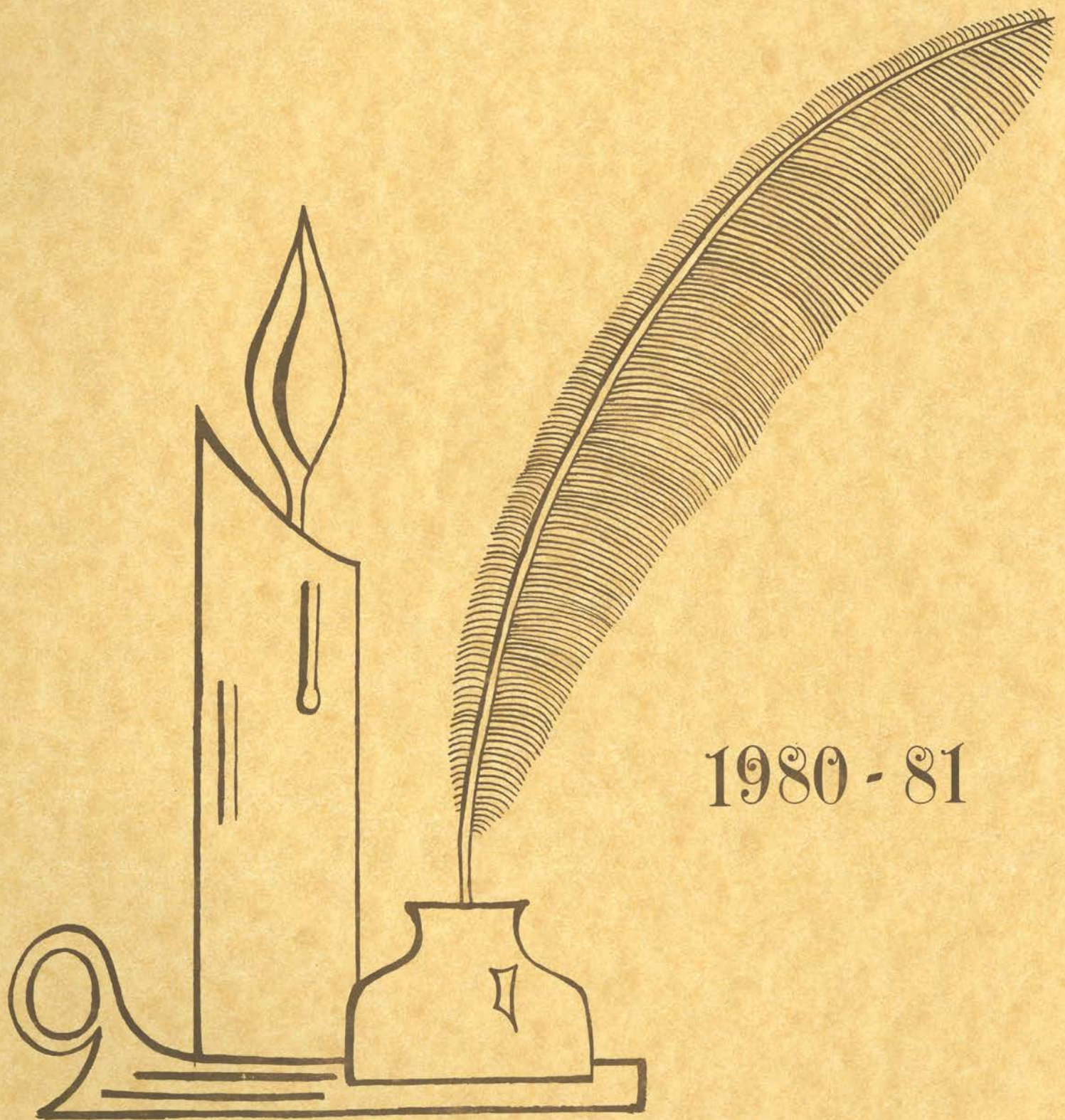


DIXIE COLLEGE



1980 - 81

Southern Quill



*The lunatic, the lover,
and the poet
Are of imagination
all compact.
Shakespeare*

Southern Quill 1980-81

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Table of Contents

It will do no good (Linda Hedrick)	1
Lost & Found (Kurtis Crist)	2
Riddle #7 (Aderianna Smith)	3
There you stand (Cindy Gines)	4
"Haiku Poetry" (Kerri Anderson)	5
Wanting is not Having (Ace Pilkington)	6
Illustration (Linda Hedrick)	7
I am a rock (Susan Strong)	8
How I hate (David Christian)	9
Darkness (Callie Spencer)	9
Alone (Melanie Madsen)	10
One Day in the Hills (Kirk Hansen)	11
She (Stephanie Allred)	12
Toby (Cindy Gines)	13
Mexico (Sue Meyer)	17
I should like (Dave Christian)	17
Sun rays sleep (Layne Belnap)	18
Quiet (Kerri Anderson)	18
Days (Linda Hedrick)	19
Your desires are (Kurtis Crist)	19
Toni (Steve Caplin)	20
The Bouquet (Sue Meyer)	21
Fear (Dave Christian)	21
Twins (Kurtis Crist)	22
Uncertainty (Linda Hedrick)	26
Summer of Lean (David Christian)	27
Treasure Chest in the Sky (Jennie Clark)	28
In the night (Ace Pilkington)	28
Oh Crimson Rose (Darin Christensen)	29
Lazy Indifference (David Christian)	30
August and Idaho (Kurtis Crist)	31
That Cat (Darin Christensen)	32
Gray blobs of mist (Lauren Merkle)	33
Fog (Kerri Anderson)	34
Stop thinking (David Christian)	34
Full Moon (Pat Mundt)	35
A Time For Love (Mona Hobson)	36
Step By Step (Kerri Anderson)	37
Green Cheese (Darin Christensen)	40
Bicycle (Ace Pilkington)	41
Little Brothers (Aderianna Smith)	42
Candid-Coated Apple (Gina Jessen)	42

Fried, Burnt, and Tossed (Nancy Ruesch)	43
Illustration (Kerri Anderson)	44
Man in the Sea (Jennie Clark)	45
The Journey (Jaylynn Daley)	46
She appeared (David Christian)	49
A clever mouse (David Christian)	49
Flight Attendant (Kurtis Crist)	50
Listen (David Christian)	50
Expectancy bids farewell (Kerri Anderson)	51
Is It Justified? (Cindy Gines)	52
Nature's Castle (Jaylynn Daley)	53
Alphabet Soup (Linda Hedrick)	54
Love (David Christian)	54
Illustration (Kerri Anderson)	55
Sometimes (Linda Hedrick)	56
History of <u>Southern Quill</u>	57

It will do no good to question
Just where the sun climbs from.
But an action is an answer,
Watch closely! Here they come!
A chariot of liquid gold
Will make the sun to rise,
Up over a dark horizon,
Too bright for human eyes.
The spinning wheels of burning gold,
The flying horses; two,
Will pull the sun across the sky,
Which turns from black to blue.
A whip in hand, a yell he gives
To horses made of flame,
A golden man, they call a god,
A man of endless fame.
Apollo, god of myth and might,
Please light the world for me.
You carry daylight as you ride,
From mountains to the sea.

. . . Linda Hedrick, Editor

Lost & Found

I sit here waiting for you
and
pray that you are looking for me.

