



Southern Quill

"1981-82"

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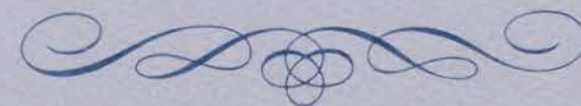


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*photographs on these pages by Ace G. Pilkington

"But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigured so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,

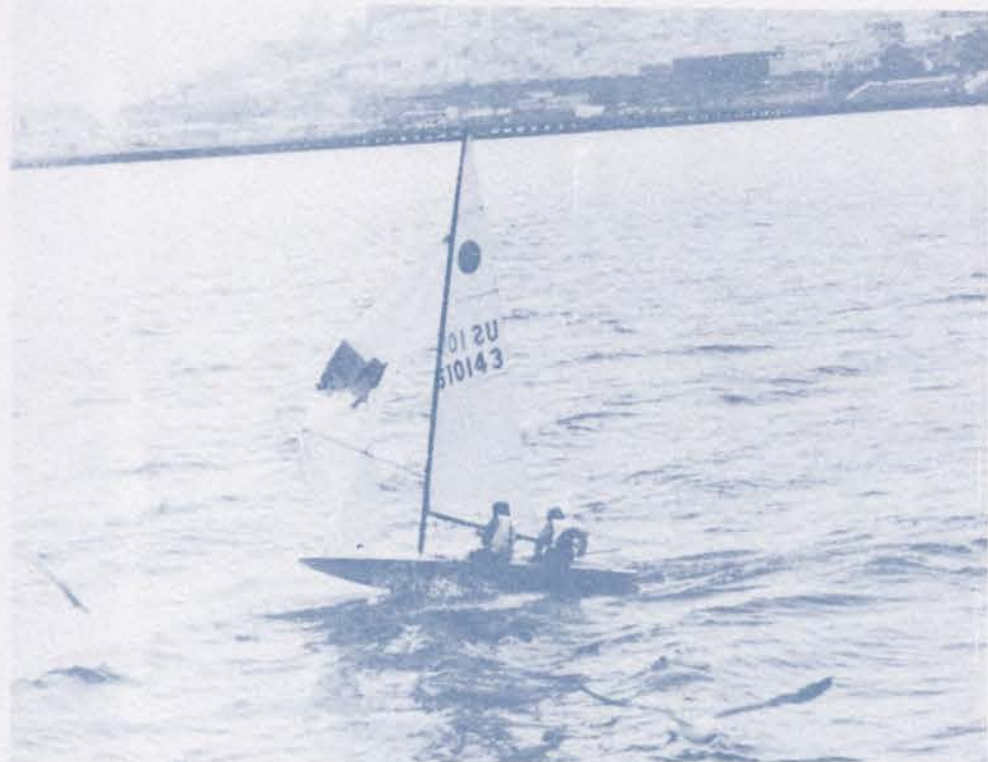
And grows to something of great constancy . . ."

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Beginnings

"And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger . . ."

A Midsummer Night's Dream



The Egyptians built pyramids, the Greeks built ideas, and the Romans built an empire. Poets told tales of the sack of Troy and the quest for the Golden Fleece.

Sails

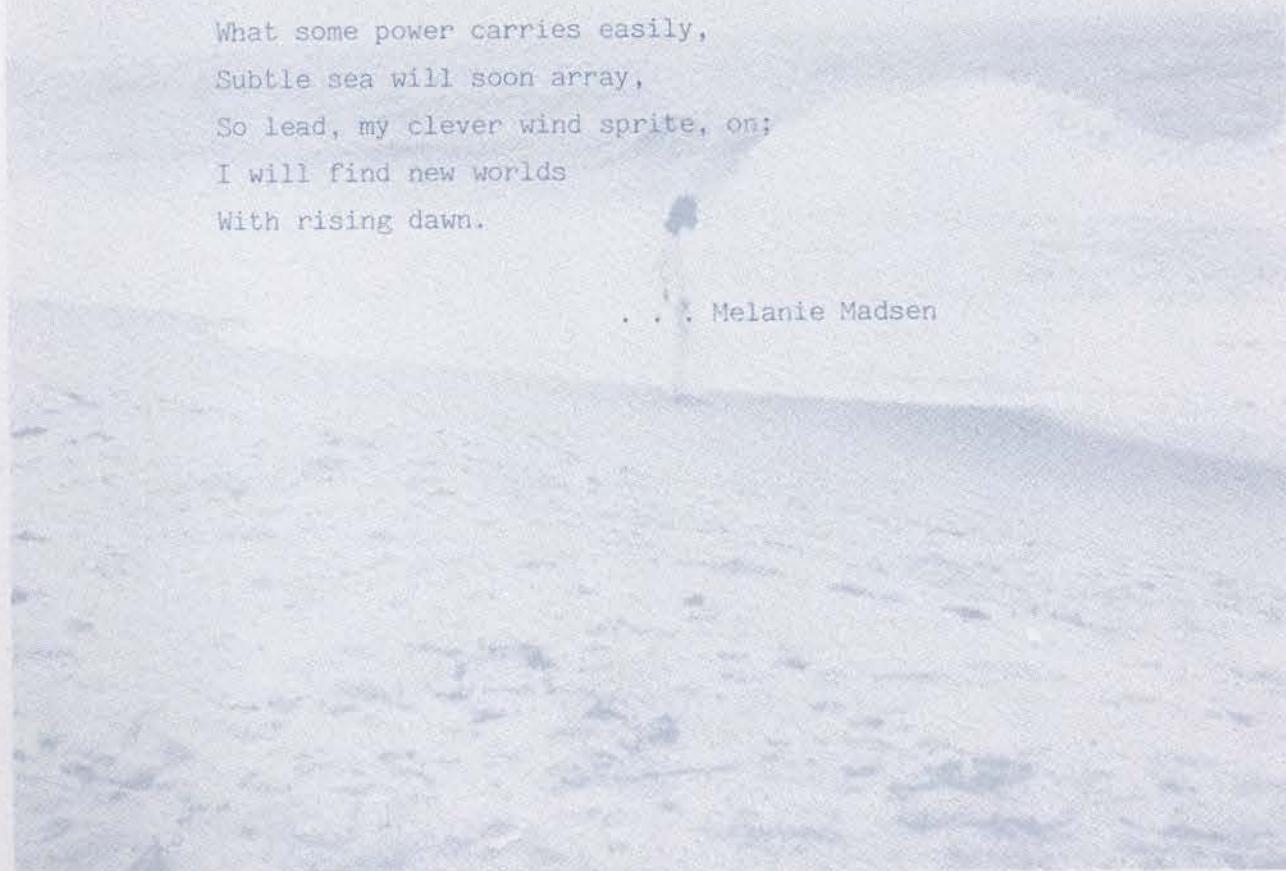
But that I could catch fair winds and sail today--
Skimming crests of liquid heavens--I would fly
Over depths of mystery in an oceanic sky,
Hull creaking, billows sway,
As Apollo's crystal light soon slips away.

Rich rainbow colors of warmth--I glide
Through fast fading embers, soft glowing fires.
Night, creeping casually to quiet corners,
Tilts back her head and bares her lunar eye.

In enchanted, echoed splendor, I ponder--
An ebony world enhances my desire;
Dark slowly turns to day,
Rising so the mood is fey.

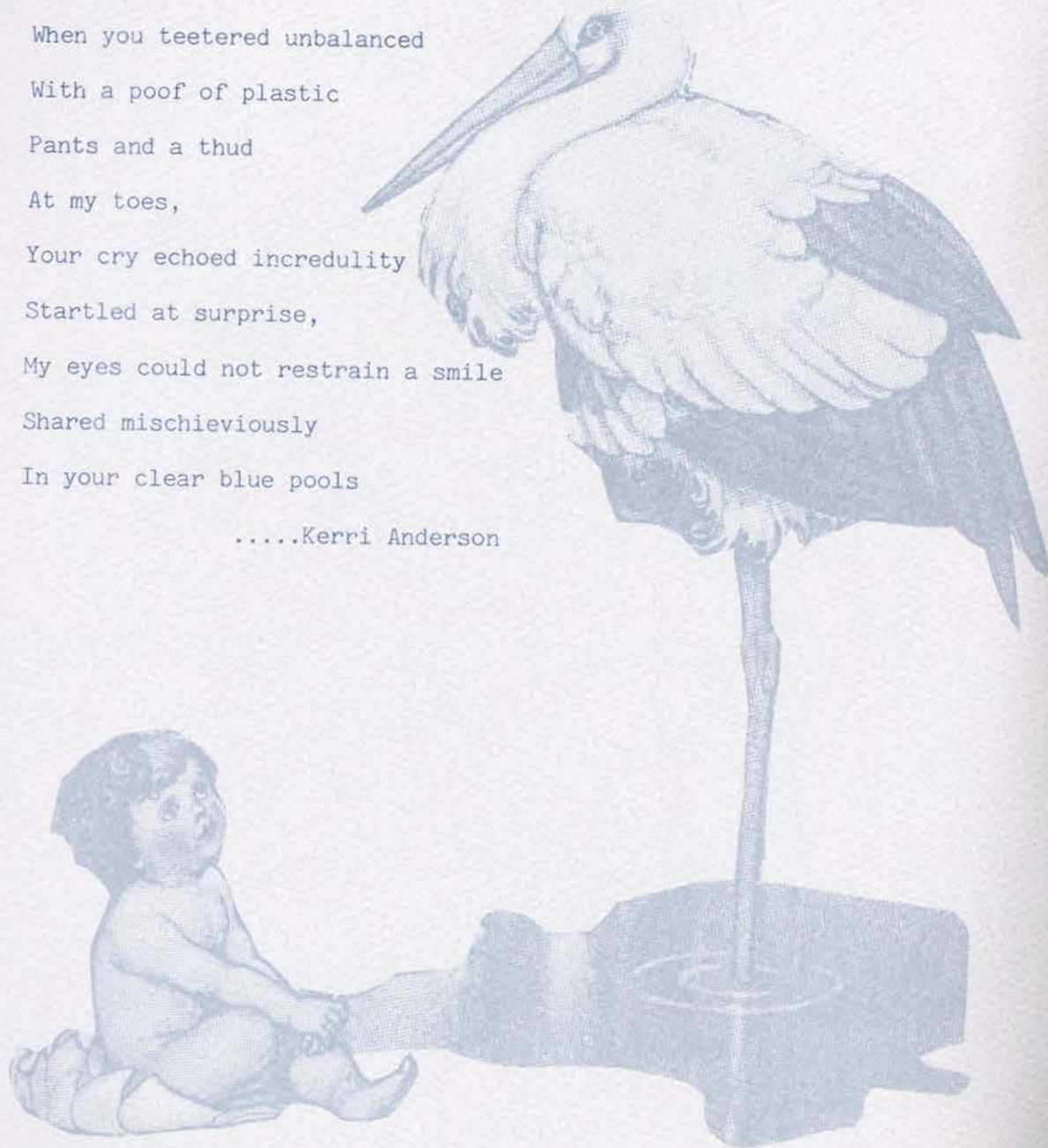
What some power carries easily,
Subtle sea will soon array,
So lead, my clever wind sprite, on;
I will find new worlds
With rising dawn.

