

Liz Pradt '75

## STAFF

Wauwatosa East High School

Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

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### THREE MEN AND A CARD

Two men were looking at a small card. Each man could only see one side of the card.

"A most interesting card," said one man, "completely white over all of its surface."

"Why, no," said the other. "As anyone can plainly see, the interesting feature of this card is that it is uniformly black over all of its surface."

"My friend," said the first, "Surely your eyes are open, so that you can see? The card is white."

"You are the one who cannot see. The card is black. But since we can't agree on what is an obvious truth, let's call in a third party. We must locate an Intellectual, and he will decide for us."

And so the call went out for an Intellectual. The search went on for many days. Some said there were no more, but finally one was found. He came and looked at the card carefully.

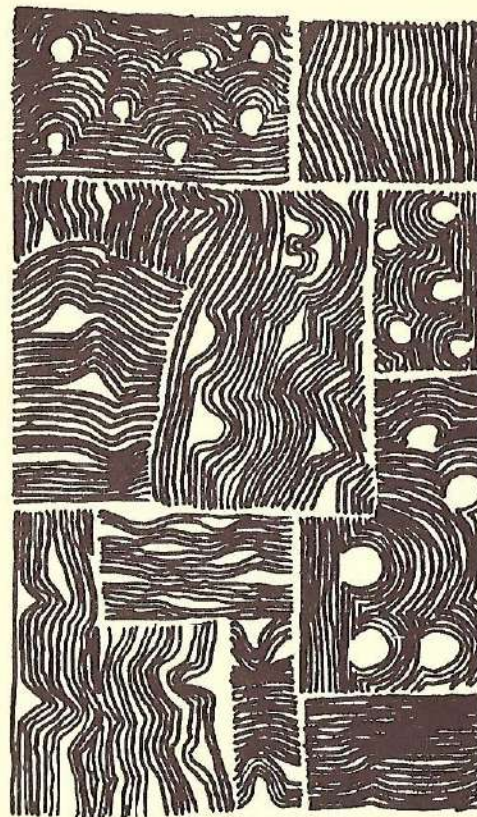
"You have made the mistake of most men," he said to the two. "You have failed to look at the problem closely enough. Now learn a lesson from what I do. By holding this card up to a strong light, its true color is seen. It is neither white nor black -- but gray."

George Rudebusch '75

### ENIGMA

The bridge is growing weaker; I can feel it.  
It doesn't take much anymore, does it?  
The passage is marked; the curse is cast.  
Different ideas are forever colliding--  
Maybe into one, who knows?  
Conservative, liberal, which are you?  
Don't worry, it doesn't matter anymore.  
So many titles, brand names all.  
You can't label everything, can you?  
Why not? Why?  
Must we put a name on everything?  
Of course, without them, the world would be chaos!  
But the world is chaos.  
It's already chuck full of promises, roses, and thorns.  
And ideas. Lots of ideas.

Valerie Vail '75



Heidi Meirich '76

Crimson images  
Of  
Light invade my dis-  
Orderly mind and set it  
Right.

Mary Laidlow '76

Our minds,  
filling up with rusty bolts from the past  
and avoiding corrosion with the oil of  
the future,  
continue to function easily,  
working like a car,  
with each part reliant on another.  
But each day a part wears down,  
and we have to go faster to cover  
it up,  
and soon we have an accident.  
But we cannot buy another mind.

Joe Reed '75



## A TOUCH OF FROST

Whose lab this is I think I know.  
He's lecturing in the front room, so  
He will not see me working here,  
Spilling chemicals as I go.

My isotopes must think it strange,  
That I should bother to rearrange,  
Their atomic number, mass and such,  
To transmutate and finally change.

I've got to get this done today;  
I wish this sample would decay.  
No one else will dare come near,  
The laws of physics to obey.

I'm working hard to no avail,  
My Commons' Pepsi getting stale,  
And hours to go before I fail,  
And hours to go before I fail.

Mark Miller '75



Mark McBride '75

## STORY

I had always liked to watch her read. She would sit there on the bed with the blanket pulled up over her knees and her hair loose all over her shoulders. Sometimes she would be so intent on what she was reading that she wouldn't notice I had come to the door and I would wait quietly, watching.

Her eyes darted swiftly across the page, catching every word. Often I could nearly follow the story by the expressions that would dart quickly across her eager face. Sometimes it would be a secret smile stealing to her lips--then, later, a quiet sigh. Or maybe her eyes would flash angrily, and she would turn the pages violently, her face twisted into a design of dissatisfaction. She would shake her head slowly, and the sunlight would catch in her hair, filling it with little gold lights. Then, she would smile again, and a quiet chuckle would escape here and there. When the story got exciting, her toes could curl up in the blanket, and her fingers would begin drumming with anticipation on the page in front of her. I could tell if she liked whatever she was reading.

Eventually she would reach instinctively to brush the hair from her face. Then, noticing my presence, she would be full of words for the story I had just watched.

Cynthia Phinney '75

I hear  
music.  
It floats  
silvery  
from your eyes  
turns thick  
like honey  
and pours over me  
into my ears  
over my lips  
splashing  
down my spine and  
over my toes,  
tingling faintly with wind chimes,  
sweeping past my knees  
in drops,  
pushing me off my feet into  
its current.  
I am drowning in your smile.

Liz Pradt '75



## PINBALL PERDITION

Not a sound was flowing from the pinball works arcade;  
Not a steel ball was rolling; no hockey being played.  
The flashing lights still tantalized a staid young passerby,  
And the fact the place was empty seemed to also catch his eye.

He waved a hand and pushed aside the illusory crowd;  
He shortly reached the stately place, turned his head, and bowed.  
With his step the fourth estate tried to keep in time;  
He rummaged in a tattered pocket, pulling out a dime.

A hundred faces watched him--all his loyal fans;  
He coarsely moved his lips to say: "Move your grubby hands!"  
The crowd began to silence, as if they all were shot:  
He took the dime, bent over, and put it to the slot.

Bells rang, and numbers flashed the screen, it seemed the man was hot;  
The old guy could have left and won, but he stayed and fought.  
Levers flew and springs were sprung; he showed the glaring strain:  
His face turned white, that pinball man, the fans could see the pain.

The last ball had been disengaged; a hush fell on the joint;  
Before he won the golden pelf, he needed one more point!  
The crowd turned into dust, it seemed, no rhetor gave a speech,  
For when the ball came rolling down, the paddles did not reach.

Richard Leitermann '75

## MAHOOD THE READER

Mr. Mahood had grown up on the sidewalks of New York, and he spoke in the vocabulary that was enriched with the words of the street. His sentences terminated with freshness and endless excitement. I once asked him how he had finally taught himself how to read and write. He said he'd worked in a subway repair yard, and when there was nothing else better to do, he would read the newspapers which were littered over the trains. He said he particularly liked the big headlines because it made the reading enjoyable.

Gene Hanson '76

Thorin, king of the dwarf men, sings  
of dragon fights and gossamer rings,  
whilst Bilbo dreams of mountain scenes  
and waterfalls with foilage green.

Sunrise on the shire  
sees the dwarf men on their way  
through bog and murky mire,  
travelling all the day;  
they've lost their way,  
they've lost their way.