I've never met you or seen you
and
I doubt if you've met me or seen me
but I know that you are out there
and
I need you to fill my emptiness.

Come with me with your hand in mine
and
we'll create our own Genesis.

I don't know the color of your eyes
or your hair
or whether your skin is dark or fair
nor do I care.

I want you, I need you

Come with me let's get together
snuggle with one another
protect each other from this rainy weather.

. . . Kurtis Crist, Editor

Riddle #7

I blow cold and fast
 across the mountains
And swim through the seas
 excellently

I unlock chained minds
 with brazen keys
And upon the stars ponder
 endlessly

I pause to glance at
 new born life
While on my way to witness
 death

I soar with hawks
 through cobalt skies
But never slow to take a
 breath

I roam dark valleys
 in the shadows of night
And travel for all
 eternity

I have undaunted courage
 as my companion
And shall live forever with
 destiny

. . . Aderianna Smith, Editor

There you stand . . .

tall

and

proud

A monument of what I hope to become,
An example of beauty and strength that is pure
 and undefiled.

Even the stars cannot match the shine of your eyes.
The sun cannot catch the glory of your rich black hair,
touched with strands of gray that testify of your
wisdom and care.

You can be as hard as a stone

Or as soft as a kitten's fur.

You can sting like a bee

Or comfort like a summer's breeze;

You are

dangerous

and

strong,

Yet the word sacrifice is common to you,
For you practice it with every waking moment.
Do you realize that I love you more than I do life,
For my life is part of you?

. . . Cindy Gines, Staff

"Haiku Poetry"

whispering winds whirl,
wandering deep foggy plains,
searching for meaning.

teardrops fall like rain
when storms shatter horizons
and the lightning strikes.

time whispers goodbye;
songs of yesterday echo
things that might have been.

barren trees reach out,
grasping with icy fingers
winter's loneliness.

all alone I sit
by the fire; flames flicker, they
wander through my mind.

. . . Kerri Anderson, Staff

Wanting is not Having

Wanting is not having
And will cannot achieve
The retreat of death's cold legions
Or stop the falling of bright leaves.

In power there's no safety,
Flashing minds grow dull with use;
Forethought falls before omnipotence,
But Prometheus racks Zeus.

Stop the world in that small moment
Between winter and despair
When it seems her eyes are summers
And gold leaves burn in her hair.

But time is spinning there.

. . . Ace Pilkington, Advisor



I am a rock--
I sit alone and observe nature.
I am stationary,
Like a sturdy oak in a windstorm,
I am so strong.

I could be weak--
I could crumble and turn into sand
Like a rock.
I could crack and split and become diseased,
Like an oak.
I could cry and hurt and be depressed,
Like humans do.
I'd rather be a rock.

. . . Susan Strong

How I hate
to type a poem
from
its native hand,
like taking the painted,
dancing
characters
from the parade
of Mardi gras
and dressing them
in black.

. . . David Christian

Darkness
falls.
Sunset shades
of pink
dwindle.

So, with my dreams.

. . . Callie Spencer

Alone

They laughed
and pointed fingers
fingers
at me
me
Then they pushed me down
down
to the cold earth
earth.
Somebody yelled, then ran away
away
everyone else
followed
followed.

Come back
back.
It's much better to be surrounded
surrounded
By friends
enemies
and laughed at
at
Than be left here
here
All alone
alone.

. . . Melanie Madsen

One Day in the Hills

I went a-tramping through the hills,
To see what I could see,
And while a-stamping on some rills,
An ogre captured me.

He said, "I'm going to roast your hide,
And turn ye slow on a spit."
"Oh, please, please don't do that," I cried,
"I'd rather be mortally bit."

The idea didn't sound so good to him.
He liked his flesh well-done;
My chance of escape appeared pretty slim,
But still I had to find one.

I decided to test this captor of mine,
To see how fast he might be;
I quickly reached down and picked up a vine
And deftly lassoed his knees.

I then proceeded to wrap it all round,
Until he was bound up quite well,
His screams of surprise made a horrible sound,
And tears in his eyes did swell.

He cried, "Please, please, let us go, nice man,
We'll never eat people again."
But I hadn't yet devised a good plan,
And I wouldn't let him go until then.

I knew I couldn't just leave him to die,
That wouldn't have been very nice,
I looked upon him with pity and sighed,
Then a thought occurred in a trice.

This creature was huge and strong as an ox,
Just think of the work he could do!
On a leash he followed me down to the docks,
And signed to the ship-loading crew.

Now my days of wandering are all passed away,
Fred the ogre now brings home the bread,
And if ever you should pass by this way,
Stop in and see me and Fred!

. . . Kirk Hansen

She

Lights, pauses, scampers, flight
Carefree and go lucky
Curious as a cat,
Closer, closer,
Closer and
Caught.
Swift,
Deadly
With charm
And elegance,
She, black as night,
Soft as silk, again waits
Patiently, patiently, oh so quietly.

. . . Stephanie Allred

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful boy, by the name of Toby, who was born into a kingdom of much confusion and turmoil. He was as fresh as the morning air and as graceful as a sunbeam which danced uncaringly across a sun-lit field. People loved him because he was powerful, understanding, and full of everything that made them appreciate life and the things that they had. But, more important than this, when Toby was around, they seemed to care little for the things they didn't have.

When he talked, it sounded like the music of angels singing a song of praise with their harps to accompany them. Rarely was he unable to reach into the hearts of even the hardest people and move them into his command as he wished. Following Toby around, the people would beg permission to remain in his presence. Toby, being patient and kind, not only let them be near him, but he taught them things of truth and wisdom as well.

He spent hours upon hours walking through nature with his followers, pointing out its obvious beauty to them. He showed them the colors red and orange in a quiet summer sunset and the sounds of a bubbling water fall as it splashed and jumped happily about. This took many years for Toby to do because the people that he had come to love were hard people and they were unfeeling towards things that did not bring them immediate riches and power. Yet, he struggled on continually until they did comprehend.

After they were able to appreciate the joys of obvious beauty, he taught them the beauty of a barren, dry desert and helped them understand a fly as it buzzed around and clung to things.

The people were happier than could ever be imagined. They began to worship Toby and call him a God for the things he had taught them. For they no longer cared for riches and power, but their only desire was to help their neighbor obtain the things which he was in need of.

A cry was heard throughout the land, "Toby for King. Toby for King." Toby smiled and gently explained that he could not be their king for he had other places that he must journey to in order to teach and train other people. Instead, he promised that he would let them govern themselves and keep their freedom, which was one of the most precious things in the whole world.

The people were exceedingly sad because of the thought of Toby's

leaving, and so it happened that the wives and daughters cried until the streets were covered with the tears of these precious women. Toby's heart was troubled; he wanted only happiness for his people. Thus it was that he promised to live with them until it was absolutely necessary for him to leave.

A castle was constructed in the middle of a beautiful forest for them to live in. In the morning the sun would shine brightly through the tall evergreen trees and the birds would sing their melodies to the people for pure enjoyment. The people began to understand freedom and cherish it as much as they did their own lives. Toby ceased teaching and remained with his people only to let them know that he was there. The people took comfort in knowing this, and, thus, they began to grow in courage and strength.