. . . Melanie Madsen



When you teetered unbalanced
 With a poof of plastic
 Pants and a thud
 At my toes,
 Your cry echoed incredulity
 Startled at surprise,
 My eyes could not restrain a smile
 Shared mischievously
 In your clear blue pools

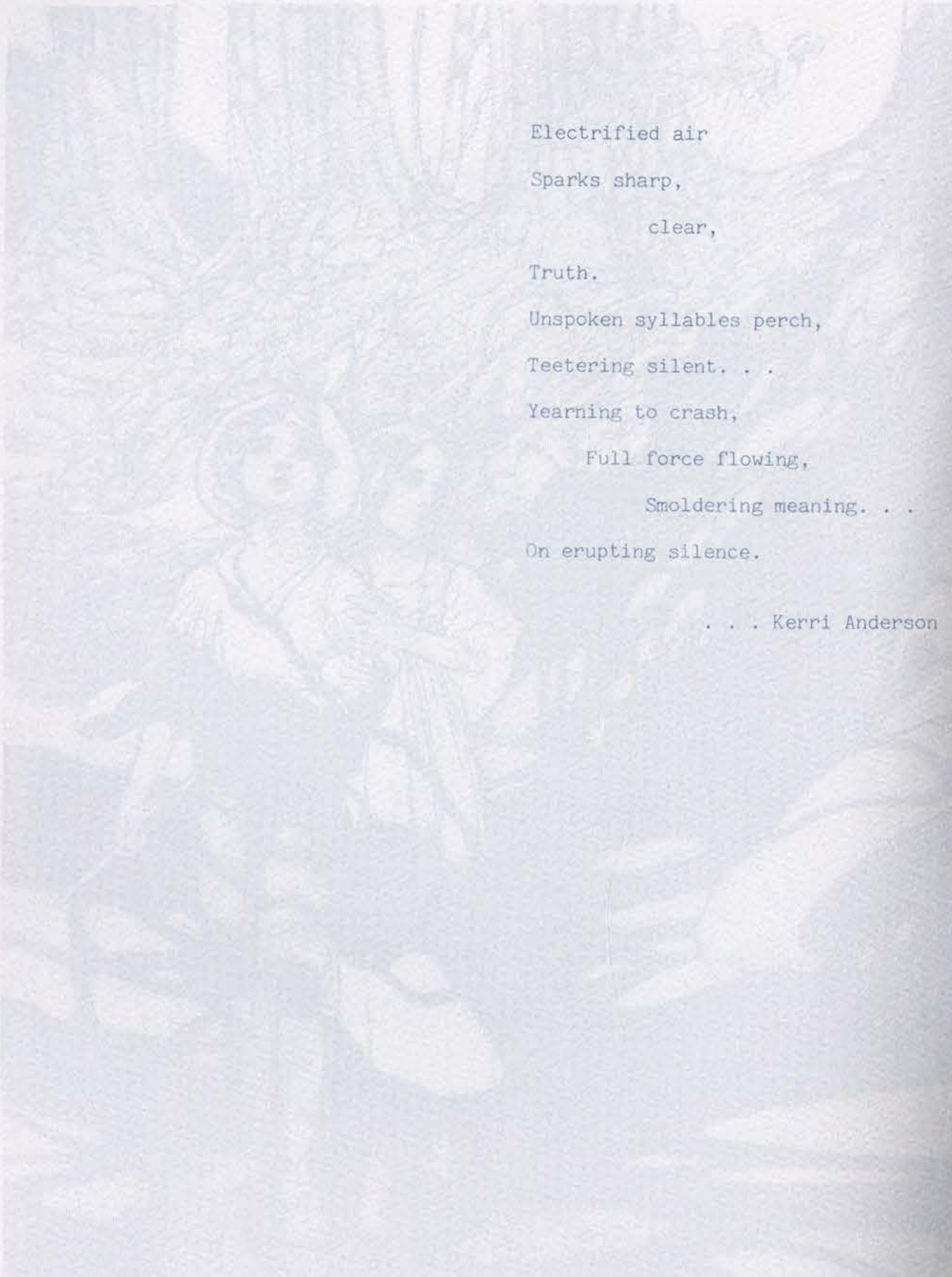
.....Kerri Anderson



Mountain mists, gloomy grey, taunting as dragon breath;
 The birdman is ready, standing among the gods;
 He looks down, not worrying about death,
 His eyes piercing shrouds of clouds;
 Thongs tight, cutting off circulation,
 While holding the heavy, wrought wings.
 The birdman is going to join the kings,
 His lean muscles gnarl; head held back,
 He springs forward with the grace of a dancer,
 Plummeting downward like a hawk ready to attack.

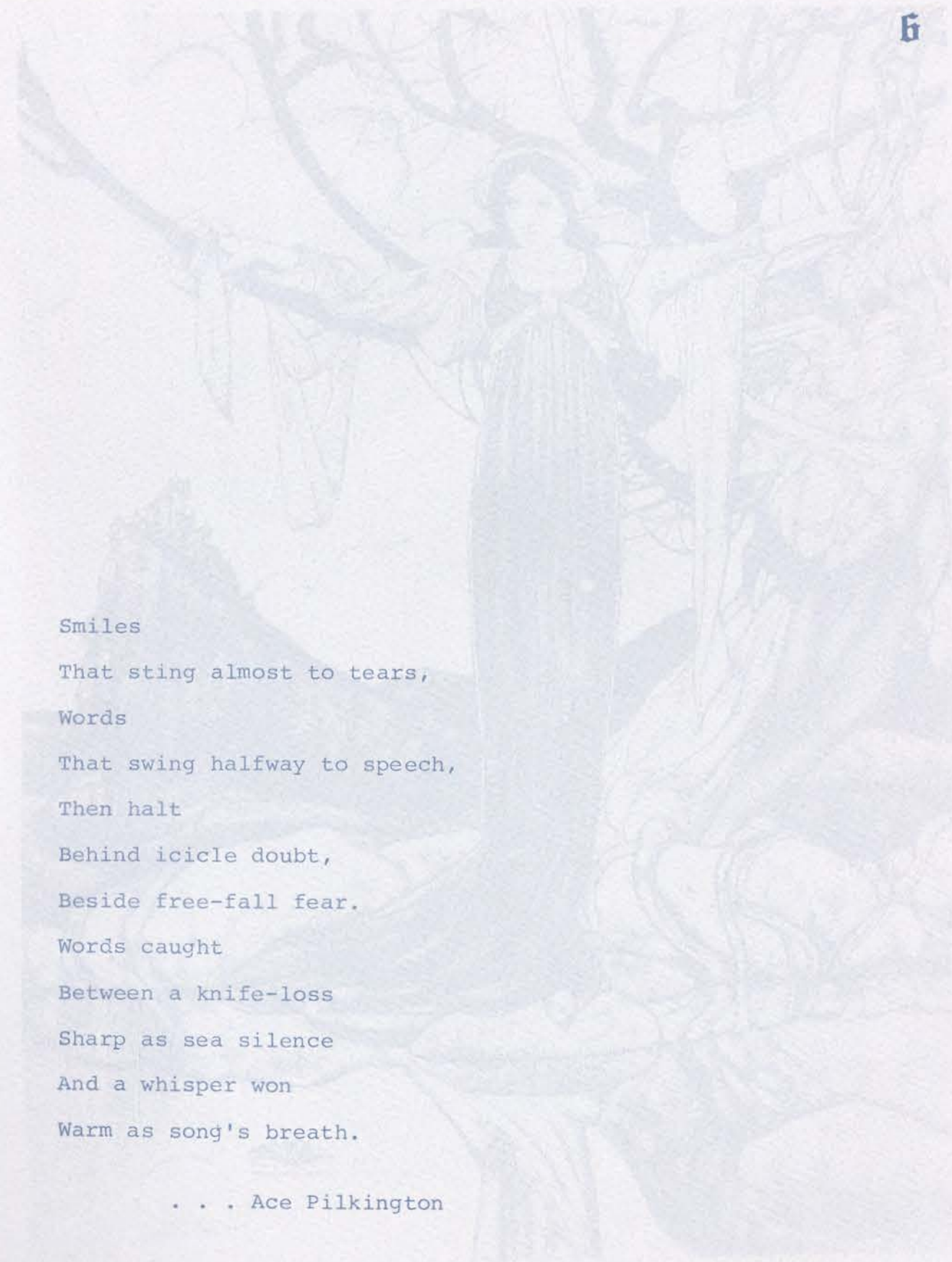
A mass of body and feathers lies broken,
 A startled spirit straddles the wind--
 Looking back to where limits had been.

... Steve Schnoor



Electrified air
 Sparks sharp,
 clear,
 Truth.
 Unspoken syllables perch,
 Teetering silent. . .
 Yearning to crash,
 Full force flowing,
 Smoldering meaning. . .
 On erupting silence.

. . . Kerri Anderson



Smiles
 That sting almost to tears,
 Words
 That swing halfway to speech,
 Then halt
 Behind icicle doubt,
 Beside free-fall fear.
 Words caught
 Between a knife-loss
 Sharp as sea silence
 And a whisper won
 Warm as song's breath.

. . . Ace Pilkington

"Hello, Father."

You smile the syllables,
Rounding their precise pronunciation
With a pause,

and I waver.

Traditional roles, long outgrown, are reversed.
I'm the one faltering, feeble and childlike,
My lines unrehearsed.
Translucent grey eyes, meeting mine,
seem to flicker---

But perhaps not.

In my mind, I

Touch your sheen-capped curls, caressing
Sun-bleached days of sand sparkled laughter
Amid splashed mossy tides tipped gold,
and I wonder.

You've grown so

Since we chased marshmallow clouds with wind-tossed tails,
Strung so tightly to your pink clenched fists.