Dream -- of a golden queen with velvet hair,  
soft eyes, a maiden fair stands by.

While you're stranded on a cliff in a raging storm,  
you're wet and you're afraid, but you're not alone;  
you shiver and you cry and you think of home...  
you know that you must surely die.

Steve Krueger '76



To say I love you  
with originality, you  
just have to mean it.

Barb Gehm '75

Karen Coppersmith '76



ODE TO THE SILENT HUMMER  
OR  
WORDS TO A SILENT TUNE

Sorry, my darling, I'll try to explain  
The torrents I'm crying like buckets of rain  
I've listened to stories of glitter and gold  
Of things I could look at but never to hold  
I've watched in wonder at things on display  
Never to know the right things to say  
Pushed to the side, like a little lost child  
Yet grown up and restless, eager and wild  
I've looked at the words, like plastacine shreds  
Pulling my heart until it was dead  
Or so I thought  
Said a small, timid voice  
You've saved me from tinsel and yards of fake lace  
From others who sang to the docilest race  
Those who were strong and yet sang to themselves  
With words that were stored and saved on the shelves  
Words to a person who sang just  
Like  
Me

Julie Wenten '75

ride away to the moon and stars on a bicycle built for  
two painting tremendous fake oceans which rush and  
swallow the land of all the people who sucked their  
thumbs and were sent to bed without porridge and butter  
that was too soft and spoiled from the heat of the sun  
which is dissolving the clouds in my mind

Julie Pagel '75

ACTING YOUR OWN PART

I stopped because the noise was crushing me. I have to think. I don't remember how. Deaf people should be able to hear the beautiful colors that blind people picture in their dark minds. But they don't remember how, either.

It doesn't matter.

A fat lady in a pink dress is hanging up her faded laundry. A torn ruffle from her black lace slip catches the sunlight. She drops a clothespin, and it hits a battle-worn alley cat. He screeches. But it doesn't matter.

Nobody cares anyway.

A man in shabby clothes, with a stubbly chin, begs for a quarter. "All I want is a beer." His speech was slurred, and everything to him was blurred, but nobody cares about him anyway.

He's a reject.

Love whom you want, but don't bring anyone in this house who has his teeth filled with tinfoil. Gold is the sign of affluence. You can take your tinfoil man and recycle him. He's a reject.

Money matters.

I tried to grow a money tree to please society. I tried to shine my patent leather shoes with my spit. I tried to talk with a chic brogue, but I bit my tongue. I don't fit in.

Nobody fits in unless he acts his own part.

Jody McGrath '75

The stillness of the crisp, gray morning was broken by a shout of "Everybody up," followed by a cadence of moans and groans. As if on cue, beds creaked, doors shut, drawers opened, and water ran. The droopy-eyed, half-awake Brooks clan hurriedly dressed for Sunday church. Up from the kitchen drifted smells of coffee, hot cakes, maple syrup, eggs, and bacon. Their efforts upstairs quickened. Then, with a crash and a boom, they all tumbled down the stairs and scurried to take their places at the dining room table. Ma came in, carrying in platters heaped with food. A chorus of "Morning, Ma" greeted her. "Mornin, morning, how are you all this fine morning?" she retorted, setting down the dishes. "Fine, Ma, just great, good," came the scattered replies. Ma returned to the kitchen to fetch the remainder of food. The clan, their eyes huge with delight, took in the feast about to be attacked. At last Ma came in with the last of the meal and seated herself at the table. Bowing their heads in prayer, they chanted grace. The "amens" done, the food started on the assembly line around the table. With the almost empty dishes back on the table, they ravenously dug into their overladen plates. At first there was no conversation, just the sounds of knife scraping china, the clatter of forks, teeth chewing, and murmurings of praise. The plates becoming empty, and stomachs full, conversation began. They discussed crops, the weather, church and town doings, and daily affairs. With the last morsel of food gone, the girls began to clear the table. Everything in order, they hurried outside to pile into the old car. Pa started the car, and with a lurch they were off. They chug-chugged down the bumpy, dirt road to church, singing hymns all the way.

Lynn Pokwinski '76



## MU ALPHA THETA FIGHT SONG

- 1) Pi R squared, tangent of Beta  
We all go for Mu Alpha Theta.
  - 2) Plug 'em in, crank 'em through  
Mu Alpha Theta, it's for you!
  - 3) Find the circumference, find the rate  
Mu Alpha Theta is really great!
  - 4) Square root of seven, two times eleven  
Mu Alpha Theta will get you to heaven.
  - 5) S plus Q, B to the A  
Mu Alpha Theta, it's OK.
  - 6) Triangle cosine, side angle side  
Mu Alpha Theta is nothing to hide.
  - 7) Mu Alpha Theta, it's no jive,  
Two plus two just don't equal five.
  - 8) Collinear points on a plane  
Mu Alpha Theta will get you fame!
- You rah-rah Mu-Al-pha The-ta  
You rah-rah Mu-Al-pha The-ta  
You rah-rah Mu-Al-pha The-ta  
YEAH!

Peter Sirotkin & Associates '75

## DEPARTURE

Setting sun on a sultry horizon  
of crimsons and blues  
Gulls snatching their last pickings  
from the beach  
Beach-bums gathering towels, pails, shovels,  
and essentials vigorously shaking them free of sand  
Blowing, stinging sand particles  
ouch  
Good-byes and waves  
Promises to meet again tomorrow  
Mashed sand castles, stick drawings in the wet sand--  
Sole survivors of a profitable day at the ocean  
Evading light  
Descending darkness--  
except for a shiny-grey moon  
balanced between clouds  
A now deserted beach  
And two friends strolling  
in the silver-lit air.

Ann Demers '75

## BABY'S BOOGIE

You know one time  
I was over at this friend's house, see,  
and his little brother--  
a little blond-face smiling suburban  
was doing this piano lesson  
so I  
went into the little room where he was  
kind of watching him a while  
And then he says  
"Wanna hear my Something-or-Other Boogie?"  
Yeah, sure  
So he starts pounding away and  
it really jumped, you know,  
I mean this kid was really superb  
it was really movin'--couldn't help but dance  
felt like some kind of  
elastic musical thunder  
He'd play some jumpy stuff with the left,  
then he'd pound it down and stop  
and start right off  
tinkling away with the right,  
Well, the joint was really jumpin'  
till the tinny old lady  
screams in  
STOP THAT RIGHT NOW  
so he kind of slows down  
and opens some book  
and does Rubeski's Concerto in Q Minor-Major  
or something  
so I just kind of disappeared  
and slinked away.

Frank Lamelas '76

## WINTER

The sun rises on another day  
Sprinkling the land in a shiny way.

