

undated

THE SOUTHERN QUILL



THE QUILL STAFF

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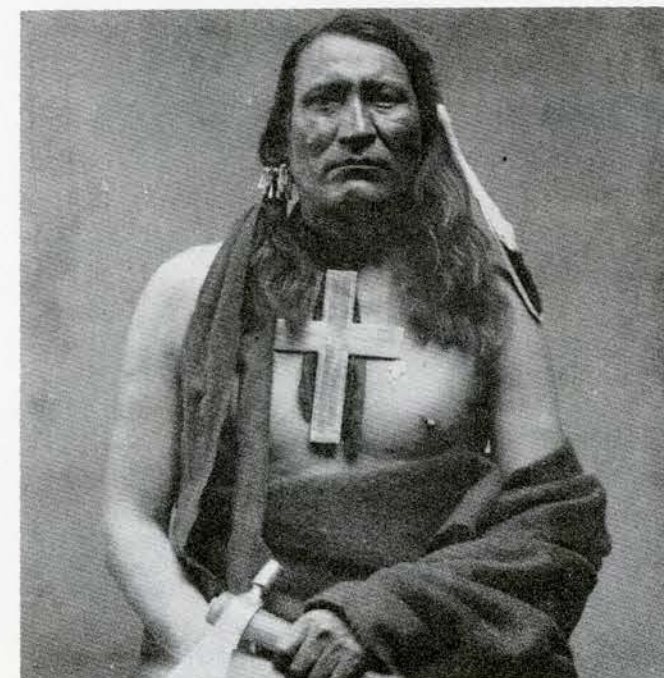


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EDITOR'S NOTE

My eyes have been seen a years worth of poetry, short stories, and other various writings, and finally I have gathered the best into one group and it's called the Southern Quill. Perhaps not all of the writing you will find inside will please you; I myself was not overly tickled with some of the selection, but when it comes to literature one man's joy is another man's bane.

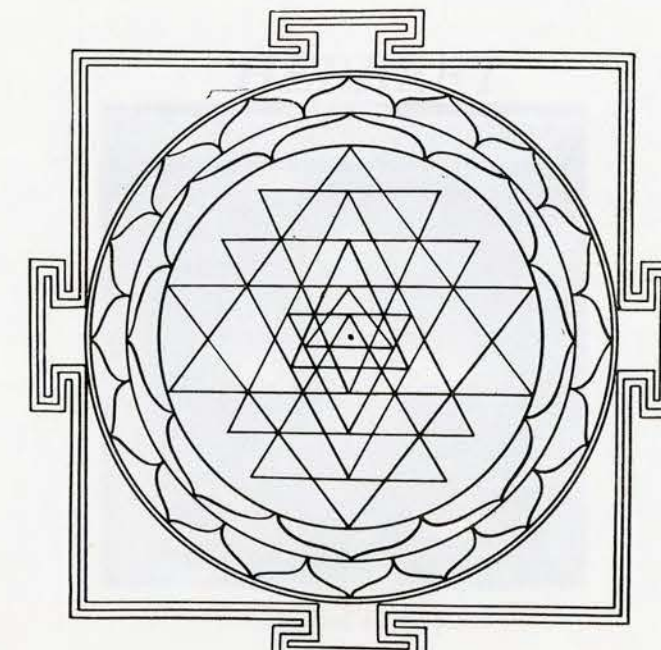
I would like to thank all the people who have bled, sweated, and who have read edited read checked spelling read worried read typed read hustled for money begged for money read etc. I think you get the picture. The work has been a joy and a pain, and I loved every minute of it.

I have heard it said time and time again that Dixie College ain't got no culture. Well, the proof is in the pudding and we have been cooking this batch all year so judge for yourself. All our evidence is inside.

My only advice for all the authors whose works we have used is to keep writing and growing the only boundary is yourself.



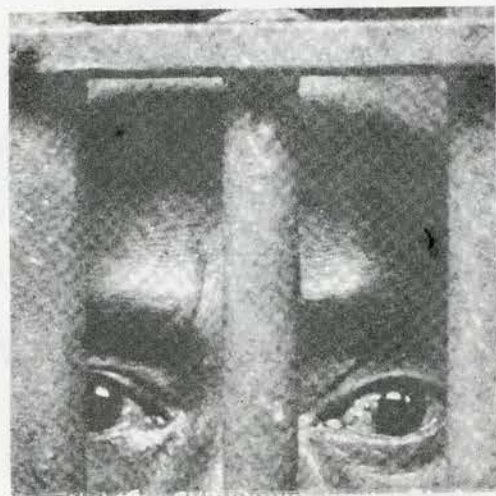
Michael C. Perry



THE TANNER AWARD TAD TRUEBLOOD

REFLECTIONS

Peering
in the mirror
I look myself straight
in the eye
and see,
to my surprise,
an eye,
With veins
and things
and a black hole,
in the middle
Funny
how they say
Its the mirror of my soul.



CONTRAPOSITIVE OF THE PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM

If
the square,
of the length
of the longest side
of a triangle,
is NOT
equal to the sum
of the lengths
of the other two
sides.
Then the triangle is
NOT
a right triangle.

So what?

HERBERT

I used to know
a guy
that drank only
distilled water
for fear
impurities
would kill him.
What a shame,
He died anyway

THE PANSY HARDY AWARD

MICHAEL L. PERRY

BENCHI'S COMMISSION

"Down here! Down here!" Benchi cried quickly up to the two sailors standing at the top of the narrow stairway. Benchi pointed down the dark stone passage way at the foot of the steps, his wide eyes looking up at the sailors.

"Are you sure it's OK, Benchi?" The blond sailor called down.

"Yea, OK OK, you Yankee OK!" Benchi motioned with his arm for the sailors to follow him. As the sailors descended the steps, Benchi clapped his hands and spoke loudly "See! See! Everything OK, You Yankee."

As Benchi's words rang through the corridor the sailor with the long beard and shiny head looked quickly around. The blond sailor went quietly down the steps and knelt next to Benchi.

"Benchi I think we should be a little quiet," he spoke in a whisper.

"No no, it's OK. No one here listen. No worry." Benchi smiled and pulled him by the arm towards the dark passage. The blond sailor stood holding Benchi's hand and turned to his companion still on the steps. "Well, Chet, I guess it's kosher lets go."

Benchi pulled on the blond sailor with both hands and cried excitedly "Yea yea, OK OK!"

Their steps echoed softly in the cool, stone passage. Benchi ran ahead of the sailors. The pungent scent of jasmine and ginger became stronger as they neared a large wooden door which Benchi was struggling to open.

The blond sailor inhaled deeply and his stride became lilting. He raised his hands, holding them as if in prayer and touched them gently to his lips. "Smell the incense it's heaven."

The bearded sailor also inhaled deeply "Yes, it smells so familiar So strange but familiar."

"Good vibrations. It's so peaceful, I could stay here forever."

The bearded sailor nodded in agreement as they approached the open door. As they passed through the doorway they could see Benchi standing in the center of an open courtyard.

The four walls surrounding the courtyard had a few small windows that were mostly covered by vines and tall palm-like trees. Sunlight filtered down through the fauna giving the courtyard a greenish glow. The only sound was trickling water from the fountain near where Benchi stood. Both sailors stopped near Benchi and looked about appraisingly. The sailor with the beard spoke softly as if to himself. "So beautiful and strange."

Benchi contrasted the sailor's hushed tone with his shrill child's voice, "Ah yes, very pretty-pretty."

The blond sailor turned to Benchi and whispered, "Benchi, I think we should be quiet. Even if no one cares, I think we should show respect."

"OK OK, Benchi talk in secret," Benchi answered in a loud whisper almost breaking into his usual piercing tone.

"Come this way" Benchi cried as he ran towards another doorway. The sailors followed directly. As they entered the darkened room the soft noises from the courtyard seemed muted. As their eyes adjusted to the room's darkness, they could see Benchi standing before them, and behind him a large statue of the Buddha.

Around the base of the Buddha, candles were lit giving out small pinpoints of light. Flowers were arranged around the candles. Some of them were wilting and the room was filled with the sweet smell of their decay.

The Buddha's robe rippled and flowed from the candles and flowers up to his smooth shoulders. From the shoulders the neck curved gracefully up to the flat curls of his partially bald head. The face was serene with half closed eyes gazing forward.

Benchi turned towards the sailors and spoke softly "Here's the Buddha, I go now."

The blond sailor pulled a wallet from his back pocket and knelt next to Benchi, "This is perfect, Benchi. Here's some money and thank you very much."

He withdrew an American \$5 bill out of the wallet and handed it to Benchi. Benchi looked at the bill, then placed it in the front pocket of his shorts.

As Benchi was leaving, both sailors were sitting cross legged on the bench, which ran along the wall before the Buddha. He thought of the \$5 bill, and turned to thank them. Just as Benchi was about to speak, he stopped. Both sailors sat like the Buddha, with eyes half closed and gazing forward. Benchi turned and walked out into the courtyard.

Out in the courtyard, Benchi looked to see if anyone was about. Finding himself alone, he withdrew the bill. The color looked deep and dark in the filtered sunlight. Benchi carefully folded the bill and placed it back in his pocket. He was smiling as he raced up the narrow stairway onto the street.

As he rushed through the busy streets of Kaohsiung, Benchi was very aware of the money he had in his pocket. Usually the streets were for playing, but when carrying money Benchi felt each face he passed was a threat to his small fortune. With money, home was

never close enough. Each alley seemed an endless tunnel, and every figure he passed a foe scheming for his money.

He didn't stop to play with the children when he reached his neighborhood. Instead he dashed straight for the curtained door of his home.

Inside it was dark. Benchi could hear the soft moans of his mother but he couldn't see her. He reached out in the darkness for the light's pull string.