They were a beautiful race of people in every conceivable way. The men with their broad shoulders and powerful backs had the strength of oxen. The women were tall and strong but also slender with delicate figures. They were dark skinned with hair as black as coal and also as blond as honey. It was worn long so that when the sun hit it, it would reflect off of it and sparkle. The babies were born healthy, and their bright eyes were different colors.

However, in spite of the joy of his people, Toby became increasingly uneasy and restless. He knew that soon the time would come when he must leave them. Then, one morning when the people in the castle awoke, they found Toby gone. They realized that Toby was gone forever.

There was a great uproar in the kingdom; people were running here and there calling out Toby's name. The only thing that kept the women's tears from flooding the streets and the men from going after Toby was the strange sight they saw in the sky. It was an arch which stretched as far as they could see, and it contained all sorts of different colors. They had studied beauty for many years, but the beauty which they saw in this arch was overpowering. The people fell to their knees and gazed up at it, trembling. A silence came over the kingdom.

Suddenly a voice was heard. It was as soft as a kitten's fur, and it reached way down inside of them and touched their hearts. They knew this voice. It was Toby.

"Today I take my body from you, but my spirit will remain forever. You have learned how to understand, but, more important, you have learned love. Remember that beauty is everywhere, even when least expected. Cherish freedom; it is necessary for you to rule yourself. I love you, my people, for I have taught and trained you since you were small. I give unto you this rainbow that you might remember the things that were taught unto you. Be wary of strangers who claim to have the truth, for truth is found in believing. Now stand tall and proud, my people, and BELIEVE."

Many years have passed since Toby left them, but they did remember the things which he had taught them and continued to live in peace and harmony. The people who had known Toby personally had long since passed away, and the children of these people were growing old. Toby had become a legend, and his story was told to this generation of children at bed time. Soon, however, no one was left who could recall Toby's example, and so the parents started telling the children, who were now being born, bed time stories about kings and queens instead. The stories of Toby had grown old and stale, and many of the important details had been forgotten.

The people became restless, and the search began for something to bring them excitement. They invented a story of how there was a pot of gold at the end of this beautiful rainbow that shone in the sky each morning. Brave warriors set out in quest to find this gold and bring back riches to the kingdom.

Some of the warriors never returned from this adventure, and their loved ones mourned. But the mourning was soon forgotten as the warriors who returned brought with them riches beyond description. The only problem was that they decided not to share their riches with the whole kingdom but to keep them for themselves instead. This caused a division among the people, for, of course, the rich could not associate with the poor.

The people began to fight one with another. So much time was wasted in war that they did not take the time to grow food. A shortage of food was soon apparent, and there were starving people everywhere. Hatred was common, but, worst of all, they no longer believed.

The people were so wrapped up in themselves that they never noticed the shadow that was watching them daily from the top of a hill. The rain had been falling heavily lately as Toby struggled to control his tears. He

could not help feeling so sad. After all, these were "his" people. More than any others he had taught, he loved these the most. Toby knew what he must do.

Soon there was a beautiful baby boy born into this kingdom of much confusion and turmoil by the name of Toby. He was as fresh as the morning air and as graceful as a sunbeam which danced uncaringly across a sun-lit field . . .

. . . Cindy Gines

Mexico

On a Mexican flat in a pueblo shrine
They're selling colored corn and cheap red wine.
I sit on a tile under a wide straw hat,
Through foreign eyes I look at the flat.

Guitars strumming with sure brown fingers,
Women in heels pick the steps.
Give them some pesos, five or ten,
Then the dancers put out the pan again.

A tangerine slips from a peddler's box
to the quick hands of a boy in white.
Hungry eyes latent behind straggled locks,
With the merchant's nod, he takes a bite.

Shadows casting on the colorful square,
Hot rays penetrating everywhere,
Indian women in thick gray shawls
Find shade leaning into thick adobe walls.

. . . Sue Meyer

I should like to introduce
A goldfish to a marigold
And let her plainly see
That she has no monopoly.

. . . Dave Christian

Sun rays sleep low under clouds,
Light reaches out, stretches awake;
Night-swept minds scream aloud,
Deathly afraid to start this day.

Awareness crackles, singing clear,
Dawn's forced thought-wracking machine.
Quaver and be senseless, ring with fear,
Suppress, forget primordial screams.

Pleasing, tremblingly appeasing,
Sickeningly, nicely ward off threat
From self-subverting eyes of ice;
Automatons walk the day-wake net.

Taste, feel the bitter light,
Take solace in death, sleep away,
Darkness creeps down, puts out the day,
Never end this calming of the night.

. . . Layne Belnap

Quiet
Pink shadows
Run watercolor soft,
Stealing and enveloping
A wet on wet sky.

. . . Kerri Anderson

Days

It's a quarter to nine, and what have I done?
Another day's past, and what have I won?
I've accomplished, Oh . . . nothing,
Not a thing did I do,
And yet, I've survived one more day without you.

So, who cares if it's nine, or who cares if it's ten?
Tomorrow I'll start it all over again.
I'll accomplish, Oh . . . nothing,
Not a thing can I say,
Except this . . .

Without you I live just for today.

. . . Linda Hedrick

Your desires are like the leaves on the trees in fall
that change color and blow away with the wind.

. . . Kurtis Crist

Toni

In everyone's life there's a source of real strength.
A friend whose love never knows restraint.

In everyone's life there's a deep well of love.
A blessing, a precious gift from his Father above.

In everyone's life there's a story untold.
A beautiful future yet to unfold.

In everyone's life there's a dream of delight
A faith, and a hope, a pillar of light.

You're my strength, my friend, my blessing, and more.
You're my deep well of love and the one I adore.

You're my story, my future, my dream, and my light.
My eternal companion, my love and my life.

Thank you.

. . . Steve Caplin

The Bouquet

Goodness knows
I passioned for
That single rose,
A thirsty deer
For a silken stream,
But no velvet ballroom dress,
Frocked in lusty red,
Can match that pink cotton day
We blushed
At white morning daisies,
You thrust dripping dew
And tattered at the stem.

. . . Sue Meyer

Fear

It costs more now
But you may still rent it
In late October.

. . . Dave Christian

TWINS

I'm coming home again; once again my father is meeting me at the airport. He's picked me up at the airport many times before, but this is going to be the last time for a long time to come. I've finally been discharged from the service, and in a little while I'll be home again. The pilot of the aircraft announced our encirclement of Salt Lake City; he's done that every ten minutes; it's driving me nuts. He finally announced that the plane would be landing in another fifteen minutes. Thank goodness. The anxiety of meeting my father after so long an absence is like sitting on a chair full of pins and needles. The situation is like the return of the prodigal son.

I remember coming home, seeing dad sitting there in his reclining chair that occupies a corner of the living room. It was a living room like any other living room; it had the usual sofa, bookcase; and there were a couple of chairs and then the phenomenal reclining rocking chair. It was a living room decorated with much loving pride by my mother; the old man was kind of proud of it too, although he'd never admit it.

Walking into the living room, I sat down on the chair next to dad. I sat there for a minute carefully preparing my words. I think now, that as I approached him then, he already knew what I was going to ask. He sat there having a staring contest with the floor; I think the floor lost. There was fire in those eyes, a fire deep within, ever set to resist the extinguisher, a resistance set in crystal clear sea-blue marble. Too tough to break and too beautiful to resist.