Daniel Walk '77

tingling as it falls  
sparkling, shining like tinsel  
a cold sensation

Sue Jashinsky '77



## A CONQUEST OF TRUTH

Strange noises that penetrate the soul, and shatter into a thousand particles, leaving remnants behind that scare you into awareness. Like a bullet piercing a sheet of glass, leaving nothing behind but fragments of living crystals, living in the way that they break, the same as humans do under stress. Nothing is remembered except what actually came in contact and reacted, because that is all that is visible to the ordinary mind. But if you look closely, you can see that much more happens than you probably realize. The fragments themselves have memories, of the myriads of shapes and ideas they once defined. But like a childhood that is all over and discarded, as if they were no more worthy of existing than the dust that collects on the bookshelves at home, yet we are so dependent on them we take them for granted, for without them we would be in a constant state of dreamless void. But, in reality, isn't that all there is? Reality is only in the eye of imagination, and imagination would be a nonentity without the thought. But, like the crystals, the thoughts come and go in thousands of different eras of time. No two thoughts are ever exactly the same, for they have gone through different elements to get to their destination: the mind. They have gone through eternity searching for the answer, then after being used for only a fraction of a second, are broken into tiny bits of unused by-products to be reprocessed in the never-ending lattice of depth.

Frederick Arthur Kuss '75

The scariest thing in the world would have to be Ronald  
McDonald under a black light.

Barb Gehm '75

Once in the afternoon, when I was the only one home, a giant came. He was stepping on every house in town. All of a sudden, he was coming to my house, so I got my dad's car key and started to go to the garage. I got in the car and started driving away. I ran over his foot a couple of times, and you should of heard him scream. At last I hit a blood vessel in his ankle, and he died. After that, I was a hero.

Mark Domrose '82

youth is a satire . . .  
only maturity brings reality.  
like novices at play:  
saying for sake of say,  
hope is merely a word,  
death seems a mirage.  
until its gray shades us,  
and love --  
youth is its genesis  
true it never happens to "them"  
a god-given gift so great  
(but who is he who superiors self?)  
autonomous not are youth . . .

Susan Stolz '75

## WHERE CHILDREN PLAY

The chain snaps --  
a sound falling upon deadened ears.  
Greasy fists clench the metal, black, and  
slowly -- a grin spreads across the  
warlord's face.  
For here, in his heaven of stench and hate,  
the sacred game is to be played.

The rubble,  
a king-of-the-mountain sort,  
Is won by those whose blades flash swift,  
Whose knuckles, brassy as they shine,  
strike out blindly -- and connect.

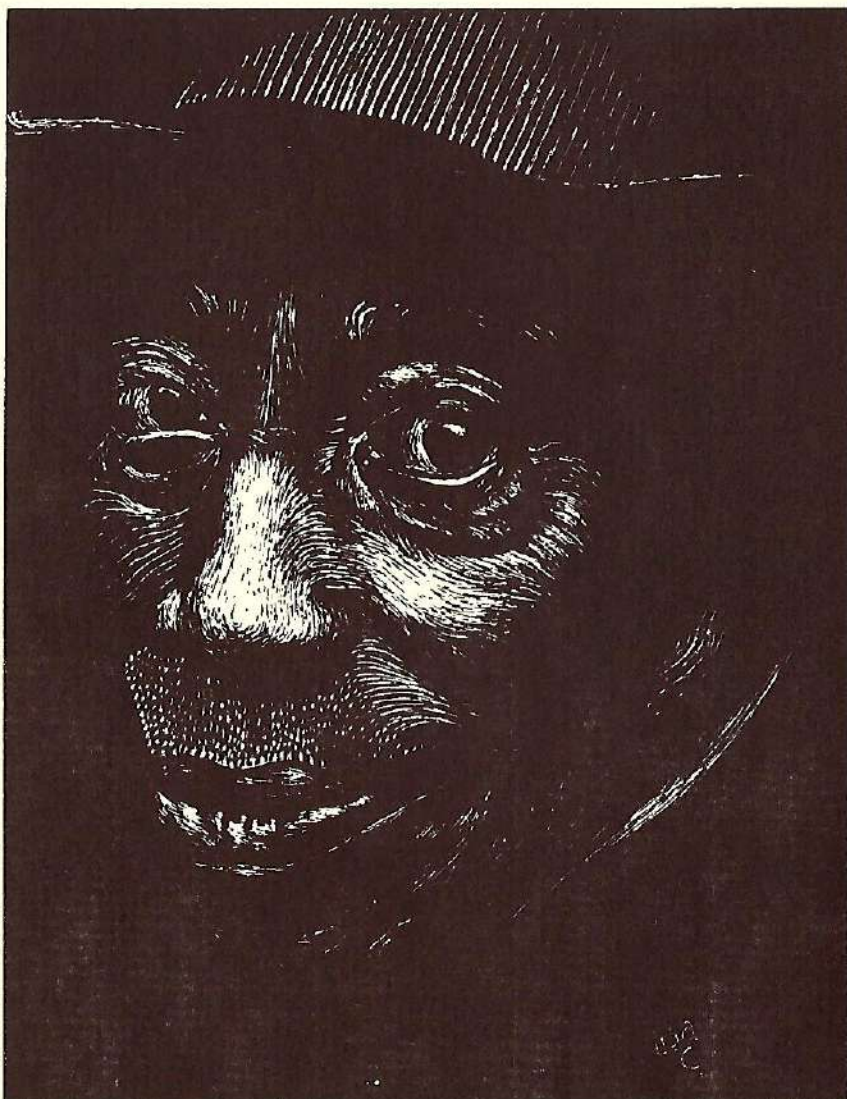
Young boys, pawns in a game of society,  
converge one upon another.  
Their hearts beat fast, their blood pulsates  
in rhythmic barbarianism.

Their turf -- one warehouse and a garbage dump,  
not much, yet everything to them.  
All must be defended --  
for this is the rule of the game.

Silence surrounds.  
A single form lies sprawled beneath  
the guardian glare of a broken-street lamp.  
The streets -- deserted,  
the game is over, and yet, from out of  
the piercing eyes of darkness --  
a chain snaps.

Alice Dorworth '75





Lisa Carlson '76

## DUST BOWL BOWERY

Old man alone  
his land blown clear  
all kinfolk dead  
crops shriveled  
old man weeps again

Land was fertile  
crops were good,  
ranch house, strong  
The Storm

Dust and wind  
water vanished,  
heavens forbidding lights passage  
through

Momma went first  
Josh, not far behind  
rain never fell  
The shovel struck  
earth

Josh, only nine  
fetched some meal  
uncooked grain;  
silage flies  
The shovel struck earth  
again

Old man alone,  
out for a walk  
ranch house collapsed  
dirt all over

dusty nostrils  
Old man walks away  
sugar maple, planted it himself  
new piece of twine  
unchopped lot, perfect for the job  
Old man's tree, diseased, disabled  
overlooks nothing, standing on the hill  
he climbs up the stump

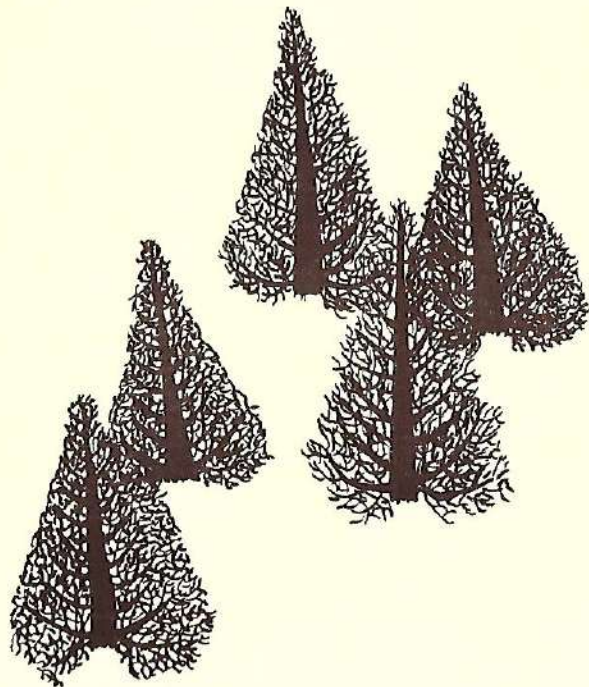
Old man looks around,  
his frown creased  
He fastens the rope  
the square knot pinching  
his neck  
eyes closed  
not a word,  
he jumps