The naked lightbulb filled the room with bright light. Benchi saw his mother curled up on her bed, with her hands in tight fists over her eyes. "Benchi, no light please! Mama sick." Her voice trembled as she spoke. Her hands and face were covered with sweat. Benchi ran towards her pulling the bill out of his pocket.

"Look mama, I got money" He unfolded the bill and held it out for her to see. She took her hands away from her eyes, to see the bill her son was holding. Her eyes were red and running. The hollowness of her skin and the darkness of her hair caused her face to look sickly and sad. She smiled feebly when she saw the wrinkled, green bill. "Oh Benchi, good boy Buy mama's medicine now Mama feels bad, please Benchi, buy medicine."

Benchi looked proud and smiled at his mother. He smiled so wide that his almond eyes became sparkling slits. "Yes, I go now to get medicine, make mama feel better."

His mother sat up in the rumpled blankets and ruffled his hair "Good boy Benchi, good boy."

Benchi replaced the bill in his pocket and began searching through the rambles of clothing and boxes about the small apartment. His mother reached aimlessly about herself and cried out. "Benchi, what you do? Mama's sick."

Benchi let some cloth he was holding fall to the floor and turned to his mother "Food mama, Benchi hungry."

"Get food later mama feel bad, hurry get medicine! Benchi, mama feel bad."

Benchi dashed for the curtained doorway and then was gone. His mother stood and pulled the light chain, and returned the room to semi-darkness.

Benchi ran through the playing children and haggling women to the druggist. The shop had only small windows and an open doorway. Inside it was dimly lit and smelled strongly of herbs and spices. Benchi looked about in the din for the druggist.

He found him sitting on a short stool towards the back reading a magazine. He looked up when he heard Benchi. "Ho Benchi, what do you want?"

"Mama needs medicine," Benchi answered as he fingered the stacks of bottles and boxes containing herbs and a rainbow of colored pills.

"You got money Benchi?" The druggist asked looking over his magazine.

"Yes, five U.S. dollar."

"GOOD Benchi, you pay old and new bill. Come out exactly five dollar."

The druggist stood and walked over to a large cabinet. He opened the door and withdrew a cigar box. Opening the box he took out two small bags of white powder. He replaced the box and closed the

cabinet door "Here Benchi, your mama's medicine. Where five dollar?"

Benchi took out the bill and handed it to the druggist. As the druggist was looking at the bill he dropped the small packages into Benchi's hand.

Benchi held the medicine in his hand inside his pocket as he left the store. He held it tightly until he reached the curtained door of his home.

Benchi's mother pushed some sweaty damp hair from her face when Benchi pulled on the light.

"Here medicine" Benchi said handing her the packages. His mother took them from his hand and smiled at him.

"Good boy Benchi, Mama cook you big dinner tonight."

Benchi touched her face and turned and walked to his small cot near the door. Benchi sat and watched his mother prepare the medicine.

His mother was shaping some tin foil around the high, narrow neck of a wine bottle. Near the body of the bottle she curved the foil out on one side forming a protruding lip.

There was a cotton screen between the beds so that when she leaned back on her bed Benchi could not see her. When she turned to pick up the medicine on the bed, Benchi leaned forward to watch her.

She put a small amount of the white powder in a pile on the protruding lip of foil. She lit a candle and held it while she searched the table.

Finding a small hollow straw she placed it in her mouth and blew through it sharply. She held the candle so the flame was directly under the medicine she had placed on the foil.

As the powder began to bubble and smoke she leaned over quickly. She inhaled deeply through the straw so that all of the smoke was drawn into it. When her lungs were filled she withdrew the candle from under the foil. The pile stopped smoking instantly.

Benchi watched as she repeated this process several times. Each time she took an inhalation of smoke, she would tilt back on her bed and Benchi had to lean forward to see her.

As she held the smoke in her lungs, Benchi could see her face growing relaxed, and paler.

When she had finished, the straw dropped from her mouth onto the floor. She lay slowly back on her bed and began to hum. The tune was of simple melody and she repeated it over and over.

Benchi leaned forward again. "Mama, Benchi hungry."

Benchi watched for a few moments, but she never answered, she just continued humming. The hum was now deep and guttural.

Benchi whimpered softly as he lay on his cot. He laid his head on one hand for a pillow the other hand he held over his stomach. He stared at the pull string of the light for a long time before he fell asleep. Soon his deep breathing mingled with the soft sound of his mother's humming.

The light bulb snapped and burned out just as dawn's light was edging across the sky. In the mornings dusk, the only sound in the room was the breathing of two people deeply asleep.

MICHAEL L. PERRY

POETRY 1st PLACE

GERTRUDE

I started your book last wednesday
By the sea, in a refuge town,
And I thought about your Paris
While I watched the whales swim south.
They were swimming with a gaiety
Like the fine times you had,
But Gertrude was Pablo really so sad?

Over the continent and the ocean
You traveled to your home-
From the strangness of your birthplace
To a city that was new to you.
And you gathered all the artist
Before their works turned fad,
But Gertrude are all spaniards really sad?

Well I was in your Paris town
When I was just sixteen
When newstand papers told of moon walks;
They never spoke of you.
I sighed with the war torned spirit
Of these litho-graphic times,
And dreamed, Gertrude, that your Paris was mine.

POETRY 2nd PLACE

Beaches glow like sun bleached bone
Clouds reflect the tall palms green.
Waves spill forth over sand and stone
With wine in hand, I view my jungle dream.

Savage eyes, glowing dark and bright
In dusk, dark foliage, gaze at me.
So seeking out a calmer sight
I turn my thoughts towards the sea.

To sunken slaving boats and pounding drums
Wild soundings up from the deep.
With another sip I hear an arrow's hum
And see a charging elephant fall in a heap.

Traffic noise climbs up some vine
But jungle fauna softens the sound.
With steady hand, I pour more wine
To keep me on this wild, wild ground.

Asphalt natives dance in whirls
Screaming, chanting, to the sun.
Painted faces and matted curls
Screaming, chanting, till nights begun.

In twilight time I feel a chill
Jungle dreams fade into Polk and Vine
And leaving now the window sill
I rinse my glass and recork the wine.

MICHAEL L. PERRY

DO YOU THINK TO KNOW ME

Do you think to know me
By these lines?
I must warn you I am rarely clear
Oh, at times I'll be most concise
Dealing with notions that are comfortable
To public ears.
There are secrets of myself which
Most times I only hint,
My loves, aching desires the sensual state of
My being
With my lust and excitement I sometimes view life,
Reflective and humble at other times.
I am the least also the most
And I see most things the same.
My religion is Man
His form and the essence
I rejoice in the perfect body
The mechanical wonder of movement,
From thrust of loins
To the softly beating pulse
On the hollow of the neck.
I am complete when lovers love;
I am satisfied when I am loved.
The dances unto the senses
Are the only steps I know
Intellect and joy are artificial
When not of the sensual



NINA WHITING

SHORT STORY 1st PLACE

LAST SPRING

The icicles are still clinging like transparent spikes to the eaves of my office, some of them even reach down to touch the drifts of snow that are piled against the brick walls. Soon they will separate from the roof and fall like cold spears into the snow below. It is almost time for spring, and those of us who live in this high mountain valley are much in need of a warm reprieve after this long cold winter. The nights are slowly getting warmer and the leafy frost-patterns no longer cover my windows each morning, but the mountains--the high, rugged mountains that surround this tiny town are still deeply spread with winter. Sometimes I feel encaged by the mountains.

Once an active mining town, Bracken survives now only because of the ranches and the railroad that ends there. From my window I see the dark giant-like trestles that climb the snow-covered hillside to the mine dumps that are piled at timberline. Twisted rusty cables coil like snakes beneath the trestles. Many years ago, buckets of rich silver and copper ore came down the tram line to the smelter now only a collapsed metal building in rusted ruin, overlooking the river.

Sometimes my world seems only as wide as the view I see from the glassed-in office I had built on the front of my house, where I work as an accountant for several small businesses. The degenerative disease that is attacking my leg muscles will soon put me in a wheelchair but for now I can still get around a bit with my crutches.

From one side of the office I can see my young neighbors, Chuck and Amy Ryan, who moved their trailer home next door to me two years ago when they were newly-weds. Chuck is a big, husky out-door type and works as an auto mechanic. Amy is a petite, dark-haired girl who seems to adore Chuck and tolerates his obvious selfishness and his neglect of her.

Every weekend, Chuck and the other mechanics that work at the garage pile into their Jeeps and go out into the hills to hunt or just explore. Sometimes when I watch Chuck from my window I feel the tragedy of my illness. He represents the opposite of what my stodgy life will ultimately be.

Bracken is a man's world and a very lonely place for a young woman like Amy. She likes to sketch and one time she brought me a picture she had done of a miner's old cabin that sat in ruin on the rocky hillside beside a mine shaft. Clumps of wild columbine had been transplanted near the cabin doorway. Amy seemed to feel strongly about the miner's wife who had probably planted the wild flowers by her crude home.

Sometimes Amy borrowed my books to help fill her lonely days. I wondered how long before her boredom and Chuck's neglect would make her desperate enough to escape.

One evening last spring, Amy wasn't home when Chuck came from work. Her car was parked in its usual place, but there were no good supper smells

when Chuck opened the door and no note had been left for him. Chuck waited until long after dark, and then he came over to my office where I was still working. He was angry and said that he and Amy had planned to go to a movie that evening. I got my crutches and went back to the trailer with him.

Taking my suggestions, Chuck searched throughout the trailer for some clue as to where Amy might have gone. Her luggage and clothes all seemed to be in their usual places--then Chuck noticed her purse on the bedside table.