"Dad, what would you say if I joined the service?"

No response, but as I studied his face for a reaction I could see the wrinkles of time around his eyes. Every one of his hard-lived sixty-four years was imprinted and accounted for on his face. He wasn't dried up and wrinkled like other old men. He was too enduring for that; he simply had wrinkles on muscles. He didn't even shake his bald head.

"What if I joined the Marine Corps?"

He chuckled. Well, it was some kind of a response; he didn't say no. Very abruptly he demanded, "What do ya mean, what would I say?" To this he added, "You know what I would say: no. I don't know what give you the idea about going in the service, but forget it. You don't belong in, you ain't got the personality

for it. I doubt that you could get along with the other guys; you're too much of a loner. You're always off trying to do everything by yourself." Unh hunh, just like someone else I know.

"But," the but was all I could get out.

"And the Marines is the toughest bunch of 'em all. You in the Marines," he continued, pointing right at my heart all the time he was saying it, "you'd never make it. They're the toughest, and you ain't one of the toughest by a long shot. Don't be thinking you can do what those boys do." Then he turned his head back to the floor, which was a signal the conversation was over. It wasn't really a conversation, more of a lecture. It was like talking to a radio. I might talk all night to it and it would never hear a word I said, just keep on saying whatever was on its program. I left the room in a mood somewhat comparable to a steam engine at full throttle.

The plane finally landed, and as it pulled up to the off ramp to exit the passengers, I noticed a middle-aged man trying to hold on to his son's hand. He was trying to guide the boy through the crowd, but the little boy didn't want his help. That brought something to the surface of my memories. Now that I'm older and more experienced with the things in life I can understand the man who is my father. He no longer stands his full six foot two inches in height; old age and rheumatism have stooped him so that he walks slightly hunched over. He got the bad back from many long hours of hard work. He worked in a wheat mill when he was twelve years old, lifting one hundred and fifty pound sacks of grain. When I had turned sixteen, I tried to get a job loading wheat sacks for a local distributor. It was toward evening on a fine spring day and the sun was setting to the west. As I walked along the sidewalk on my way home from work, I let the sunshine rays of spring soak in and massage my back muscles. I had just finished putting in four hours at the store, earning five dollars in the process. It was great, I had money, now I could buy some of the things at the store that I wanted. Dad and mom no longer would have to pay for my school lunches. I was a working man; I could do things on my own. The excitement built up within me; the closer I got to the house, the greater the excitement became. Wanting to tell my dad what I had done, I ran up the gravel driveway heading for the back door. I ran in the door, and there he was in the kitchen. The setting sun spread its rays through the west window, and they engulfed my old man in self-righteous glory. His sea-blue eyes glared, spreading forth rays of anger that were only intensified by the rays from the setting sun. I was the recipient of those rays, and instead of opening my

mind to listen, I closed the passages to my mind like a steel trap door. I was immediately on the defensive and nothing could dislodge my illogical, immobile point of view. I had seen that look before, so I dug in for the onslaught.

"Where in the hell have you been?" he demanded to know.

My excitement dissipated like the morning fog under a hot sun. But that didn't slow me down. I was in the right. I just stood there leaning against the back door feeling defiant, yet exposed by the whiteness of the interior walls of the kitchen. He leaned against the dishwasher, making it look very small, and he seemed to outgrow the table behind him.

"Don't stand there like a lump on a log, answer me, boy."

Silence. In the minute or so it took me to answer, my eyes took in the refrigerator to my right and the stove next to it. I had helped him to redecorate this kitchen for mom. It had been fun. He stood on the brown and orange rug that I had put in while he supervised. When I replied, it took all my strength.

"Working," I answered.

"Working where?"

"Down at the wheat distributors."

"Is your homework done?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

Now that was a dumb question. I would have said so, but dad's arms are about the size of my thighs, and his hands are massive and muscular, almost like bear claws. All I could say was "I just told ya, I got a job, I'm working now."

"But your school work ain't done, is it?"

"No."

"Are you behind in any of your classes?"

"Well, some of them I am." Actually I was behind in most of my classes.

"Well, you go tell 'em people tomorrow that you can't work there anymore, you've got school work and other things to do around here at the house."

There went my dreams of independence, shot right down by a stubborn old man. He turned around and walked down the hallway toward the living room. Jeese, I hated that white paint used to paint the hallway. It always exposes people when they walk down it. Walking away, framed in the hallway, he looked large enough for two men. Grandmother once said that the old man was just too damned independent; she was right, and now that I'm older there is something

else I realize, I'm the same way.

Now as I got closer to the exit door where the luckier passengers meet someone who has been waiting for them, I began to wonder if my father would like what he saw for a son. I had changed quite a bit since I left home to join the Marine Corps. I'm taller now and weigh quite a bit more than I did the last time he saw me. Instead of the tall, skinny kid he used to know, there was a tall, though still slender, young man coming home. I wonder how he's changed, if he's changed at all. Would he be more stooped, more wrinkled, and how would he react to me, his new son, his younger twin?

The exit door opened, and although it was smoky in the room, I could still see clearly; I almost look eagerly for him. I think I saw him before he saw me. Through the rush of people, pushing and shoving this way and that, the welcoming choruses: "Hi, hello, oh dear, you look wonderful," I saw a man hunched over, who was probably taller than he looked. He had work boots on; he must have been working in the garden before coming to the airport because his boots and the bottom of his trousers were caked with mud. His hands were tucked in his pockets so that his arms hung almost nonchalantly at his side. The coat he wore was the same summer coat he had worn for years on end. It was a western style coat, just like a cowboy might wear. To any casual observer he looked almost unattached to all the emotional repertoire around him, but he didn't look that way to me. I saw that face, the anxiety around his eyes. That section of skin just above and between the eyes was so tensed it looked like a boy scout knot-tying convention. I had been gone long enough so that I think he finally realized who I was and what I was, and I had finally realized what and who he was. He turned his head just a fraction of an inch, bringing those wonderful sea-blue eyes into contact with my eyes. They were still bright, and clear and crisp as the air of a cold winter morning when the sun shines enough to brighten anyone's day, but not warm enough to melt the snow and ice. On those mornings you blow out your breath just to see it, just to see you are alive. I saw in his beautiful eyes that feeling, that wonder of blowing out your breath just to see you are alive. He is alive and I am that life. He will never die as long as I live to be him.

As we got closer, after I had finally waded through all the people, people in ignorant bliss, I saw tears in his eyes, and I felt the tears in my eyes. I had rarely shed a tear for anyone, but now I was not ashamed to do so. My father and I were together again; it was a meeting of old friends, a meeting of twins.

. . . Kurtis Crist

uncertainty--

flows through my veins,
and keeps me up--

by a candle--

awake,

when i really should be sleeping,
dreaming of you--

and me--

and everything

that used to be
and never--

will be again,

'cause

you are gone--

and all i've left

is me--

and my--

uncertainty.

. . . Linda Hedrick

Summer of Lean

The good Doctor says
he'll give me fifteen bucks
to haul some broken slabs
away
from his back yard.

Concrete,
there must be
three
and a half
ton of it
laying,
heavy on the ground

But you have no choice
when the loaf
the neighbors left
is gone,
so I nod.

It's afternoon
and my back
is knotted from the strain;

I heave another slab
on the sagging back
of the old gray
pick-up truck.