Limb breaks, falls away  
old man rolls  
steep bumpy hill

stops,  
everyone gone, cold dry sand  
no circulation  
veins bulge--explode  
bones bend, crack  
split and opened  
marrow drips, steaming, dry wind blows  
Old man with a smile, now.  
Old man becomes earth  
as rain drops slowly  
from above

Douglas Carlson '76



Gayle Urban '76

Annie Oakley could shoot smooth lead bullets that never missed  
their mark -killing their prey in a second.

I stand here unarmed and yet--cold polished words shoot from  
my mouth, stunning you speechless for hours.

Cheryl Gilleski '76

Walking in the woods  
On a soggy rainy day  
In life's harmony

Barbara Lee '77

The fruits of summer  
Cling dead and dried on a cold  
Branch, bare of its leaves.  
Fragile, icy crystals cling  
Beside them, alive in cold.

Kent Schlienger '76

Beautiful fall  
Peaceful and serene  
The passing of my good friend summer  
The elms are turning yellow  
and leaves twirl like butterflies  
through the clear air  
I walk on cold sidewalks  
and sometimes  
Down the streets --under God's golden arches  
I think of my friend  
With whom I shared this beauty  
A tear passes silently  
She's gone now --  
Left with the summer  
I stand alone  
A part of me is dead

Gayle Ruesch '75



IN DEFENSE OF THE CITY

People today are more aware of their environment. An awakening has taken place to the fragilities of nature, and the world has greatly benefitted from it. However, let's not, in our exultation of greenery, totally vilify the city.

A city is more than a collection of decayed buildings and dirty industry, inhabited by those too poor and ignorant to move or too rich to care.

A city is people attempting to live together in harmony. Cities are a forum for the exchange of ideas. The museums, libraries, and culture centers make the communities a platform for expression, growth, and change.

A typical city isn't anywhere near perfect. Racism, poverty, crime, and pollution mar the picture. Big cities are known as the haven of corruption in government.

But, because the city is the mecca of education, knowledge and the accompanying tolerance will one day banish present problems to the history books.

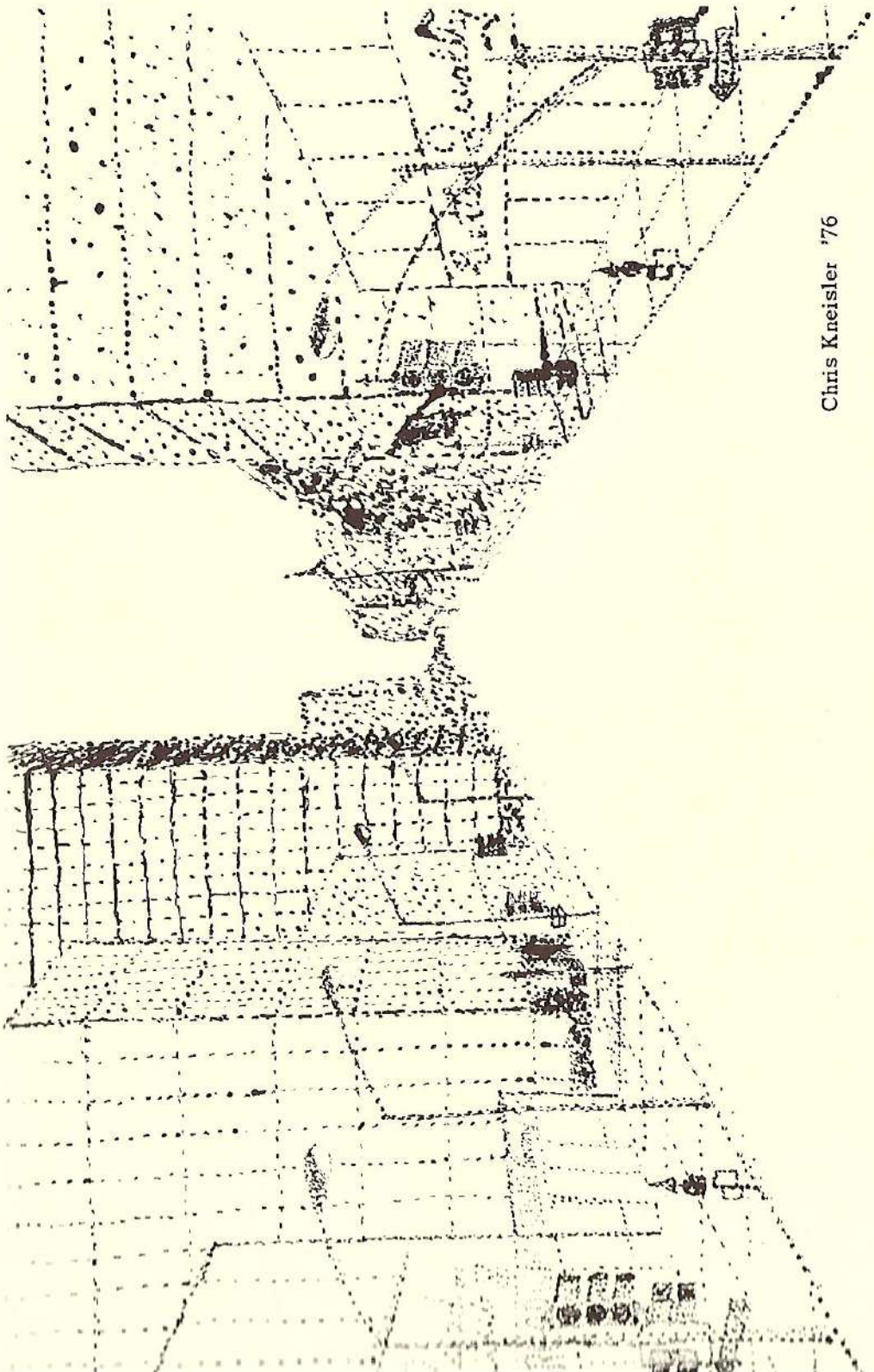
Finally, the city is where ideas such as democracy and Christianity were nurtured and communicated throughout the world. The city is the focal point of civilization and a monument to humanity.

Jeff Hackett '76

TRADITION

There were shoppers from all parts of the city in the downtown area. On the crowded streets, they wandered in and out of stores, like mice scurrying through a labyrinth of corners and walls and dead ends. In the dark of the night, their shadows were still groping the streets, or weaving in and out of mobs, while the Christmas lights became oblivious because of the thick sheets of falling snow. On weekends all cars became taxi cabs, bearing shoppers to and from the area between ten in the morning until nine at night, while city buses, like orange streaks, controlled the right lanes, stopping at every corner, only to be greeted by more oncoming passengers. And then, on December 25, the downtown area, including stores and streets and parking lots, lay empty with the silence of Christmas Day.

