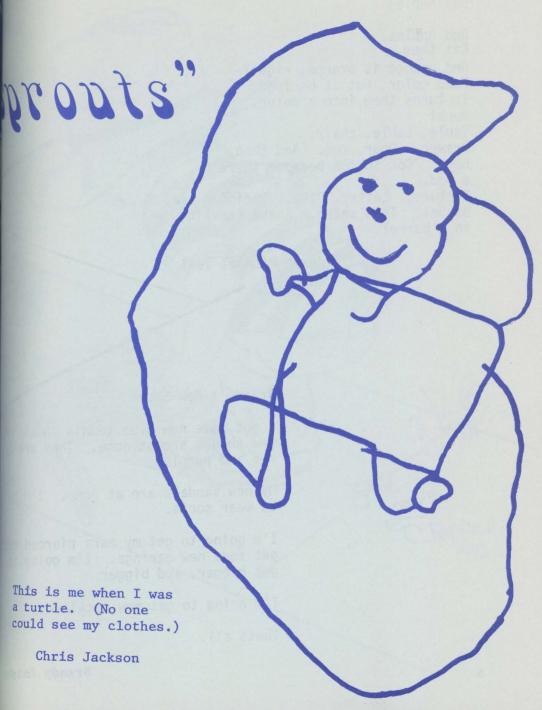
esolote

spring 18.

Lorraine A. Veal	Editor
Steven E. Perry	Asst. Editor
Debby Brown	Asst. Editor
Sue Hinton	Faculty Advisor





Red Apples

Red Apples.
Eat them.

And orange is orange, right?
Food color, put it on food.
It turns them into a color.
Duck!
Table, table, chair.
Drawer. Door, too. And then,
bed. 'Cos in the bedroom there's
a bed.
Picture. Letter. Bike. Riding a bike.
Barrel. Then snake. Snake crawling
in a barrel.

Jason Michael Veal

Brandy's New Shoes

I got some new blue tennis shoes. No new thongs are at home. They are blue red and purple.

My new sandals are at home. I'm goim to wear socks.

I'm going to get my ears pierced and get some new earings. I'm going to get bigger, and bigger.

I'm going to get new necklace.

Thats all.



Chocolate pudding

Go to the store. Get the pudding mix. And, take it home, and, get a bowl and get some milk and put it in the bowl.

Stir the milk (1 cup).
Put the flour in the bowl and stir it again and then put in the big bowl.

And then put it in the 'frigerator. About 30 seconds. Feel the pudding and take it out and put the chocolate on it. And put it in the freezer for an hour.

And if you have a timer, you can tell if it's done. It's done, eat it!

Kara Yoesting

Ice Cream Cone

O.K., put the ice cream in the ice cream cone.
Put it in the freezer for just a minute.
Take it out of the freezer.
Then, if you want it in a glass, you can put it in a glass, if you want.
Then, eat it all up!

Philip Carlson

Toast and Jelly

Fix the toast. Just cook the toast in a black paraget out the toast and put jelly on then put cinnamon on it. That's all. Just eat it!

etti

his much ----a lot
the sauce, all of it
atti, a whole bunch
a, 1

the meat in the thing and play the Then put the oil and tomatoe in it. Cook the spaghetti for then put the spaghetti on a send pour the sauce all over it.

Jamie Beard

Chicken with Crust

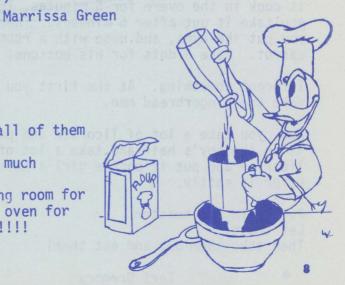
3 pieces of chicken
One pan.
Put the chicken in an oven to cook.
(About 4 minutes)
It will look like chicken when it's done.
Put in on a plate,
Eat it!
If you want more, get some more!
(if you want to!)

e Chip Cookies

lk chocolate chips, all of them gar ½ cup water flour, about this much

m. Put them in the cooking room for ds. Then put them in the oven for ds. Then you EAT 'EM!!!!!!!

Tiffany Jackson



Hot Chocolate

Chocolate, all of it Hot chocolate sugar

Cook it in the oven. Take it out. You spell your name on it. You write a note to your mommy and daddy, "I cooked it." You put it in a coffee cup. You drink it.
Then when you finish, you take it back to the kitchen.

Then you do it some more and give it to your son.

Scott Rankin

Gingerbread Cookies

You need: 2 cups sugar 1 cup flour 3 cups of milk

You put it into a bowl. Then you put in 3 cups of milk into the bowl. Let it cook in the overn for 5 minutes. Then you take it out after 5 minutes. Then you put the eyes, and nose with a round carrot. Make 3 dots for his buttons.

I forgot something. At the first you make the gingerbread man.

Now, you take a lot of licorice and put it on the boy's hair and take a lot of licorice and put it on the girl's hair. Color it softly.

Put it in the toaster. Let toast. Then take them out and eat them! Tacos

Taco things
Meat, unfrooze it.
Cook the taco, cook the meat.
Then, you take the taco's out.
Put the meat in. You
put salad, tomatoes, and cheese
onto it. Hot sauce I like, ess
Eat it!

I like sapghetti and hamburge

Angie Davenpor

French Fries

Your pour them out a cook them in the out for 3 hours. I ext them.

Sabre

NATURAL NOTES

CELESTIAL BLAST

(Ode to a lady)

That trip we took was a celestial blast. I sincerely hope and pray that it won't be the last.

We climbed that crystal peak together, to see the waterfall.

We watched the sun exploding in a firey golden ball.

We walked naked on the mountain, by the bubbling swirling stream.

I saw the clouds become butterflies and float into a dream.

I heard the hum of hummingbirds and a chorus of angels sing.

I felt the universe tremble, and the pain of a honeybees sting.

I leaped from hill to valley and into the ocean tide.

I even caught a sperm whale, who took me for a ride.

I went into a pirate's cave and found a treasure chest.

I fought a scaley, shiney dragon and showed him who was best.

My bags are packed and ready to go and do it all again.

Tonight I'll hop upon my giant horney toad and come riding in.

Ben Eaves

"SYCAMORE TREE"

be old dying sycamore tree
 stood silently remembering me.
 The spring its leaves had seen.

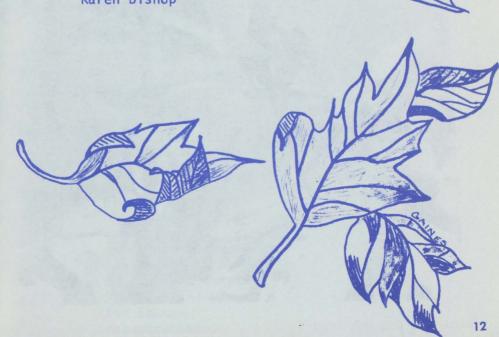
he first leaves whispered their welcome when I sighed my early warmth. He is silent now, he's dying.

e used to sing softly in the moonlight
 a sweet lullaby duet in scented whispersno more but sighs.

towards me when I come and I can hear his soft cries.

hold tree dies a slow and silent death but he and I together we sigh, for when we part we'er in each others hearts.

Karen Bishop





Above Around in circles
more sharp than
round
a moth
dirt-tanned
chip-winged
and flittering
dizzly
kamikaze
in semi-morn
classroom

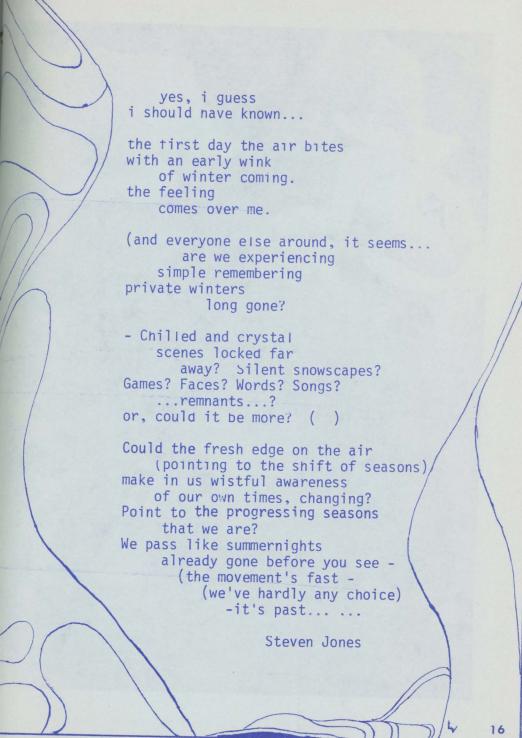
they swatted breeze with straight-edge rulers clenched compasses and introductory texts

Updraft of magnetic guile (florescent light false moon-center fixture, neon-star-fix)

chalk-skin wings
arched and stretched
against
dulling beam of halo-glare
to drop unnoticed
on dark tiled floor
what poised honor

his furtive flight
found was only
partly reached
when a skinny bone-jawed coed
plucked those
brown withered zephyr scathers
and placed
dancing nerve wiring
flatly and firmly
between the chapters
of Kafka and Camus
for future
metamorphosis.
Paul

WHO AM I? I am sunsets and rainbows, butterflies and daisies in a field, I am warm summer breezes and cool autumn nights I am rainy days and mud puddles, pussy willows and fuzzy bugs. (caterpillars) I am thunderstorms and crickets, and fishing in a boat, I am burnt matches and honevsuckle, jeans and old sneakers, I am ice cream cones and chicken, and picnics in a park, I am motorbikes and beat-up cars, and playing with my dogs, I am teddy bears and popcorn, and movies late at night, I am snowball fights and football games, Halloween and charades, I am growing things and running, and making people laugh, I am mistletoe and Easter, and silly birthday cards, I am strangers, friends and lovers, and people on the street, friendly faces, crying, and people that you meet. am all these things plus many more, but "specially I am ME! (who are you?) Debbie Brown & Sheryl Flemming 15



Artisan

Sing softly, you winter winds, For I love to hear your voice, Though I shudder at your touch.

An artist of rare repute, Snow and ice your medium, You raise mystic visions high.

Ephemeral fairy realms, Disappearing as the sun Comes again to claim the earth.

I'm waiting, you winter winds, Though I shudder at your touch, Though I also love the sun.

Your sculpted and silent shrines, Songs of fury in the night, Haunt my dreams and visions still.



CLOUDS 000 Puffs of cotton Driftin, driftin past Recycle tears of God Shapes of grandeur 0 Floatin, floatin past Tipin liquid life on beauty 0000 Disappearin fluff Spinnin, spinnin delight 000% Sweet drops of honey Caught by no hand Twirlin, twirlin in light Blessed by lovin angels Movin in directions Sparkle, sparkle in sun Make magic for souls Come, hide, go Trickle, trickle run You are the source of all Raymond Collins Do birds fly simply to exist or to laught at earth-bound men Do they perhaps fly to greet God's messengers winging their way swiftly past the stars Or do they wonder at the beauty of the earth or to con bird watchers into being an audience or is it, simply to play tag with the stars I think perhaps, it is the east

Dawn Forehand

The Tree of Life An old evergreen stands proudly Standing for time and humanity The lowest branches represent the elderly The ones who gave so much and asked for so little in return The midway branches are the middle aged The ones with so many years behind them and who have so many years to look forward to The higher up branches are the adults The ones with childhood memories and adulthood responsibilities The highest branches represent the young generation from babies to teenagers the ones with their heads in the clouds reaching for the sun Supported by the older and wiser branches of humanity the ones wanting to change the world but not quite knowing how An old evergreen stands proudly refusing to yield to the storm Maybe there's hope for humanity, after all. Wanda L. Brayton 21

PIONEER

and the dust hung thick

and your breath came dry -

I could see it in your distant vision,
 sleeping ghost of the ocean (that haunting spectre')

Had you singing siren's songs. . .

it's spraying salt

the waves and misty

breakers crashing with

the screaming gulls against

across the sand,

(so far away . . .)

the shore,

(They say you'll never get

the sand out of your shoes . . .

This prairie sand's

so hot,

and so

damn dry . . .

Steven Jones



The Enchanted Forest

The air was sweet and fragrant, with magic in the mist.

The trees glittered like diamonds beyond compare.

In the center of the mystical forest a chocolate covered bridge lay silently alone.

A tiny chapel peeked over the beautiful golden horizon;

And its shadow sparkled on the soft blue lake.

Blooming green lilies were glistening on all sides.

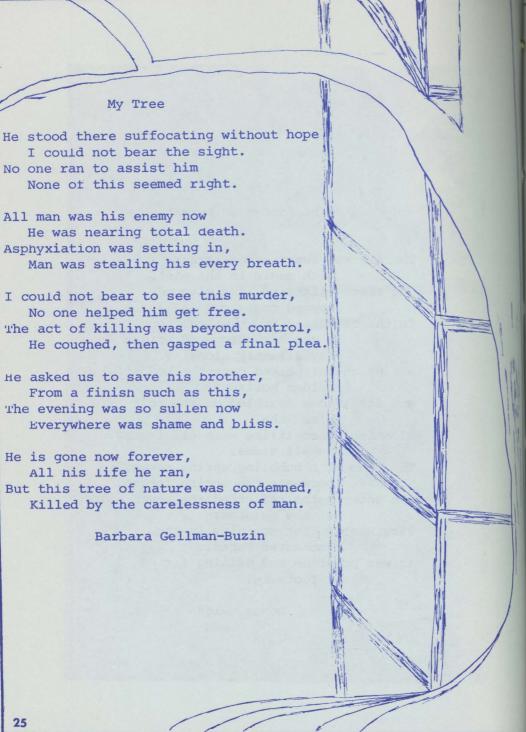
The echo of a bubbling spring seemed to permeate the entire forest.