I remember...

Sun skipped somersaults over lime green ground---
And salt smeared scrapes under water-full eyes.
Whisper-felt "sorry's" knee-hugged, without sound,
And shadow soft eyes begging, "Daddy, I lied."

So long ago...

Can two hands, clasped, span the distance
Unrequited by years?
Could your eyes hold a flicker
Unwashed yet by tears?
Please,

"Could you call me Dad?"

.....Kerri Anderson

* 2nd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1982

Amanda was a little girl who lived near the river. She had no friends, so she played by herself, but she was not lonely. To her, the world was a beautiful, wonderful place, with more surprises to be discovered than anyone could ever imagine; the world was a being--living and intelligent, ever-learning. Just like she was.

To society, Amanda was a strange child who talked to things that could not hear her. She was often seen running through the woods, when she should have been in school. She climbed trees, which was certainly not proper, and she often held in her two pink hands--spiders and all manner of "unnatural" things.

But someone loved Amanda. He leaned over a knobby staff when he walked, because he was very old and bent and gray. His two glassy eyes contained mysterious pools which concealed laughter that danced in them also. He was Amanda's grandfather. Together they walked hand in hand or sat in their favorite spot--under Mr. Weathered Man, the oldest, most gnarled tree to be found.

Mr. Weathered Man was special to Amanda. She knew he enjoyed the conversations she and her grandfather had, and wished that sometimes he could join in. Grandfather was getting very old, and the world about him, he said, was growing dim, so Amanda must describe it for him. So Amanda did. For hours she would tell him how the water flowed, how the flowers bloomed, and how the willow tree began to grow sparser and sparser of foilage, then withered and slowly died. When Amanda knew the willow was gone, tears slid down her cheeks. She would miss him.

"Where did the old willow go?" she asked her grandfather one quiet day. He replied that he did not know, but he was sure everything was just as it should be. Amanda looked up--up to the highest branches of Mr. Weathered Man, and wished secretly that he would never ever leave this great old form. Grandfather sensed her unease. So, covering her little hand with his gnarled, bony, old one, he told her a story.

"When I was a little boy, a little brown cocker spaniel followed me home. Its eyes were bright, and its tail wagged. I tried to find his owner, but I knew right away that he had to be mine. If I had to save forever, I would find a way to buy him. Well, I never found his owner, so that puppy and I adopted one-another. We were always together; we knew each other well. Things are happy when all is going your way; time is not important; the world passes by. Then nature releases her built up tide, which washes away much that we thought was ours to keep forever. So my little dog was drowned. I sat here; in this spot...thinking, wondering, for what seemed forever. Then I walked to the water and looked down into its swirls and ripples. There was my little puppy as I remembered him! Eager and happy. The world was his now; he had escaped its limits. So the tree is here; he cannot speak. Though his roots could lift themselves from the earth, he could not travel far."

Grandpa looked at Amanda. "Would you expect him to stay forever? Don't you ever wish to fly? Here, little one, even I wish to extend my bounds. I must soon leave this worn old body too. I will always be near. Look into the water when I am gone, and you will see. Someday we will be together again."

Amanda went to school. She learned very much there although its walls seemed confining and windows closed against the gentle breezes. She longed to be with grandpa and old Mr. Weathered Man, but she wanted to learn too. Everyone agreed she should be in school, even grandpa.

One day when she went home, grandpa was not there. No one was there. The house was cold and dark. He's gone, she thought, grandfather's gone and I've been gone to school. Tears rolled down her cheeks. Like the puppy and the willow tree he was gone. Amanda turned and ran to the river. She put her face close and looked into the dark depths. There was nothing there but icy blue water. The tears welled up again. She thought about the things she knew and loved: Mr. Weathered Man, the meadow, the river, and the lost willow tree. She had spent hours describing that willow tree to grandpa, and had known it well. Even now she could see it,

just as it once was, in her mind. She looked again, into the crystal water. There it was, clear and bright. The willow tree, in the water.

Grandfather wasn't gone; if he was gone, she would see him in the water too. She was happy to have seen an old friend though, and wiping away the tears, Amanda went home.

... Melanie Madsen



Failure

After you've walked by,
I'm hateful. I'm hollowed. I'm hurt.

I've failed at catching your eyes with mine--
failed at speaking your name,
failed at taking the chance of time,
failed at playing your game.

Then as I walk by,
I'm alone. I'm anxious. I'm afraid.

You've failed at putting your hand in mine--
failed at making me feel,
failed at mending the hidden pain,
failed at making me real.

We found the regret that was hidden today;
Soft, sudden silence was all that we could say.

..Dianna Drawe



Moonrise

A twinkle of stars expands
Into a glowing orb
Over the eastern horizon,
Illuminating silhouetted slopes,
Bleaching hillsides,
Blackening trees,
And scalloping clouds in silver.
Ascending,
It becomes a polished china plate
Entangled in a web
Of black branches.
Instantly my mind photographs
the view,
Knowing it will soon be gone,
Sensing it will never be the same.

... Gina Jessen

Silver soft,
Still yielding light,
The reigning sun has set;
Shade silks the earth
A deep red;
Apollo's carriage met.

... Kerri Anderson

Middle Ages

"For Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast . . ."

A Midsummer Night's Dream



Rome fell and the kingdoms of Europe rose.
King Arthur held back the darkness;
knights rode to war; and troubadors sang
of courtly love and the Holy Grail.

Endless Circle

Darkness beguiling,
Traitor to man.
Shadows pass over,
Sell him a hand.

Sun's light cowering,
Hiding from ill.
Night conquers brightness,
All men to kill.

Thunder crashes,
Warning all stars.
Lightning flashes.
Soul buyer mars.

Fighters of evil,
Look to your doom.
Swords lie broken,
He enters soon.

Worlds falter,
End draws near.
Chessboard's rulers,
Feel him and fear.

Still there's a flicker,
White Queen rides on.
Hope on a candle,
Light for a pawn.

Blackness tumbles,
Dig them a grave.
White powers triumph,
Life they did save.

Yet, where's the victor?
What's left behind?
Spoils of a battle,
Ruins of mankind.

Humans rebuilding,
Prosper they must.
Greed begets evil,
Again, dawn to dusk.

.....Karen Lloyd

Prometheus in Wax

Icarus did not die by attrition,
 One feather flown and then another,
 Until his brown arms flailed against the sky
 And failed above the sea.
 He fell in fire,
 Each hand holding a hateful sun
 That burned away all chance to clasp the air,
 And, at the blackened last,
 Coiled up from the wine dark waves
 In darker smoke.

.....Ace G. Pilkington

ARGUE

obscene lines
 on a bleak night
 of tidal vibes
 wash away pearls;
 clouds linger
 in thick argument
 and feelings lie
 screaming out pain
 of inflicting things
 that mean most;
 now sobbing souls
 praying for hearts whole
 though cruel cheap thrill
 arguments and you
 I love still
 remember.

. . . . Lori Lewis

DARK DREAMS

Faraway in someplace
 Called nowhere
 Are dreams
 That hang
 As mysterious cobwebs
 In black velvet caves;
 Bats and witches
 Were put there
 To haunt them.
 In the dark
 You dream of things,
 Conglomerated monsters,
 Of day by day coincidence.

. . . . Lori Lewis

A shimmery web reflecting the light,
Intricately woven in the silence of night,
It catches the gleaming of the bright sun,
Shaping the rays to burn as one.

Such a beautiful instrument, made to ensnare
Those unsuspecting visitors who are not aware
That the web will fulfill its mortal function
Whenever threads and fools come in conjunction.

Then the web's occupant shows his hairy face--
With genteel manner and polished grace--
He comes from higher threads of light
To complete his visitor's fatal plight.

Is it right for the spider to live on these vile deeds,
To weave his dreadful tool and satisfy dark needs?

Come look to the shining web to see
How translucent beauty can actually be.

.....Melanie Madsen

Oh, to be a spider
And build my web up high,
And catch that pesty, awful,
Ornery, no good fly.

And in the misty morning
When the lovely dew drops fall,
That fly would hit my sticky web
And to him I would crawl.

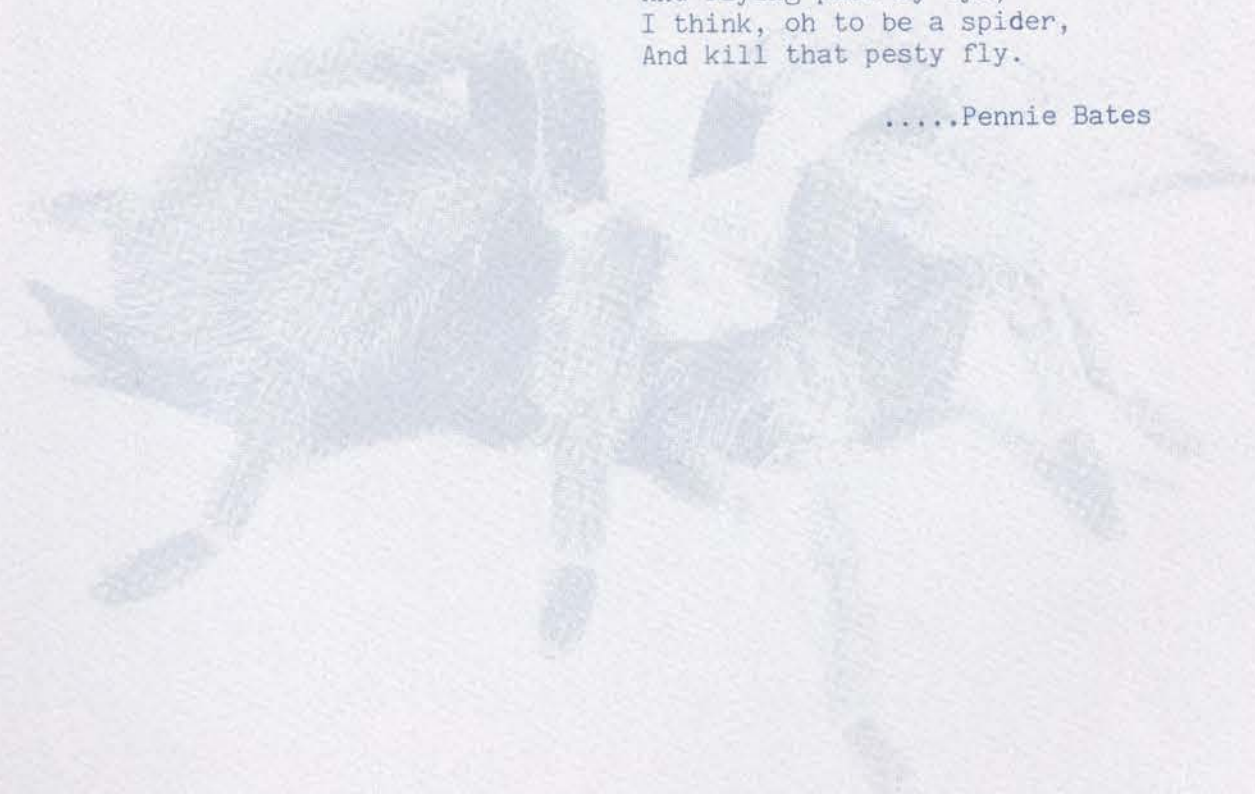
On my little spider feet
So nimbly I would walk,
And wrap that fly up oh so tight,
Then sit and laugh and mock.