Margaret Schmank '75



Chris Kneisler '76



I met a lady with cut glass eyes,  
they were clear marbles,  
with star-shaped center flaws,  
from which she viewed the world.

She said that she saw everything  
in its true color;  
she saw no sadness in blue,  
jealousy in green, or meekness in brown.

She knew exactly where she was going,  
and she said it was a well-worn path.  
No earthly goal puzzled her, or delighted her,  
she said it wouldn't last.

And so that lady sits,  
and watches the sun rise and fall,  
counting the days till  
she won't see at all.

And I said come dance with me,  
and run on the sand, in the sun,  
or try to brush your long black hair,  
that lies matted on the ground.

Alas, she finds no joys in living,  
dying she accepts,  
but I'm sure I saw a tear  
when I finally left.

Barb Gehm '75

My life is unconsciousness;  
no longer myself,  
nothingness is all I have.  
And yet those who care  
try to protrude very self.

Anne Fingland '77



Tom Holleran '76



## JACK KENNEDY

(an imitation of David Halberstam's sketch of Bob McNamara in The Best and the Brightest)

He was Jack, Jack Kennedy, determined, idealistic, on the move--playing football, defying his elders--the hair rumped in a way similar to the deliberate tousledness of Jack Lord. The look was part of the pace: an obese Kennedy was as hard to imagine as a languid one. The overcoat was tailored and open, hurried--you were impressed by the urgency of his manner and you yielded. He was a man of restlessness, searching, probing; true to his ideals, Jack had ideals, the awakening man in the awakening nation in an age of awakening. No one would ever call Jack Kennedy a true aristocrat; he was of immigrant background in a nation of immigrants, with the peasant's aggressiveness, his determination and ambitions. He drove everyone, especially himself, to faster paces, snappy answers, concise analyses, immediate solutions, decisive actions, no equivocating. He was always moving, always achieving but always seeking to do better. And certainly not passive--if his father had striven years to give his son a start in politics, he was not going to let it all slip from his grasp. He plowed through crowds of men, hurried, important. A President of the United States of America, with a gross national product of over one trillion dollars a year, not to mention the strongest military forces in the world, was likely to be important enough, anyway.

Sue Esser '75

## DEATHBED

Death

Is it beginning--or end

Is it grisly (depends on how you chew it)

Or beautiful (if you are a sadist, yes)

Who is Death (look in a mirror)

Maybe that sparrow in the tree

Or the worm in the ground (no, that comes after death)

Maybe I'll die and find out

(how can you die if you don't know what death is)

English class might be Death

But then again, so might history (people do die in history)

Maybe Death is in those parentheses

For he is mocking me and isn't Death a mockery

(no, death is death) (mock, mock)

That's it: DEATH is a mockery

Now that I know what Death is I can die

But I don't want to die

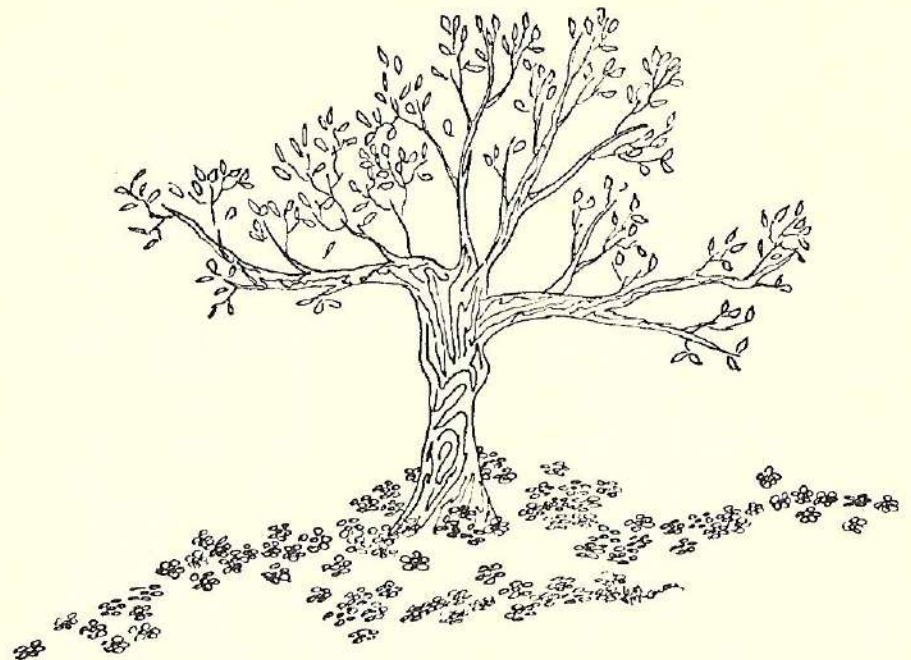
I've got too much left to do (tough luck, punk)

Go away, please go away (only with you)

He did (but so did he)

Ta-ta

Tom Witte '76



Jennie McCarthy '76

## THE GOOD FROM TREES

I'm happy that there are trees. Let them do the terrifying and incessant howling for humans. It is a noise well suited to dark lanes, which few people transverse, hinting at a mystery no man can solve. They stand for the solid strength and soaring ideals that everyone has. All day sunshine glows over a stretch of road, where chicory blossoms between white ruts, and monarchs flit among the goldenrod, and locusts purr wildly from hidden places, and chipmunks and squirrels scurry under the leaves; but now a different and more somber time dawns, and another group of songmakers arise to describe the sequence of life there.