The snowy paths reflected the seven colors of the rainbow.

Time went on for eternity in the Enchanted Forest.

It was pristine and waiting for a footstep.

Lonna Malone



MARCH: MORNING DESIGN

Twigs of the mossy pear bud darkly in the sun;

The walnut trees, more linear, as by Cezanne,

Cast certain portents on the marble lawn;

A rising day wheels westward to be done,

Drawing its shadows. They turn once and are gone.

Just so, the webby universe is spun?

Helen Cullins Smith

On Canyon Walls

vapor trails scratch white marks
on blue-rock canyon walls
in ragged perpendicular to the ground below,
and as I stare into blue depths
(lines in the heart of an iris)
I reach out to touch the criptic writing
and fall into blue space.

W. N. Gill, Jr.



DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

A diamond in the rough, is a diamond sure enough For before it ever sparkles, it is made of diamond stuff!!!

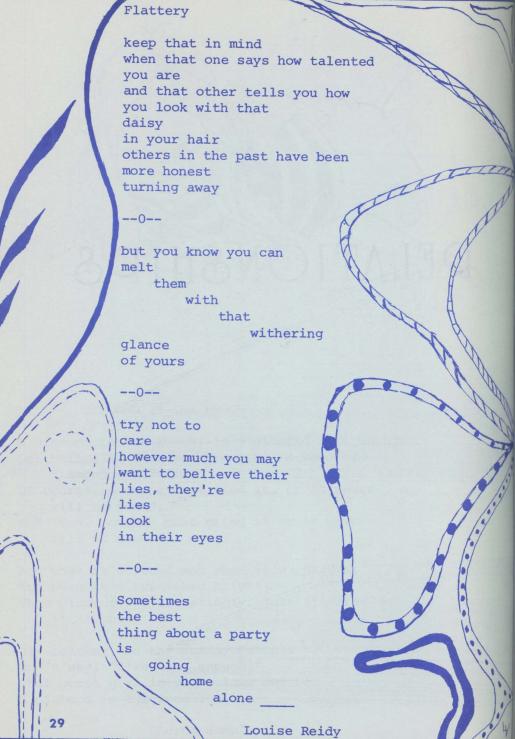
Of course, someone must find it, or it never will be found,

And then, someone must grind it or it never will be ground!

And when it's found and when it's ground,
And when it's burnished bright
That diamond's everlastingly, just flashing out
its light!

Of, teacher, in the Sunday School, Don't say, "I've done enough!" That worst girl in your class may be A diamond in the rough.







What Do You Mean To Me

wean more than endless drops of rain, falling on the ground. You mean more than every snowflake, crystal clear and round. We precious kiss means more than words would ever dare express, Every day you mean much more; never could you mean less.

wmean more than any teardrop ever could disperse, Every word you say to me softens as a verse. Privers of my happiness never will run drywill cherish you as I live and even when I die.

give more love than anyone could ever hope to bring,
I treasure every gift you gave, especially the ring.
If millions of miles ever force our souls to partYou will mean more to me than living; for with you, will be my heart.

mean more than I can ever say, no-matter how I try, So let us love and someday soon, you'll see the reason why. ove you more than anyone; I pray you're here to stay Take me into oblivion and help me find the way.



Stream of Love

By candelight you might see a mirage

Of the stream of Love,

The source of the great sea

And the birthplace of emotion.

Stay and nourish the wisdom in the stream-Within your soul burns the candle, Within your eyes shines the light of Hope.

Farther downstream, at the shore of the great sea-There is only an ocean yearning to return, To the beautiful stream of Love.

W. D. Housden

The Twin

It seems I have known you always Though I have never seen your face. You were there beside me, thriving, The day I joined the human race.

You disturbed the safety of my crib. You woke me, trembling, when I slept. Even encircled in loving arms, You stood so close, I wept.

Voiceless, you still command me. You steal my happiness, and when I think at last, I have conquered. . You suddenly reappear--just then.

To my confident, dearest friend, I spoke quiety, one day, of you. Imagine my complete surprise to find That you were her companion too!

Vida Mathey

PLEASE KEEP ME BESIDE YOU

Where ever you're going
Please keep me beside you
The breeze warmly blowing
A pebble in your shoe

Where ever you're going
Please see me beside you
The river swift flowing
A Spring cloud white on blue

Where ever you're going
Please hear me beside you
The deep strokes of rowing
A thunderstorm that blew

Where ever you're going
Please keep me beside you
A child who's still growing
A small haven for you

To Kelly

Dad



Cry not my love, and have no fear,
As long as I live, I will forever be near.
And don't feel that distance will take you away,
For wherever you are, in my heart-you will stay.

Talk not my love of the miles that exist,

They never could separate those who have kissed.

The distant sunlight and the breezy shore,

As one we shall live, not as two anymore.

Hate not the reasons that cause you to go,
Remember I want you and love you so.
That no one alive could make me detest
The one I worship and love the best.

Fear not the days that lie ahead

For emptiness is obsolete unless one is dead.

And death is far worse than that wich must be

It is too far distant to affect you and me.

We see only a time that we must stay on our own,
Attempting to do our greatest as we live alone.
Alone in a world which has much to change.
But two little people cannot rearrange.

What happens now is yet to be seen

Never abuse our past and turn vicious or mean.

For if God helps us out as he did way back when

We will smile once more, and be together again.

Barbara Gellman-Buzin

LOVE TO MY LOVERS

They drift Down the lazy river Of my memory In quiet, private times I begin to feel A heated desire. Each one Is held close, and Deep within my mind I love them once More. Blackening The painful episodes I relive the joy.

Truly, memory gives

Love to my lovers.

Laura Langley

My Loving Heart

Because of all the heartaches and miseries.
You did to my loving heart I can never say,
"I love you."

But I can say, "I care for you, deeply".

No matter what you've done to me in the past, And my friendly heart is

And my friendly heart is always yours.

Jackie McDonald



I Like To Be Different

"How do I love thee?" Is an easy thing to say, But I like to be different so let me say it this way. I do love you! Whatever my reasons may be Because you and I have hearts that dearly see. But What do we see? Goes back to the same old phrase. The one that women think of and leaves them in a romantic daze. We see each other as we are not how others think we must be Because we love each other this war we're blinded and we're free.

Jackie McDonald

In the Country, to Dennis Wade

Autumn sings in a mezzo voice of falling leaves, like embers blown out

Ember and Amber leaves
dieing swiftly in the wind
Night falls quickly, dusk rakes
the moon behind the clouds
And the gypsies come, first
by ones, then it is a caravan
(i promised you beauty, that you
would be free when leaves did
fall like bright embers
before the fires, the flame of
our being gypsy hearted
and free)

(i love you so, always I love you)
the music caught me
i turned and swayed
twirling we danced
(it was passage rites for
the child, she danced; for
us all it was passage rites)
Now the year turns swiftly cold

Would that i shall travel so far as your heart.

K. Yoesting



I once knew an actor so good was he, One day he even fooled me.

He was always someone else, He never played himself.

One day my friend went away, And the actor stayed for one whole day.

Then too late my friend had met his fate;

My friend who thought he was so clever, Had now turned into an actor forever.

Lonna Malone

a person like you occasionally a person like you wanders into my life bringing reality in to conquer illusion bringing existance where before there was none thrusting out sadness and bad feelings tossing in happiness and good times it seems when I most need it a person like you wanders into my life what took a person like you Wanda L. Brayton so long? I'll miss you after I go But I'll make my home elsewhere I love you - I hope you know that But my life must also - for a time at least be mine also.

Dawn Forehand

To Nancy I'm just a background figure in your life A puppet whose strings Are well within reach Like so many puppets you've known before I live in two dimensions in your mind A black-and-white pose Attached to a name For reference only you keep me stored You've never been so lovely as tonight Your eyes filled with tears Your makeup undone I envy the fool who broke your heart Steven E. Perry

power failure there was a time when your name was sweet to my tongue like a delicate wine a good year (but you know i can't drink wine) and your presence was electricity and i was a light switch and now the wine is still sweet but there is an aftertaste and the light flickers off and on i don't know there is this wall (sometimes) we are only two people man-child and woman-child and we play a very special game when it works it works very well i don't like it i can't stop it i don't want to but i have needs of my own do i love you more if i can let you go? time is the intruder i'm well aware of it there are too many limitations thought we've created them all ourselves i cannot love you just so much for just so long and so you kiss me gently (not knowing it's good-bye) we smoke one last cigarette together in the dawn we grow close before we part. Louise Reidy

Lady dressed in pink wonder what she thinks.
Rainbow man came round (Pink sighed not a sound.)
- whirled a time or two,
asked pink what was her hue.

Can't you tell my color all the other lovers
thought my vision shaded pink
(and I think that's what I think.)

Will you love me? asked the she. Make love to you? said he.
No, don't touch my color's coat!
Then how do you promote
such thought with only half?

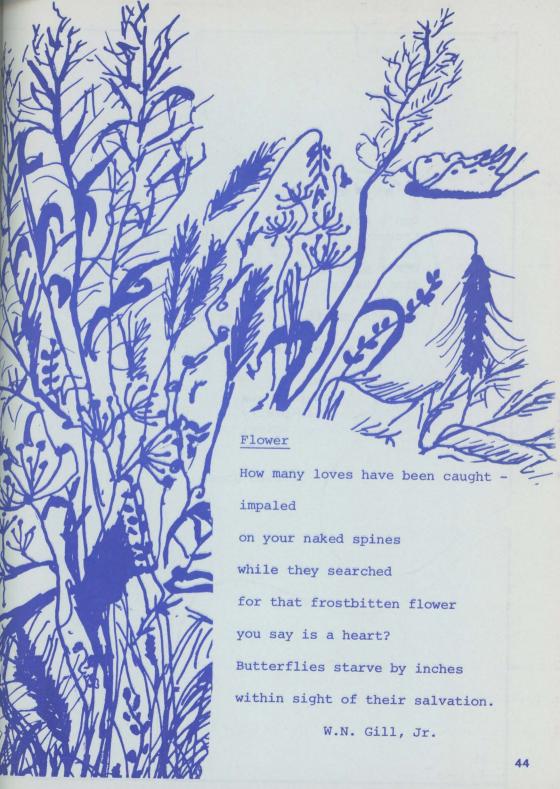
Sippin' on a cup of tea
- not pink, but brown,
she, trembling all around,
 sat

sore afraid.

Linda A. Barnes

*

43





Don't sell me tragedy, (Catastrophic! "oh, my")

Don't push me grandiosity (Anastrophic! "my, my")

Don't shout those shoulds at my ship.

It matters less than you

say, and this sun feels pretty nice.

Steven Jones

Dark Passages

The Devil's Game

One man among several million,
Walked wearily onto the road,
The screaming had stopped momentarily
This burden was quite a load.

One man lonely and away from home,
Killing to defend what he did not understand.
Lost in the swamplands and marshes,
His sight was the touch of his hand.

One man hearing many others,

But not knowing if they were on his side.

Silence was his only alternative,

As he remembered how many had died.

He couldn't stop the blood from coming
N'er had he felt such great pain,
He thought of his wife and his daughter,
Who he left in the high hills of Maine.

Suddenly this one man was many
As he listened, for he could not see.
The others were approaching quickly
He thought "This is it for me."

It turned out to be both sides fighting
A sound which he could not escape.

He hid behind a group of bushes,
Not knowing his shadow showed his shape.

The fires were making him cough loudly
But he no longer really cared.
He had lost so much already;
He pictured peace that ALL once shared.

A silence suddenly befell the scene He wondered which side had won, But a blast ended his confusion As so many others-we lost this one.