One
at the top
starts to slide

My eyes are filled
With salt,
leached from my brow
by the August sun.

I do not see it
sliding,
massively down

But when it hits,
crushing flesh and bone
between stone
and stone,
I holler
loud enough for two
as the bone lays white
with the red
sizzling to brown
on the hot steel bed.

He hears me
in pain
and allows me in
on a kitchen chair
he's afraid I'll stain.

He pulls the dirty skin
tight
over the shaking stump
with seven
neat black stitches.

With his white-coated back
to me
he closes
the black leather bag
and says,
"That will be thirty dollars,
plus tax."

I cradle the throbbing absence
against my quivering chest
and tell him
I don't have it
but. . .
does he have
more concrete?

. . . David Christian

Treasure Chest in the Sky

Night time brings out diamond eyes.
Scattered sparkles in the sky.
Golden glitters of galaxies beyond.
The moon's reflection in a pond.
Whirling, swirling comet tails,
Starships falling as they sail.
Eternal blackness, infinite space,
Echoing quasars that leave no trace.
Unknown thoughts, inquisitive minds,
Endless questions, seeking--who'll find?
Where is the beginning?
Where is the end?
An astronomer's fortune.
A stargazing trend.

. . . Jennie Clark

In the night, in the dark, when all light is lost,
In the cold, in the chill, when all breath is frost,
Then it seems love's an elven dream with a deadly cost.

. . . Ace Pilkington

Oh Crimson Rose

Suppose: You risked to grasp a crimson Rose
that's close to where you know the
river flows where the fellow rows
boatloads of those rotten rogues
to the recess where the Czar of
razing ruse rules those grease
encrusted rats who'll ever reside
close to those roasting blazes. And

Suppose: The fellow rows close to where the
Rose grows and you repose and rises
and wraps you round with ropes,
throws your frozen ghost in his boat,
and goes and stows you where your
stare is closed to only the Czar's
toes. Do you

Suppose: In those low furrows where no trees
grow, no roosters crow, and storms
ceaselessly blow, close to your grasping
and rasping breast, you'd still be grasping
your rusted rose?

. . . Darin Christensen

Lazy Indifference

I've heard both policies
and done a heap
of horizontal meditation
on them both.

But I'm just not
up to salvation,
and I'm too tired
to sin,
and Satan won't
have me in Hell
'cause stokin' furnace
irritates my back.

So I'm goin' to let
the prayers pray
and the boozers booze;
if they'll
just leave my bones alone,
I'll take a little snooze.

. . . David Christian

August and Idaho

I guess Idaho does grow things better than potatoes,
If I had known this (you) I would have moved there
years ago.

We could have spent years getting to know one another,
helping each other to grow
(but then you would be different than you are now)
and I could say that I've known you for years
instead of hardly a month.

I've looked for and loved you for years,
you just weren't with me.

One month,
four weeks.

That's not being together in love very long
but then maybe it was one-sided love,

I know I'm selfish.

Remember, we said just friends,
good friends, a friend to the end,
but you see I'm weak;
when I would steal a rose to give to you
and we would walk hand-in-hand down the street,
it was more to me than just exercising my feet.
I couldn't offer deceit,
I was falling in love,
I still am.

People try to console; they say things like
"You're free," or "You're on your own now."
they don't seem to understand
I'd rather be a slave to you.

I love you,
you know that but still insist on friendship.
If that's what you want, then that is what I'll give,
for good friends share love, and love is what I need.
Maybe it will blossom like the roses I used to give to you.

August has been good to me;
it has shown me two sides of Idaho,
potatoes and a beautiful farm girl.

. . . Kurtis Crist

That Cat

I once knew a cat.
Those hateful
Eyes. of his, crouching outside my window,
Taunting me with melting screeches of madness
And hate. I ignored it.
But it was omnipresent. Those
Eyes. always blazing,
Shattering my peace of mind.
At last I succumbed to constant perjury,
And grabbed it by the neck, those
Eyes. burning brown down
My soul. I slammed it, helpless at
Last
Onto a huge sheet of corrugated metal, which
Was filled with evaporating light
From a day of agonizing solar reflectivity.
The wad of fighting fury twisted and screeched
And I, in absolute empathy, watched as those
Eyes. of that cat transformed from
Explosive to sparkling, from
A stranger's to mine.

Now that scarred cat smiles
And guards the Gates,
Those ominous tomorrow Gates. Those
Eyes. dance like a warming flame,
Aloud with the delicious fragrance of future.

That cat was my conscience, and
I was me.
I am
That cat.

. . . Darin Christensen

Gray blobs of mist lie to the east
Their fury disguised
Stillness
The symphony awaits its conductor
A rumble ripples the sky,
Seemingly ripping the masses open
To dispel their precious fluid;
Tiny drops fall in harmony with the rushing wind
Fortissimo, Legato,
Torrents roll forth upon the land
Andante, Diminuendo,
Every drop taken, cumulus lay exhausted.
Stillness
Elms quiver, moisture crowds upon leaves,
Mother Earth
Refreshed, quenched, her thirst
Satisfied.

. . . Lauren Merkle

Fog. . .
Creeps
slowly,
surely,
softly
Attacking.
Quietly,
silently,
suddenly
There.
Enveloping,
draining,
swallowing
senses.
The cluttered brain bare.

. . . Kerri Anderson

Stop thinking
long enough
to catch your mind
and feel

. . . David Christian

Full Moon

I'll run again!

Soft

Flourescent hillsides,

Turning leaves.

The rickety gate

Needs a new coat

Of white wash.

Rusty hinges creak.

When the day

Is done, I'll be

Asleep,

Restless in my

Dreams.

. . . Pat Mundt

A Time For Love

Seasons come and seasons go,
Beautiful memories from seasons long ago
Fill our hearts with song and rhyme.
With time for love, we love for time.

Seasons were and seasons are;
Love will carry the seasons far.
Through high school days and college years,
Our love has survived both laughter and tears.

Seasons then and seasons now,
Thoughts of seasons our minds will allow.
A fraction of time we hold in our hands,
To let our hearts swell and our memories expand.

Seasons present, seasons past,
The love that we cherish will forever last.
Our thoughts bind together as we think of
The seasons that provide a time for love.

. . . Mona Hobson

"Oh, darling. . . then do you mean . . . ?" "Yes, yes, my love. I have loved you from the moment we first met. And you . . . ?" She looked deeply into his eyes, and then, with a long, heartfelt kiss, answered his question forever."

With a sigh Jane slowly closed the cover of her Harlequin Romance and stared dreamily off into space. She could see it now . . . Jeff uttering those self-same words, hesitantly, endearingly into her clear blue eyes. And then her eyes would shut, and reaching up, she would . . .

Rrrring!!! The sharpness of the bell jerked her from her total oblivion. Around her, sighs of relief and a general scuffle prevailed as the class disassembled. Jane slowly gathered her books, her eyes never straying, as she watched Jeff Shields get up from his seat and saunter out the door. Again her reverie was rudely interrupted.

"Jane . . . hey, Jane! You have your essay done for English?" Jane snapped to attention. "Yeah, sure." "I'm surprised!," grimaced Laurie, Jane's best friend, closest confidante, and sometimes main irritation, "You've been so PREOCCUPIED (her tone gave the word a new significance) lately that you've done hardly anything worthwhile except hide behind those books of yours and gaze adoringly as a certain somebody walks by! What's your paper on, anyway?"