"Amy never goes out without her purse," Chuck explained. The seriousness of her absence finally engulfed him and his irritation drained away. Chuck called the city patrolman and asked for his help. Officer Kirk Evans came over to the trailer and he and Chuck talked for a time. Chuck was told to stay by the phone and the patrolman said he would make some inquiries.

I remember the day Amy disappeared, it was later in the spring than this and the snow in the valley was gone except in the most shaded places. When Chuck went back to work after lunch, Amy took her sketch book and decided to walk in the spring sunshine. Taking a short-cut, she went across the railroad yards, climbed through the barbed-wire fences, and walked through the fields to the far side of the valley where the cemetery lies at the base of the foothills.

Bracken's cemetery is unkept and appears badly neglected. The city allocates Ol' Jake Warden a small sum to keep the fences in repair, water the few trees and lawns nearest the hills, and to occasionally dig a grave. The winter-dry weeds tower above the green grasses even in the summer time. Each spring the ground squirrels start their relentless burrowing in the damp earth. A few years ago, Jake decided to put out poison for the squirrels, but it was a complete failure because each colony of squirrels he killed was promptly replaced by more that moved in from the adjoining fields. The city council cancelled his project because it was too expensive and there seemed to be no end to the squirrels. The townspeople still jokingly call the ground squirrels that inhabit the cemetery "Jake's pets."

Amy went first to her brother's grave. Her brother, Gordon, who was several years older than Amy, had been killed in a farm accident many years before. A large weeping-willow tree droops its limbs over the grave. Amy began to sketch.

Later in the afternoon, she wandered to the southwest corner of the cemetery where the oldest graves are. Rumanian and Italian names are on these old weather-worn markers that are half-sunken and leaning over the graves of the immigrant miners who came to work in the new diggings during Bracken's early mining-days.

Suddenly the ground gave way and Amy slid into a hole that slanted down into a grave where the wooden casket had long since rotted away. The melting snows had run down the squirrel holes and into the cavern below. The freezing muddy water came to her hips. There was air from the hole but her upper body fit tightly into the slanted tunnel through which she had fallen. There was no one to hear her if she screamed, her legs cramped, and fear and cold and helplessness began to paralyze her.

Just before his usual quitting time, Jake drove into the cemetery to unload a mower from his pick-up and locked it in the storage shed. He drove down the lanes to pick up garbage, as he did each evening before he left. The gates have long since been torn off of the cemetery and the youth of the town drive about and park there at night in their cars. Jake once told me that the townspeople complain about the litter in the cemetery but don't seem to be at all concerned that it is their children who leave it there.

Jake stopped in the south-west corner and picked up some beer bottles and a magazine of some sort, and tossed them in the back of his pick-up.

Jake said he cursed the ground squirrels when he noticed the cave-in by the grave and decided to wait until the next day to bring the tractor-loader and fill it in.

Jake told me that he went home, built a fire and fixed his supper. He said he went out to get in his pick-up and go up to Elmer's where he spent most evenings with his friends. Elmer's Bar is popular with men who have little money but need company and somewhere to escape the loneliness in their lives. Jake tossed the trash from the back of the pick-up into a barrel. He looked at the magazine hesitantly and then put it in the cab with him, intending to look at it later.

Jake was in the bar when Officer Evans came in and told everyone that Amy Ryan was missing and asked if anyone had seen her. Jake said that he went home earlier than usual that night and took the book inside with him to look at it. He said he quickly realized it wasn't a magazine and that some of the sketches were pretty good. When he saw the sketch of the gravestone with the willow branches over it he realized that someone had been sketching in the cemetery and had

lost their book. Jake looked closely at the picture--GORDON WELSEY MORGAN--was the name on the tombstone.

Ol' Jake told us that he felt a sickening feeling come over him as his thoughts suddenly all grouped together within his mind. He remembered that Amy Ryan, who Officer Evans had been asking about, was named Morgan before she married Chuck Ryan and he remembered that he had found the sketch book beside the caved-in grave.

Later Ol' Jake told everyone who would listen, of how he had grabbed his flashlight, got a shovel and had frantically driven up town. The police car wasn't on Main Street so he rushed into Elmer's Bar. He told the bartender to contact Officer Evans & Chuck and send them over to the cemetery. Three of Jake's friends climbed into the pick-up and Jake raced towards the cemetery.

He stopped the pick-up with the lights shining towards the old grave and the dark hole. Jake laid on the ground and shined his flashlight into the hole and directed the other men to dig. Carefully they lifted the shovelfulls of damp earth from around the hole. One of the men who was there, Al Polaski, told me later of how Jake begged for the girl to answer him and prayed for her to be alive, as he shown the light and they dug.

They managed to reach her hair and then her shoulders and pulled her from the hole. Officer Evans and Chuck didn't arrive at the cemetery until Jake had Amy wrapped in the old Khaki blanket from his pick-up seat.

Chuck wanted to take her to the hospital in Cardon Falls but Officer Evans said she was too cold and her pulse was too slow to try to transport her the sixty miles to Cardon Falls. They took her to Officer Evans home, and Chuck and Mrs. Evans cut the muddy clothes from her body. For two hours they warmed her in the water and then put her to bed. Amy didn't awaken until the next day but then she recovered fast.

Jake was the hero of Bracken for several months and told his story many times. He is still a hero to Amy for I often see her coming out of her trailer with a loaf of bread or a cake that she has baked and I know she is taking it to him.



EMILY QUINN

SHORT STORY 2nd PLACE

THE JOURNEY'S END

Wilma leaned forward in her chair and put her head in the open palm of her hand. "Another smoggy day and another sleepless night -- we've just got to do something about this. I just can't stay up night after night with Nancy. She isn't getting any better and there isn't a cure for smog. I wished we could just try it. I'm sure she'd have fresh air in Provo."

Sam, sitting on a low chair, tying his shoe, pushed the shoe around with disgust. He thought, can't Wilma accept problems without having to change them? Having a good job isn't something to be taken lightly. If I'm against moving she'll make my life miserable. Maybe if I don't express myself at all, she will give up the idea, and we can all stay right here."

Wilma waited on Sam's answer. When he only shoved his shoe around on the carpet, she knew he was not even considering the move. "You were against going to Phoenix, you were against going to San Diego; and now you don't want to go to Provo. At least we'll have a place to live until we are sure we made the right decision."

Sam could see he had to make some kind of a statement. "I just can't quit my job and go. You can take Nancy and go if you want, but I'm not going."

Wilma expected just such an answer but even then it hurt. It hurt because she would have to take the lead, and if it wasn't a good move, Sam would remind her about it forever. Or worse still, maybe, if it was a good move, he might decide never to leave California at all. But then, there was Nancy. Wilma had decided last night that it would be the last winter her child would be in a smog area, she would give her a chance to breathe.

Sam stood looking in the front room mirror, tying his neck tie. His mouth was shut tight. He put on his grey suitcoat and went out the front door without saying goodbye.

Wilma felt the shock she had felt so many times from their misunderstandings. But there was no backing out: she had to do what she felt was the right thing. She knew Sam couldn't feel the same for his little daughter that she felt. He wasn't sitting up nights with her to hear her labored breathing or see her jump to gasp for air. But surely he could see the dark circles under her big blue eyes. But he wouldn't see. He wouldn't hear.

A little four-year-old boy walked sleepily through the kitchen door into the living room. "Aunt Emily, are you going to take me to see Grandma too?"

Wilma gathered the little boy into her motherly arms. "Yes, Warren, you are going and so is Figuro, and Nancy and if we can't find a home for the ducks we'll take those, too."

It was just like Wilma said, they'd take those too. Wilma started to load the car. Most of the back floor space was loaded with empty fruit jars. The seat held the bedding and a few clothes. It was packed as high as the law would allow -- against obstruction to clear view. But there was no room for a cat box. Maybe if the bottles were wrapped in some of the clothing, it would make enough space for a box with a wire front, so Figuro would be comfortable yet confined to his space.

The green refrigerator box was placed on the front seat. The floor of the front seat was packed with odds and ends necessary to a three and four-year-old child -- the toys they refused to leave behind, some dishes, and the food necessary for the journey. Where would the children sit? On top of the ice box?

Wilma was still packing in the late afternoon. The children were getting tired. Lunch was long over due. Finally the last item was loaded, the house interior was scrubbed down, and the coats carried out and laid over the back of the front seat.

The ducks! The two pet ducks! It was Warren who said, "You said you were going to take the ducks."

Wilma looked down into the eyes of her little nephew. "We don't have one bit of room left."

The neighbor who had been standing by the car to say goodbye, suggested, "I think Justin has a box just the right size for those ducks." And she walked toward her house, "I think we might have a piece of rope to tie it on the fender too." The neighbor came hurrying back to the car carrying a box, and a knife and rope. Some holes were punched into the cardboard box and the ducks were carried out and placed inside the box. The lid was quickly closed, and put on the fender. The end of the rope was tied to the headlight and front bumper then around the box a couple of loops, and through the little side front window and a repeated tie around the box to the front bumper. The children would have to get out on the driver's side.

Wilma knew it was late to start across the desert with two babies and pets, but she decided not to wait for Sam. He would probably be late on purpose. Then there was another reason. She had packed the pajamas and the bedding.

The two children sat on the green icebox, giggling with anticipation. Figuro made a big fuss; it was the cat's first car ride. The ducks quacked, the engine of the car hummed to a high pitch, and the little family waved goodbye to Mrs. McKnight, Garvey and their other neighbors as they drove away on their way to Utah.

Wilma managed to find two small spaces for the babies to lie down when the night crept over the desert

early. Wilma drove on until it was well past midnight, then she pulled the car into a lighted service station lot and slumped behind the steering wheel, wrapping her coat around her to offset the chill of the early spring.

When morning came, Wilma went through the motions of a Noah's Ark attendant and finally everything was fed and happy. The gas tank was filled, and the car again moved toward Utah.