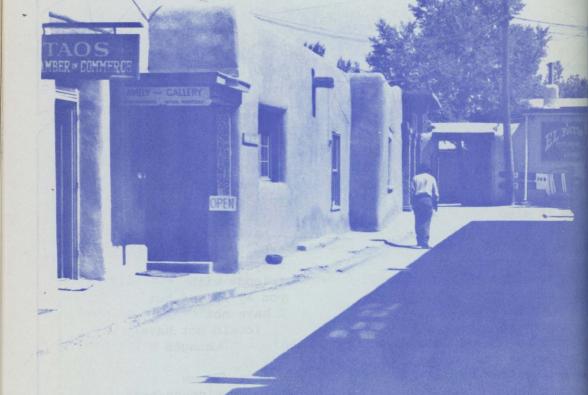
One man among several million
No one even knew his name.
His life was forced to end now,
In war-the Devil's Game.



run fearfully through the shadows searching for a hidden danger Frightened lady flinches at a touch wondering at a hidden meaning What makes the haunted look appear in your eyes? memories of long ago pain? a look of sadness crosses your face a lone tear falls from your eye Run lonely lady, run run into the shadows as the sun dances close behind you run till the sun sets, then seek refuge hide in the forest forgetting your pain in the face of nature Smile only when no one can see be a legend; be a mystery be a secret soul floating on the wind let the wind never die spirits in the night. Wanda L. Brayton 49

Lonely lady

Lemmings, etc. How can I explain what words there are none but I must try it's like some animals lemmings whales even ants driven by that urge to move swiftly on to their death so do we all all things move thence slowly or swift some call it living but just as surely as a lemming as it is driven ever onward living to plunge to my death so is it also dying I have stopped here do not fault me awhile and for being a swift stayed and become dying creature friends with for I cannot be you my friend but blamed for all the I have not inequities of life (could not have) and this is one of them changed that just as you are living, day by day Accept me now in a smooth in my moving-on-ness slow as I have accepted rythmic you for the pattern solidity of your ways so I Do not judge me harshly in the style of my life for following my necessary am dying path. swiftly Louise Reidy (in fits and starts, but) surely 50



Being a junky is like being in love with a prostitute, She'll love you better than

a mother

.....if you can pay the price.

She loves you like a mother

She wraps you up in warm

blankets

And makes you safe,

She loves you till the sun

burns too bright

And she protects you from

the burn.

There is no fear in the

world while she holds

you

From the inside out.

She holds you so tight

that when she lets go

It hurts so bad you

gotta find her.

Rebecca

Tribute to Stevie Nicks Gypsy witch floats through your soul secretly like wind through trees Graceful woman moves lithely through your life gentle breeze of love To where are you wandering, mysterious lady Glance furtively into your crystal ball Foresee the future relive the past you move like a legend and sing like the wailing wind Cast your reflection in the ocean tides and in the mirror in the sky Float through the seasons of life Lovely Lady, wandering soul Lay your weary bones down in the grass May you always have sunshine and moonlit stars to guide you Sing your haunting song Float off of the stage Escape into the shadows and smile. Wanda L. Brayton 53

June 20, 1972 - 1:30 a.m. Dear God, help the people of the world today. This world is no longer a place where I care to stay. The people are filled with both love and hate. The young and old are in constant debate. Help them to know your wonderful love. Help them to know you are up there above. Their minds wonder if you're really there, and if so, do you really care. If they would only open their eyes and look up to your beautiful sky. Then they would see the things happening at last. The things written of the word of God from the past. Then they would know that you, Lord God, are real. That one day soon you will open the seal, and lash out the strength of Heaven and Hell. Help them to see this so they might pray, and unto you they might say, "Help me Dear God, today!" Sharon Sample

THE CUBE

The world is such a better place My work is thru, I go with haste

A plane flies over where I walk Along the river filled with muck

I gaze at a chimney's pregnant form And poof! a puff of smoke is born

In my hair I feel a breeze
I wipe a tear, I start to wheeze

The river's like a piece of foil Where light reflects against the oil

A lovely yellow perch, I stop To look at how it floats on top

The asphalt path where children play I kick a can out of my way

I follow it to the parking lot The beautiful concrete white and hot

That ugly green that was called grass We've managed to cover it all at last

And no more trees to block the view Of shinning factories, stark and new

I walk on to my housing block I place my number in the lock

A brilliant plan I think with pride Ten million more can go outside

Just look with joy how far Man's come The awful past we've progressed from

The world is such a better place And I'm safe within my nine foot space Lee Mosley

Sometimes I feel my mind's a kaleidoscope

Seeing life from angular views

My moods determine the perspectives

From which I hear my cues.

One angle spells out freedom

Across from this I see wars

A third leads to months of tomorrows

Its opposite describes my befores.

Kaleidoscopic infinites turn 'round me
My days are too short and crude
Aside from my escaping regular sight
I realize my finitude.

Turning the object brings new questions
All appears to be anew
Which degree of position can I trust
Some seem falacious, others true.

Sometimes I feel my mind's a kaleidoscope

But regardless of my position of sight
I never can remain absolutely still

No angle seems quite right.

I'll keep turning my playful toy Until eight becomes one again Then my mind will be peaceful at last

But where will I be then?

Barbara Gellman-Buzin

"On Considering Going Back to My Ex-"
or

"Does Anyone Know What's Behind the Lone Rangers Boulder?"

Alone |

I like to be alone
There is no responsibility
in being alone

Lonely

Alone in the midst of a thousand dramas

When no one is in your

movie

No supporting roles - no antagonist

Playing all the parts alone lonely

To face the life alone is a wonder

In control

Another life balances on the precipice of my own

The weight is too much No matter how strong

All the reinforcements become negligible

There is no wonder in lonely

It is clear - Objective -- much like alone
Lonely is alone with responsibility

Rebecca

Abortion Lines of chairs with women Silent But for a flat, nervous laugh here and there Then your name shatters the air "Go to the Blue room" Blue is for boys But the table is white And the nurse is white And the doctor is white Only the walls are blue No, there is a fleck of Blue On the calico wrapped stirrups Only fifteen minutes they say Fifteen minutes for me And a lifetime Then out of the "Blue Room" And back to the chairs I threw up - it must have been the drug used to kill.. the pain

Anonymous

"I tried to call you but I couldn't see the phone" or "There's a Fotomat across the street" Sign turning round and round Infinitely telling us that we need pictures of the past Past is gone, to be filled with memories good or bad gone We learn - we work sweat, bleed women bleed Sometimes, the past is like epoxy other times like the new moon No end to it all returning always the sign turning round the same, never the same made to light up like Infinite the sun - by men time children Like the man with the hammer not men full of artificial stimulation Only angels are truly Running down the track - forever adult. They found him in the cold The past naked little girl sits in the dead fantasy older girl sits in reality how many times does one tell the past to go? How often does it return? as though the clutching fingers of that dying man hold me - thrusting me forward in time my heart beats as his as if to burst Does the future hold peace? It becomes the past Ghosts of dying souls - ever present, ever gone Rebecca

The Last Hour What will earth be like the last hour of time? Will our streets be rampid with crime? Will men stand to tell their last dirty joke? Knowing full well its all a hoax. Will women sell their bodies while in their prime, Thinking it might be their last time. Will men find their sexy girl, And one last night their dreams unfurl. Will everyone carry out their last desire; Hoping for another day to aspire. No, with only one hour left on the time tables; Man would believe in that once thought fable. Man would be down on his knees. Clinging to heaven's breeze. Man would put away his fullish pride. And in the heavenly father confide. Truly this could be the last hour! Lonna Malone

Lonely Will

Every day's the same old thing, the same old people, nothing new,

Come and go and live the game, it's all the same! so see it through,

Leave for work at nine o'clock, ride or walk, the job's not true,

Stumble in the dizzy crowd, it's much too loud, and much too blue.

Lonely, will you walk with me today,

Lonely, will you talk with me today,

And will you tell the people how I've lost my way and gone astray and caught a chill,

Lonely will you?

Lonely will.

Hold your soul, it's been so strong, but something's wrong, it's growing thin,

The sun had risen in your mind, but now you find it gone again.

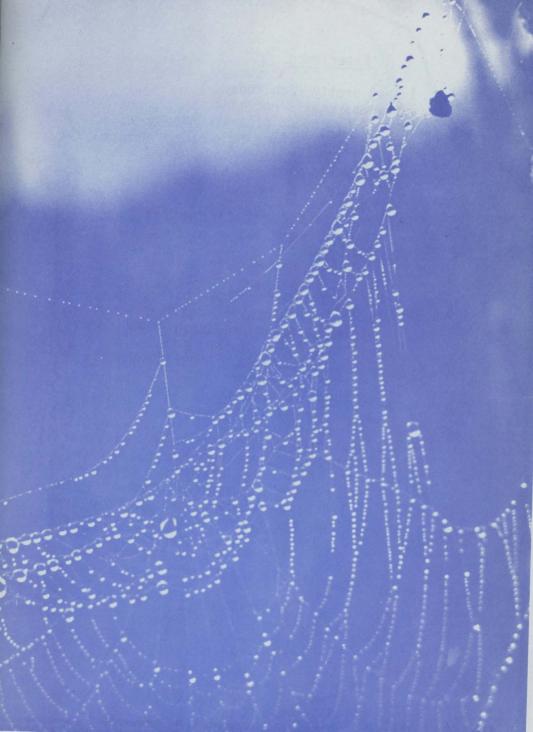
Lonely, will you wake me from this dream,

Lonely will you take me down the stream,

And will you tell the people of the living dead whose giving heads are living hell,

Lonely will you?

Lonely will.



Experience

feel pretty rich today. I possess what's not mine. except by choice of awareness) (and the act of holding

its

shimmer-picture

bv

force of will

So, the credit's mine for holding the essence of both:

Chilly sunned and crystal autumn days of lightly on the beach and with the foaming ocean put my hands in pockets with my shoes on winds against my reddened cheek - the ferocity of the winds dragging a couple of dogged seagulls over me

up above my head and oh the sea the kissing sea. . .

and

2) Deep sharp nights with snow still view Behind the panes framed in the window (reflecting moonlight) glows brighter than my snug and darkened room. my little gas heater sighing at my feet . as the flames shiver, i sit silently.

Steven Jones

A PROFILE IN CHARCOAL

An angry young man In an uncaring world Chasing phantoms of happiness Buying moments of pleasure Not sure where he's going Not sure that it matters. Just moving and changing Like a Kalidescope of sensations Using people and using time To feed his emptiness Afraid to trust and afraid to share Going to his closet each day Choosing a facade Then out to meet a world That has bruised him, used him And tossed him aside But now he has his defenses He has learned his lesson well It was rough but it gave him wisdom He has learned to take without giving He has become a user like the rest With no compassion or sense of fairness He has learned to shut them out No one can touch him now He won't be hurt again Because his world is only him Strange, he still seems so dissatisfied Pacing up and down Just moving and changing He doesn't even please himself.

Lee Mosley

In the City

a butterfly

I am schooled, i am grateful for my wisdom for my fortitude I thank thee O wise ones.

Go gentle in your knowledge for it is power

and sometimes
in the strangest places
I begin to explain why
i am, not knowing that
such things as ecstasy,
tears, joy are part of
human animal kind
(in my church I began to
explain Lord Khrisma as

and the tribal dance
i tried to explain why or
even how)
So I am glad of explanations
of facts to learn
these i may speak of
with you
man must have symbols, facts

to talk with one another.

K. Yoesting

obligations.
mind negations.
loving just because
guilt
will wilt
a petal
somewhere in your head.

I'm coming home for ice cream cones--- your dreams are melting down. . . listening to my silence. laughing with a frown.

obligations.
mind negations.
loving me, or sorrow?
holding on to love
that's strong--or is it simply borrowed?

I'm coming home for ice cream cones--your dreams are melting down listening to my silence

laughing with a frown.

Linda A. Barnes

Touch My Hung

Touch my lips, my eyes and ears
Show me the world so far, but near
Give me an insight to love and fear
Guide me and lead me around this sphere.

I am a child whom God forgot to give Eyes to see and ears to hear. Love me, help me, teach me to be A person whole, like you, and free.

A child I am, without so much
But pity is one thing I don't want to touch.
Just take my hand, my heart, my soul,
And teach me how to reach a goal.

Touch my lips, my eyes, my ears
Show me the world so far, but near.
Give me an insight to love and fear
Guide me and lead me around this sphere.

Terry Toepfer

A Cloud

racism presents a

cloud
of
misconception
a mis/
understanding
which stands
be/tween this
countries
people.

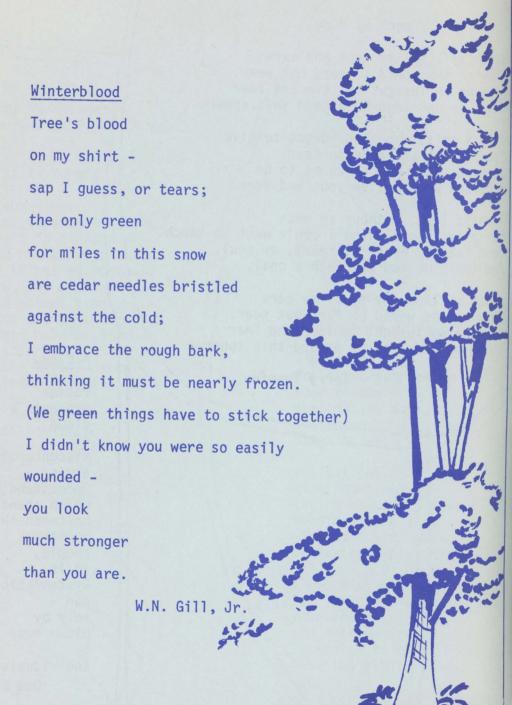
it is system/atic can only by

blown away

by individuals

66

Dee Brown



Dusk to Daybreak



". . . new dawn"

The morning in its dewy cool and ever orange sky,

The birds stir

in sleepy morning chirps

And the crickets remain calling their early mourn.

The earth is cool before the star should rise,

As a promise of a fresh new day.

Everything cool and moist before the early star.

Refreshing breezes to stir the early risers

And to carry the night scent before the day.