And that stupid little fly
Would plead to be set free,
But I would never do it,
'Cause he's always bugging me.

And then as he wiggled
Beside that pink rose bud,
I'd very happily indeed
Suck out all his blood.

And when that fly is buzzing
And flying past my eye,
I think, oh to be a spider,
And kill that pesty fly.

.....Pennie Bates



At Last

The old mirror,
 Brought back from a dark room in a burned-out house,
 Hangs, crooked, cracked and eldritch on the wall.
 And looking in on a sunless afternoon,
 The wizard sees himself a sorcerer,
 His green eyes filmed with moon's flame like a cat's,
 His left hand scratching black, forboding runes
 Across the surface of a perfect page;
 His right hand holds a staff of ebony
 That throws its shadow over other minds
 And makes familiars out of friendships dust.

With a sullen start of innocence and rage,
 The wizard casts a gem that shatters glass,
 And out from depths that only mirrors have,
 The sorcerer stalks free into the air--
 His malice glinting bright as star-drenched snow.

.....Ace Pilkington

THE PRESENCE

It came slowly. First, with a dim red glow creeping through the opening created by a heavy, barred door that slowly creaked forward, and then a narrow band of light pierced the blackness which was housed in a long, dank corridor. As the band stretched further and further down the corridor, it revealed many twisted little creatures scurrying about, trying to avoid the menacing light. More and more bands of light began to rip through the darkness, intensifying the scramble. Many of the little beasts were unable to find cover when the light reached its full power. The corridor was then filled with a multitude of colors, supernatural in their brilliance. Those creatures remaining were engulfed by burning light and writhed in pain on the ground.

Beth smiled as she ran through the dim glow created by the fluorescent lights pasted overhead. Her smile reflected the thrill of escape and the strangeness of its circumstances. Her smile disappeared, giving way to a hardened face as shouts and scuffles broke out behind her, making Beth press on faster; the intensity of the chase was increasing. Fools, she thought, what fools, they'll never catch me because he is here helping me. She could feel his presence guiding her as she ran toward freedom. Her smile returned. Yes, the escape had gone well.

The guard had brought her breakfast this morning just as he did every morning. Murphy echoed through her skull; that was his name, good ol' Murphy. He had slid the tray under the cell door, cursing her as usual while she had just stared at him. They hated that most. The tray had come sliding under the door, making the high-pitched shriek which always annoyed Beth greatly. She hated it worse than she hated being locked up in this empty wing.

When the tray came sliding through, the cereal bowl was emptied of its usual oatmeal, and in its place was a key, a shiny back key. And then he was there just as he had been so many times in the past. When she was a little girl feeling threatened, he had come to her and

helped her. He had been there when she killed her mother and when she had killed the others. He came more as a dream than as reality, casting a dull shadow which others felt and saw with terror.

Lifting the key, Beth had felt dark power begin to flow through her veins. The next movement she had made was to lift the key and drive it into its slot, the slot that had never been there before. The door had fallen away with a smooth click, revealing Murphy sitting on the floor weeping like a small child. Beth remembered how the key had turned into a fine stiletto and how she had felt the power surge through her body as she brought it down upon Murphy, piercing a fine hole through the back of his skull.

As David came to work, he thought what a splendid sunrise; he pulled his Porsche through the gate ready for a good morning of work. Entering the new section of the prison, David was instantly hit with a barrage of noise that made him feel glad to be assigned to special duty in the old section. David felt the atmosphere change as he entered the old section, which had been built before the town in the early 1700's and now was used only for hard cases. The air smelled very old and dusty, and the lighting turned dim. As he quickened his pace, David's mind wandered over his material for today's session and then switched to the past few months. He had taken this case just to break up the monotony of divorces, gays, drugs, and rich old ladies who thought it prestigious to have a psychiatrist. Hell, he thought, since then my work has dwindled to one third of what it was. Yet, he kept coming three times a week, sometimes for five or six hours.

He thought of the sessions, how she hadn't uttered a word for the first two weeks. She had just stared at him with those eyes which took in everything but reflected nothing, and it seemed as though she had been looking at something else and not at him at all. It had been a glorious day for David when he finally got Beth to speak. David entered her cell saying, "Hi, Beth, how are you feeling today?"

"He's here watching you," Beth had replied.

David remembered asking her who was watching, but she had said nothing. However, as the sessions continued, David learned more

about the strange gentleman in Beth's life. David began to see, feel, and hate him. He housed in your mind, first, twisting your thoughts, and then, when you knew he was there, he would let your eyes see him.

Beth talked to this strange presence often, which really bothered David. David wanted Beth to need him and no one else, but though he tried to convince her that that was the case, she just stared at him, her face taunting while her eyes rejected him, reflecting nothing. David had seen shadows where shadows should not have been.

David's face twisted in horror when he rounded the corner. Beth's cell was empty, with the door standing ajar. By the entrance was Murphy, his head bleeding steadily. David choked a weak cry for help and started to mutter words to himself. Two guards arrived shortly thereafter in a sharp clatter of scurrying shoes on tile; they split up, one going for more help and the other accompanying David.

Beth was working her way down a passage that led to a dim glow. She knew it led to freedom.

David and the guard stopped, peering into a corridor which ran almost vertically downward. They desitated for a moment, feeling the warm air seep out of the passage and press against their skin. And they watched the steady glow which issued from the passage grow in intensity. Through the eerie silence, they could hear Beth's footsteps running down the passage ahead of them. The guard drew his gun; David gave him a disturbed look; they followed Beth.

Running in pursuit, David clutched at his shirt pocket where his picture of Beth was. They ran down further and further into the dark heart of the earth. The walls of the passage were richly covered with moss, and David thought he could feel air molecules stirring about his head. Small rodents were running near his feet in increasing numbers, upwards.

Beth rushed through the door which guarded the entrance into the small cavern that ended the passage. The cavern was filled with an eye-stinging smoke; the walls pulsed with a growing wave of heat and color. In the middle of the cavern was a massive stone altar

carved in the shape of a goat's head. David and the guard sidled in.

The guard quickly observed his surroundings; it was a small cavern lighted by the glow from above filtering down the corridor, he thought. He saw Beth standing in the middle of the room, and she was all he could see. The guard turned toward David, and that was the last conscious movement he ever made. David stared forward, his eyes dull, reflecting nothing, but fixed on the ominous shadow that loomed in front of them.

Beth wheeled around with the black stiletto poised in her hand. She thrust the blade in the guard's neck with cat-like speed. Her eyes burned like radiant coals. The guard gurgled a few incoherent sounds, then dropped to the ground, writhing in his own blood. David stood terror-stricken, waiting for Beth to strike out at him, but she never did.

Beth turned, and there he was, his negative form interwoven with flames that danced about. Beth started to tremble because she was afraid. He stretched out his hand, and when he spoke, the wind appeared and her fear dissipated.

He said, "Come, Beth, bow down your head; come, Beth, we will go as one."

She could feel his presence working into her heart, her darkened soul. She ran to him and started to cry.

David groped for the guard's fallen gun; she was starting to fade. "BBeeethhh!" he shrieked. "God in Heaven, stop." David aimed and fired, his bullet finding its mark; it ripped through Beth's chest, tearing her heart apart as it exploded out of her back. She was gone. The air burst, and all that remained was David and a madman's face.

.....Steve Schnoor

My Sanity, My Self

Unicorns dance across my walls.
Devils grin and watch them fall.
Elvish fiends, their plans laid bare.
Trolls laugh, without a care.

The caged bird screams.
The werewolf calls.
The dark arises.
Freedom falls.

Light reflects from off steel bars.
Outside nighttime buries its stars.
Cement walls formed cold and deep.
Cement floors my blood will keep.

Wings lie broken.
The werewolf calls.
The dark is risen.
Freedom falls.

Death deepens, closing my mind.
Thoughts perish, buried in lies.
Hope banished, loosing all fears.
Light hidden, buried in tears.

Caged bird conquered.
The werewolf calls.
Darkness triumphs.
Freedom falls.

.....Karen Lloyd

Raw chasms of pain bridged by smiles,
 Building stronger--
 A deluge of hurt dammed silent;
 The fortress that is
 Saccharine, sarcasm-shielded indifference,
 I.

Solitude

I formed a chrysalis today.
 While around me children played,
 And grownups mocked my childlike ways.
 Words I spoke fell on deaf ears.
 Maimed,
 Disfigured,
 Reduced to tears,
 I stood alone,
 Yet in a crowd.
 Inside a chrysalis I now am found.
 People mock
 While children cry.
 Vows are broken,
 People die.
 All around
 No ears to hear.
 All around
 Live with fear.
 My chrysalis formed,
 I now am safe.
 Aloof,
 Protected,
 Apart from fate.
 For,
 I formed a chrysalis today.

....Karen Lloyd

His words are whispers
 That echo
 Through the caves
 Behind glass eyes.

His touch is soft
 And it tingles
 When he puts his hand
 To mine.

His look is long
 But ending
 And leaving
 My mirror's view

Never reflecting
 His perfection
 His affection
 His rejection.

. . . Dianna Drawe

They've felt his love,
 Their hearts are cold.
 They've heard his words,
 Their ears are dead.
 They've seen his light,
 Their eyes are blind.
 They've done his will,
 Their hands are stiff.
 They've told of his life,
 Their mouths are still.

. . . Dianna Drawe

The Renaissance

"Such harmony is in immortal souls . . ."

The Merchant of Venice



A new spirit of learning and exploration came to Europe. Francis Drake sailed around the world, and Francis Bacon envisioned the scientific method. A gentleman was expected to use his wit for good conversation, his sword for fighting battles, and his pen for writing love sonnets.