The sun was blazing down into the front windshield. Warren cried out, "Aunt Wilma! There's a turtle!"

"Oh it wasn't a turtle, it was just a rock." She said.

"It was," he pleaded. "I never did get to hold a live turtle. Please -- to back up, Aunt Wilma!"

So Wilma backed the car back and back and back. Warren was leaning over the seat, looking back through the small window space left in the loading.

"See, there it is! I told you."

"Wilma opened the car door and put her feet on the ground, but the two children were tumbling over her before she could lift herself off the car seat. Warren was running toward the rock like formation.

"Don't pick it up, it might bite," Aunt Wilma was saying. All the explaining of why they shouldn't take the turtle with them was of no use. Warren kept saying he had wanted a real live turtle all the time.

So now they were driving with one more added to the caravan.

It was almost noon when the old black oldsmobile stopped in front of a fruit stand in Santa Clara. Wilma was feeding the children grapes when a tourist came over to their car to ask about their load. He was walking around the car to take a better look.

Warren shoved the turtle out the window in his little outstretched hands, "We found him."

Nancy wanted to be part of the exhibit. "Figuro is my cat," she said.

The tourist asked if they had ducks in the box. Warren quickly answered, "Only ducks quack."

The tourist was taking pictures of the turtle at an angle to get the duck box in the frame. Wilma was thinking what she could say to this man who was enjoying her labors of love. Could she tell him it was none of his business? At least, she thought, he doesn't ask where my husband is. Oh, how I wished Sam had come with us.

Wilma had driven down the back streets in Cedar City to avoid attention, if possible -- especially to the duck box on the fender. If they just wouldn't quack.

It was after one when Wilma drove the car up the little dirt road to Grandma's in Enoch. A nine-year-old nephew, Ronnie, was the first to see the car. He ran out jumping over the wire fence in front of Grandma's house. "Aunt Wilma!" "Aunt Wilma is here!" he hollered.

Then doors opened in houses. Two sisters walked across the street. Younger children came running. Grandma came from her doorway with happy quick steps. She wiped her hands on her apron, as she walked toward the car. She threw her arms around Wilma and kissed her. She kissed and hugged the little ones. Then the hugs and kisses passed on and on until everyone had been greeted.

Everyone seemed to be talking at the same time, and the stories were told a couple of times about the trip. The children were untieing the rope to get the ducks out. Nancy was showing off her cat, who was not at all friendly with these new people.

The grown ups started toward Grandma's little white wooden gate. A child standing in the street by the car called "Aunt Wilma, the back tire is going shhhhhh."

Another child said, "It's going flat!"

Wilma looked at her relatives, and sighed a thankful sigh, "How could I be so blessed! My prayers were that we could arrive safely -- especially without a flat tire."



ZONA WRIGHT

SHORT STORY 3rd PLACE

A KNOCK TO SIZE

"You stay in that!" commanded the Bully as he threw down the stick that had just marked a dirt circle around the younger smaller frightened lad.

"You stay there till I say you can come out or I'll beat you up!"

It was Sunday following the morning church services, and once again this bigger older boy had caught the other and bullied him into a corner

The minutes ticked by and as the hunger pangs hit the stomach of the one in charge he jeered, "Now I'm gonna let you go 'cause I've gotta go home to dinner but hear this, if you come back this afternoon, I'll get ya again!"

This small town was made up primarily of one faith, and most religiously observed this faith, so it was a must that the children attend. To go crying hom to mom and dad would have been a worse blow to the dignity of the younger boy so he found himself in a likewise situation as the services came to a close that afternoon. And now instead of minutes, the agressor held his captive for hours, taunting him continually with wild threats of beating him up if he dared venture out of his stronghold. To cry would have been a disaster branding him a sissy as well as a coward.

Evening drew nigh, and chore time Meekly, the prisoner pleaded to his sentenial. "Look, I've gotta go home and do my chores. If I don't my dad'll whip me "

This was even more of a conquest for the bully, who boasted, "Well, if ya come out of that circle I will!"

The tension mounted an eternity of agonizing moments followed, and then suddenly as if all hell broke loose the captive broke his chains and came out punching and before his enemy knew what hit him, he was on the ground. The adrenilin flowed wildly in the young warrior He beat upon his foe viciously with quick accuracy that left no chance for retaliation till the other was almost beyond distinction. From blood bruise and batter he seemed powerless over the god-given strength of this prisoner At last the bully gulped, "I've had enough."

"Oh, no you ain't had enough. I'll tell ya when you've had enough," came between the short labored breaths of the triumphant lad. He continued until his would-be captor lay like a wilted dishrag, drained of all pride and conceit -- a product of complete humility and a growing lesson for two good boys proving, as in David and Goliath of old, that right is triumphant over might.

SUZANNE WILSON

ESSAY 1st PLACE

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Does a nickname tell you something about a person? I hope not! After all, when someone hears my nickname I don't want them to get the wrong impression.

My nickname is Scuz. It was given to me by my best friend who thinks of it as a "cute" variation of my real name. I don't always think it's so cute. I can imagine the picture in a guy's mind when one of my roommates says, "Why don't you come over and meet my other roommate? Her name is Scuz." Immediately he pictures a fat girl with pimples, long, greasy, stringy hair, and a big nose.

He says to himself, "Oh no! How am I gonna get out of this one?"

But nicknames aren't always associated with people's looks. I've had some people associate "Scuz" with my personality They think I'm called Scuz either because I have a dirty mind, or because I act like a pig; one guy even asked if it was because of the way I acted in the locker room. Oh, the rumors that could be started by a nickname!

I sometimes ask myself why I let people get away with calling me Scuz. It must be the novelty of having such an unconventional name. Rather than scaring people away, it actually helps me meet more people. I only hope that after they get to know me, they don't feel that their first impression of "Scuz" was correct.



SUSAN BARTON

ESSAY 2nd PLACE

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

Graduation night was finally here. The last few weeks of school had crept by so slowly that I hadn't thought it would really ever come. But, now that it was here, my heart seemed to be pounding hard enough to create a small earth tremor. Trying to calm myself down, I looked around me to see five hundred and fifty fellow graduating students, all dressed in their typical green and white caps and gowns and standing in their respective lines. This site didn't calm me down, instead, my heart rate increased another twenty beats per minute.

I knew I had my speech memorized word-perfect, but as we began marching into the auditorium, I decided to think it through one more time. However, my mind went completely blank. Even after glancing at the first sentence to get my train of thought going, I couldn't recall the next sentence. Immediately this caused my knees to begin to shake. I was just barely able to finish the walk to my seat on the stage. I looked down at my hands; they were nervously trembling. I became extremely worried that I would end up reading the entire speech (word for word) to the audience. I thought to myself, "How will that look Valedictorian of Clearfield High and you can't even remember a ten minute speech." By this time my mind was in total disarray. Looking out into the audience with more than two thousand students, parents, relatives, and faculty staring onto the stage only made matters worse.

I suddenly came out of my trance when I realized

the salutatorian had finished his talk and was heading back to his seat. Knowing there was no possible way for me to sneak out, I rose from my chair and began walking to the podium. The short walk of about ten feet took an eternity. The weight of two thousand pairs of eyes was almost more than I could psychologically withstand. No one in the audience was recognizable to me because of the bright lights on the stage, but I knew my parents, grandparents, and friends were out there somewhere secretly cheering me on. I just couldn't let them down, so I took a deep breath and started my opening sentence. The words flowed from my lips just as I had practiced them so many times before. I was then able to present the rest of my speech. The nervousness was still there, but now instead of hindering my memory, it was causing my ability to recall to become even sharper.

As I concluded and walked back to my seat, an exhilarating feeling overcame me. At least a thousand pounds of pressure was released from off my shoulders and head. That deep feeling of relief was almost enough to make the whole ordeal worthwhile.

Now that I look back upon that memorable night some ten months ago, I am especially glad that it is over. Yet, the thrilling feeling I experienced after completing my speech and realizing I had done it properly will remain with me for many years to come.

MICHAEL ZARATE

ARTICLE 1st PLACE

VISION OF AMERICA

On St. Patrick's day 1976, with the paperback rights to his latest book safely auctioned, Patrick Anderson, a celebrated Northeastern author, decided that he could take a rest from his personal writings to devote himself to the politics of 1976. Two months later, Anderson was to become more devoted to politics than perhaps he had originally intended, he became the speechwriter for Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia, a candidate for president of the United States. Anderson's primary job was to repair Carter's "soft-on-the issues" image.

On the morning of May 26th, while he was driving toward Washington National Airport in Virginia, Patrick Anderson received some inspiration. He began scribbling notes on a pad at his side as he sped toward the airport. "I see an America." Anderson wrote frantically. "I see America . . ." he wrote again and added another visionary goal. The speech was good, it was impressive, but not original. The "I see an America" construction was nothing new. It had been part of the Nixon campaign, the Franklin D. Roosevelt campaign, and was even used by the James G. Blaine campaign one hundred years previous, in 1876. Anderson said later, "I don't think I was consciously aware of it having been used before. I thought, as I was driving down that highway that I had hit on a brilliant new idea."

Anderson took the speech and handed it to Carter. Typed across the top was a note that said, "Here are some ideas and phrases you might play with. I think the important thing is to move to a positive and passionate statement of your vision of America. This should be inspirational, Kennedyesque if you will, but I think it is what a lot of people are hoping for."

Carter liked the vision of America concept and with minor changes to suit his individual audiences, he used it in the future on a number of occasions. The first such occasion was at the dedication of a wing at the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles on June 1st, only six days after the idea had come to Anderson in Virginia.

At three o'clock in the morning on June 1st, Anderson was making the final additions to the dedication speech. He was riding on a bus heading for Los Angeles. It would only be a few hours until Governor Carter would be giving the speech that was still much in the head of Patrick Anderson.