The star does come above the horizon

And I have seen

Karen Bishop



NIGHT ROVER

Dreamin' dreams of darkness, wakin' to my fears
Fallin' through a starry sky for a thousand years
I don't really understand what lie beyond the door
But everytime I fall asleep, I'm closer than before

Would you know a starship if you saw it fly?

Or recognize Andromeda as you passed it by?

I've been there and back again through endless depths of space

Journeyed to the Lesser Cloud and met me face to face

How much of this is in me, how much can be real?

How can I find words to tell you how it makes me feel?

Some dawn will light my window, find my body cold

Where will my soul be roamin' then, and what will it behold?

Steven E. Perry

71

what a wonderous thing a sunrise is.

made of gossamer threads of light

spun by heaven's favorite angels.

each display different

each individual

each spectacularly delightful.

Sometimes I think that God opens his paint box at sunrise to let the delicate wisps color the sky and wake the sun.

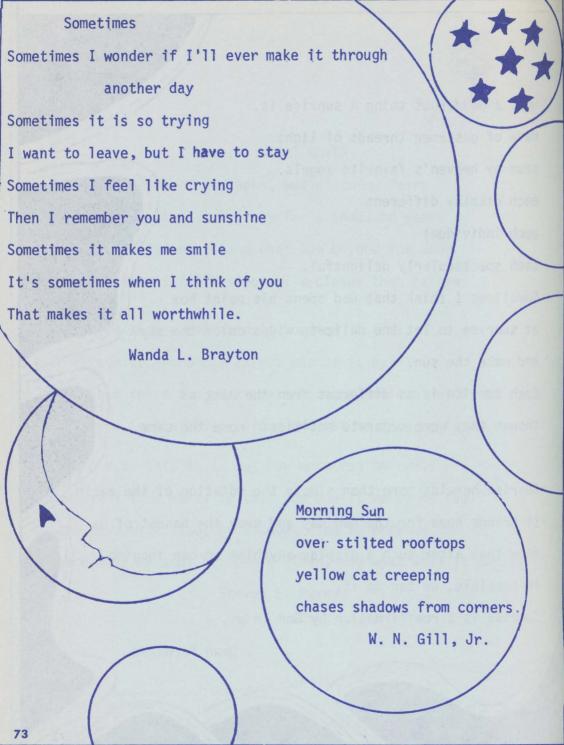
Each sunrise is as different from the next as though they were separate entities; none the same.

Sunrise heralds more than simply the rotation of the earth.

It brings hope for the new day and even the basest of us
know that after such a display-anything we can imagine,
is possible, we can do it.

Sunrise is a reaffirmation by God in us.

Dawn Forehand

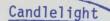












candlelight loveso sweet that night in the midst of the wine,

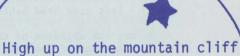
the music,

the wind-

but candles melt,

bottles empty
and people go home
when the sun wakes up.

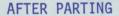
W.N. Gill, Jr.



opening my palm -

Holding starlight reservoir.

Gary Ryder



Silver as a moon:

the sun gleaming through dense fog.

How the night lingers!

Helen Cullins Smith

Dreamee

In the mornin' a song came to me, soft and sweet and low,
And the song that came to me called to me to go.
Softly, gently, I left your bed, went to find the dawn,
Heard them sing the song of the day. When I returned,
you were gone.

Crept into your sleeping room, looked upon your bed,
Saw upon your pillowcase where you had laid your head.
Then I knew I was a dream, somewhere in your mind,
So I joined the children of the dawn country, and
left your head behind.

We are the children of the dawn country, we sing the anthems of the sun.

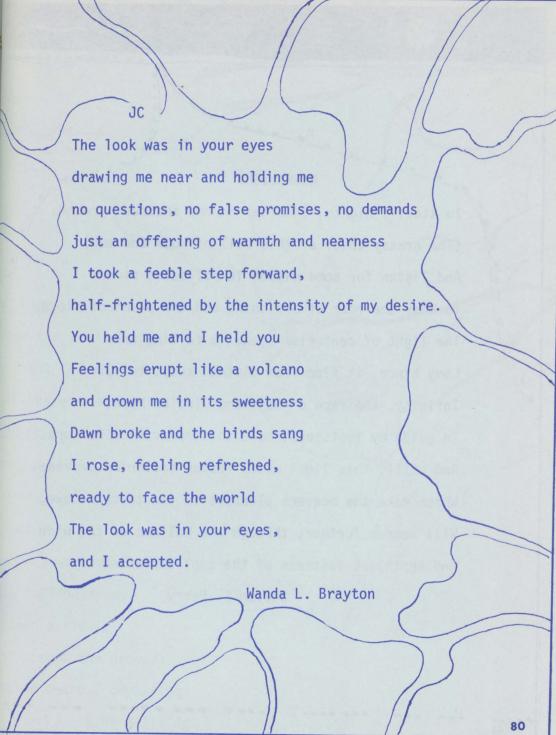
If you want to, you can sing with me, 'til the song is done.

We are the children of the dawn country, we live between the night and day.

If you want to, you can go with me, when I fly away.

Steven E. Perry







I've driven night roads
Followed white lines from here to there
Flying in the moonlight
For various reasons

I've driven night roads Running from things known to things strange Seeking the swift changes the highway brings

I've driven night roads Blinded and baffled by headlights' glare Passing and being passed Anonymous

I've driven night roads
Restless, I've run from myself and my life
Going to pieces
In a controlled fashion

I've driven night roads Savored the freedom of loneliness And found release

I've driven night roads
Bathing in starlight, moon-embraced
Flying in the darkness
For various reasons

S. Perry



The Let Down Trying so hard your eyeballs almost pop; And discovering your brain aches because of thoughts Feeling proud even in the midst of failure. Seeing your childhood sweetheart become a sailor. Admiring someone for a long time. Finding out they don't even pay you any mind. Believing in a friend. Betrayal in the end. Lonna Malone The Hidden Sounds A little childs happy face; A puppy's wagging tail. A lonely falling snowflake. The moving vessels in a hand. Eyes, lips and head wrinkles. These sounds can be heard only by the "gifted." Lonna Malone 85



Goodbye

Warm lips pressed against window damp circle on glass cold outside . . .i guess goodbye W. N. Gill, Jr.

Sweet Randy

There once was a guy named Randy He was my piece of candy: He sang a different kind of song But now he's gone, and so ends my love of Randy

Jackie McDonald

Fear

Knowing you might fail;
And your skin is white and pale.

Seeing a stranger in your house, And realizing you were a mouse.

Oriving on the highway alone, And seeing your death announced over the phone.

Realizing your life is up to you; and not knowing what to do.

Lonna Malone

In the height of her emotion
thru unrequired devotion
she made herself a potion
disguised as body lotion
and with cautious rehearsed motions

bathed herself within this ocean

and from moldy dark devotion turned herself to stone.

Linda A. Barnes

On the Stage

The proscenium is excellent for the spectacular but for intimate situations the thrust is best.

Linda A. Barnes

OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE"

Prejudice of color'

Prejudice of race"

Prejudice of others"

Prejudice is a waste,

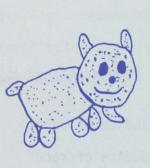
A waste of time. A

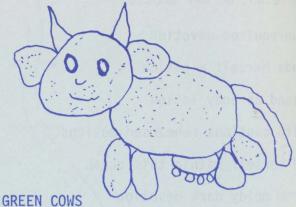
There is a song how

waste of the mind.

all should get along but do we listen or is it a waste of time.

B. RICHARDSON

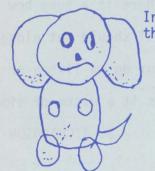




GREEN COWS

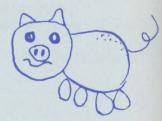
Green Cows Yellow dogs Purple Goats Chartreuse Hogs

This Menagerie lives Where grown-ups never look.



In a child's mind and their coloring book.

Gerri Frazier





17 Syllables

Afro! If I touch. . . ?

Soft black dandelion puff,

Please don't blow away.

Helen Cullins Smith



TRADE FAIR

We flew visionary mushrooms to Nagasaki, Hiroshima. They shipped Zen masters to San Francisco, New York.



"Abraham in conversation"

"How come I can't make my shadow be still?"

> Your toys are a terrible messbut your shoes are in a perfectly straight line.

"Momma has a baby girl in her

tummy."

Who told you? "God told me."

> "Sometimes, I don't want to listen to him - so I pull the covers over my head." Does it help? I'll try it if it does.

"No. He just talks real loud. And says strange stuff."

Like what?

"Like, the doctor is going to cut your tummy to take the baby out so she'll be healthy."

Where did you hear that? "I told you - God told me."

Okay. No one else would tell you that.

When you are like that - I think

you are a prophet.

Then you bury your sox in the mud on the playground. And I know you are just a little boy.

"I go a lot of places in my sleep, Momma. I saw a green lady on a floating island. She

has a dragon for a pet. Who is she?"
She's just someone in a book I read once. When you learn to read and are bigger you can read about her.

"Paranoia and Bears"

As we are inflicted by lifes anxieties. It never ceases to amaze me, about these people who are half conformist, half non-conformists. Those people who abhor life, and those who treasure life's endurance.

It seems to me that life is a broad journey. Save the traffic violations and their green stamps, DWI's and reckless driving.

T-shirts and blue jeans, and people baffling me with hit and miss methods of taking life easy. People coming down with Peter Frampton, rapping on Bob Dylan, or laying down some Crosby, Stills, and Nash; people hitting one some Cat Steven's stuff.

Politicians running their mouth, trying to solve our social problems, with their competency running into the Exodus of "God help my children." Keep us free, for Christ sakes.

Newspapers laying down statistics, playing society's game. Somehow, "I feel like maybe it's not so blue," I mean maybe there's hope for us after all.

Glen Deaton



A Warm Fuzzy Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived two very happy people called Tim and Maggie with two children called John and Lucy. To understand how happy they were, you have to understand how things were in those days. You see, in those happy days everyone was given at birth a small soft, fuzzy bag. Anytime a person reached into this bag he or she was able to pull out a warm fuzzy. War Fuzzies were very much in demand because whenever somebody was given a Warm Fuzzy, it made him feel warm and fuzzy all over. People who didn't get Fuzzies regularly were in danger of developing a sickness in their back which caused them to shrivel up and die.

In those days it was very easy to get Warm Fuzzies. Anytime that somebody felt like it, he might walk up to you and say "Idd like to have a Warm Fuzzy." You would then reach into your bag and pull out a Fuzzy the size of a little girl's hand. As soon as the Fuzzy saw the light of day he would smile and blossom into a large shaggy Warm Fuzzy. You then would lay it on the person's shoulder, or head or lap and it would snuggle up and melt right against their skin and make them feel good all over. People were always asking each other for Warm Fuzzies and since they were always given freely, getting enough of them was never a problem. There were always plenty to go around and as a consequence everyone was happy and felt warm and fuzzy most of the time.

One day a bad witch became angry because everyone was so happy and no one was buying her potion and salves. This witch was very clever and she devised a very wicked plan. One beautiful morning she crept up to Tim while Maggie was playing with their daughter and whispered in his ear "See her, Tim, look at all the Fuzzies that Maggie is giving to Lucy. You know, if she keeps it up, eventually she is going to run out and then there won't be any left for you!!"

Tim was astonished. He turned to the witch and said, "Do you mean to tell me that there isn't a Warm Fuzzy in our bag every time we reach into it?" And the witch said, "No, absolutely not, and once you run out, that's it. You don't have anymore." With this she flew away on her broom laughing and crackling hysterically.

Tim took this to heart and began to notice everytime Maggie gave up a warm Fuzzy to somebody else. Eventually he got very worried and upset because he liked Maggie's Warm Fuzzies very much and did not want to give them up. He certainly did not think it was right for Maggie to be spending all her Warm Fuzzies on the children and other people. He began to complain every time he saw Maggie giving a Warm Fuzzy to somebody else, and because Maggie liked him very much she stopped giving Warm Fuzzies to other people as often, and reserved them for him.

The children watched this and soon began to get the idea that it was wrong to give up Warm Fuzzies anytime you were asked or felt like it. They too became very careful. They would watch their parents closely and whenever they felt that one of their parents was giving too many Fuzzies to others, they also began to object. They began to feel worried themselves whenever they gave away too many Warm Fuzzies. Even though they found a Warm Fuzzy every time they reached into their bag they reached in less and less and became more and more stingy. Soon people began to notice the lack of Warm Fuzzies and they began to feel less and less fuzzy. They began to shrivel up and occasionally people would die from the lack of warm fuzzies. More and more people went to the with to buy her potions and salves even though they didn't seem to work.

Well, the situation was getting very serious indeed. The bad witch who had been watching all this didn't really want the people to die so she devised a new plan. She gave everyone a bag that was very similar to the Fuzzy bag except that this one was cold while the Fuzzy bag had been warm. Inside of the witches bag were Cold Pricklies. The Cold Pricklies did not make people feel warm and fuzzy, but made them feel cold and prickly instead. But, they did prevent people's backs from shriveling up. So from then on, every-

time somebody said, "I want a Warm Fuzzy," people were worried about depleting their supply would say "No I can't give you a Warm Fuzzy, but would you like a Cold Prickly?" Sometimes, two people would walk up to each other thinking they would get a Warm Fuzzy, but one or the other of them would change their mind and they would wind up giving each other Cold Prickles. So, the end result was that while very few people were dying, a lot of people were still unhappy and feeling very cold and prickly.