Oh gees, thought Jane, here it comes now!! "Well, the title of my essay is . . ." Jane ducked her head out the door and called back as she sailed down the hall, "'Love Is', and the first sentence is about goosebumps!" The last part of her answer was drowned out in the noise of the hallway, but Jane didn't mind. Neither did Laurie, she guessed as she imagined her friend shaking her head in mock horror and exasperation. Laurie just DIDN'T understand!

Love IS--goosebumps, Jane reflected. It's a bubbly sensation that starts in your toes and explodes in your heart, every time you see the guy!

For two weeks Jane had suspected that this sneaky feeling was creeping up on her. . . it was obvious in the way her heart sped up every time she accidentally bumped arms with him in biology (he was a WHIZ with a frog), and the warm glow which engulfed her when listening to him sing tenor in choir (another Barry Manilow for sure!). These experiences were clues to the result she had just lately admitted: She was in love. It was wonderful, exhilarating, stupendous and breathtaking. . . but most of all it was exasperating! All because thus far

in this relationship Jane wasn't even sure if Jeff knew her name. But that was O.K. Jane hugged her books to her and smiled in expectation. Any day now . . .

Jane hurried to her locker and got the books for her next class. Pre-occupied, she headed down the hall.

She could picture it now. Hi Jeff. . . you sure did an excellent job playing basketball in last night's game! No . . . wait. All wrong, Jane told herself. Gotta be casual. Just, just breeze right up to him with a confident smile and say, "Hey, Jeff--great game last night!" Yess. . . that's it. Casual. Casual and confident. It says right here in . . . "Oops!"

Suddenly all of her books were on the floor, and Jane was staring at the third button on the sedate blue suit of the giant and looming figure of Mr. Clark. "I. . . uh, my glasses, they . . ." Clumsily, she bent to pick up her possessions, and her face blazed an even brighter red as she realized that the little green book was lying atop the pile and its title stared clearly up at her for anyone to see: "A Guide To Dating". Totally mortified, Jane mumbled her apologies with lowered eyes, and dodged through the crowd to the drinking fountain. Breathing hard against the bulletin board, she acknowledged that Mr. Clark was about THE last person she wanted to literally "run into," especially after flunking his test Friday. But it had been so hard to concentrate lately . . . Now hold it! I have to get my confidence back. Jane told herself. That's it . . . breathe deeply. This is ridiculous . . . here she was, a grown sophomore. It always seemed so easy in the books . . . Oh well. Maybe it was easy once you got right down to it. Yes. Today would be the day she said "Hi" to THE Jeff Shields.

Determinedly, she looked at her watch. Two-twenty-six. Four minutes . . . four minutes and there he would be . . . the answer to a girl's dream, personified in blue denims. He'd walk casually by the science room just as he did every afternoon at precisely 2:30. There is nothing to it, actually, she consoled herself. Why, it says right here in the front of the book, under "Getting To Know People." The first step is to meet the person. Then you establish a friendship and find common interests, and then on to Step #4 and who knows WHERE it could go from there?

Today WAS the day. It might be awhile before they looked deeply into each other's eyes, but it was a beginning!

Jane straightened her shoulders and walked confidently toward the science room. She looked. No Jeff. Not anywhere. He's ALWAYS here. And just when I knew I could do it, too. . . suddenly her heart stopped beating.

There he was. She'd never noticed before how very blond his hair was, and his eyes were so blue . . .

There was a curious humming noise in her ears, and Jane's knees turned to jelly. Her whole body seemed one giant heartbeat, and it was as if she had suddenly gained one hundred pounds and her feet couldn't possible carry her . . . Tidal waves, volcanos. . . earthquakes were erupting inside of her rib cage. Jane's mouth had gone suddenly dry, and she desperately tried to rehearse the memorized lines, but her mind was blank. Blank . . . and only eight steps away. Help! She thought wildly, and willed her mouth to smile. At least look at him she silently screamed. Wait - hold it! I have to be calm. I can't. I must. Oh my gosh. He'll laugh. He'll frown. He'll smile, and all the time he'll be thinking. . . . Two steps away. Jane turned, and with a brave attempt paled as she realized that the small gurgling sound she heard was escaping from her own mouth. She raced by him.

"Oh heck. You idiot!! You flake . . . not EVEN a smile. You could have at least LOOKED at her!" Jeff stopped at his locker and fought the urge to kick it hard. "Oh well," he muttered disgustedly as he flipped the pages of his small green book, "Back to Step #1!"

. . . Kerri Anderson

GREEN CHEESE

A lifeless chunk of rock
Pincushioned with star-spangled banners,
A trillion dollar junkyard,
Sparsely mined, of worthless dirt.

Spinning and swirling for eons,
Captured by none,
A messageless bottle thrown
Into void velvet blackness.

Loved by lovers,
Progenitor of myriads of myths,
The werewolf fearer's ominous foe,
Controller of tides and lives.

The times shall change,
The people shall change.
Neil's footprints shall ever lie in her dust,
Her footprints shall ever lie in mankind's heart.

. . . Darin Christensen

Bicycle

Two wheels
Rolling themselves
Away,
Singing to
The road.

Two pedals
Push-pulling between
Two wheels
In a struggle
For grace.

Is there
A link
Between
The two motions
Or do they

Circle
Together
By an
Accident
Of the road?

. . . Ace Pilkington

Little Brothers

Was it really necessary--

To pull all the clothes off the hangers?
Or to paint your sister's doll's face black?
Or to feed the cube steaks to the dog?
Or to throw the butter squares on the floor and step on them?
I ask you . . .

Was it really necessary?

. . . Aderianna Smith

Candid-Coated Apple

Beyond the coated candy, the apple lies,
The rounded fruit with juicy flesh it hides,
A sinful fruit that's only a disguise
Of tempting, succulent sweets; besides,
Unseen by these myopic human eyes,
There oozes, pierces through the core, a vile
And vagrant worm, concealed, deception, lies.
It savors sickening sweetness for a while.

But she, with giggles sophisticated
And molded smiles plastered on her face,
Is a phony, though sweet innocence rated
By loving captives held in her embrace.

It is important for one's own sake
To know the true inside of one so fake.

. . . Gina Jessen

Fried, Burnt, and Tossed

I must get this mixed-up feeling
Oh straight--right out of my head--
But how do I think I can do it
When there is nothing to put in its stead?

Why did I let you affect me?
You charming container of fire,
Well, now there, I think I have said it,
Your charms make you too good a liar.

You know just the right way to say
All the things a young woman would hear
From her friend, her beau, and her lover,
For from them, the words touch her ear.

What I think I must say is, "Please stop it,"
If I think I can say it at all,
But I must, else I know I will perish
When I'm fried, burnt, and tossed in the fall.

. . . Nancy Ruesch



Man in the Sea

Old man in the sea
Alone in the wave,
Destined for nowhere,
Lives in a cave.

No friends does he have,
No friends does he make,
No feelings inside,
His heart does not ache.

An abandoned ship
Is where he hides,
Watching and waiting
While lurking inside.

Misty green is the color
That glows in his eyes,
Mysteriously alluding,
Magic surprise.