Although I want I cannot think of you,
For in that moment I will surely know
Again the secret nights of rendezvous
When we and love were free and time was slow.
And I'll remember how your whisper voice
Caressed away my even deepest fears. . .
But in that moment that I make the choice
To glimpse a memory from sweeter years,
My heart begins to grimly feel the strain
That made a chaos of simplicity.
Again I must experience the pain
Of emptiness replacing apathy.
I find myself in tears again. Mistake.
Reality is blurred by memory's ache.

.....Kelaine Mortensen

Special. . .

For him to say I am
Would be so special
I might be tempted
To say he is.

.....Dianna Drawe

Somewhere in Love

The sun was as bright as a new penny, and I felt like turning handsprings in the newly born morning. I skipped across Elm Avenue and into the park. The shade was cool and refreshing and the speckles of sun on the springy grass looked pretty enough to pick.

Then, there he was on an old park bench, the best looking man I'd ever seen. His hair was stirring in the cool breeze, and the sun made it shine. He looked up and smiled his special smile, and my heart felt like bursting with happiness. I ran into his arms and he held me tight. I felt like singing, and the twinkle in my life matched the twinkle in his eyes. He said, "I love you."

I said, "I love you too, Grandpa."

.....Pennie Bates

Among my favorite people

I have you.

My list isn't long,

So you should feel secure

In knowing that

You were the first one I wrote!

.....Dianna Drawe

Restlessness

I don't know anymore.
I knew once,
Several years ago.
The world and life
Were a well-kept house.
A place for everything;
Everything in place.
Problems were caused
By an undisciplined intruder,
Non-believer,
Who didn't follow the
Obvious rules.
It wasn't obedience he lacked--
If he were educated,
Then he'd know too.

One day I decided
I wanted to know more than I knew,
So I went to school.
I began to see other houses,
With everything out of place.
But when I visited them
And looked out through their windows,
I saw my home in confusion.
But no intruder had been there
To break the order.
It was a designer's error
That could not be repaired

Now I wander about
Outside.
Searching for a house
Comfortable enough to keep me,
To call my home.
Maybe I'll settle in one
That's almost.
Maybe I'll return to my
First four walls--
A shelter, though in shambles.
But I fear I'll wander on,
Finding no house of rest,
Because I don't know anymore.

... Glenn Neumann

The river catches reflections of objects near its shores
 And sends deep illusions past a rafter's oars;
 Down in the depths of aqua are a thousand shades of blue,
 A wondrous world of color, of the shattered prism's hues.
 Spectrum for another angle, far different from the rest:
 Enter in the water and become illusion's guest.
 Light becomes refracted when bright beams intersect
 With the gentle currents like a dreamer's retrospect.

A mind is like the water, eager in its quest
 To absorb all brilliance, let each question come to rest.
 Combining light from all life's sources
 Brings a strange menagerie of forces,
 Mixed and mingling, monstrous illusions,
 Forcing minds to no conclusions--
 All is lost amid confusion
 And the heavy rain.

. . . . Melanie Madsen

I looked into a clear blue pool
 And saw you looking back.
 Our friendship is like a jewel,
 A mirror without a crack.

We share the treasures of our hearts
 Our secrets dark and deep
 And all our secrets in their parts
 We promise we will keep.

My deepest thoughts I gave to you
 To keep tucked deep inside.
 We planned the great things we would do
 Until the day you lied.

The tear ran down and chilled the air
 An icicle of love,
 Shattering the picture of care
 With sadness from above.

. . . Pennie Bates



Silence
 To look out over
 the lake
 Like looking at a mirror,
 unmoving,
 peaceful,
 silence,
 Shadowed over by a tear.
 Reflections of days
 Time took from me.
 The images held
 now allow me to see
 Silence,
 Memories,
 A season,
 Lying on the shore,
 Echoes, reminders
 of loving
 no more--
 Silence

. . . Susie Smith

Here I sit waiting. . .
 Again, you don't come.
 Here I go expecting. . .
 Again, you leave me numb.
 Here I start preparing. . .
 For something that won't be.
 Here I am living--
 Someone you can't see.

. . . Dianna Drawe

You are in my dreams,
 Though absent,
 I feel you complete.
 Each day too empty
 Each night too long
 I walk the empty streets.
 Thinking when I return,
 You'll be there waiting
 At my doorstep.
 But only in dreams you dwell
 Always a quest--
 Seeking and yearning
 For more of you.
 There you are in my dreams.

. . . Mark Wood

There is a peaceful place where silence speaks--
To mind and ear.

Monuments of warped wood and grey granite erected
To those resting here.

The mourners left behind seek to recapture what used to be,
Always taking comfort in the faded images they see.
Death within the creviced wall we try consciously to contain,
But on the engraved pieces of marble,
So many pieces of life remain...

.....Jana Jackman

Tattered small dog,
A remnant of my childhood--
Resting in a drawer--
Too delicate to touch,
Made threadbare by a child's love...

.....Jana Jackman

Silver surf,
Rushing waves
Finger the beach.
Lazy coastline
Patiently winding
Away the turns
Of the earth,
Waiting and receiving
The breakers
That have smoothed
Their crests and
Become only lapping
Ripples in the sand.

.....Dianna Drawe

Rivulet tears draining pooled up emotion
Etch deeper each deluged scar;
Recurring rain washes, eroding what we were
To the sediment sandstone we are.

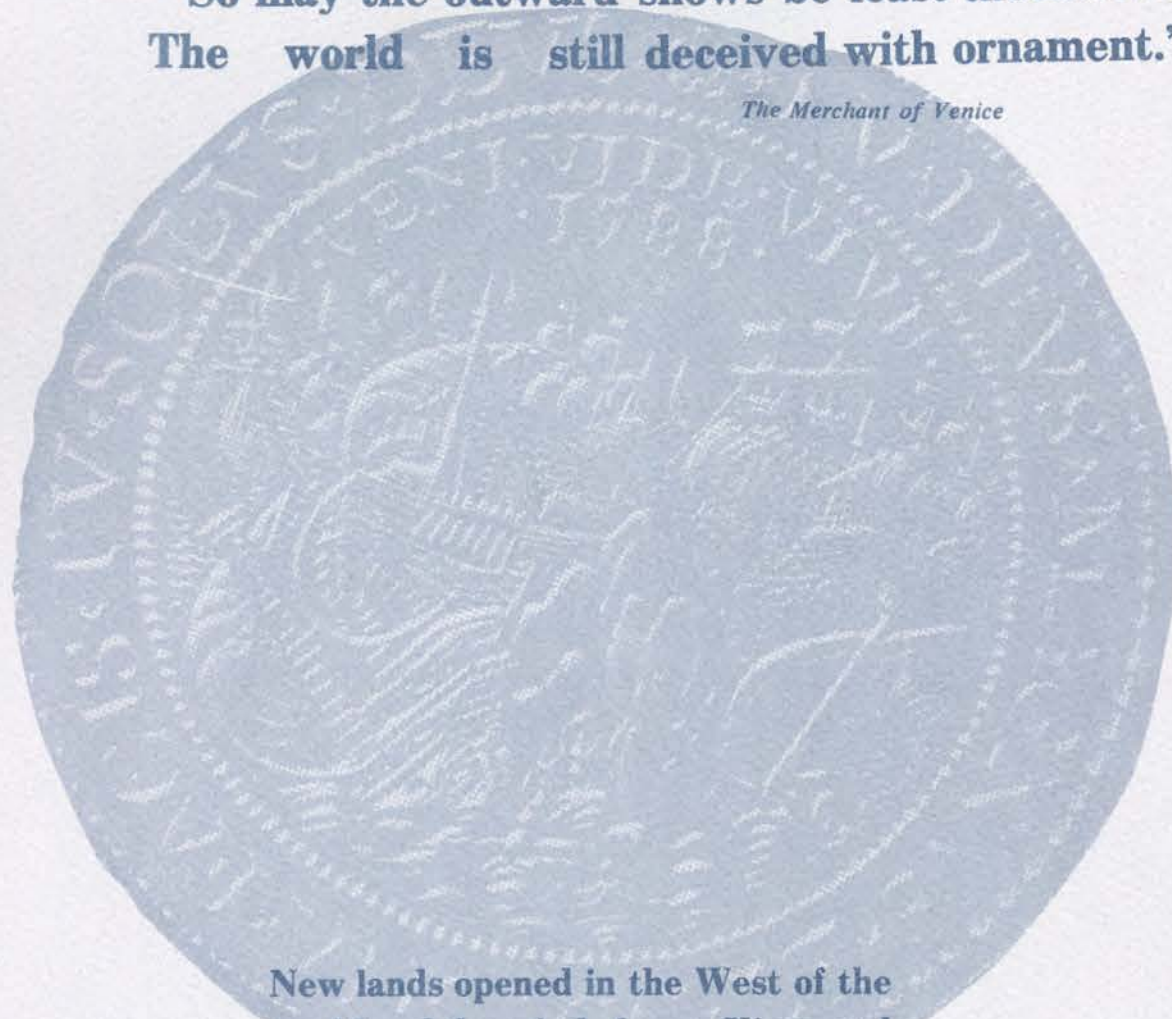
My eyes, swollen full by the power of hurt,
Blur your ocean expanse of regret.
A quiet grey calm spans the distance,
Shelled sea songs that echo forget.