The situation got very complicated because, since the coming of the witch, there were less and less Warm Fuzzies around, so Warm Fuzzies, which used to be thought of as free as air became extremely valuable. This caused people to do all sort of things in order to obtain them. Before the witch had appeared people used to gather in groups of three or four or five, never caring so much who was giving Warm Fuzzies to someone close. After the coming of the witch, people began to pair off and reserve all their Warm Fuzzies for each other exclusively. If ever one of the two persons forgot himself and gave a Warm Fuzzy to someone close he would immediately feel guilty about it because he knew his partner would resent the loss of a Warm Fuzzy. People who could not find a generous partner had to buy their Warm Fuzzies and had to work long hours to earn the money. Another thing which happened was that some people would take Cold Pricklies which were limitless and freely available-coat them with white and fluffy stuff and pass them on as Warm Fuzzies. counterfeit Warm Fuzzies were really Plastic Fuzzies, and they could cause additional difficulties, for instance, two people would get together and freely exchange Plastic Fuzzies, which presumably should make them feel good, but they came away feeling bad instead. Since they thought they'd been exchanging warm fuzzies people grew very confused about this never realizing that their cold prickly feelings were really the result of the fact that they had been given a lot of Plastic Fuzzies.

So the situation was very, very dismal and it all started because of the coming of the witch who made people believe that someday, when they least expected they might reach into their Warm Fuzzy Bag and find no more.

Not long ago a young woman with a big smile came to this unhappy land. She had not heard about the bad witch and was not worried about running out of warm fuzzies. She gave them out freely, even when not asked. They called her a fanatic and disapproved of her because she was giving the children the idea that they should not worry about running out of Warm Fuzzies. The children liked her very much because she always made them feel good when they were around her and they too began to give out Warm Fuzzies whenever they felt like it. The grownups became concerned and decided to pass a law to protect the children from depleting their supplies of Warm Fuzzies. The law made it a criminal offense to give out Warm Fuzzies in a reckless manner. The children, however, seemed not to care, and in spite of the law they continued to give each other Warm Fuzzies whenever they felt like it and always when asked. Because there were many many children, almost as many as grownups, it began to look as if maybe they would have it their way.

As of now it is hard to say what will happen. Will the grown-ups forces of law and order stop the recklessness of the children? Are the grown-ups going to join with the Smile Woman and the children in taking a chance that there will always be as many Warm Fuzzies as needed? Will they remember the days their children are trying to bring back when Warm Fuzzies were abundant because people gave them away freely? Will happiness return to their homes once more?

Saturday In Autumn

An early Saturday morning finds me curled up in the middle of my battered, lumpy bed. Sunbeams caress my face and playfully pull at my eyelids. I awaken. My eyes follow the sun to the world outside my window. Squirrels scurry across the neighbor's roof. They are carrying nuts to a hidden tree top home. "What a great Autumn day," I exclaim. I dress hastily and rush to the door. Oh no, leaves of every hue line my lawn. "Some great Autumn day," I complain as I pull a rake from the garage. Long tedious hours are spent making great piles of crackly leaves. The noon whistle blows. Two small, blonde heads peer out the door at me. It is my daughters. They have just left a Saturday cartoon world. Dashing past me, they jump into a newly-raked mountain of foliage. Leaves and laughter fly about and a morning's labor is lost. Who cares? I leap into the leaves, tumbling about with my girls. This is some great autumn day!

Susan Leonard

The Tattered Robe

I had many a day to last without rest. It seemed I had been given to the very best!

I came to be some years ago; And now before me was a long hard roe to hoe.

I haven't yet figured out my owner's purpose. But, it has something to do with love and peace.

Each day we walk the dirty roads, in hopes that somewhere we can lighten our load.

Our load is overbearing at times, but somehow my owner goes on.

He says daily, "I'm coming back again." But, perplexity is written therein.

Today he healed a blind man, with a mere piece of clay.

And, just yesterday he cleansed a leper and showed him a better way.

Three days ago he helped a man to rise and walk.

Four days ago he raised a man up out of his grave.

A week ago he spoke to multitudes and fed their hungry souls.

And, two weeks ago he calmed the angry sea.

Sometimes I wonder, "Who on earth can this man be!"

The heat with its fiery red flames seems to have no end.

The flys and insects of all sorts are most abundant.

The wind with its stinging sand lashes on.

At night blackness prevails.

But, not too far off lies a smiling horizon. It always seems to shine through the darkness.

My owner is always talking aloud. And, more times than not, no one is seemingly present to listen.

Somehow this talking aloud gives my owner an underlying strength and power.

Someone said we had been travelling for about three years. Then, my owner sied and said, "Three years and no time to waste."

Three days ago my owner and I were at a dinner. My owner spoke of betrayal and denial. Soon after we went outside to pray.

Someone has taken us away. All I can hear is mocking and laughing. Surely this cruel hatred can't be meant for my owner.

I now feel something wet and cold. Could this be blood?

Someone said, "Now the old King of the Jews has a real crown." "A crown of thorns."

People are spitting and hitting at my owner. What could he have done to cause such an uprising?

Soon after someone cast me aside. In the distant background I could hear the lashing sound of a cat-tails whip.

Is this to my owner? Should one man bear such harsh treatment?

I now hear people talking about a crucifiction. Someone is saying "Crucify Jesus", "Crucify Jesus!"

I hear footfalls of my owner. He walks sluggishly. I think he's walking up a hill. Someone said Calvary.

It sounds like he is carrying a heavy load on his bleeding back. Someone said "He is carrying his own cross."

Something strange has happened, someone has found me. Oh, is it my master?

No, it can't be. This man speaks words of hate and cruelty.

I heard him say he was a Roman soldier. He helped drive the nails in King Jesus' hands. He helped drive nails into his feet. And then let him hang on a cross to die!

Suddenly, the air grew still and the sky turned black. People say Jesus died for every man and every nation.

This was the robe of Jesus.

Today, I'm all alone, tattered and torn. For, someone took my Lord away in scorn.

I hate nousework! Why do I say this? Housework is the only thing I do, that no one notices, unless I don't do it! There is not one thing specifically: just all of it! I think what I resent most is the time it consumes. Time when I would rather be doing something else.

It is picking up empty glasses and emptying full ashtrays. It is making the bed daily - preferably in the morning. It is very hard to come home from work and make a bed, that in a couple of hours, I would be falling back into. It is dirty dishes and dusting. And, with children, you add to it, finger prints on the walls and toys on the floor. Have you ever grabbed hold of a sticky door handle? Yuk! There is constantly something to be done.

In retaliation, for the next week, I will leave everything! The unmade beds, dirty dishes, full ashtrays and dusty furniture - all of it! If anyone asks, "why the big mess," I will simply state, "my house was hit by a tornado, and I do not mean the white tornado!"

Lorraine A. Veal

A visitor could walk upon the beautitul, shaded veranda and sit down in inviting lounge chairs spaced here and there on the porch behind trelliss of honeysuckle and vines climbing up the windows, and out over the walls of the old nouse. The veranda was curved all the way across the front of the house and half-way around either side, as on so many of those old, stately homes built in the 1920's. There were two heavy, wooden doors leading off the veranda—beautiful carved wood with golden doorknobs. Actually, it had once been the home of a well to-dobusiness man, whose wife had committed suicide in an upstairs bedroom one night. The grieving man sold the home and left town. The town's oldest doctor bought the place and turned it into a hospital.

The year was 1948. A lot of things happened to me that year. I graduated from high school in this little town that was proud of its football team and oil wells, its bumper crops of cotton and broom corn brought in by the local farmers. This was also the year I was married and started working as a nurse's aide in the only hospital our town could boast of. The two story structure of red brick, looked very dignified setting on sprawling green lawns, surrounded by tall oak and maple trees. A double garage was situated perhaps a hundred feet to the right of the hospital. This was being used as a laundry for the big piles of linens that the tired, old lady complained of as she went about her daily task, of washing, sorting and mending.

Sometimes on the hospital lawn, it was so peaceful and quiet you could hear katydids and hummingbirds and see a bludjay scolding a cat chasing a feather gently blowing in the wind. The cat's paws would slap at the teather, and the wind picked it up and blew it a little farther on. Then the bluejay scolded the cat with more emphasis each time the cat moved after its prey.

In the still of the evening, especially after a gentle rain, the clean smell of the earth lifted my spirits and brought out the children up and down the block, and their laughter mixed with the sounds of barking dogs and an occasional frog croaking, could be heard by visitors on the porch of the old hospital. However, behind the wooden doors was another world. A world of life and death. A twenty-four hour drama of birth and pain and broken hearts—and sometimes, joy, too.

The the left was the waiting room. A room to wait for the nurse to announce the arrival of a new baby or—in quiet, hushed, tones—to say that your wife was calling for you. The smell of cigarette smoke hung in the air, and an occasional cough and the rustling leaves of magazines being turned were the only noises, except the clickity—clack of a nurse walking up and down the hallway, her uniform brushing against her legs.

An old man sat in a corner, his wrinkled, weather-beaten face showing signs of fatigue. His wife was dying of cancer in Room 8. He hated to go into that room with its awful smell and his wife moaning in pain, calling out for another hypo. The doctor had told the old man, it was "just a matter of days now." He increased the morphine, and decreased the time from every two hours to every hour. The old farmer thought of their younger days when his wife was a pretty, smiling happy woman, who enjoyed their home and children. Now that smile was gone; the once youthful face had become a gray, sickly, mass of pain. The smell of death was in that room, so he stayed away except when the nurse insisted his wife kept calling his name over and over.

On the second floor was the maternity ward, and next to it the nursery. Everyone loved to visit the nursery and watch the babies, especially the fathers, with their expressions of awe. You could stand by and see how proud they were of these tiny bundles of responsibility. At the end of the hall was the nurses' lounge, if you could

call it a lounge. Really, it was just a small room that the nurses had taken over for their coffee breaks and a place to hide from the two doctors if things got too rough, and they did sometimes. Dr. Martin could be an old bear, and we nurses aides were afraid of his gruff personality. The R.N.'s and L.P.N.'s might also be afraid of him, but their responsibility as staff members kept them on their toes, too much so for them to be hiding.

In a twenty-four hour period three maternity cases made their appearance; checking in around 1:00 a.m. An accident on Highway 81 involved two cars and eight people. Five in one family were headed for Texas: in the other car were a mother and two little girls. Four people were brought into the emergency room as D.O.A.'s--dead on arrival. Three others were seriously injured: onlone victim was walking around. In the oxygen room an oil field roughneck with third-degree burns lay waiting for treatment, since the Emergency Room was full. An R.N. and a technician were working in perfect harmony, although there was great dislike between them. I was running back and forth from Emergency to "Oxygen" where the oil field worker lay, and the quiet in that room was painful. Only the ticking of the old clock on the wall and occasional groaning from the patient broke the silence. I decided the nurse and technician were doing all right without me, and I knew I was needed more in the Emergency Room.

The two doctors were scrubbing for emergency surgery while the nurses were administering care to the injured and setting up trays with hypos and sterile bandages. As he scrubbed, Dr. Allen's thoughts may have been on his young son, always rebellious, and a cause of so much grief to his parents. Now the boy had gotten a young,local girl pregnant. "Nothing to do but make them get married", Allen murmured, but he turned to Dr. Martin and said, trying to get his thoughts into another channel, "wouldn't it be nice if Dr. Webster decided to come back here after he finished his internship?"

Young Dr. Webster had been the town's pride and joy. The son of an oilfield driller, he had been the star football player while in school and always a delight to his parents. All the mothers wanted him for a son-in-law. But Fred had gone to the city to medical school and married a city girl, so there was very little chance of his coming back to our small town to practice. The local people said his wife pretty much contolled him since her family were quite wealthy, and Dad Webster was only a former roughneck. Still, you could always hope that the couple might decide to "come home."

Dr. Martin was shaking the water from his hands while a nurse handed him a sterile towel. Drying them, he answered Dr. Allen in his usual manner, gruff, and to the point. "Can't tell about Fred. He might locate in India. Heard him say, once, those people need him."

The highway patrolman and local sheriff were waiting in the hall, and Dr. Martin growled at them to wait up front until he could talk to them.

So I observed how life and death go on in this quiet little town with its love and hate; its hopes and despairs.

Today the children still come out of their houses after a rain, the hospital cat sill chases feathers and butterflies, and old people still rock on their front porches and wonder what the younger generation is coming to.

How do you say thank you to someone who has helped you even when you didn't deserve it? How can you show appreciation to someone who has seen you fly high and low, who has seen your depression and elation, who has seen you laugh and cry? How can you say "I'm grateful" when that someone has given their all and more, even though you were in no position to reciprocate? How can you say thanks to someone who won't let you walk in the cold when they can do something about it? Even in this cold, drab existence, your smile warms the corners of my heart. When I'm feeling lost, your friendship is there to claim me. When I'm feeling unhappy, your eyes say, "I understand and I care," and it's enough to sustain me. Through mourning times and party times, you've been there so far, making me feel useful.