Ann Wagner '76



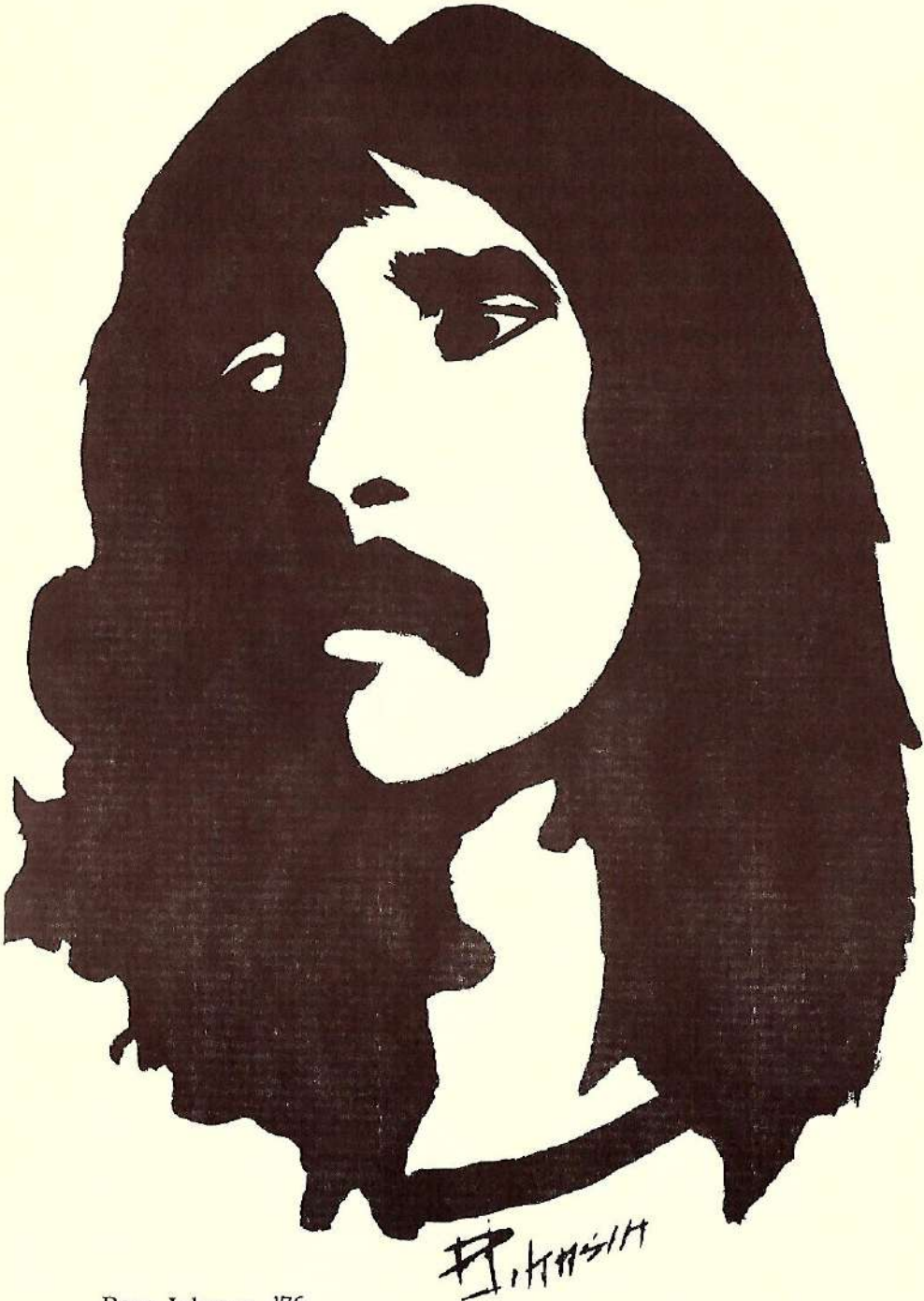
DREAMER IN BLUE

Dreamer in blue  
Wandering in the dark of the night  
Looking for what you don't quite know  
    Grieving in green  
    Pleasing in purple  
    Raging in red  
Changing color like a rainbow  
While rain is still falling  
Making oblivion a brilliance  
While life is still living.  
    Green, for the spring--  
        to mask the jealousy of lovers  
    Purple, for the fear of never having  
        green  
    Red, to conceal the hate and blood  
        of a broken heart  
Wanderer, stop dreaming only in blue  
Imagine and live in every hue  
Living is meant to be in all colors--  
Not a selected few

Sandy Fast '76

A few years ago, when I was eleven,  
I bought myself a rubber stamp,  
imprinted with my name  
for lonely afternoons rainy and damp,  
as though  
it would have given me pride  
For in printing my name I found a  
hidden joy  
that such things were mine and I  
envisioned my own office and adult toys  
A world of ink and fun  
Now that I've grown  
my stamp has vanished from my desk  
and books and papers have taken its place  
instead

Lori Pagel '75



Dave Johnson '76



R  
E  
D  
D  
A  
L

REACH THE VERY TOP--ONLY TO FIND ANOTHER  
ENERGY, MORE ENERGY YOUR BODY CRIES AND THEN, YOU  
DARING THOSE WHO TAUNTED YOU  
DAUNTLESS, YOU STRUGGLE ON  
AND HOPE THE WORLD WILL WAIT  
LOST STEP, FALTERING YOU GO ON  
PUSH YOURSELF TOWARD A GOAL A  
ENDLESS EONS PASS AND STILL YOU  
TOWARD THE TOP  
SLOWLY, PAINFULLY YOU TAKE THE FIRST STEP ON THE WAY

\* Read from the bottom up

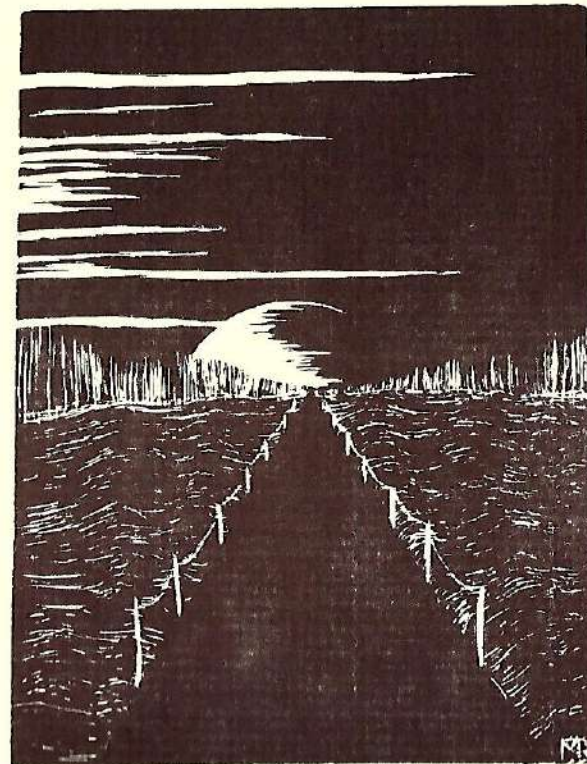
Mary Polacek '76

Boat of bamboo float on  
Rippling the gentle moonlit waters--  
Glide.  
Countless tiny stars  
Continue to whet my dreams  
Madness to the nonbeliever  
Labeling what he cannot see  
Through his clouded eyes  
Look upon this languid fool  
And regret...

Debra Klug '76

garden gates  
melting into the misty  
blue-gray fogs  
of picket fences  
on their way to a landslide  
lord knows how  
i love a rock  
moonbeam shadows  
eat up the yellow daffodils  
before they've  
had a chance to fly  
and sometimes the water  
is purple with  
gold flecks.

Kathy Zauner '76



Mary Bartling '76



## DC 10

Yesterday I stood beneath your window  
and played you a love song of my  
very own creation;  
but you never looked down or gave any  
sign that you ever noticed  
I was there.  
So,  
I took to writing notes on slips of paper,  
and, magically turning them into  
tiny DC 10's, sailed them through  
your window;  
but, although my tiny airborne  
invitations for love were signed R.S.V.P.,  
you never flew one back.  
So,  
I decided that perhaps I had bombarded  
you enough and that maybe today  
I would just sit on your lawn  
with the clover blossoms and  
dandelions and wait for you to come out.  
And, in pondering the words you  
might say as we met,  
I realized that if you were to tell me  
today--that you didn't love me...  
I would simply  
wait until  
tomorrow.