. . . Kerri Anderson

NEW FRONTIERS

**"So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament."**

The Merchant of Venice

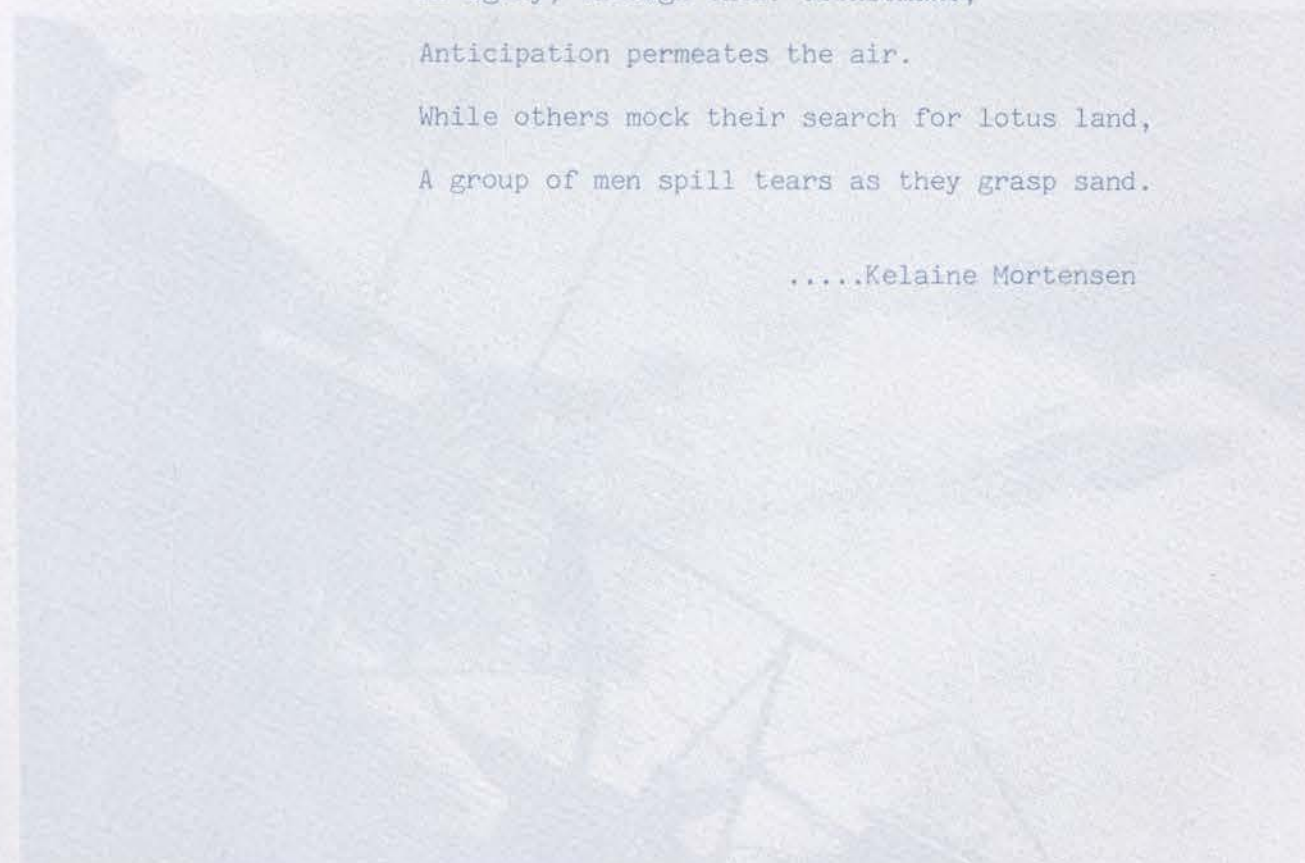


New lands opened in the West of the world and the mind of man. Kings and aristocrats fell before social revolutions and forests and fields before the Industrial Revolution. Suddenly there was more knowledge--and more stupidity--in the world than ever before. At last comfort and death could be mass produced.

Frontier of Dreams

They said the waters fell in great cascades
Around the edges of the even earth,
And those that sailed away to find a berth
Of happiness, found hell. The galleon fades
Into the wind as men look on with doubt
And know that it shall not return. The quest
Of men aboard that ship? To find the rest
That comes from freedom they can't live without.
So they persist through tempests that would dare
Defy their rainbowed dream of liberty.
In agony, through their Gethsemane,
Anticipation permeates the air.
While others mock their search for lotus land,
A group of men spill tears as they grasp sand.

.....Kelaine Mortensen



TOBY

scatter board house
 marooned on a beach
 lonely and faraway
 from dreams of fantasy;
 crags and torn ships
 reliving a past
 lost as she was,
 gulped by the sea,
 and biting cold
 hardship for eternity;
 scattered in the air
 is where she is,
 a symbol to those
 who climb the waters--
 they will not find
 what they need most.

.....Lori Lewis

AUTUMN

autumn's a sad season
 that fades to yellow
 with hurting red
 and cries its leaves
 to the frozen earth;
 the hallow moon hangs
 on brittle branches
 of old memories
 spreading loneliness;
 empty hearts walk
 endless streets in dark;
 fall becomes cold
 with icicle chills
 and reflecting frost;
 autumn is sad,
 saddest of all;
 it reminds me of you,
 the last denouement to winter--
 the earth is bare
 and the leaves
 are lost forever.

.....Lori Lewis

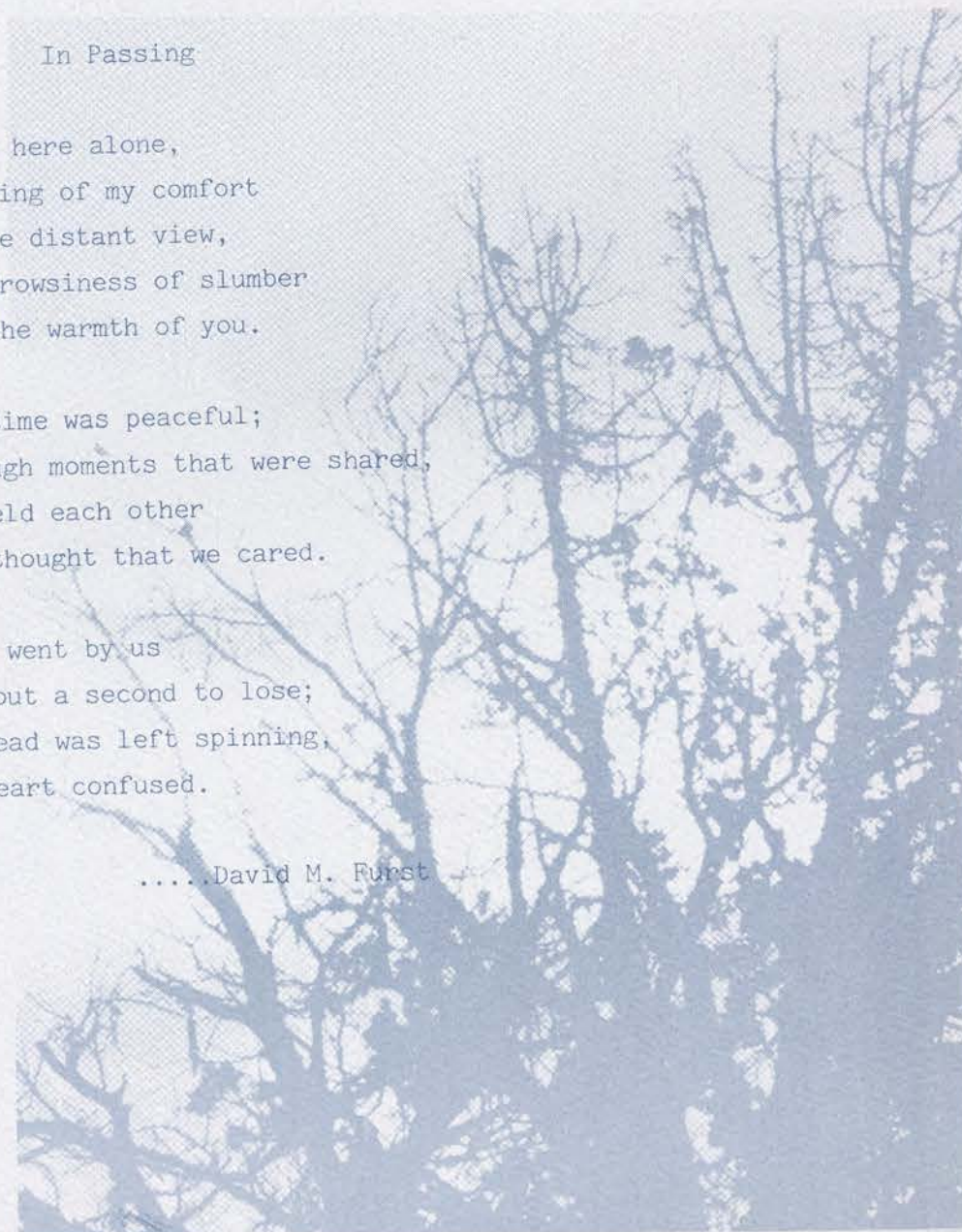
In Passing

I lie here alone,
 Thinking of my comfort
 In the distant view,
 The drowsiness of slumber
 And the warmth of you.

Our time was peaceful;
 Through moments that were shared,
 We held each other
 And thought that we cared.

Love went by us
 Without a second to lose;
 My head was left spinning,
 My heart confused.

.....David M. Furst



Tug of War

Best of friends,
 Tug of war,
 At either end,
 Our hands are sore.
 We cut the cards
 And find no aces;
 I get a queen
 Who has two faces.
 The dice are thrown
 And I despise
 The way they change
 Into snake eyes.
 I play the game;
 You make the rules.
 We're still the same,
 Two separate fools.
 Best of friends,
 Tug of war,
 At either end,
 Our hands are sore.

.....Delsy Kramer

Duel

Words

Circle each other,

Fencing

figurative

emotions,

Dancing

double bladed doubts,

Striking

Opaque attempts at reason.

Competing words--

Suffering proud,

Declaring no victor,

Indifferent to season.

.....Kerri Anderson



You agreed with me today

And I felt like I had won,

But no. . . you had to ruin it

By saying it was fun.

.....Dianna Drawe

The Freedom to Fly
a one act play

CHARACTERS

Misty....A young girl in her early twenties. Quite pretty but very thin and pale and dressed warmly in slacks and a sweater.

Tyson....Misty's fiancée. He's about twenty-five and slightly serious looking. He is dressed for warmer weather in slacks and a light cotton shirt.

Place: A small clearing in the woods.

Time: Early summer in the present year.

Setting: The stage is dimly lit with a shaded grey backdrop. Boulders, large enough to sit on, are placed DL, RC, and DR with small bushes placed nearby.

At rise of curtain: Lights brighten stage C and the sound of laughter filters in from backstage right. Misty enters UR, pulling a reluctant Tyson along behind her.

Misty: Come on, we're almost there.

(She pulls him along impatiently)

Tyson: Misty, slow down. You know you shouldn't walk this far. If your mother knew what we were doing.....

Misty: (breaking in impatiently) She doesn't know. And you're not going to tell her, are you? Anyway, we're here, so I won't have to walk any further.

Tyson: All right, I won't tell. But at least sit down for a while. You know what happens when you do too much.

(He leads her to boulder DR and tries to make her sit, but she whirls from his grasp to the other side of the boulder.)

Misty: You're worse than my mother. Clucking over me like a mother hen. (She whirls around) I want to run and laugh and play.