You are like a leaky faucet---the kindness keeps pouring out, no matter what lengths you go to turn it off. This is because you are a kind person, a rarity now-adays. How can I be so fortunate as to have you for my friend? How can I ever repay you for your good deeds, small and large: your thoughtfulness, your consideration?

My friends are my most prized possessions. They lift me up when I am feeling down, and they're there with me when I am flying high. Without them, I do not live---I only exist. Thank you for helping me live.

Wanda L. Brayton

I have several memories in store, filed under "Gently Continuing Surprises," events like quarters found in supermarket parking lots. . .

In Florida, it can be a balmy 80 at midnight, in November. The first time I took a swim in Tampa Bay there was a breeze too. I could see the old lady up the hill, lit up behind the window of her house by her television screen - ghostly blue. She was too far away to see me walk past the NO Tresspassing sign on her dock: she was too engrossed in Johnny Carson to see me out on the end of the dock, taking off my clothes on the damp boards and diving quietly into the salty blackness of the bay.

I made a small splash like a door closing, swooped a silent arc under the water, and broke the surface with a long exhaling sigh. I blinked, rubbed my eyes and stroked off toward the barely visible horizon. Then I looked down at my body in the shadowy water - Hey - I was glowing in the dark! All around my naked skin there was a glowing greenisl light. Everytime I moved a stream of tiny phosphorescent plankton followed in my wake. Little sea animals, excited by my touch to glow, ("WOW", I thought), and I smiled to myself, floating there in the dark.

I don't often find money in parking lots, not even pennies, but I once stumbled across a quails nest in an open field. Western man is one apart from the life of nature because he distinguishes his being from the wind, a field flower, a small child playing in the dirt, or the Chinese peasant laboring on the far side of the world. A follower of Zen does not accept this opposition. He is of the gentle breeze, the lotus flower, a high mountain meadow, and the experience of every man. Within his person is all time and all being.

Zen says all things are created as all things pass away. Is not the death of the grand-father greeted by the birth of his grandchild? "I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending, saith the Lord, which is and which was, and which is to come." Christian distortion of this scripture has placed death in the unnatural realm of loss and fear. To grasp desperately at passing moments, to cling to old friends, to clutch to established patterns of life is loss of the reality of now. Life is the flow of a mountain stream, an ever-changing process. According to Zen one must keep pace and accept the transitory nature of all living things. The reward for tearing away choking entanglements of rigid thought and material possession is true liberation in freedom of the spirit. Be aware of things as they are now, not as you once knew them or as you expect them to become. What has gone before will be renewed in yet another form. There is naught to regret and naught to fear. The eternalness of living things does not depend on man's recognition. The West will find the concept of immortality expressed in Ecclesiastes, Chapter 1, Verse 4.

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever.

Pete Seeger put these words also from Ecclesiastes to music.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

A time to be born, and a time to die, a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.

A time to kill, and a time to heal, a time to break down, and a time to build up.

A time to weep, and a time to laugh, a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together, a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

A time to rend, and a time to sew, a time to keep silence, and a time to speak.

A time to love, and a time to hate, a time of war, and time of peace.

These verses echo the duality of Zen. Each season and purpose defines its opposite. What has not been planted can not be plucked up. What has been cast away was once saved. Understanding of one implies knowledge of the other. The times and purposes are the rhythms of life. A man who restricts his existence to the narrow confines of his own mind which is already overfilled with his egoistic viewpoints will not move with the fluid grace of water through the differing stages of human development. Rather he will be pried away and if he will not bend and conform to the pressure he will surely break. Zen says include every season and purpose within your being because true self is experience. Inner realization of life, all conclusive of good and evil, is the "Ultimate Reality of the Universe."

"The Tiny Little House"

I moved aside the gate, long rusted off its hinges, and stepped into the overgrown yard. I looked with doubt upon this tiny little house, with the chipped paint and dirty windows. I climbed the steps onto the creaky porch and stared at the front door. With the turn of a key, and a squeal of hinges badly in need of oil, I opened it.

I stepped into the livingroom with its tattered old rose colored carpet. There were three doors leading out of the room. I was tempted to use the one I had just entered! Instead, I went through the one to the right of me and entered the kitchen. My eyes traveled first to the wall with the window. It was surrounded by carved wood cabinets with etched glass panes. In my mind I could see the wood shine of lemon oil, and the sparkle of morning light on the beautifully etched panes of glass. I looked down and snapped back to reality, as I saw the rust stained sink and iron fixtures turned green with age. I traveled on through the kitchen to the next doorway, which led into a versatile, compact little room. It housed a pantry, hot water heater, and a wringer washing machine. The wall directly in front and to the left of me had doorways. The one in front led outside to the backyard - and fresh air! The one to the left I ventured through and stopped, as I startled a family of field mice who had long believed that this was their dwelling. I waited as they scurried off in all directions to safety. To the right of me and behind the door - where it definately belonged - was the comode. Directly to its left was the sink and a small medicine cabinet. Located at the top of the wall, directly in front of me, was stained-glass

window, and below it - from and era gone by - was a large, roomy bathtub perched on four eagleclaw feet. Through the doorway to my left was the bedroom, with paper cracked and yellow with age, that the walls were finally turning loose of. It had a musty smell from being closed up for years. I crossed the room diagonally and went through a doorway back to the beginning of my adventure - the livingroom. My eves caught and followed a lone stream of light coming through the keyhole in the front door. I followed it to sunlight and fresh air!

I took one more look as I drove away. It was small and old, and definitely dirty - but eight weeks later, after many backbreaking hours of painting, cleaning, airing out, and general repairing, I was carried over the threshold to begin a new chapter in the history of this, hundred year old, tiny little house.

Lorraine A. Veal

"IT'S MORE THAN A GAME"

I was living my life in sin and in shame, And often I wondered who was to blame. I quested to know whose fault that it was, What were the reasons, what was the cause?

Running from sin, I was told of a man
Who came from the heavens to live in this land.
For sins such as mine, he had died on a cross,
That all might be saved, and none must be lost.

So I went to church, and thought I was saved, But by guilt and confusion, still was enslaved. I'd accepted Christ, and thus I believed, Why was my longing still not relieved?

For three dark years, I kept holding on, Refusing to depart;
For still I knew, after all I'd done,
I still was in God's heart.

I realized, as time went on,
I was only half a man.
Then the Master came to me,
And touched me with His hand.
And then I had a vision, and thus I began to see,
All these years, I'd been playing a game,
And the blame was all on me.

For there comes a time, in everyone's life, When there's nothing but sorrow, confusion, and strife. The way of the Lord; the worldly lust, The choice is ours and make it we must. My time had come, I had to choose, One road I'd win, the other I'd lose.

For church alone, was not enough, To make it to heaven's land. So my own desires I set aside, And in His will, took a stand.

Most men live, from day to day, Searching for something, with no price to pay. But eternal life is yours to live, If only to Jesus, your life you will give.

For your sins and my sins,
Jesus died on a tree,
So that from our inequities
We could be free.
His blood will cleanse your soul from sin,
His peace will make you whole,
His love can make your life complete.
Let Jesus have control.

Testimonial by Steven Wayne Trimble

CRY FOR THE UNRIGHTEOUS

I have no life save that I myself No thees or thous to clutter up the days Of fine hypocracy. Such sunrise lavender and meadows blue Till time intrudes, a bitter servant Unbidden unwanted, but softly caressing. Uncalled to smooth away the sweet pain of living. That I could be gallant, filled with the hopes Of undaunted ages, broken dreams and misty lies. But nay, nay to my heart. No songs do lift my empty breast to exaltation. No comforting thoughts of heaven or glory. Just to sink deeper and deeper down Into the peaceful blackness of my blackened soul. Speak not to me of tomorrow For yesterday is beyond repair And the foundation of all to come. All that has been lies buried Beneath this earth bound dust. Sprinkled ashes on moldy seas. Oh sweet peace! Where art thou What grand finale can erupt from this despair These clutching fingers grasp feverishly To rend the fog away Milton! Sire of Paradise Lost Nay, not lost! What hapless mote of paradise did ever grace This graceless world? What maidens dreams or lovers wiles.

Did every reach the depth of devineness Leachers, Whores, Libertines I call thee Gods! And Devil do I chasten thee with faltery hands Who's wonders sicken the very pit of my being. On my knees I beseech thee thy beauty Just one small grain of wisdom do I plead Remove me from this farce Or touch my soul with inspiration Soft music, whispers through my soul Sweet earth, nourish me that I not wilt away to breathe but not live To look but not see To touch but never feel What greater hell can I know That I should be relegated to the realm of man Draw back the gauze curtains that cloud my sight Shall I truly belive this formless tale Woven by some demented deity Nay! I laugh at the subtle insanity surrounding me Dear God! But that I could join it Inbibe the cool liquors of melancoly days Haunt the quiet sanctuarys of pillared cathedrals Intone the ancient words of bearded scholars Such pictures do fine words paint! But what throes of ecstacies Does my verse envoke in the hearts of men That I would speak to them to folly? Folly t'would be, to listen to this Fool!

Just another Friday night in San Diego. Thank God I don't have duty tonight. I can go downtown and have some fun. Still have a few dollars left, and payday's next week.

I hate riding the bus, but a taxi would just about clean me out before I get started good. Besides, it's to early for the drunks to be riding home. Mostly, Spanish is spoken on the bus at this time of day. Maybe I should just stay on it all the way to Tijuana, but border towns like that have always made me nervous.

Huge billboards advertise topless bars. Beautiful girls, the ads claim, and they're right. Beautiful girls who, so I'm told, generally despise their customers and, to my way of thinking, with good reason. Dammit, I'm getting depressed again. No way to start a weekend.

Arriving at the Strip, on Broadway, where the servicemen are most efficiently parted from their dollars, I wander up and down the street for half an hour, looking in jewelry store windows (ignnoring the salesgirl who seeks to sell me a beautiful gold (?) ring on easy installments), passing the hookers in front of massage parlors (whose solicitations are as direct, at least, as the jewelry girls') and becoming steadily more bored and depressed.

After a couple of over-priced drinks, which are legal, at least, I find myself back on the bus. Fragments of poetry slosh around in my brain, colliding behind my eyes. I catch myself giggling. How many drinks was that?

I disembark from the bus at Ocean Beach, where the freaks hang out. I was one of them before I joined the UN (temporary insanity, your honor), but they don't look past the regulation haircut. No comrades here.

At least the liquor store will take my money (who won't?) and I trudge toward Sunset Cliffs to watch the surf pound on the rocks. A dealer, more daring or desperate than most, offers me a hit of blotter acid, and I wash it down with a gurgle of white wine.

The Cliffs are a nice place. I dig the waves. I dig the birds. I discover that the acid is good. Tomorrow, when I report back to COMTRAPAC, I wonder what my leading petty officer will say about the crushed salt on my shoes.

Steven E. Perry

NATURE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOW

October in the mountains of New Mexico brings forth nature's most beautiful show. The color change is as diverse as the land itself. The change of color in the landscape signals a deeper change for all of nature's creatures. It's fall, the period of adjustment between the slow pace brought on by summer's burning heat and the rapid preparation for winter's fury.

During the early morning hours the dew and mist hang in the air so thick, droplets of pure clear water shimmer like jewels when the sun's first rays penetrate the canopy of stately oaks. Tiny creatures scurry about to quench their early morning thirst before the sun dries the fountain.

As the sun rises higher above the mountain's lofty peaks, a soft gentle breeze stirs the drying leaves into their chorus of a thousand voices. As if stirred by some mighty conductor's baton, the birds break into their first song of the new day. One feels reluctant to move; could the harmony be shattered forever?

Walking up the narrow path to the top of the highest peak, the intruder is treated to a carnival of color where the dark gray of the craggy mountain clifts shows sharp contrast with the shimmering golds of the stately oaks. Sprinkled through is a rich diversity of crimson reds, scarlets, lemon yellows and orange golds. Higher still shine the evergreens and mountain meadows felled with grass still green from summer's warmth, newly aglow with cascades of brilliant fall wild flowers.

Soft white clouds float through the sky above on breezes made fragrant by fresh pine sap seeping from limbs broken in summer's last storm.

As I wander aimlessly down the mountain, fresh fallen leaves crackling beneath my feet, a squirrel with rounded cheeks full of nuts darts across my path, reminding me to also busy myself with preparation for the coming winter; this year's most beautiful show from nature will not tarry long.

The Hemlock Homes
Murder
Mystery Menagerie

Daleron House Enterprises presents

THE HEMLOCK HOMES MURDER MYSTERY MENAGERIE

by Dave Watson and Rik Aguilera Copyright 1975

Act One

(Curtains slowly open to reveal a sofa center stage, an armchair stage left, an end-table to the left of the sofa. A few feet in front of the sofa is a coffee table—on the table is a bottle of booze, several glasses, and what appears to be two pies. There are two lamps, one on the end-table, the other behind the sofa, and the floor is carpeted.

Located stage right is a man in a wheelchair (Albert Princeton). A man is also seated in the armchair (Walter Ambersteel). Two men are standing at the window directly behind the sofa (Col. Winston Hill, Hemlock Homes). To the right of the wheelchair stands a last man (Fredrick Ferdinand). All are engaged in silent conversation.