At 12:00 noon, Anderson and Carter met and went over the speech. The speech was designed to be a race-relations speech and not a health-care speech. It included the basic "vision of America" concept, a little bit of Carter's autobiography and a little bit of the "new South." It was a white Southerner paying tribute to a black Southerner: a rural Georgian praising the coming of civil rights.

Carter made only one change to the speech. Anderson, a Northern thinking liberal, had written in a dig at George Wallace. It read as follows: "When I started to run for president, there were those who said I would fail, because there was another governor who spoke for the south. A man who once stood in a schoolhouse door and cried out, 'segregation forever'."

Carter, a practical Southern politician, took a blue ink-pen and shortened the paragraph to read, "When I started to run for president, there were those who said I would fail because I was from the South."

The audience Carter would be speaking to at the dedication would be predominantly black. They would be expecting a eulogy of Reverend King and not a political sales-pitch. Carter's time, however, was very valuable and he had to push for votes wherever he went. Therefore, he had to cover both memorial and political aspects in one speech without offending his audience; a task that Anderson had prepared for brilliantly.

A few minutes before the dedication was to begin, Anderson had the speech typed up and distributed to Carter's traveling press corps so that they could follow the speech easier. With Anderson clearly in earshot, the reporters read over the speech and began singing "We Shall Overcome." In fact, it was an impressive speech.

Carter opened the dedication with the line, "We are here today to honor a man with a dream, Martin Luther King Jr." This line was in fact a lie because Carter's real intent was to sway the people to accept his political philosophy. Anderson had left Carter with quite a transition to make if he was to change the subject to politics, but again Anderson had prepared in advance. After the opening line Carter had to convince the audience that he was qualified to speak about Martin Luther King. He does this by saying, "I sometimes think that a Southerner of my generation

can most fully understand the meaning and the impact of Reverend King's life." Anderson realised that this line might cause problems because the white Southerners during King's generation were usually classed as racial bigots. With skillful use of Carter's autobiography Anderson showed that Carter's family had been different and that they had been opposed to the racial discrimination of their day. Anderson's work paid off and Carter got the respect he would desperately need when he turned the tone of the speech to his campaign.

Carter then spoke of how Martin Luther King had been an important part of the Civil Rights Movement in America. He spoke of how King had stood on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D.C. and told a quarter of a million people of his dream for America. Carter then informed his audience that it was because of Martin Luther King and his dream, that it was possible for him, a white Southerner to be standing before them as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

There it was, the real reason for his speaking not only to this audience but to the many audiences he encountered during his campaign. The transition had been made but what did Carter have to offer those people. It was now obvious that Carter had to assume control of the dream of Martin Luther King. This was a formidable task for Anderson, but again he used his skill to manipulate key facts to Carter's advantage. Let's examine those facts.

Martin Luther King was killed well before his dream was fulfilled. Robert Kennedy then assumed King's dream of America. He did this at a speech he gave to an all-black audience on the night of King's assassination. Kennedy said, "What we need in the United States is not division, what we need in the United States is not hatred, what we need in the United States is not violence and lawlessness, but love and wisdom and compassion toward one another and a feeling of justice toward those who still suffer within our country whether they be white or whether they be black."

Robert Kennedy was assassinated too. After his death, there was no person with the courage to take up

the dream. Not until Jimmy Carter. It was now time for Carter to assume the dream just as Robert Kennedy had done. He says, "We still have the dream, Martin Luther King's dream, Kennedy's dream, your dream, and my dream." The dream was now his and Carter now had the responsibility to tell his audience what he was going to do with it. Here is where the inspiration of Patrick Anderson just six days previous is brought into the speech. Here is a portion of Carter's "Vision of America."

"I see an America with a tax system that does not steal from the poor and give to the rich."

"I see an America in which my children and your children every child receives an education second to none in the world."

"I see an America on the move again, united, its wounds healed, its head held high, a diverse and vital nation moving into its third century with confidence and competence and compassion, and America that lives up to the majesty of its constitution and the simple decency of its people."

"This is the America that I see and that I am committed to as I run for president."

"I ask your help."

"You will always have mine."

Anderson succeeded. The "Vision of America" concept may not have been his originally but no one can say that he was not inspired. The coming of that vision into the head of Patrick Anderson in his car on the 26th of May 1976 became a major factor in the election of James Earl Carter Jr as the 39th President of the United States of America. And that is enough to inspire anybody.



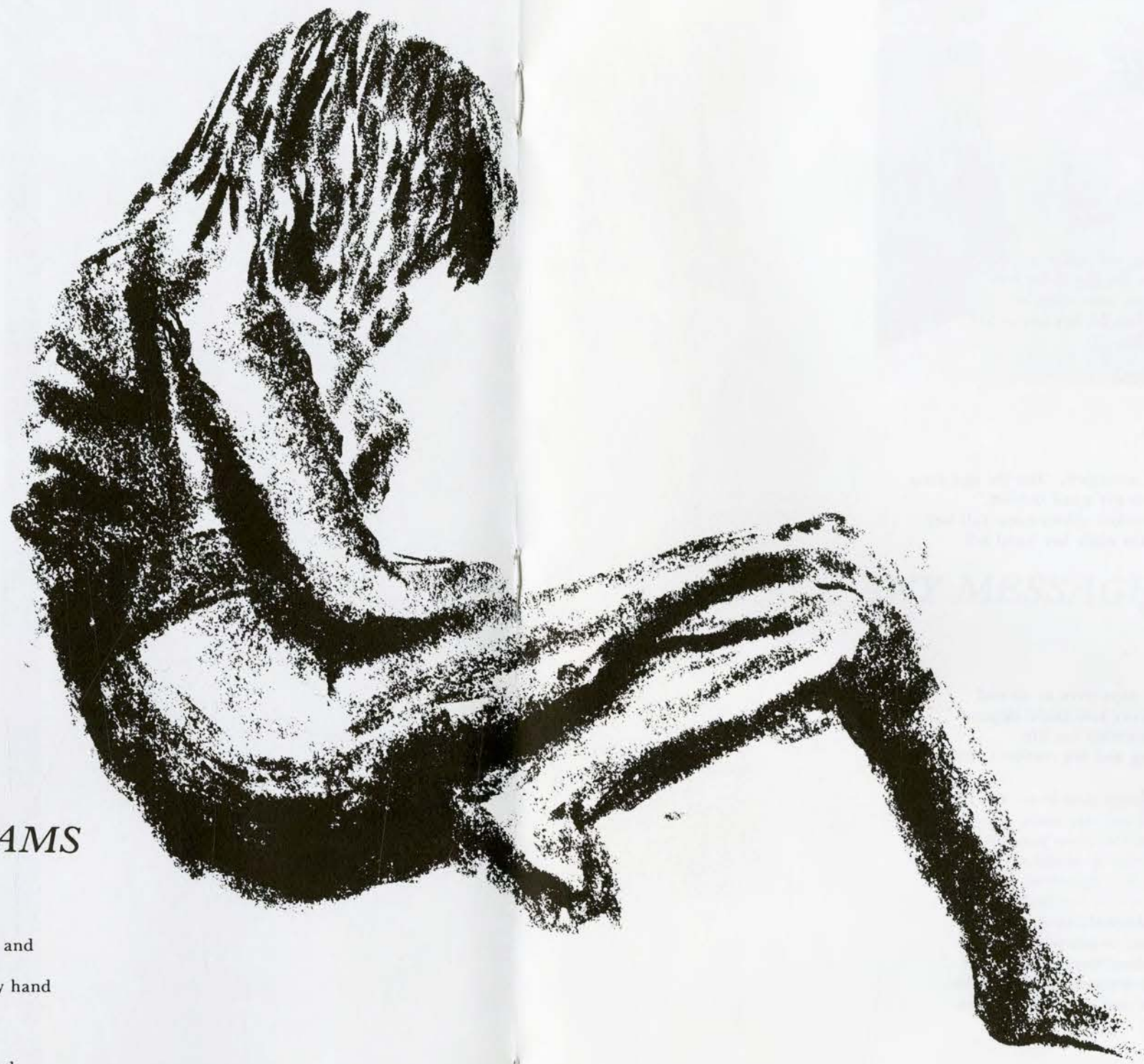
SKYE HULLINGER

I CAN FEEL

I can feel
 reverberating in my dank
 hold of despair
the pulsating agony of a
 another's misery
I cannot offer comfort,
 but oh! to share
 the sharp
 angles of grief;
 to fill
again the drained
 shell of my
 being
with bittersweet joy

WET DREAMS

I sat in the rain and
held the clammy hand
 of wind,
 And hoped
 And dreamt
 of you.
But you left.



FARAWAY

Faraway
In dusky blue mountains, shrouded by distance,
I know resides the peace I am looking for

Faraway
By gentle hills, smudged by distance
I know there is the peace I am searching for

Faraway
Along clear graveled creeks, smoothed by distance
I know lies the peace I am seeking

In me
I've finally discovered, blurred by impatience
The peace I knew I would find
 if I merely looked.

WILLIE ZARATE

NAPTIME

I took naps until I was ten
I hated it so much that when
my mother sent me to my room
I would just lay and fuss and fume

My mother became quite angry
This was time for her to be free
from little ones' eternal strife
which seemed to fill her entire life

But I still hated taking naps.
Other kids got in their mothers' laps
to hear stories and play child games
while I lay in bed calling Mom names.

Mom always screamed, "For the last time
go to sleep or get a red behind."
This never worked, Mom knew full well.
I took the pain while her hand fell.

I never really went to sleep.
My mom would yell and I would keep
on playing 'possum until she
gave in and let me up at three

At ten when naps were at an end
I vowed that my kids could depend
on me to remember my life
spent napping and my mother's strife

No, my kids will not nap if they
want to stay up to romp and play
That's what I vowed when I was ten,
not knowing I'd do it all again.