Old man in the sea
Immortal is he;
Destined for nowhere,
Eternally free.

. . . Jennie Clark

THE JOURNEY

"Look, Hattie!" she exclaimed peering out her bare, streaked window, "Doesn't that old man walking there live in your apartments?"

"Yeh," her neighbor replied unconcerned, "He's in 102. Boy, that old coot must be crazy or somethun'. He never speaks to no one. Always goin' out too."

Shakily the old man tottered down the street. Each languid step placed with scrupulous care. His shoes were tattered; his clothes hung limply on his frail frame; his head was inclined towards the cracked, irregularly segmented pavement. Every outward sign showed a figure that was waning into oblivion. Even the eyes seemed faded and weary.

The obstacles of empty, rotting boxes and bodies of untimely, reckless children did not even make an impression on the weary face. He was tired, weary of an obscured, darkened sun, weary of cratered bricks and the steady rhythm of identical house after identical house. His only relief from the depressing force of his surroundings was the park. Every day, unerringly, he made his trek to the park to partake of the only peace he had known for years.

Today he passed a cluster of boys all crouched excitedly around an object. "Well, what do you think it is?" one asked.

Another answered, "I don't know, but it sure is an ugly critter," and the boy poked teasingly at the helpless object. The old man paused and stared over their heads to the center of the ring. There he saw a strange sight. A praying mantis was encircled by knees and feet. Its tender body heaving, it tried to fly away, but its wing had been torn, and it couldn't rise more than a foot off the ground. It fell, floundering. Once again it struggled to get out of the circle but was pushed back to the center by rough, indifferent hands.

"Boy! It's a fighter!" one boy exclaimed. "Do that again bug!" and he jabbed the vulnerable insect with a stick. Again the praying mantis struggled to escape its prison but was barred by the sudden rush of knees and legs.

The old man's face changed. A tear welled, then spilled down the hollow channels of the wrinkled cheek. That praying mantis reminded him of a time long past when he was just a boy and had found his first praying mantis. The dreary city bleared out of sight and was forgotten as treasured memories came to fill his ravished mind with peace.

He remembered that it was a beautiful, brilliant spring morning in the country. Nature called a secret song to his youthful soul, and his young heart opened its doors to greet a world of whispering trees and rich, sumptuous earth.

Each ruffled breeze, each tender clump of sod, each warble of sound spoke and radiated joy and life.

His soul joined the jubilant chorus, and he found himself running to catch the song. Exhausted, he plopped himself down among sweet, nectared shoots of green and gazed at the arched blue blanket that spread above him. Cocking his head to one side, he perceived the miniature world that abided close to the earth. A crimson-bodied spider, perched on its delicate hammock of woven clouds, scurried into the deep recesses of a green jungle. A golden-gilled mushroom domed an existence above a dainty, woven carpet of minute flowers that were hardly bigger than a grain of sugar.

A slight movement in the lush depths captured his eye. Almost imperceptibly, a faint outline of lime-green could be detected. At a casual glance it appeared to be a simple leaf, but a second glance produced a praying mantis. The boy cautiously placed his hand near the insect. Its beaded antenna rustled slightly, and a cautious, spindly forelimb was testily placed on the human palm. The triangular head moved much like a robot's--slow and measured. The boy stared into the translucent lime-green depths that were its eyes and perceived two small pin-heads at their depths. The moment was magical as the two seemingly communicated.

Suddenly, a deafening, sharp, horrible noise rent the air. The dream fragmented into nothing, and a fierce, deathly chill went through his aged body. He could feel pain, a pain that throbbed and shattered his whole being. Voices clamored and swam around him. He was cold, and the hard biting gravel almost seemed to be burrowing its way into his soul. Slowly, the haze cleared, and the voices came through clearly and angrily.

"Why didn't you watch where you are going?" a man's voice was yelling, "You walked right out in front of my car! What's wrong with you? Huh?"

Then roughly he felt himself being lifted to his feet. The pain was relentless. "Get out of here everyone! He's okay, aren't you old man?"

He felt his head nod despite the truth. "You sit down here on this stoop, and I'm sure you'll feel better in a while."

He was propelled downwards onto a step. He heard the man muttering, "Crazy old boy!" and then the agitated din of a car starting up and quickly growing less audible in the distance. He knew he was alone, alone but for pain. His eyes registered the murky dirtiness around him, and the pain increased.

Everywhere elongated apartments obstructed the view of the sun; all was clothed in dreariness. "This is no place for me now," thought the old man. "To

be here when it comes . . ." a shudder ran through his soul. With every bit of pluck and guts he had left, he stood and began to walk. Each step required a sublime effort on his part, for the pain did not subside.

The trek to the park almost lasted an eternity that day, but finally the park came into view. He feasted his eyes there, and saw no longer the tiresome city, but a wood of trees. They were only a dim shadow of the magnificence he had known as a boy, but they were trees. His pace lightened; the pain was now only a blunt ache. He felt the ground alter from white-washed concrete to tender, supple earth.

Tranquilly, he sank down onto a cushion of dried autumn leaves. He could hear the cheerful titter of a young bird on one side of him, and on the other side he heard the restrained rustle of a leaf tumbling to the ground. His mind, heart and soul lay serene. Quietly, his eyelids closed with finality.

"His face looked luminous," passers-by might remark, and they might wonder why. But overhead the trees whispered subtly. They knew the old man's secret, for they had embraced him as a child returning from a long journey.

. . . Jaylynn Daley

She appeared
sometime during the shrill soprano ascent
germinated by the flow,
a frail gray flower

Her eyes
draped with age
gazing tranquilly,
drinking in the pageantry,
darkly reverent

Beneath the soft gray puff
catching every tone
cherishing every note

With the baton.
"Tomorrow it will be better,
the hall will not be empty,
tomorrow someone will be there."

Why did they not see?

The dew
gently falling
from soft gray petals

. . . David Christian

A clever mouse indeed
That, when pursued,
Scampers for the green
Of the catnip patch.

. . . David Christian

Flight Attendant

When I awoke this morning, it was wet
and miserable and the storm intensified
my loneliness,
But today, once again, you have moved into my life,
and your smile has warmed me from the chill
of the rain, and your spirit has dispelled
the fog from my eyes.

I look into your eyes, and they calm the spirit of
my soul: the calmness that is like the cool
green ponds that they reflect.

You have embraced me this morning, and so you have
embraced my life for one more day.

My life belongs to this day and this day

I give to you,
for you have given me life today and
something to look forward to,
another day.

. . . Kurtis Crist

Listen
to the children speak
as the sun sets low,
for that is when
all Truth reveals
her birth marks
of divinity.

. . . David Christian

Expectancy bids farewell to summer, welcoming the fall,
So pregnant with the promise of golden days;
A small breeze detaches wisps of autumn color,
Leading me to you
And love of a new hue.

Stillness enfolds the night as flames leap and crackle,
Warming our hearts and the look in your eyes,
Illuminating the light and the fire of a love
I see in your face,
Feel when we embrace.

Oblivion trails into reality,
The force of what's entered becomes clear to me;
I'm frightened at my vulnerability,
The aloneness
Of an actor's soliloquy.

The leaves become buried in a blanket of snow,
Warm, safe feet no longer run barefoot,
Free, as they did in the early fall.
Today, your footsteps are late,
And expectantly I wait.