Suddenly, the lights fade and all freeze in position. Spotlight comes on. Enter Narrator with pointer. Narrator proceeds to center stage. Spotlight on Narrator.)

Narrator

Present in front of you is a social gathering hosted by this man, Sir Albert Princeton. (Spotlight on Princeton, back to Narrator.)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is ______ and I wish to convey my greetings and felicitations. I shall assume the role of narrator for this stage production of "The Hemlock Homes Murder Mystery Menagerie." As I mentioned before, this is Albert Princeton in the wheelchair. (Spotlight on Albert.) Princeton has been confined to the wheelchair since he suffered a broken neck two and a half years ago. All of these people are friends whom Albert thinks he can trust.

On Albert's right stands Fredrick Ferdinand, friend for almost 21 years. (Spotlight on Fred.) They've know each other since their high school days.

Sitting on the sofa are Princeton's personal physician, Dr. Datsun, who is also a close personal friend (spot on Datsun), and Samuel Sheerman, Princeton's business and close personal friend. (Spot on Sheerman.)

Seated in the armchair is Walter Ambersteel, Princeton's son-in-law. (Spot on Walter.) Walter has lived with Princeton since his wife, Princeton's daughter, passed away five years ago.

Over by the window, we have Col. Winston Hill (spot on Hill), Princeton's close friend since the great war. And beside Hill is, of course, that brilliant detective Hemlock Homes. (Spot on Homes.) Homes has known Princeton since he investigated his daughter's death five years ago.

One of the men aforementioned is a crazed psychopathic killer; yet, Albert feels he can trust them all. Trust them so much that each are included on his will. Knowing he hasn't long to live, Princeton has invited all these friends on a South Seas cruise, where he will read the will. Albert, being the kind gentleman that he is, has decided to leave with everybody happy."

(Narrator walks off, lights come back on. All are talking again, but this time it is loud enough for audience to hear.)

Walter I must say, Albert, you're not a very good host."

Eh, what? What's that you say?"

Albert Walter

Datsun

Albert

I mean that you've yet to show your friends on a tour of this magnificent boat."

By the way, Albert, how much did this ship cost you?"

Albert I believe it was around the two-thousand-pound category."

Samuel My word, what a ghastly amount of money . . ."

But, please, I weary of this conversation. I wish for you all to see my boat—Walter can show you around. I grow weak and wish to rest. Please forgive me if I do not join you."

(Other men get up, saying, "Sure"; "Of course;" and "Rest well.")

Walter Come now (motions with hand.) We'll go this way."

(Walter leaves stage left and others follow. When all have left, Princeton backs up wheelchair to see if it's clear, then gets up out of the wheelchair, walks over to the end-table, and slips a piece of paper in it. Then he walks back to his chair and sits down. Albert freezes in position. Narrator walks out to center stage.)

Narrator After about 30 minutes, the gentlemen return from their tour of the ship. All are in awe at the grandeur and luxury of what seemed at first to be a simple houseboat."

(Exit Narrator. Albert seems to be asleep. Soon all the men come on raising a considerable racket, which awakens poor old Albert.)

Albert Eh? What's that?

Walter No one but us, father . . . (The others all come in.)

Winston My word, my good man. I never assumed such exquisite luxury could be found on such an ordinary boat. How on earth did you manage it?"

(The men have all come into the room by now, with Winston on the left of the sofa, Walter in the armchair, Fredrick on Al's right, and Sheerman and Datsun on the sofa. Homes is to far right of stage.)

Fred Good question. This is simply a magnificent example of boating architecture."

Samuel I agree with the gentlemen. This is the most magnificent home away from home I've ever seen. How did you manage it, old boy?"

Alber It's nothing, really. It was made for me by a . . . "

(Suddenly, the lights go out and a gunshot is heard. The men are all on their feet scrambling about, when Homes yells out, "Get the lights, somebody get the lights!" Winston runs offstage and the lights go on. Datsun is the first to speak, "It's Albert!" Everyone scrambles around the body, including Winston, who has returned quietly from offstage. Datsun grabs his black bag, takes out his stethoscope, takes Albert's pulse and heartbeat, then looks up at Homes and shakes his head.)

Homes Not good, eh, doctor?"

Datsun No. Albert is quite dead."

Homes I know. What killed him?"

Datsun A bullet in the upper abdomen . . ." (indicates area with hand)

Homes I suspected as much."

(Turns to other actors.) No one is to leave this room, and I don't want the body to be moved the slightest."

Walter (Looking at Homes) What do you mean by that? Are you insinuating that one of us killed Albert?

Homes You said it, I . . ."

Winston (Interrupting) But you as much as said it, and you're as suspicious as any one of us."

Homes I shall not argue that point with you."

Fred What gives you the right to assume one of us killed him?

Homes That, my good man, is elementary. We are all aboard a ship in the open seas, not to mention shark infested waters. Absolutely no one could have gotten onto this boat without our knowledge, unless they had a diving suit. And I have serious doubt anyone is swimming in these waters."

(The others look at each other, and there are a few moments of silence.)

Samuel But what about poor Albert? We can't just leave him there on the floor."

Homes Well, I suppose you are right there. Put him on the sofa."

(Hill and Fred pick Albert up and place him on the

(Hill and Fred pick Albert up and place him on the sofa as Homes thinks.)

Datsun (Taking Homes to one side) Who do you think did it? Have you got a clue yet?"

Homes Let's have it a question at a time, dear Datsun. Yes, I think I may find a clue."

Datsun Whatever might this clue be, Homes?"

Homes I'm not sure, but it must be in Princeton's will."

Datsun The will?"

Homes Quite. That was our purpose for this journey, wasn't it? So Albert could read the will to us. I don't suppose you knew where he kept it, do you?"

Datsun As a matter of fact, I do."

(Datsun walks over to the end-table and opens a drawer. He pulls out two pieces of paper, looks puzzled, then walks back to Homes.)

Datsun That's odd."

Homes What is it, doctor?"

Datsun There are two wills, Homes, two wills . . ."

Homes Two wills? Here, let me examine them." (Homes grabs the two sheets of paper, scans them, then turns to the others.) May I have your attention, please. I have here in my hand the will of Albert Princeton. Both of them!" (The men begin muttering.)

Homes Come, come, now, gentlemen. There are two wills, two very interesting wills, as a matter of fact, even without the circumstances."

Walter Enough piddling-what do the wills say?"

Homes Odd that you should ask, Walter, for one of them gives quite a bit of Princeton's estate to you."

Walter (Becoming angry) If you are insinuating that I killed my . . ."

Homes (Interrupting) I have made no accusations as of yet, but you do become the prime suspect."

Fred Enough bickering among ones selves. What does the other one say, Homes?"

Homes The other I am almost hesitant to read aloud. I gives all of Princeton's wealth to his twin brother Andrew."

Hill Albert had no twin brother."

Homes Or so we believe."

Hill Well, I just don't understand. First, Albert gets shot, then this."

Homes Every case can be solved, old chap, and every crook is fallible. No problems, I shall solve this case."

Fred I've got to get a sheet to cover poor Albert with. I don't like to see him just lying there as if asleep.

(Ferdinand exits. A door is heard opening, there is a loud thud, then Fred is heard to yell, "Oh, my God!" as he comes back on stage, as if in horror, and pointing to something offstage.)

Homes What is it? What happened?"

(But Ferdinand can only point. By now, Datsun has rushed to Fred's side and is trying to calm him down. Homes, meanwhile, rushes gallantly offstage, and soon hollers back, "Would anyone care to assist me?")

(Hill rushes offstage to assist Homes as the others look at each other in wonder. Datsun has led Fred to the armchair, and has taken a bottle and a hypodermic needle out of his bag. He injects Fred with it. Moments later, Hill and Homes return carrying a body. It is a man with a big nose, bald head, bushy eyebrows, busyh moustache, glasses. They put the new find next to Albert on the sofa. Datsun walks over and checks the heartbeat.)

Homes Well, doctor?" Datsun It's stiff number two." Yes, and it's also my father-in-law." Walter (At this, Fredrick gets up out of armchair and walks over 'til he's just in front of Datsun, who is putting his stethoscope back into his bag.) The likeness is uncanny . . . " Homes (Homes inspects the two, walks over to Albert No. 1, and takes the hood off of his head. For the first time, the audience gets a glimpse of Albert Princeton. He is bald, big nosed, bushy eyebrowed, bushy moustached, and wears glasses. Moments later, Fred collapses into Datsun's arms.) Datsun My word." What is it, Datsun?" Homes That sedative I gave him is starting to take affect, by Datsun iove!" (And with that, the curtains close on Act One.)

Datsun

Hmmmmmmm

THE HEMLOCK HOMES MURDER MYSTERY MENAGERIE

Act Two

(Curtains are still drawn as Narrator comes out on stage.)

Narrator

As the mystery unfolds (at this, a large piece of paper unfolds from the ceiling to the ground with the word "Mystery" on it) . . . Homes has become quite baffled. The mystery is very complex and getting more difficult by the minute.

But, as fate would have it, Homes eventually decides to search for the murder weapon. He knew no one had thrown it overboard, for he had watched the window closely, and no one had gotten near it. Homes also frisked the suspects, but no one had so much as a pocket knife. The search proved futile, however, and so Homes decides on another course of action. Possibly one of the men would slip up, and then he'd have his man.

As the curtain opens on Act Two, Homes has had the two bodies placed into another room, and the ship has been anchored in the shark infested waters to insure no one would escape. Homes has questioned all the men but Sheerman. Homes, Datsun, and Sheerman are alone in the room.

(Curtains open slowly to reveal the three. They are frozen in position, while the others are out on the deck. Spotlight off Narrator. Exit Narrator. Lights on to reveal the three men aforementioned. Walter and Hill are still in the room, but are just leaving.)

Hill

I say, Walter, where's the lavatory, old chap?" (Puts hands in pockets.)

Walter

Bear right at the door, third door down on the left."

Hill Thank you."

(They exit offstage. As soon as they are gone, Sheerman sits down on the sofa, as does Homes. There is no room for Datsun; yet, he tries to sit down, anyway. This begins to get on Homes' nevres.)

Homes Datsun, uh oh, Datsun, silly boy. Get up. Why don't you go back there and react a magazine or something?"

(So Datsun, rather angrily, grabs a magazine off of the end-table and goes back to the window to page through it.)

Homes Mr. Sheerman . . ."

Sheerman (Interrupting) Just a moment, if you please. May I ask what you have gained by being so inquisitive?"

Homes Some facts, Mr. Sheerman."

Sheerman Like what, may I ask? You have two dead bodies, no murder weapon, and absolutely no case."

Homes And I've got four chances to change all that. Now, Mr. Sheerman, how long have you known Albert Princeton?"

Samuel Why, nearly 21 years."

Homes And, in all those years, you've never had a reason to kill Albert?"

Samuel Well, not really. I mean, we had our little spats, sure, but it never gave cause for bloodshed."

Homes And no one ever threatened him, to your knowledge?"

Samuel Quite correct." (At this, Homes pulls a gun from his pocket.) Is that the murder weapon?" (At this, Homes takes a bite out of the gun.)

Homes No, it's chocolate. This is my gun." (Pulls another gun out of his pocket.) Here, catch." (Tosses gun to Samuel. Samuel catches it awkwardly.) I want you to shoot this champagne glass." (Homes puts glass on top of armchair.)

Samuel But . . . I've never . . ."

Homes Go on, chap, just pull the trigger. (Sheerman fires, and glass is heard to shatter, but it is the window pane—the glass is still intact.) You may go, now."

(But before Sheerman can rise or say Jehosaphats, the other suspects come running into the room. Datsun has noticed nothing and continues reading.)

Walter What happened? We heard a shot."

Homes Forget it. These question and answer periods have gone

nowhere.

Fred What are you going to do now?

Homes I don't know."

All Third base!!!! (After this outburst, everyone returns to what they were doing as if nothing had happened.)

Homes I'm going to think on it. Oh, by the way, before you go, has any of you any knowledge of a recent argument

Albert might have had?"

Hill Yes, awhile back, I believe, Walter and Albert were

pretty upset at each other."

Walter It was a family dispute. It's none of your business."

Homes I think it is." (He turns to the others.) Everyone out—
I wish to speak with Walter alone." (All leave except
Datsun who is still pereing at his magazine.) Now then.

what was this dispute about?"

Walter I do not have to answer any of your questions."

Homes Ah, yes, But keeping quiet only incriminates you more."

Walter Yes, I suppose so . . . It was about the will."

Homes Well, go on."

Walter Well, the other day Albert and I were conversing. He showed me this will." (Picks up a piece of paper.)

Homes The one where you get the majority of the inheritance?"

Walter Yes. Albert said he was going to switch the will to this one." (Picks up other piece of paper.)

one. (Ficks up other piece of paper.)

Homes The one where Albert's twin brother gets all the

inheritance."