Yes, I have three children and they
wish to stay up to romp and play,
but I make them nap, so that I
can be free from strife while they lie.

I now scream just like my mother
and now my girls whisper other
bad names as I did long ago.
But will I stop their naps? Heck no!



ANY MESSAGES FOR ME?

If you could only speak to me
of that place you just left.
If only you could tell me
what He thinks of me there.
It looks as though you are trying
to communicate of the wondrous world
you left just two months ago.
Does He send any message for me?
Was He pleased with my work here?
Oh, if only you could speak to me
of that place you just left.



TAMI NIELSON

MEMORIES IN A BOX

SHADOWS OF A PAST

I stumbled on the box quite by accident.
I lifted it gently down from the shelf
Through the years I'd forgotten it was there-
It looked so cold and untouched as if maybe I shouldn't disturb it
But then . . . as I lifted the dusty lid off the chest
I was suddenly filled with warmth--flooded with vivid memories.

Memories of every shape, size and kind
Bits and pieces of the happy times--And even the sad ones
All parts of my life
Everything that had meant something to me
Was in that box.

That is why it was filled with our memories
The memories of you.

There was:

The handkerchief you gave me after our first
quarrel when I cried
The two lids off that funny soda pop
from the beach party
The twig off that special tree in the meadow
where you carved our initials
The brochure of the concert we attended
Our first weekend together
And then the extra key to your car that you gave me
Just in case I ever needed it
And finally the scrap of paper on which
You made the pledge you'd never leave me

Suddenly I realized something
The pain, heartache and loneliness
I know I experienced when you left
was not there.

Either you took it with you
Or time healed the wound
In either case I am thankful that I can no longer feel anything
Except for the warmth of the memories
Of the great times that we shared!

Later on when I put the box back on the shelf
Way up high, in the back, to be found
Again perhaps, someday in the distant future
A thought came that was almost shocking

You no longer existed in my heart . . .
Only as a warm memory in my mind!

DAWN BARRICK



NATURE'S CHILD

The mountain was gorgeous that Indian Summer afternoon. North of us, a crescent of sheer coral cliffs of the Kolob loomed heavenward. The further ones were so thickly capped with trees that they almost looked like God had laid a smooth, green wall-to-wall carpet. In contrast, the closer mountain was topped with jagged perpendicular peaks which seemed to vie for height with tall green pines. In the rolling foothills that stretched below bright patches of gold were nestled here and there, though these were few for quakies like a higher climb. Closer still, and not far from the road, the only oak tree in the entire landscape had to stretch high so its autumn red leaves could be seen above the creek bottom.

It was indeed an auspicious day for the task at hand. I had gone along with Dad to help him get a load of fireplace wood. It wouldn't be long now 'till we would need it. Mornings and evenings were already feeling a bit nippy.

"Oh Dad," I exclaimed, when we had barely parked the pickup, "Just look at all those large flat rocks! Doesn't that look like a fun place to explore? Do you mind if I go look it over and pick some red oak leaves to take home?"

"Will you ever grow up?" He laughed, "Those rocks line a creek bed. Be careful you don't wander too far. I'll have some logs ready to load before long. The smaller ones won't be too heavy for you to handle, dear."

Dad was completely oblivious to the beauty around us. I knew that aesthetics were the furthest thing from his mind that day. The trees that looked beautiful to him right then were those that had been felled by the bulldozer and which the dry farmer had given him permission to saw into fire place lengths and take home.

As I hopped from one flat boulder to another I thought that this was the most enchanting spot I had ever seen.

"You're so lucky to have this for your home," I said to a lizard who went slithering through the rocks as if hurrying to get out of my sight.

"I won't hurt you, but I wish I could catch you and take you to show to Kim and Jackie."

How I wished Kim and Jackie were here. Wouldn't they love to play with me on all these flat rocks?

I stooped to pick a single yellow wild flower that was brave enough to still be hanging on this late in the season. Flower in hand, I sidetracked to examine a huge upright boulder. Three times my height, it looked incongruous amidst all the flat ones. It seemed to almost teeter in mid air and would certainly make a big splash if I could topple it into the creek bed. But this anomaly of nature wouldn't budge behind my puny weight. Anyway when I reached the bottom, the creek was dry. Good! 'Cause now I could play in that nice sand.

I removed my shoes, and what a sensuous feeling to sit there with the autumn sun on my back and bare toes digging in the sand. Lazily I wondered if there might be some arrowheads buried there. I reasoned that they could have washed down off the ridge when the rains came. That ridge looked like it would have been a good Indian hunting ground.

My day dreams came to a sudden halt as I heard the groan of the power saw up on the side hill. I felt a twinge of conscience because I knew that Dad could use my help in loading the wood.

"There's a piece of driftwood, I'll take that back to him. That will help," I thought as I put on my shoes and started back. Then suddenly I remembered I hadn't picked the oak leaves I had come to get. As I began to pick, a lone frightened bird flew from the oak!

"You'd better head South little bird," I cooed, "Before it's too late. Do you think you're already South in this nice weather? Is that your problem? Or are you reluctant to make your flight because you feel the magic here that I feel?"

This was such a unique place! As I started climbing I noticed that it almost looked like steps had been hollowed out of those monstrous rock where, through eons of time, water had made it's descent to the creek. After climbing those steps for a moment, I came upon some basins where water had pooled. Some looked almost large enough to be a bath tub. I wondered if Indians had ever bathed in them. Wouldn't this make a nice play house? It was almost large enough to be a palace. This large flat rock could be a ballroom. Except-I don't think Indians ever held balls. And those flat rock shelves would be the kitchen. It seemed so realistic that I found myself looking twice to make

sure there was no Indian pottery still sitting on the shelves. That elevated rock would make a good table, I thought as I carefully lay the autumn leaves on it for a center piece. From the rock garden near the patio, I picked a cactus pear for lunch. My imagination was running rampant as I climbed some more hollowed-out steps to the bedrooms. There, out my picture window and beyond the pinon pine, I could see the majestic Steamboat Mountain rising white above the pink and red cliffs of Zion Park.

My exploring eyes next spotted a pretty flint. As I picked it up there was some pine gum just laying there beside it.

"Oh boy! It's dry enough to chew. I'll share with Kim and Jackie. They'll like that."

The flint was unusual, coral colored with blue flecks. "I'll take that to show to Dad. Dad! Where is he? He asked me not to go too far. I hope I'm not lost!"

I panicked for a moment, but soon gained my composure, because I knew that the cliffs of Zion were on the south east. I knew which way was north because there was moss all along one side of my kitchen shelves. 'Till now I had been ignoring the monotonous groan of the power saw but this too confirmed my directions. Dad was on the west and that's where I'd better soon be.

Hurriedly I gathered up my treasures which now consisted of a bedreaggled yellow flower, a piece of driftwood, autumn leaves, some pine gum, the unusual coral-colored flint with blue flecks, and-oh yes, I would take that cactus pear back to Dad. It would help to placate him for my being gone so long.

The afternoon was waning as I climbed back to the road.

"Dad," I called by way of throwing in my hat, "Here's a piece of wood I brought you. Why Dad, how did you fill that truck so fast? I came back to help. Here's a cactus pear I picked for you."

Dad hopelessly shook his head. "Kids will be kids," he sighed as he tossed the drift wood on top of the load.

I felt a bit sheepish as our load slowly almost sluggishly wended its way back through the rolling foothills, past the lower end of the crescent of coral peaks and green pines. But as we ambled by the spots of gold that became a reality of leaves and limbs, I decided that I couldn't let it spoil my perfect afternoon. I would make it up to Dad in some other way. Perhaps I would bake him a cake when we got home. My child-like mind reasoned as the peaks and pines faded behind us.

An hour later Dad's pickup, sagged with it's load, laboriously found its way to the back of our yard. Jackie and Kim ran to meet us as I jumped from the car.

"Let me tell you about this neat place I found today," I said excitedly. "You would sure have fun playing there. It's bigger and better than any play house you've ever seen. Maybe an Indian princess even lived there once."

Jackie's big blue eyes grew even bigger as she exclaimed, "Where is it? Will you take us there?"

"Yes, the very next time Dad goes after wood. Look, isn't this a nice load he got today?"

Looking at the load, Kim asked, "Didn't you help?"

"Well, yes, I got that piece that's on the top. Say have you kids ever chewed pine gum? I brought you some."

They didn't answer because at that point Dad walked around the load and they both ran into his outstretched arms.

"Dad," I impatiently scolded, "I was going to give them some pine gum."

"Oh," he said. "I've got some bubble gum. How would you girls like that?"

"Yes, Grandpa," they both exclaimed. Then with a thoughtful expression Kimberly asked, "Grandpa, how come Grandma always calls you Dad?"

DEVRA WEBB

UNSPOKEN

With the wind on his face
And the tears in her eyes
Not speaking
They stood
hand
in
hand.
They waited
wishing time would pass
more slowly
But knowing
time would pass
Not at all while they were parted.
The time passing slower than
the hands on a clock, stood still.
The time came for goodbyes.
They turned to each other
Knowing
without the words of the moving of lips
All the feelings
and
EMOTIONS
Each felt so strongly
but could not put into words.
Quickly
softly his lips brushed hers,
Not lingering
for that would make the parting
more unbearable.
Watching him slowly walk away
She wondered
if he would ever return
to her
Maybe
MAYBE NOT
Only time
as hands
on a clock, stand still, will tell.

CINQUAIN VERSE

Horses
Wild, proud,
Free to run.
That was long ago.
Past.



HARLEY FULTON

THE TEAR OF WINTER

The tear of winter was in January of 1959 when I was a young boy living with my grandparents. My parents had both died when I was less than a month old.