Ginny Kelly '75

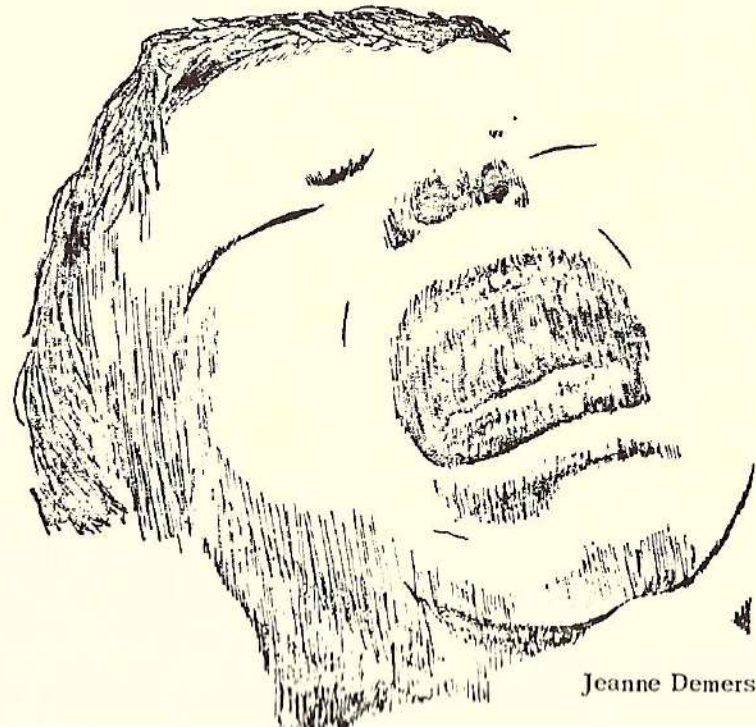
many people come and go  
through the doors of my life,  
taking what they need,  
and giving what they can.  
our moments were only seconds  
of a lifetime, but so important.  
because we shared what we could.  
only a glimpse of the sun,  
but enough to warm the heart.

Mary Mirenda '76

## THIRTY-SIX HAIRS

I played in a play once  
where the other actors  
never stopped acting,  
  
I sang in a song once  
where the melody was only the harmony  
and the rhythm was only six beats behind.  
  
I lived in a life once  
where nothing went wrong  
(I knew it was a dream all along).  
  
I died in a coffin once  
and all my teachers came to see me off.  
A few taught me well;  
the rest just scoffed.  
  
Yesterday I was reborn.  
So far I've learned how to wet my  
pants and scream loud enough to  
make the thirty-six hairs on my  
head stand up.

Roger Perry '75



Jeanne Demers '77



## THE SHIP OF YEARS

For many years the old freighter had served the Midcontinental Lines faithfully. It had hauled a million tons of dry coal, iron, and machinery. Now, waiting in port for the last time, the derelict ship slept silently with a small list. Patiently but tiredly, it waited for the cranes to finish unloading the pig-iron ingots onto the shore. This was its last haul. The hull was rusty, sheathed in a flaking overcoat of paint. The wooden fixtures were rotted timbers held together by rusty nails. The smokestacks were pillars of black, oily soot. Even the cranes and deck fittings were make-shift, all in need of repair. The once great engines were gutted with the hundred pitholes and breaks of years of service. They clanked noisily along, delivering only half-speed at full throttle. But it still floated, marking time with swells and gull cries. Even though the name was barely readable on the bow, she was known to every seaman and dockhand at the port. As the great ship lumbered out of the harbor, her whistle shrieked a farewell, and everybody said good-bye to the Great Enchantress.

Dave Grabasik '75

in this world of nutty people  
who fall on their faces just being  
and rise to the top just blinking  
i think  
the rain's muddy earth  
is prettier than all made-up faces and  
could swallow the empire state  
building but not my small birch tree

Julie Pagel '75

## THE UNICORN

The Unicorn canters gracefully through the forest.  
His mane flounces as he goes.  
His gait, so swift and rhythmical,  
Is music of the purest sound.

Do not stop, oh lovely one.  
Go on, for you will never tire.  
Your coat, whiter than the driven snow,  
Has enchanted your surroundings.

Let no man catch you, graceful beast.  
Stay far from his hungry grasp.  
He will do you harm, my precious Unicorn.  
Keep on, keep on...

The Unicorn has gone far away  
To search for the rest of his kind.  
He will go on until the sun reaches the earth  
And is doused by the sea.

Good-bye, beautiful Unicorn.  
For the short time I have gazed upon your beauty,  
I, too, have become more graceful,  
More swift,  
And more earnest in my endeavors.

Sarah Hope '76

## FORGOTTEN TRAIN STATION

The countryside is a bare, empty area, frozen by cold, bitter winds of winter. An old, broken-down train station stands, alone, tattered, and shabby. The boarded windows and dilapidated porch of old oak wood stand out with age. The rooms inside are small and dark, with walls of cobwebs and dust. A piece of furniture, a chair of foam and springs, is the only voice that speaks from the lonely old station. No trains stop here anymore. The station seems to have become just a natural part of the landscape. It's the only sign of life on the barren hills. Though old and lifeless itself, the station speaks with life from the past.

Gwen Zimmermann '77



## ELEPHANTS

Enormous fleshy hulks,  
carelessly sculptured  
out of thick skin--  
gray and saggy,  
hanging loosely.

They congregate outside jungle walls  
as somber businessmen  
attending executive meetings.  
They nobly stand,  
swinging their trunks,  
like thick gray snakes.

Strange they are,  
built heavy and solid,  
gray masses in tall grass.  
Fan ears  
flapping in the air  
warding away flies.

Jeanne Stenholm '75

## PURPLE HAZE

The Tesla coil sits and glows,  
The soft orange glow of electron tubes,  
Growing brighter and brighter.  
You can feel the electrons  
Burning their way through the wires.  
And suddenly---there is a hiss,  
And a purple corona discharge appears at the needle  
point of the coil.  
A metal screwdriver moves into the range of the point and  
Zap! The sparks attack it,  
Wringing from it an inhuman shriek of tortured metal.  
Now a nichrome wire is attached to the point.  
The purple discharge glows at the tip of the long wire.  
The wire begins to vibrate, the discharge pushing it  
through space.  
It begins to whirl madly, painting a faint purple circle  
on the air.  
The switch is pulled and the whirling stops,  
And the Tesla coil sits and glows.

Ron Peterson '75

## CARTOON

(animated picture of narrator standing next to a small movie  
screen in what looks like a business office).

NARRATOR (conservatively dressed businessman): "...one notable example of conservation in business is the logging industry. (Screen shows aerial view of mountainside, heavily forested with pines). Trees used to be cut down inefficiently and wastefully, leaving mountains eroded and barren. (Screen shows a cut mountainside; a few stumps remain to show where a forest was). Nowadays, (smiling), computers carefully select a few choice trees from an area like this: (Screen shows wooded slope again). Modern machinery cuts these trees down without damaging the remaining forest. At the same time, it plants two small pines to replace the one it cut down. (Screen shows machinery flying in, cutting down and airlifting out a few large trees). These trees are taken to our mechanized factory, where they are x-rayed to determine the cutting angle that will produce the least waste; then, they are cut to just the right size and shape. (Screen shows a pine firmly gripped in metal. Six metal blades cut into the tree from different angles. Branches and bark disappear. More metal surrounds the tree. It disappears from sight. Sawdust flies. A grinding noise is heard. The metal pulls back, out of sight. One metal tray remains, and on it lies a single toothpick. The narrator reaches into the screen, picks up the toothpick, and places it between his teeth). Nowadays, (smiling), of course, everything is made out of plastic or metal, except toothpicks." (Fade out).