Tyson: Please.....our wedding's in less than a month, and I don't want you to get sick. (He reaches around the boulder and pulls her into his arms) I care about you, you know.

(She looks up at him, searchingly, then sits down on the boulder, pulling him to sit beside her.)

Misty: (suddenly serious) I love you, Ty.

Tyson: I know you do. I love you too.

Misty: Do you think I'll ever be well again?

Tyson: (trying to hide a smile but not succeeding very well) Someday if you're good.

Misty: (still serious) I don't think I'll ever be well again. And, Ty, I'm so sick of hospitals and medicine and doctors and illness. I want to dance and sing and run like we used to. (she looks up at him) Do you remember how we used to play here as children?

Tyson: I remember. But, Misty, we're no longer children.

Misty: Maybe you're all grown-up, but I still feel young. (she jumps up and runs UL, laughing mischievously) Catch me if you can!

(He jumps up and chases her around the bushes, finally catching her in his arms RC. They hold each other laughing, then kiss as they sink to their knees. They break apart, look at each other, then lean back against the boulder.)

Tyson: I knew I shouldn't have let you talk me into bringing you here. You never could sit still.

Misty: (teasingly) Don't be such a grouch; I'll be good. It's just that I haven't been outside for so long.

Tyson: (reassuringly) If you do what the doctors say and not overdo it, you'll soon get better and be able to play to your heart's delight.

(Misty looks at the ground, then downstage.)

Misty: Remember when I was about fourteen and we came here and found a small, white dove lying on the ground, its heart barely beating?

Tyson: I remember. I also remember you cradling it in your hands, pleading with it to live.

(Misty pantomimes picking up the dove.)

Misty: Small dove, what happened to bring you from your lofty perch? You were meant to fly free, rejoicing in the beauty of your life, not to lie broken upon human hands. (She rubs it against her cheek). Live, my white friend. Live to play once again upon the winds. Let my love warm you back to life.

Tyson: (Looking at her crouched form). Your love could warm anything back to life.

Misty: It didn't keep the dove alive. I felt its small heart stop beating and the warmth flow out of it as it lay in my hands.

Tyson: And you cried and asked me why things had to die.

(Misty looks back at him.)

Misty: And you said that for the dove it was better to die, for if it had lived, it would never have been able to fly again. (She looks down at her cupped hands) Goodbye, little bird. Maybe God will restore your wings and you will fly on heaven's winds. Goodbye, my sweet friend, be happy. (She stands up, walks DL, places the dove upon the rock, then stares silently into the distance. She then turns suddenly and looks at Tyson.) Sometimes it's better for humans to die too.

(Tyson rises quickly, walks over to her and angrily grips her arms.)

Tyson: Don't talk like that. You're going to get better. Don't even think about dying.

Misty: But what if I don't get any better? What then? Do you want me to live only half a person? Not being able to do the things I love most? Tyson, I am like that dove. I couldn't live like that.

(Tyson looks at her, then shakes her slightly)

Tyson: Why are you talking like this? What has happened to you? The other day you were so full of plans for our future; now you talk like there isn't going to be a future. Why do you have to dwell so on death?

(Misty turns from him and looks around the clearing.)

Misty: (clearly changing the subject) I'm glad we came today. I always have liked the clearing best at this time of year. (She walks away a few steps and looks off into the distance) I'll probably never see it again.

(Tyson crosses over to her and pulls her around to face him.)

Tyson: You will see it again. We're coming here after our wedding, remember? What's happened to make you into such a pessimist?

(Misty pulls away and walks ULC.)

Misty: (as if explaining something to a small child) I talked to my doctor today. I asked him how much longer it would be until I am well. I told him to tell me the truth, for I thought I was old enough to face it.

Tyson: (as if trying to convince himself as well as her) And he told you that it would just be a few months, didn't he? He said that you would soon be as healthy as ever.

Misty: No, Tyson. (She looks at him resignedly) I'm never going to get better. I'm as well now as I'll ever be.

(Tyson looks away helplessly, then looks back at her as if he could face anything.)

Tyson: So you're as well as you'll ever be. At least you're alive.

Misty: (with a break in her voice) You don't understand. (She crosses DL and takes his arms) Tyson, I'm dying.

(Tyson searches her face for the truth, then tears himself away, leaving her standing helplessly, staring at the ground.)

Tyson: (in a choked voice) Doctors have been proven wrong! We'll search until we find a new doctor. One that will be able to cure you. (He whirls back around to face her) Misty, I won't let you die.

Misty: And what if we run out of time before we find this miracle worker? What then?

Tyson: We won't. There are medicines and treatments to keep you alive. (He looks back into the distance) We'll find that cure.

Misty: Listen to me, Ty. Look at me and try to understand. (He slowly turns around) If I took that medicine, I wouldn't even be able to function as well as I do now. I would have to stay indoors, in bed. I wouldn't be able to hear the birds or see them fly or feel the sun on my skin. If I took that medicine, I would become dead inside. And you are the one who has said that death is better than half a life.

Tyson: (convincingly) You wouldn't be taking it that long. And soon you would be able to experience all that you love once again.

(Misty looks at the ground)

Misty: It's too late. I've already told the doctor that I won't be in to see him anymore.

(Tyson grips her and shakes her angrily.)

Tyson: You're crazy! Do you know what that means? Do you care so little about our love, our plans for the future? If I didn't know you better, I'd swear that you want to die! (He lets her loose and paces nervously around) You don't know what you're doing. I won't let you go through with this!

(Misty grabs him, forcing him to look her in the eye.)

Misty: (upset and almost crying) Do you want me caged, unable to fly? Tyson, I am like that dove. I cannot exist with broken wings. Can't you understand that I would rather live one hour a complete person than one year with only half a life?

(Tyson stares at her, his shoulders shaking, then pulls her into his arms and buries his face in her hair.)

Tyson: I just don't want you to die. I don't want to live without you here beside me.

Misty: (letting her tears out) I'll be at your side. Even in death I won't leave you. No matter where you go, you will always be able to feel me near. (She hugs him close, then pulls back a little and asks earnestly) Promise me something?

(She wipes her tears off onto her sleeve.)

Tyson: What is it?

Misty: Promise that you'll not mourn for me. I don't want you to be unhappy. I want you to get over me quickly and find someone else. Someone healthy who can marry you and carry out with you our plans for the future.

Tyson: (vehemently) I'll never find anyone that could take your place!

Misty: Not to take my place but to fill another. And I'll warn you now that I'm going to make sure you pick someone good. (She smiles mischievously) Angels can do these things, you know.

Tyson: Just make sure she's pretty!

(They start to laugh, hug each other tightly, then break off and look at each other again.)

Tyson: How long do you have?

Misty: The doctors weren't certain. It could be a month or a year or it could be today. (as if today is a complete improbability) There's no way to be certain.

Tyson: (wonderingly) How can you be so calm?

Misty: (with a small laugh) I'm not. I'm shaking inside. But that's not going to stop me from living every last minute to its fullest. I'm going to experience everything I can before it's too late. (She walks C, stares into the distance, then turns and looks back at him with a shy smile) Do you remember when I taught you to dance?

(Tyson looks at her, amazed, then laughs)

Tyson: How could I forget? I was so awkward and clumsy, and you weren't much better. It was right here in the clearing, and I kept stumbling over rocks and stepping on your toes.

(Misty's face lights up and she twirls around, laughing.)

Misty: My toes were never the same again. (She stops twirling and holds out her arms to him) Come dance with me, Gallant Knight.

(Tyson moves C and takes her in his arms.)

Tyson: How could I resist such a request? To dance with one so fair and beautiful as you are, Milady, is a pleasure beyond all pleasures.

(She pulls back and looks teasingly up at him.)

Misty: You flatter me with words, kind Knight, but what would you do to warrant such a pleasure?

Tyson: For you, Milady, I would buy the fairest of silks and jewels. I would kill the meanest ogre, rescue you from fiery dragons, fight off all other suitors. (He becomes suddenly solemn) For you, Milady, I would give my life. (He bends down, kisses her, then again sweeps her into his arms.) Now, may I have this dance?

Misty: (gaily) You may have this dance and all others, my most Gallant Knight. At least until you start stepping on my toes.

(They laugh and begin to waltz around the stage. Slowly at first then faster and faster, almost in desperation until at last, DL, she falters, looking strained and gasping for breath.)

Tyson: Misty, what's wrong? Are you all right? (He helps her to the ground then sits beside her, cradling her in his arms) Speak to me. Tell me you're going to be okay.

Misty: (weakly) Tyson, promise me . . .

Tyson: Promise you what?

Misty: Promise me you'll be happy. Promise me that you'll think of me running free and singing and dancing through the trees of heaven with a white dove on my shoulder.

Tyson: I promise. But I'll be happy now with you here beside me.

Misty: No, Tyson. I won't be here. You must be happy without me.

(She looks up at him pleadingly as he tries to hold back tears.)

Tyson: (his voice breaking) Not Yet! You can't die yet! Misty, I need you.

(He hugs her closer and lets loose his tears, wiping them in her hair.)

Misty: (her voice much fainter) Tyson, do you love me?

Tyson: (his voice muffled) More than life.

Misty: Then let me go. Don't imprison me here with broken wings. Set me free. (She looks at him piercingly) Can you do that last thing for me?

(He bows his head, looks away, then resignedly looks back at her face.)

Tyson: I will set you free in body and in spirit. But of my memories you will never be free.

(She looks at him, satisfied, then sinks wearily against his shoulder.)

Misty: I can see my dove, Tyson. It's flying above, waiting for me. God gave it back its wings. Hold me tight one last time. (He draws her closer and kisses her forehead) I love you Tyson.

(Her arms drop and he bends weeping over her.)

Tyson: Goodbye, little bird. Let God take you and restore you that you may dance through the trees of heaven with a white dove upon your shoulder. Goodbye, my sweet friend. Be free. Be happy.

(Lights dim around him until he is spotted in a single glow, then black out completely.)

. . . Karen Lloyd



From Now to the Future

*"We are such stuff as dreams are made
on . . ."*

The Tempest



*Man poises on the knife edge of choice:
will he sail the cosmic sea or vanish in
atomic dust?*

Perspective

What difference does it make

If the piercing void of noise

Echoes probing vibrations

Or clear silence,

If an obliterated people

Leave lordly legacies

Or powdered dust,

If our moon holds enrapt a milky universe

Or hangs stark in a cold, black sky?

What difference does it make?