On this terrifying wintery night, I saved a lamb from freezing. At this time I was about ten years old, according to the Indian beliefs, a young boy this age is considered a man and able to take the responsibilities of a man.

Living on the reservation during the winters were some of the most unhappy years of my life. One day while I was herding sheep, I lost one of the ewes which was ready to have her young. I didn't know about losing her until I had returned home with the herd. My grandmother noticed right away that one of the sheep was missing. She then ordered me to go back out and find the sheep or else I would be severely punished. At this time it was about 4:15 p.m. and getting dark. It was the night of the full moon, and I could see very clearly. There was two feet of snow and the temperature was five degrees. I left the hogan about 5:30 p.m. and it was then very dark. My coat was like a light jacket so that I could feel the coldness of the night on my back as I walked through the powdery fluffy snow. Even to breathe was a very difficult task which indicated that death could easily occur. My tears started to come because of the sharpness of the cold. I

cried to my God saying, "If you want my life, please take it without any pain."

With the freezing experience of crossing several canyons, I finally realized that I had covered an area of three miles. My heart sank for the helpless baby lamb as I realized that to go on would be hopeless. As I started for home, I thought I better try one more place but there was nothing. On the way home thoughts of what my uncle would say to me began entering my mind, "You lost a sheep and you will be punished for it." I thought that I would rather be punished than die in the bitter snow.

While I was thinking about the poor helpless lamb, I heard a sheep crying from a small canyon on the north side. I went to check out that area and discovered the lamb and the mother. With a joyful heart I quickly grabbed the half-frozen lamb and put it inside my coat against my body for warmth. As I started for home, the mother sheep followed me. I was very happy for the lamb and myself.

Today as I think of my young life I can't blame my grandparents for keeping me out of school. They didn't understand the value of an education. However they were my grandparents and I respected and loved them. Now I can survive in any kind of weather even as in the bitter tear of winter.

BRETT HAMBLIN

THE FLY IN THE WINDOW

I sat yesterday watching a fly in the window
I saw him fly and circle all over in the window
I looked on as he dashed himself repeatedly against the window
I listened as he buzzed angrily at the barrier of the window
I felt his hope as he searched for release from the window
I smiled as he found a crack and escaped from in the window
I wondered if he had learned to avoid windows.

I stand at the end of the line.
I stand waiting in the line
I inch forward waiting in the line
I move up reaching the front of the line
I'm told to stand at the end of the next line
I stand at the end of the line.
Remembering the fly buzzing in the window

I missed the ball game studying for the test.
I didn't see my favorite program studying for the test.
I skipped the party two nights ago, I studied for the test.
I cancelled my date so I could study for the test.
I could've gone to the dance but I studied for the test.
I got a zero why did I study for the test?
Remembering the fly dash himself against the window

I cut myself when out burned the light bulb
I banged my head on the shelf getting a new lightbulb.
I burned my fingers unscrewing the old light bulb
I fixed the light but now the power is off;
I stand in the dark staring at the light bulb
Remembering the fly search for escape from the window

I put in my money it ate it, darn machine!
I pulled the knob for chocolate, got peanuts, dumb machine!
I push, pull, bang and kick, the sign says broken machine!
I punch the bottom out comes an empty can, rotten machine!
I put the money in, pull the knob, nothing from the machine!
I kick real hard, out comes the candy and money, nice machine!
Remembering how the fly found a crack and flew out the window!

CINDY GONZALES

ARTICLE 2nd PLACE

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN WOMEN IS LIBERATION ENOUGH FOR US

Of the great American women from the past, probably none of them ever heard of the word liberated--they naturally knew who they were and they used their wings to soar as high as they wished. Their irrepressible spirits demonstrate to us that there has been a need to liberate our bosoms like cows, but that there has always been a need for courage womanliness, tenacity and even gentleness. There have been women who were courageous heroines, gifted literary artists, and great entertainers. They have given us a lot and it is time we showed them tribute.

Perhaps the greatest heroine of our time could be compared to Joan of Arc. Her name was Amelia Earhart. Amelia Earhart left from an airfield in Oakland, California on May 20 1937 for what was to be her last flight. In the files of the United States Navy is the complete story of Amelia. The Navy cannot and will not reveal these files for the simple reason that it violates several kinds of Codes, Conferences, and International laws.

Amelia received her orders from the Commander-In-Chief himself, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Her mission was to go on a so-called round-the-world flight as a cover-up to see how far along the Japanese were in their plans to drop bombs on Pearl Harbor and/or the Santa Barbara Island and San Francisco.

Amelia was to be "off course" in trying to land at a new airfield on Howland Island of which no one had ever heard before or since. The Japanese caught her over Saipan, naturally didn't believe the tale, and did what all nations do to spies they executed her.

A poem by Amelia Earhart found in Bartlett's quotations seems to sum up her own personal theme:

Courage is the price that life extracts
for granting peace
The soul that knows it not knows no release
from little things.

Courage that is one thing that petite little Carrie Nation did not lack. Perhaps it was the axe that she carried that made her seem like a modern day David with his slingshot. The Goliath that she fought so desperately was the old Demon Rum, otherwise known as booze.

Carrie Amelia Moore had quite an interesting background. When the time came to be married and had passed, she thought that it was necessary to remedy her predicament. She had her mother arrange a match for her. This type of arrangement was not

uncommon in those days. Carrie married a part-time lawyer and man-about-town named David Nation. There was one problem with David that would change the course of history he was a drunkard.

Carrie desperately wanted a child and since her husband was generally impotent from the effects of booze it was nearly impossible for her to conceive. She eventually became pregnant and a baby daughter was born to her. The child was born dumb and unable to speak because of locked jaws. Carrie blamed it entirely on her husband's drunkenness. She regarded this as a curse that alcohol had transmitted to her poor baby girl.

It was lucky that Carrie found her hatchet later on in life. It was lucky that she had only an umbrella the day her husband staggered home six days after her daughter was born.

From the time Carrie found her hatchet until the time she died, she marched across the nation with some inner compulsion to rid the world of alcohol. Time after time she was thrown in prison for the destruction of property and disturbing the peaceful drinking of American citizens. As far as she was concerned, no drinking was legal.

But Carrie Nation was not just a hysterical shrew. She was a charming, pretty petite little thing that dressed in only the most feminine attire. Once when she was thrown in prison three thousand men marched with the intent of getting her out and lynching her. It was the men inside the prison that saved her. The jailers, and wardens were so charmed by her that they opened all the doors of the prisoners' cells so that they could form a battalion to protect her. Carrie Nation may not be a hero to anyone but a few ex-alcoholics, but she certainly was one of the most courageous American women that ever hit the history books.

Of course, there are many other heroines. Mother Cabrini became the first American saint in 1972. Dr. Miriam Van Waters organized the very first juvenile court. We must give credit to Elsie Parrish for standing in front of the Supreme Court and demanding a minimum wage and hour law for women. Because of Margaret Sanger's fight for birth control in 1937 the AMA finally brought birth control out of the realm of obscenity and illegality into what it is today--an important and useful entity.

Other courageous women are included in this fictitious "Women's Hall of Fame." Dorothea Dix was a social reformer and a journalist that exposed some of the horrors that existed in women's prisons. Jane

Adams the founder of Hull House a home for children with no parents, won the Nobel Peace prize in 1931. Helen Keller proved to mankind that any handicap can be overcome with courage, perseverance and spirit.

Perhaps the greatest heroines are American wives and mothers. Women like Rose Kennedy Bess Truman are good examples of good mothers and wives. But these are famous wives and mothers. The less famous women are just as heroic. One can say that the wives and mothers of America are the irritants that generate whatever pearls that their husbands and children become. It's a good thought.

Now we come to the category that is just about bursting its literary seams with talented women. The list of American women writers is a long one: Edna Ferber Dolly Parker Edna St. Vincent Millay Loraine Hansberry Agatha Christie, Rachel Carson, Margaret Mitchell, Anne Morrow Lindberg, Willa Cather Harriet Beecher Stowe, Emily Dickenson, and Pearl Buck.

From Edna Ferber we are blessed with *So Big*, (later adapted into *Show Boat*, for which she was awarded the Pulitzer Prize), *Cimarron*, *Saratoga Trunk*, and *Giant*.

An insight into the Negro was demonstrated by Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Abraham Lincoln called it "the little book that started a great war." A gifted black playwright gave us *Raisin In The Sun* and made Sidney Poitier a very happy man.

We must never forget Millay's poetry or for that matter Dolly Parker's Poetry.

Razors pain you
Rivers are damp
Acids stain you
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful
Nooses give
Gas smells awful,
You might as well live.

The world mourned last last year when we lost the champion murder mystery writer of them all Agatha Christie. She brought to life such exquisite supersleuth characters as Monsieur Hercule Poirot, and spinster Jane Marple. Miss Christie wrote over 77 murder mysteries in 50-odd years. She had earned over \$20 million dollars from her works.

Rachel Carson was a gentle little lady that wanted to warn the world what it could do to itself if it wasn't careful. Because of this lovely woman "ecology" became a household word. She gave us *Silent Spring*.

The courageous and gallant women of America--the heroines, the writers, the entertainers, the mothers, and wives have always been liberated by their own design. Liberation can only come through courage and

endless spirit--that is what today's woman needs. It is a shame that some women today are so brainwashed that they think that they are slaves because they are 'only' mothers or housewives. They don't have the intellect to recognize what they are blessed with. Some don't have the courage or the spirit to speak up for their beliefs if they do recognize their worth. It takes courage to live in modern society. The women of today need spirit, not an Equal Rights Amendment. Anne Morrow Lindbergh talked about spirit best in this quote from her book *Gift From The Sea*: "We throw ourselves indiscriminately into committees and causes, not knowing how to feed the spirit, we try to muffle its demands with distractions." " " For it is the spirit of woman that is going dry not the mechanics that are wanting."