George Rudebusch '75

Shaggy Buffalo,  
you wander around alone,  
searching for your pride.  
The power you had was lost  
somewhere in the sands of time.

Sue Steenweg '76



## SOLD

Mother (sigh)  
Is having  
Another  
Rummage Sale.  
She's selling my  
Childhood.  
(Again)  
My puzzles,  
Picture books  
(I rescued The Night Before Christmas)  
My sunsuits  
(faded)  
My bonnets  
My rattles  
My toys  
(Even Benjamin Bunny!)  
My teaset  
(Real China)  
My favorite dolls  
And my porcelain collection  
All in a battered  
Cardboard box  
Marked  
10 cents - - your choice.

Holly Beyer '76

## GRANDMA'S SHORTCOMING

The pumpkin pie was there.  
The old stuffed dwarf  
stood by the chimney--  
The cousins  
(older than I remember),  
wrestled beneath the dining room table.  
Billy snapped Grandpa's suspenders,  
Aunt Betty bragged of her oldest son,  
Dad and Uncle Dick talked "business."  
Mother and Grandmother tended to  
the "butterball"--  
And the lights on the  
artificial tree  
blinked away.

Holly Beyer '76



Regina Van Beckum '77

## POLENKA

Polenka, my child, darkness  
colors your face  
You must worry of your family  
and the dreams they will chase  
Can we talk, little mother,  
I, too, mourn the loss  
Perhaps we can both avoid paying the cost  
How the darkness must confine  
your causes, your reason  
In your gloom do you feel the  
inequity of treason  
Polenka, please smile,  
your eyes have no light  
Is it that your children leave you  
or your convictions might  
For surely they flee like geese  
in the cold  
and leave mother to interpret the  
last riddles told,  
but, Polenka, cry out, your sorrow  
mustn't last, not as a  
monument to injustice and reality vast

Kurt Scheller '75



Dear Janice and Anita,

After weeks of hesitation and just plain old procrastination, I have finally decided to write you two girls a letter. Keep in mind that this is no average fan letter, for fan letters come from fans. I am more of a disciple. The thing that prompted me finally to write was your dazzling performance last Monday on The Price Is Right.

As the show began with the voice of Johnny Olson telling contestants to "Come on down!", I sat in my living room, my eyes glued to the television set as I watched in anxious anticipation. Bob Barker steps on stage, and, yes...there's Janis! I behold in awe her every move. She walks gracefully across the stage to hand Bob his microphone. Well done, Janis!

But wait, as the first item up for bid is introduced, my eyes are in for another treat. It's Anita with a microwave oven!! While Johnny Olson describes the oven, Anita does what she does best--she smiles and points. Look at that smile! Each tooth is as white as a shimmering pearl. And her movements! She gently slides her hand across the top of the oven. I am now completely engrossed in this stunning performance. I look on as she opens the oven door to reveal a plastic chicken inside!

For the next 20 minutes, I feel as though I am in heaven, for surely I am watching two angels. Not a single smile or gesture escapes my view. I watch the grocery game, the temptation game, and the any-number game, all featuring my two favorite females.

At long last, the door to the first showcase opens. It's a recreation showcase! And who's that demonstrating on the trampoline? It's Janis! Look at her do those flips! Next, Anita comes on with a year's supply of hula hoops. And finally--it's a new car!

The second showcase is a travel showcase. First, it's a trip to Africa, and Anita comes on stage appropriately dressed as a gorilla. She beats her chest and makes animal noises. Boy, can that girl act!! Next, a trip to Alaska. "And here's something to keep you warm while you're there," spouts our Johnny Olson, as Janis enters wearing a mink. Then the camera cuts to the contestant, intent on capturing the anxiety showing on her face. I turn the set off; I don't care who wins the showcase. I only know that I won't see Janis and Anita for another week.

Such was my experience last Monday night. Excuse me if I got a little carried away, but honestly, you girls deserve more recognition for the work you do. Why don't you both demand a raise?

Sincerely,

Peter Hennen '77

P.S. If they don't give you a raise, leave the show for Let's Make a Deal. (Carol Merrill isn't getting any younger, you know!)

## ONE LAST WORD ON PICKLES

Pickles will kill you. Every pickle you eat brings you nearer to death. Amazingly, the thinking man has failed to grasp the terrifying significance of the term, "in a pickle." Although leading horticulturists have long known that *cucumis sativus* possesses an indehiscent pepo, the pickle industry continues to expand.

Pickles are associated with all the major diseases of the body. Eating them breeds wars and Communism. They can be related to most airline tragedies. Auto accidents are caused by pickles. There exists a positive relationship between crime waves and consumption of this fruit of the cucurbit family. For example:

Nearly all sick people have eaten pickles. The effects are obviously cumulative: 99.9% of all people who die from cancer have eaten pickles; 100% of all soldiers have eaten pickles; 96.8% of all Communist sympathizers have eaten pickles; 99.7% of the people involved in air and auto accidents ate pickles within 14 days preceding the accident; 93.1% of juvenile delinquents come from homes where pickles are served frequently.

Evidence points to the long-term effects of pickle-eating:

Of the people born in 1839 who later dined on pickles, there has been 100% mortality. All pickle eaters born between 1849 and 1859 have wrinkled skin, have lost most of their teeth, have brittle bones and failing eyesight--if the ills of eating pickles have not already caused their death. Even more convincing is the report of a noted team of medical specialists; rats force-fed with 20 pounds of pickles per day for 30 days developed bulging abdomens. Their appetites for wholesome food were destroyed.

In spite of all the evidence, pickle growers and packers continue to spread their evil. More than 120,000 acres of fertile U. S. soil are devoted to growing pickles. Our per capita consumption is nearly four pounds.

Eat orchid petal soup. Practically no one has as many problems from eating orchid petal soup as they do from eating pickles.

EDITORS' NOTE: Mr. Tom Rondeau, of the social studies department, called our attention to the preceding anonymous article that was printed in the NAC News a few short weeks after our fabulous pickle sale. Though the article is only a spoof, we sometimes wonder if, with this source available, an informed public would have consumed less of the \$84.50 worth of pickles we healthfully provided them with.



## MERIT AWARDS

### Merit Awards for Writing

Peggy Blakeley '77, "The Day I'll Never Forget"

Anita Brown '76, poems

Ed Chan '76, "A Red Seashore"

Ruth Dorworth '77, "Life Is But a Melody"

Pat Downey '76, "Moon Cloud" and "Bread Fruit"

Julia Esser '77, "Alas, Babylon!"

Anne Fingland '77, poems

Debbie Hetzel '76, "The Czar"

Mary Jashinsky '77, "Forgotten"

Jack Kazmarek '75, "The Parable of the Fraternity House"

Dave Kinsey '75, "Home?"

Kay Kirchen '77, "Summer City"

Barbara Lee '77, "First God and Then Man" and "The Beach: Day and Night"

Lori Mosher '75, "In Twilight Past"

Donald Walk '77, "Strangers" and "O Sky"

Karen Wepfer '75, "Space--Can Man Accept the Challenge?"

**Parnassus**  
**15¢ EACH** PICKLES