.....Kerri Anderson



Under Thunder

The earth
 is
 all that lives
 in an
 echoed
 imagination.
 Images of hate
 melt
 the powerful.
 Cannons
 answer
 to blind commanders.
 Destruction
 is
 gored out of mountains.
 Kings
 are
 subject to pawns.
 Reason
 is
 abandoned for arms.
 Machines of conflict (don't say war)
 out think
 their masters.
 Greed
 is
 replaced by human survival.

All this
 happens
 under the thunder of night.

.....Mark Quilter Johnson

Wash Out *

Tidal wave,
 Devastating
 Sneaky wind and rain
 Exploding, spraying subtly,
 Erasing little imprints;
 A solid concrete wall
 Entombing my soul.
 It's buried my world,
 Scattering the gathered mosaic
 Of a thousand memories--
 What's left of my world,
 All flattened out on the dry shore
 Of an endless eternity
 To build the future,
 Simple but complex,
 Dangling dry beach burned toes
 In a muddy puddle,
 Sifting blood red sand,
 Oozing through little palms
 And a salty face.

. . . Lori Lewis

* 1st place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1982

Long Term Care

Shutting out the sunny, fresh and fragrant out-of-doors,
We pass through the brightly lighted foyer
And down the white and sterile corridors.

We wonder, as they struggle so,
With hope no longer whole,
What lies within those tortured minds,
The twisted temples of their souls.

For Mary, it's a sweet relief
From pain and cares too much to bear;
She doesn't know from whence she came
Or why she's even there.

For James, whose mind
Is sharp and clear,
He reads and writes
But doesn't hear.

There's Mary Ann who lies in bed all day;
She worries--
Maybe God won't hear her now
She can't kneel to pray.

For our dear John, who had so much to give,
His time went by too fast.
Be gentle, be kind, and make each precious moment last,
For in this room we see the fragile, fading giants of the past.

.....Alberta Cornell



Mental Ward

White padded walls
are moving
to compact me.

I reach for the (Marx Toys) machine gun.
I draw
a blank.

.....Mark Quilter Johnson



Personality

You
do
live,

and probably
do
not exist

because your face
is
black with carbon.

.....Mark Quilter Johnson

Silently the ghosts walk through her mind,
 Hiding in caverns too small to find.
 Happily she lives from day to day;
 Then suddenly a spectre trips on its way,
 An instant memory of days gone by,
 A bitter returning that makes her cry.
 Up go the fences she worked to tear down,
 Away fall the crutches she readily found.
 She must look ahead, once more begin--
 She relies on herself--alone again.

.....Aderianna Smith

Boom Boom

I'm not even tired

Boom Boom

How I wish I could sleep

Boom Boom

Because sleep postpones the pains

Boom Boom

That will arrive when I awake

Boom Boom

Why can't my heart just break

Boom Boom

And cease to

Boom Boom Boom Boom

.....Sue Strong

An Equal's Share

Then she said,
 "I'll save you some cake.
 Of course you should have some."
 But she meant:
 You'll have to come
 After my friends have gone,
 After the party's done,
 And sit at the kitchen table
 With your arms on the oilcloth--
 The good white linen stains so.
 But, of course, it's the same cake,
 Though it's served on a chipped clay plate.
 The china is for special folks.
 "But, of course, it's the same cake.
 I thought it was splendid!
 Why do you say
 That it's lost its taste?
 I thought you'd enjoy it
 Just as I did."

... Glenn Neumann

Taken for Granted

How often do we taste the bitter bite
 And leave the sweet behind without a tear?
 We disregard the day and turn to night.
 Disaster is what people want to hear.
 The doctors, who are learning more each day,
 Still fail to find the cure to mend the heart.
 The poor, without the money, have to pay,
 And losers never finish what they start.
 A flower's picked before it starts to grow,
 By plowing minds whose motors never stop.
 The pure in heart were trampled long ago,
 By people trying to make it to the top.
 A baby's never heard until he cries.
 A hero never lives until he dies.

. . . Delsy Kramer

Your soft brown eyes were portals
 To the workings of your mind;
 Through them I read reflections
 Of emotions formed inside.

Your eyes were weapons of reproach
 When I would misbehave;
 A sharp, brief flash of intense hue
 Grew soft when I looked up, and
 Would smile with your eyes.

And sometimes teasing words
 An impish twinkle would belie.
 I'd look and look again, and you'd
 Be smiling with your eyes.

Oh, daddy,
 So endearingly, you
 Could smile with your eyes.

.....Carole Garfield



Groping words misconstrue
 The single simplicity
 That trite phrases tarnish
 And language cannot reach.

.....Kerri Anderson

Waterlet drops held quiet,
 Filmed behind glass walls. . .
 Waiting.
 Torrents of rain crash raw,
 Racking echoes
 Through transparency.
 Safe?
 Yes: coddled comfort warms
 My snuggled toes;
 Encircled
 By the sheltering pane--
 Intrigue.

.....Kerri Anderson

IN THE DARK

"Mom," she called across the hall, but Mom didn't hear. "Mom!" she cried again. . . still no answer. Once more, in desperation she called, "Mom!"

Still unheard, she sat on her bed whimpering. She needed to go to the bathroom, but she knew that if she stepped on the floor, the alligators would crawl out from under the bed and come after her.

The room was dark and only a faint line indicated where the door was. In the corner, wrapped in a blanket, she sat, tears streaming down her plump cheeks and pausing on her second chin, waiting to be wiped up. Her blonde hair hung unruly over her tear-stained eyes.

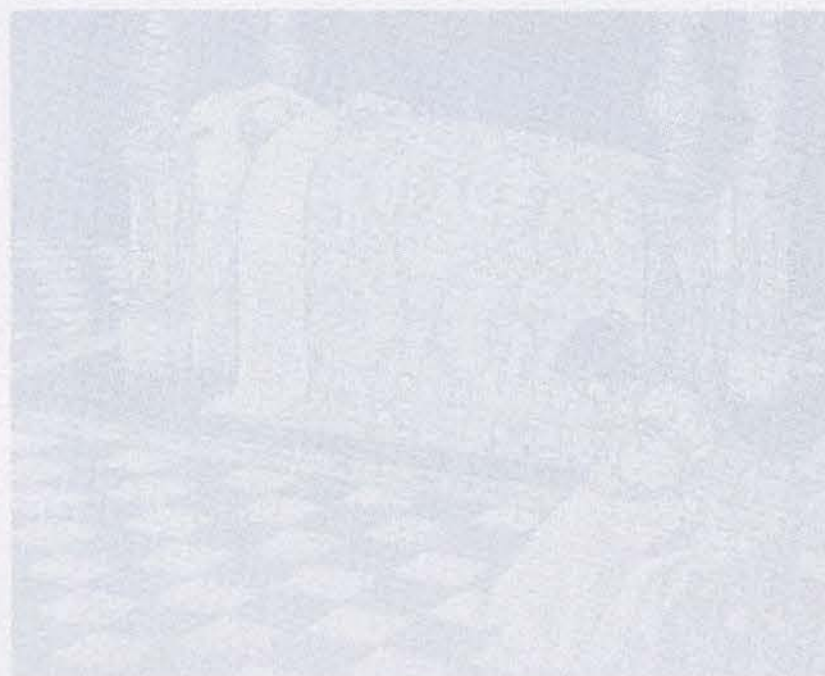
Chin quivering, she bravely slid to the edge of the bed. She knew she had to go by herself, so she reluctantly stretched out a plump toe toward the floor. Slowly it moved toward the floor; it was almost there, just one. . . more. . . inch. No, her foot jerked back to the safety of the bed almost involuntarily. Monsters were peeking out of the open closet, laughing at her, and other creatures all over the room began to awaken.

It's now or never, she thought and stood up on the bed. Trembling, she counted to herself, one. . . two. . . three! And she jumped. Her heart was pounding as she made her way across the floor toward the open door. The creatures on the floor were moving now, and the monsters were trying to pull themselves out of the closet. She was almost to the door when a rat grabbed her foot. And the

alligators were coming now. Frantically, she tore her foot away from the clinging animal, and, still on her knees, crawled toward the door and safety. She could hear the monsters gasping for breath, released from the closet, and the alligators hungrily snapping their jaws behind her. After what seemed an eternity, she made it to the door.

Climbing onto her feet, she reached for the light switch. With the light on, she saw a blanket carelessly thrown on the floor where the rat had been. Clothes and other miscellaneous items were strewn across the room. The monsters, now still, were hung safely on their hangers in the closet, and the alligators had retreated silently to their hole behind the wall.

.....Cathe Owens



Heart

Fragile fingers are softly tapping.
 Outside night-elves are at play in the dark;
 Stars in the sky, with care, they are mapping;
 Smoothly and slowly they sail in their ark.
 Dull eyes will peer from the window at them,
 Eyes that have seen in the clearness of day,
 Longing for freedom to enter the realm.
 Always forbidden, the gaze falls away.
 Yet I, though unwelcom'd, will join the joy.
 The pleasures of the night I will dare to feel.
 My fairy-wings on, alone I will fly
 To heights and to depths, to search for what's real.
 Though most may dream only when day is through,
 The life of a dreamer is a dream, too.

.....Kristey Bowen



History of the Southern Quill

ACADEMIC YEAR	STUDENT EDITOR(S)	FACULTY ADVISOR(S)
1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Ross Esplin
1953-54	(Note: No literary magazine publication	
1954-55	due to lack of funds.)	
1956-57		
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin (Note: Although materials were gathered no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	Juanita Brooks
1960-61	Titine Spillsbury	Reed Blake, Jr.
1961-62	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1962-63	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1963-64	Ilene Harmon	Pansy L. Hardy
1964-65	Emily Cottam	Pansy L. Hardy
1965-66	Kay Lichtenwalter	Pansy L. Hardy
1966-67	James Force (Note: A second volume was published during 1966-67.)	Robert O. Dalton
1967-68	James Force (Note: Although materials were gathered no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	Pansy L. Hardy
1968-69	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1969-70	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1970-71	Roxanne Schmidt	Pansy L. Hardy
1971-72	Michelle Thomas	Pansy L. Hardy
1972-73	Gordon J. Peterson	Pansy L. Hardy
1973-74	Connie Gifford	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1974-75	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1975-76	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1976-77	Michael Perry	Janice F. DeMille
1977-78	Marilee Camp	James Force
1978-79	Bill Batzli	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graf	Pansy L. Hardy
1980-81	Kurtis Crist, Linda Hedrick and Aderianna Smith	
1981-82	Melanie Madsen and Kerri Anderson	Ace G. Pilkington Ace G. Pilkington