Margaret Mitchell wrote what is probably the best loved novel of American history--*Gone With The Wind*.

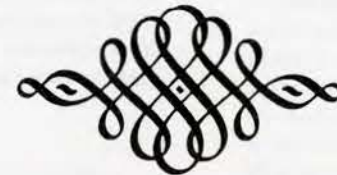
Pearl Buck was the only American woman writer ever to win the Nobel Prize for literature. Some think of her as perhaps one of the greatest American writers--male or female.

Entertainers. There have been countless gifted female entertainers--singers, actresses, and dancers. The list is too long to print in any publication. The immortal ones will always remain imprinted on our minds, on film, or on records and tape. Kate Hepburn, Mary Pickford, Bette Davis, Shirley Temple, Isadora Duncan are examples. They all had and have a zest for life. They knew or know the secret of hard work.

The spirit of the American woman entertainer was best exemplified by Rosalind Russell when she screamed at her audience at the end of act one of *Auntie Mame*: "Live, live, live," she screamed, "Life is a banquet and most of you poor sons-of-bitches are starving to death."

There is a joke that says that God made man and then he said, "I can do better than," and then made woman. This does not mean to imply that women are better than men, or that men are better than women. It does not mean that they are equal either. If just means that they are different. This ridiculous notion of unisex proposed by women libbers is denying everyone their basic American right to 'lib and let lib.'

Women should have a right to be women, mothers, wives, or working women. Men should have the right to be men. Women today have a lot more rights than they have had before. A lot of these changes are very good changes and have greatly improved women's lives, i.e. rights concerning job discrimination etc. Let us not digress in this unisex proposal in the Equal Rights Amendment. Granting unisex bathroom rights does not necessarily denote a change for the better for women. The prospect is absurd for many reasons. The Equal Rights Amendment will not grant women total equality.



RUSSEL P. GERHARDT



With childish dreams we set our course
Before the innocence dies.
How simple then to see right through
The mysteries to arise

To start with goals we want to reach
And end with dreams at hand,
Would be success to most at least,
If not to every man

Then come the days with such surprise
And plans so far behind.
Somehow our dreams are far away
Our lives have lost design.

It seems no matter how its planned,
The dreams can be replaced
And setting course again sometimes
Is how life must be faced.



I look at them with wonder
Until I see them open wide,
And with the suddenness of thunder
They cast all my fears aside.

The innocence that radiates out,
From within their sea of blue,
Makes me feel that I should never doubt
A thing you say or do.

There is more than this within them,
There is love for me, and joy
When this father needs uplifting,
He receives it from his boy

So when I don't feel like giving,
And my spirits need to rise,
You make me feel glad to be living,
Just by looking in your eyes.

LENORA FULTON

ARTICLE 3rd PLACE

WHY EXERCISE?

Overheard at the top of the stairs. (Puff-puff) Gee, I'm out of shape!" (answer) "Yes, and you seem to be out of condition, too!" In today's society man has lost his once over-all fitness by his luxurious living using all the automatic equipment that is available to him. He has almost completely eliminated the use of his muscles. Studies have shown that an inactive life is a slow form of suicide.

There are more obese people today than there were a hundred years ago. The obese suffer the greatest number of injuries. In our modern society there are vaccines for diseases such as polio, smallpox, etc. but there isn't any known medicine that can be taken for laziness. Six out of ten deaths are linked to lack of fitness. Almost 60 percent of all deaths are from heart attacks.

More than one million men and women die from heart disease each year and 27,000,000 suffer from high blood pressure. Nearly half of those who die from high blood pressure are women. There are three main factors associated with heart disease. One is lack of physical exercise, and the other two are tension and stress. All these promote high blood pressure by putting a tremendous strain on the heart.

Just above the kidneys lie the adrenal glands that secrete the hormone adrenalin into the blood stream which causes the heart to become extremely active. Instead of releasing anger or fear through increased physical activity many people smother it. This causes excess demand on the heart to pump more blood out to the body but the heart is not conditioned to handle the excess work. Heart attack victims have increased within the last few years.

The human body cannot store the effects of physical conditioning just as it cannot store certain vitamins but must have them daily. For the first three days that a person is immobile, he loses about one fifth of his muscle strength. After 48 to 72 hours, the muscles must be used again to re-establish fitness. Lack of exercise will also cause the body to lose muscle tone, causing an older appearance by sagging muscles.

Usually a person can sense when he is out of condition by watching for some of the following signs:

1. Overweight and flabby muscles.
2. Constant fatigue.
3. Persistent tension.
4. Unexplained aches and pains.
5. Unusual shortness of breath.

Trying to be in top condition in only a few seconds or minutes a day is useless and can only bring

discouragement. The body conditioning must be done slowly and easily since there are more than 400 skeletal muscles to be disciplined to adapt to new levels of stress in order to improve its fitness. These muscles are responsible for movement, helping in circulation of the blood, respiration and in elimination of wastes, maintenance of posture and support of body weight.

A well-planned form of exercise should contract and stretch all of these muscles. This simply cannot be done within a few minutes of exercising. The session should last from 20 to 40 minutes and be done at least three times a week. There have been great rewards come from an organized program of exercise. Studies have proven that 26 pounds can be lost annually if a regular program of exercise has been set. The exercise habit can be formed by repetition, and by repetition only. But once it becomes a habit it is a lot easier to maintain.

The outward appearance of a person can influence others around him. Even in applying for a job, the physical appearance can determine the hiring or not. Many companies require a physical examination, because they want people in good health. This would mean less absences from work, and less risk to the employees.

No longer is overweight considered a sign of prosperity. Usually if two men apply for the same job, the leaner will be hired. Healthy employees appeal more to the public.

Just as each individual is different, their fitness program should not be correlated to everyone else's need, but should be designed for themselves only.

There is a belief that fat is burned off only from a specific area where one concentrates. But exercise burns fat from all areas of the body regardless of the type of exercise done. The human body is a most complicated living structure to understand. But it is known that with careful study the body can be conditioned to put up with any demand made upon it. With proper care and use, the body can out last almost any man-made machine.

Researchers have found that the human muscles can work more than the brain will permit. There are many hidden capacities in the human body which can be brought out through physical activity. A whole new world lies waiting for those who aren't afraid to lose some blood, sweat, and tears, along with a few pounds. The secret to a happier and longer life comes through regular physical exercise.

KENNETH JOHN SMITH

CONCERNED

When you're no longer concerned with
black is beauty
then
black is beauty
when you're no longer concerned
with beauty
then
there is beauty
when you're no longer concerned
then
there is

CLAY

I am young soft and shapeless
much like the potters clay
you are old, and shaped
by experience of your day

I look to you for form
someone to shape me right
you close your eyes to me
you offer nothing warm

I take a shape nature gives
a shape so deadly yet I live
you crack with time
old man, what shape do you leave behind?



VERA STRINGHAM WITH

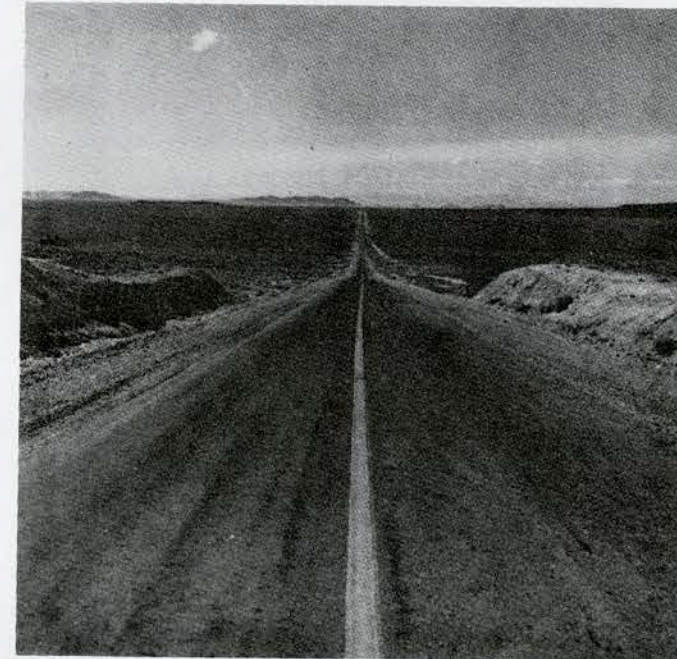
THE TUNDRA

Bounded by the Arctic Ocean and the Brooks Range is Alaska's North Slope. From the window of an airplane looking inland along the Arctic coast from Prudhoe Bay to Point Barrow where Eskimos still hunt seal and walrus, as far as the eye can see and farther lies the tundra, an awesome treeless undulating plain, nature's deep-freeze, where, under two thousand feet of permafrost, man has discovered a vast storehouse of oil.

Precipitation is light but temperatures reach 70 degrees below zero during the long sunless days of winter when nature is violent, harsh and cruel. But, when summertime comes to the Arctic, this seemingly lifeless expanse becomes gentle and fragile. Nature

pours out long days of sunshine, June through August, penetrating and warming six to twelve inches of the frozen earth, forming a thick, heavy, mangled growth of vegetation, spongy and resilient to the step. The tundra then comes alive and is its own world of beauty. Flowers of brilliant hues, reds, yellows and lavenders bloom and go to seed with dramatic speed. Low shrubs laden with berries provide food for the roving grizzly, the caribou and dall sheep, the Arctic and red fox and great flocks of small birds.

By late August the tundra is again rustic brown in color, preparing for the long winter sleep; and the Arctic fox having born its young inland, scampers with her brood onto the Arctic ice to spend the winter



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COLLEGE CONTEST JUDGES

Jim Force
Fern DeMille

Poetry
Short Story

Dorothy See
Andy Brown

Essay
Article