The sun shines bravely through the cold, crisp air,
Barren trees stand, frozen limbs reaching out
Their icy fingers to grasp winter's loneliness;
The loneliness I share
With the stillness of the air.

. . . Kerri Anderson

Is It Justified?

You held me in your arms today
And told me of your love,
Tenderly you kissed my lips,
My heart fluttered like a dove.

How then can you justify
Saying goodbye to me?
Was it that you fell out of love
Or is this how things were meant to be?

I heard the birds' soft liquid calls
Outside my window pane,
The morning air gently caught my hair--
Its touch was soft and plain.

Who then can justify
The coming of a storm?
Is it a test that strengthens
Or an ornament that adorns?

My neighbors sing of freedom
In voices bold and clear,
Of brotherhood and care for all--
Their voices blaze in my ears.

How then do we justify
The blood of blasting war?
Do we fight because we are forced to fight
Or is there worse--and more?

A mother sings a lullaby
To golden hair and sky-bright eyes
She holds the gift that's given her
With love and pride and fond surprise.

Who then can justify
The death of this small child?
Is it meant to test the mother's faith
Or is life, all life, precious and undefiled?

. . . Cindy Gines

Nature's Castle

I, the David, approached with uneasiness,
Their colossal size stunning my senses,
Shockingly red,
Each colossal column a series of grouped faces,
Faces that were gritty as shedding dead skin.

They, the Goliaths, stared with dignity
Like tarnished copper of swirls and ripples
Colonies clinging
Lichens, parasitic, vampires hued green, mustard yellow and brown,
Spreading clubbed fingerlets over the rock.

She, the owner, permitted me to enter
The dwelling places of black-bodied bugs and skittery lizards
--Motley assortment--
Zebra-like fly with pregnant eyes bulging,
All transient visitors of her fine home.

I, the intruder, walked on wind's work so forceful
Of towered spires and Arthurian turrets,
Nature's castle
Of hushed, winding corridors beckoning,
Their only tenants the burning sun and elusive wind.

. . . Jaylynn Daley

I was eating soup
last night.

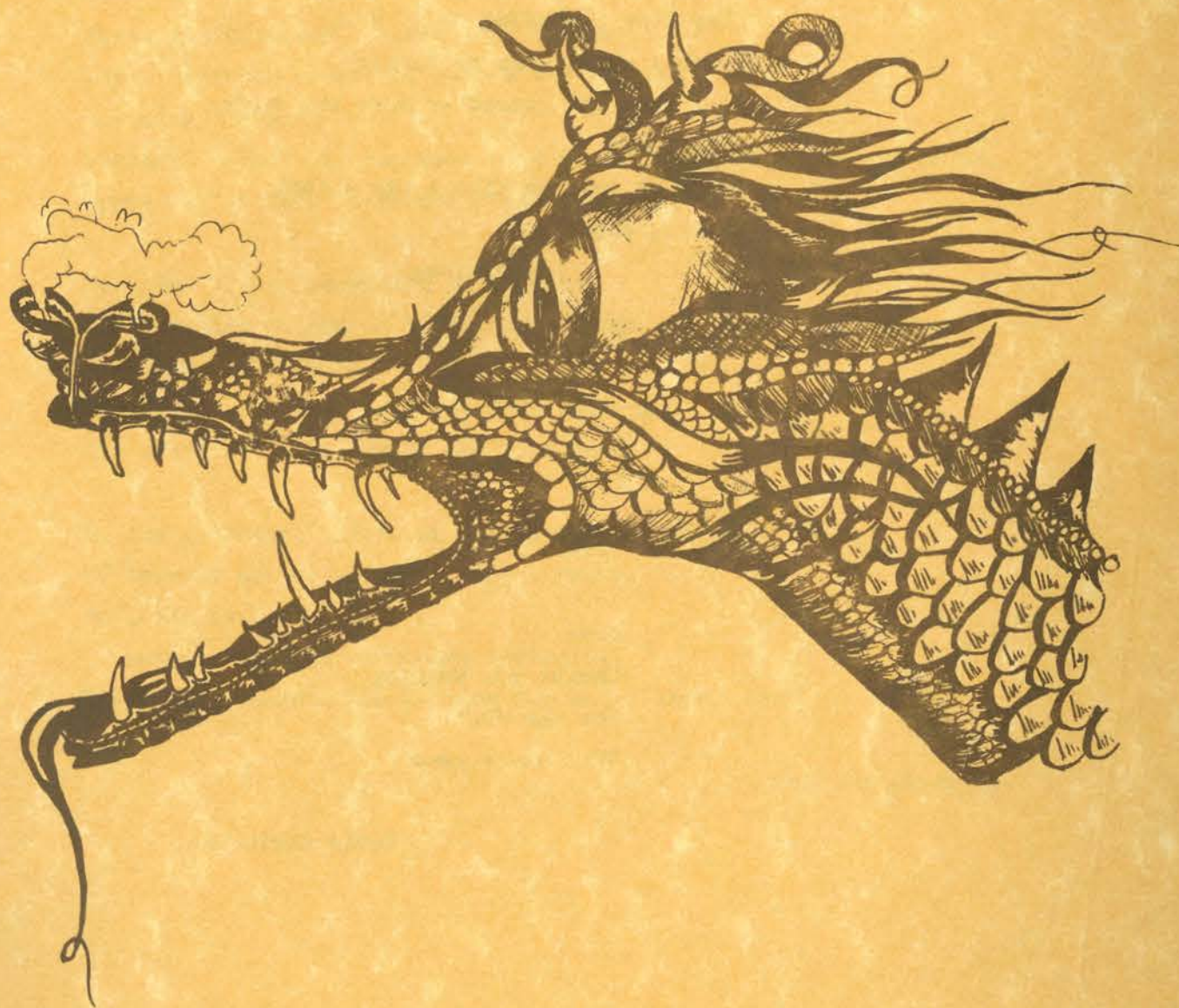
(Alphabet soup)
And all the letters spelled your name.
(As I watched)
So I stirred it up.
And stirred again.
But it didn't help.
They kept reminding me of you.
(When I was trying to forget)
So I went and poured it down the drain.
(The soup)
And that left me like I was before.
Hungry, empty,
and alone.

. . . Linda Hedrick

Love

Aha!
Caught you waiting
For the depth
That never came

. . . David Christian



... And sometimes even Unicorns stumble,
Sometimes even dragons can fall,
Elven magic fails on occasion,
Hobgoblins don't come upon call.

So don't worry if you fail at enchantment,
Even dwarves can get lost in the night,
Gods have been known to be clumsy
Even Hercules lost a few fights.

But to each night there is a new dawning,
Each magician will have his own day,
Use the magic of love, light and laughter,
And the monsters will all fade away.

. . . Linda Hedrick

HISTORY OF SOUTHERN QUILL

<u>ACADEMIC YEAR</u>	<u>STUDENT EDITOR(S)</u>	<u>FACULTY ADVISOR(S)</u>
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1953-54	Rose Workman	Ross Esplin
1954-55	(Note: No literary magazine publication 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	Juanita Brooks
	(Note: Although materials were gathered no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds)	
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	Robert O. Dalton
	(Note: A second volume was published during 1966-67)	
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
	(Note: Although materials were gathered no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds)	
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	Ace. G. Pilkington

