecurity that still dripped through.

He was restless and looked for other children on the bus. None. Across the aisle, however, was an elderly lady with a shopping bag full of colorful things. Plastic things. Fun things. Toys. Her glazed ceramic eyes stared straight ahead behind blue plastic harlequin glasses. Deep convolutions lined her forehead and under-eye area, lending a strange symmetry to her collapsing face. Yet her jawline remained taut and set. A beaded hairnet covered her close fog of curls. She never moved.

"That old lady looks funny," he observed quite audibly.

Embarrassed, his mother whispered intensely, "It's not nice to say that."

The subject of the conversation gave no surface reaction. Michael stared at her anxiously, until his attention was diverted to the shopping bag. He spotted a minuscule red fire truck foaming from the sea of toys. How dumb to be stuck on a dumb old bus with no other kids--only a bunch of dumb old grownups. Now, if there were something to do--he darted across the aisle fervently, trying to be mysterious but showing only guilt and fear. He grabbed the small truck and rushed back to his seat. The el-

derly woman seemed to notice nothing. He sat down, proud, spinning the wheels of the truck joyfully and running it up the back of the seat in front of him.

"Michael, where did you get that?" his mother whispered angrily.

"Th-that lady gave it to me." He turned his head, unable to meet her glaring eyes.

"She did not! Now give it back! You stole it!" she accused, decibel level rising.

"I'm keeping it. It's mine!" His wide eyes blazed belligerently.

By now, several bland faces had turned. Not the old woman's.

"Give it back now. We get off in two blocks."

He shook his head hysterically and drew the toy to his chest, encircling it with his small arms.

"Well, Michael," she stated, her tone now strangely resolute, "I guess there's only one thing I can do."

She grabbed her tapestry handbag and searched its contents methodically.

"Ah. Here we are."

She drew a small surgical knife, wiped it with a clean handkerchief, and grabbed his right wrist. With horrifying accuracy, she sliced off his hand.

He screamed, tortuously agonized, eyes full of terror and helpless hatred. A few bland faces turned. Not the old lady's.

"This is where we get off."

She pulled the buzzer above her head and led him--holding his left hand--out the door.

"You'll have a lovely time."

His small face turned back in horror to the hand left on the bus seat. As he stepped out, he noticed the elderly lady reaching over to pick up the small fire truck.

Lisa Grayson '74

REMEMBER ME

I am the guy who doesn't honk his horn at a gas station.
Instead, I let the attendant talk on the telephone line.

I am the guy who is idly waitin'
While the clerks finish their chit chat, not mine.

I am the guy who fights his hunger back,
While the waitress is flirting with a hack.

I am also the guy
Who will never come back.

I am the guy who is full of amusement
at the amount of money that establishments
spend to get me in their doors
when I was there already.

Chris Lee '74

HONORABLE MENTION

Paul Armstrong '76

Glen Gutzke '74

Sheila Houlihan '74

Mary Jashinsky '76

Curt Kuenzi '75

Maureen Lynch '75

Diana Matthias '74

Laurie Mosher '75

Nancy Nisula '76

Nancy Rick '74

Jennifer Swain '76

Barb Weishaar '76

Sarah Wolz '75