Walter Yes, but this will made no sense. Albert Princeton was an only child." Homes Was he, now?" Walter Well, there was a rumor about his having a twin brother who was put up for adoption, but it has no basis, no fact." Homes But it could be true. You and I both saw the identical twin bodies." That's true " Walter Homes Well, thank you, Walter." (As Homes says this, Datsun, who has been reading all this time, suddenly turns the magazine sideways, and the page folds out. Let the audience use their imagination from there.) Walter I'm afraid I haven't been much help." Homes On the contrary, my boy, you've given me a lead." Walter A lead? What the devil is that lead, may I ask?" Homes Where there's a will . . . there's a way. (At this. Walter rolls his eyes, whiel Homes laughs hysterically.) Oh, I've always been one for witty humor. But I simply cannot disclose my leads. Just go keep the others entertained." (Ambersteel leaves. Homes stares out at the audience as if in deep thought. Datsun continues to look at the magazine.) Homes Datsun, come here, would you." (Datsun seems not to hear.) Datsun, please come here for a second." (Datsun still does not seem to hear. Finally, Homes shouts.) DATSUN' COME HERE!!! (At this, Datsun, startled, throws the magazine out the window.) Datsun Ah, yes, Homes. You called?" (He walks over and sits in the armchair.) Homes Yes, Datsun. I would like you to go into the other room wherethe bodies are and check them, if you would. I have reason to believe that the man who was shot this morning was not Albert Princeton, but his twin!"

Datsun I shall go check right away, Homes." (Exit Datsun)

Homes Hmmmm, I must find the murder weapon."

(At this, our beloved hero (beloved?!) begins to search under the sofa, armchair, etc., until suddenly Datsun

comes running back into the room.)

Datsun

Homes, Homes, you were right. The man shot in the wheelchair was not Albert Princeton. Albert Princeton couldn't walk due to his broken neck. The man who was shot had nothing wrong with him. Nor did he have scar on his neck like poor old Albert did. Albert Princeton was the man Ferdinand found in the linen closet!"

Homes Just as I suspected."

Datsun What's that, Homes?"

Homes

Datsun, I believe Albert had a twin brother. This twin found out who his real parents were and hated Albert Princeton because Albert had come into the family fortune. I propose that this twin came to the house-boat, killed Albert Princeton, shoved him into the linen closet, then assumed Albert's role and wrote up this fake will just so he could retain the family fortune he deemed rightfully his!"

Datsun But, then, who shot the twin?"

Homes I have a theory about that, too."

Datsun Who-one of the suspects?"

Homes

Quite. Now picture this, if you will. Princeton's brother kills Albert and shoves him into a linen closet. Then the twin writes up a fake will which is of little use to him.

But what if the twin had himself shot?"

Datsun I don't follow, Homes."

Homes Well, to put it simply, I think one of the suspects was helping the twin; I think one of the suspects was to aid the twin in killing Albert. Then, when the time came, this partner would shoot the twin with blanks. All would think Albert had gotten shot and the twin would be off scot-free. But then when the twin was alone, he could switch Albert's body for his own. Then the will would be read, and the twin would miraculously show up." Datsun But the twin was shot and killed."

Homes Quite, doctor. I suspect a double-cross. I think one of the suspects killed the twin in hopes of putting another will in the place of the twin's."

Datsun Then there is another fake will somewhere?"

Homes Or, we have both fake wills, and the real one is still missing,"

Datsun But is we have both fake wills, then the murderer seems to be Walter."

Homes Elementary, my dar Datsun, elementary."

Datsun Shouldn't we separate Walter from the others, then?"

Homes No, there is not yet enough evidence. It wouldn't stand up too well in court."

Datsun Then you plan to wait."

Homes Yes, exactly. And then 'will' see. Ha, ha, I'm so witty today."

> (Datsun turns as if nauseated, Homes laughs hysterically, Curtain closes on Act Two.)

THE HEMLOCK HOMES MURDER MYSTERY MENAGERIE

Act Three

(Curtains still closed, enter Narrator. Spot on Narrator.)

Narrator

Homes, now sure he had a lead to work with, was sure the case was coming to a close. He had searched for the murder weapon in vain—now he began a frantic search for the third will. This search, too, proved in vain. Homes, being frustrated, knew there must be some way to make the murderer slip up. The case still far from being solved, Homes finally decides to reenact the crime. Maybe this could clear up some of the loose ends."

(Exit Narrator. Open curtains to reveal the suspects and Homes talking in the room. No one notices that Datsun is not in the room.)

Fred

This seems like a terrible waste of time. What do you hope to gain by repeating poor Albert's death?"

Homes

It is not the death I am concerned with, but what happened after the lights went out. Now then, I would like everyone to go the the exact places they were in when the murder took place." (Everyone gets into their right places, except Sheerman, who takes his place behind the sofa.)

Homes

I say, Samuel, weren't you seated on the couch?"

Samuel

Ah, yes, quite correct. I was seated with the doctor. By the way, where is the good doctor?"

Homes

The good doctor is on an errand for me. He shall not in any way effect the outcome of this little experiment."

Walter

But you and he are just as . . ."

Homes

(Interrupting) I can vouch for Dr. Datsun. Now, please, take your places." (All do.) Now, I shall attempt to recreate the events following Albert Princeton's death in this way. When I say "now," you all must act like you did when the lights actually went out. For this experiment, we need not cut the lights, but I want you to do just as you did when the lights went out. Now, are you all set?"

Walter

It's still a terrible waste of time."

Homes

I don't think so."

Fred

But it is, all the same. The murderer shot poor Albert in the dark-I doubt he'll slip up with the lights on."

Walter Just a minute! What you said, Fred. The murderer shot Albert in the dark!"

Samuel Quite. That is what he said."

Walter But can't you see. To shoot a man in the dark and cut the lights, you have to be good with a gun. There is only one man who is that good with guns and is in this room. Homes, believe me, the murderer is . . ."

(But suddenly the lights go out again and there is another shot heard. Walter screams and Homes shouts.)

Homes Datsun, the lights, hurry!"

(In a flash, the lights are on, and back by the window stands Col. Winston Hill with a gun in his hand. Hill looks surprised that the lights came on quickly, but then regains himself and holds the gun on the suspects.)

Winston Stay back. I warn you, I know how to use this."

Homes Give up, Hill. It's all over. You haven't a prayer."

Hill There you are wrong, oh great detective, for I have four hostages with which to buy myself freedom"

Homes It will never work, Hill."

Hill But there you are wrong. It will work, Homes. I'll see that it does."

(While Hill says this, he creeps slowly back toward the window. Behind him, from offstage, quietly sneaks Dr. Datsun.)

Homes Give it up. You'd get a fair trial."

Hill Shuttup, or I'll silence you good!"

(Hill tenses up. Then, suddenly, from behind, Datsun attacks. Somehow, Datsun manages to hit Hill's hand, and the gun goes sailing out of the window. A splash is heard. Then, suddenly, Hill grabs Datsun securely and throws Datsun out the window. A louder splash is heard. But before Hill can regain his stance, Homes is upon him. Homes begins to get the upper hand; then suddenly Hill grabs Homes securely and throws Homes out of the window. Another splash is heard. The other men (Fredrick Ferdinand, Samuel Sheerman), who have been watching intently at what has ensued, suddenly jump to life.)

Samuel Come, Ferdinand. Let's avenge poor Albert."

Fred Jolly good idea. Tallyho!"

(Fred and Samuel attack Hill, but Hill still has some fight left in him. He throws Fred back and then knocks Samuel down, but each time Hill knocks one of the men down, the other one is up and at him. After this has gone on for a few minutes, suddenly, from the window, a hand appears. Then, slowly but surely, Datsun pulls himself aboard. His clothes are a shambles. The fight continues around Datsun as if Datsun weren't even there. Then Datsun turns and slowly pulls Homes aboard. His clothes are the same state as Datsun's. The only things, it seems, that they came back with unharmed, were their hats, Datsun's umbrella (or cane), and Homes' pipe, which, when Homes smokes it, emits a steady stream of bubbles.

The two (Datsun and Homes), torn and wet, trip their way through the figh unscathed and to the couch. where Homes sits down on the couch and Datsun in the armchair. They start pouring themselves drinks. After they have drunk steadily for a few minutes. Datsun notices the fight, as if for the first time. He stares for a few minutes as Hill continues to throw Fred and Samuel; then, rather groggily, Datsun stands up. Datsun takes the bottle and walks back to the fight. Homes, not even seeming to realize Datsun gone, picks up one of the pies and takes a bite. Meanwhile, Datsun proceeds until he is directly behind Hill. Hill throw Samuel one last and Datsun drunkenly knocks Hill out with the bottle. Hill falls. This done, Datsun looks at the bottle and takes another drink. The Samuel and Fred, already back on their feet, come over to Datsun.)

Samuel

Well done, old chap."

Fred

Simply smashing. But, uh, what do we do with the body now?" (Datsun shrugs drunkenly and almost falls down.)

Samuel

I say, Fred, let's cart him back to the other room and tie him up."

Fred

Jolly good idea. I must say, I haven't had this much fun since my high school days with Albert. Very refreshing, eh, what." (Samuel and Fred cart Hill's body offstage, and Datsun turns back to the sofa. All this time, Homes has been busy drinking from his glass which was long since empty, and then Homes tries to grab a bottle off the table, but always seems to miss it. So Homes takes one more bite out of the pie, then drunkenly tries to offer some to Datsun. For the time first, Homes realizes Datsun is not in the armchair, and stares drunkenly with the pie in his outstretched hand. Datsun, however, is on his way back to the armchair, when suddenly he trips and falls face first into the pie.

(Needless to say, Homes goes into hysterics. Datsun rises slowly from the floor, this time seeming very sober. He stands up with pie in his face and watches as Homes literally splits his seams. Then Datsun glances at the coffee table. There in front of him is another pie. An evil look comes over Datsun's face. He picks up the pie and taps Homes on the shoulder. Homes stops his laughing just long enough to glance at Datsun, and then Datsun lets Homes have it. Homes gets the pie in the face. Datsun breaks into hysterics and Homes becomes quite infuriated and pouts.)

(So ends Act Three. Curtains close.)

THE HEMLOCK HOMES MURDER MYSTERY MENAGERIE

Act Four

(Curtains still closed. Enter Narrator. Spot on Narrator.)

Narrator

And so the great detective, Hemlock Homes, had triumphed again. Homes had the ship weigh anchor and they sailed back to jolly old England.

Although the third will was never found, Homes decided that the will in which the majority of the inheritance went to Walter was the true will. Since it was found that Walter had only been wounded when Hill shot him, he was given the inheritance. Hill's share of the inheritance was distributed between Samuel Sheerman and Fredrick Ferdinand, along with whatever inheritance Albert had left them. All had worked out well, except between Homes and Datsun. They were no longer speaking to each other. As the curtains open, the scene is the police station in London, England, where Hill has been taken."

(Curtains open to reveal a police station set up with a long table center stage, a high police desk back farther behind it. A policeman (a bobby) is leading Hill offstage. A man is writing at the high police desk. Homes and Datsun are seated at the long table, their backs to each other. Soon the bobby comes back on and walks over to Homes and Datson.)

Bobby

I would ask you to fill out these reports, guy'nor."
(Hands Homes and Datsun separate sheets of paper.
Soon they are finished writing, and the bobby takes the papers and hands them to the man at the desk. The man takes them and then tells the bobby to leave.
Then the man steps down from the desk and walks over to Homes and Datsun.)

Desk Sgt. Hemlock Homes?"

Homes Here, Guv'nor."

Desk Sgt. Dr. Datsun?"

Datsun Eh, whot."

Desk Sgt. I have a case sent to me from a lady in Edinburgh for

the two of you."

Homes It's probably for me." (Puts out his hand.)

Desk Sqt. No, sorry, guv'nor. It's for Homes and Datsun

specifically. If you can't handle it, I'll send someone else. Funny case, though. Seems 12 automobiles have been lost on one of the older roads, and none of the passengers have been found. This lady claims they disappear into thin air and says she's seen it happen."

Homes I'm sorry, but I cannot handle it."

Desk Sgt. All right, guv'nor."

(The sargeant slides the paper onto the table between Homes and Datsun. Then the desk sargeant leaves the room. Homes and Datsun sit still for a few moments, glancing at the paper every once in a while. Then finally Homes and Datsun stare at each other for a while, then leap to their feet as if in resignation.)

Homes Into thin air, she says."

Datsun Foul play, eh, Homes?"

Homes I suspect so, Datsun." (The two exit stage right.)

(Re-enter desk sargeant, smiling smugly. Curtains close

on Act Four. Narrator enters, lights on.)

Narrator And so they were together again, the great team of Homes and Datsun. Who knows what new dangers may threaten their lives, what horrible people and advanture

await them? Who knows? Who cares? Only Homes and Datsun know, as they fight on in the name of justice!"

(In the background, the theme music begins to play The Narrator speaks again.)

arrator	We would like to thank you for being here. It's been a
	pleasure. Our actors wereandas
	Albert and Andy Princeton and as the two policemen.
	Alsoas Samuel Sheerman. (All come out and
	take a bow as their name is called.)as
	Fredrick Ferdinand;as Walter Ambersteel;
	as Cal Winston Hill

And, of course, Richard Aguilera and David Watson as Hemlock Homes and Dr. Datsun.

(Homes and Datsun come out and do a little dance number to the theme song. Then, near the end, all actors come out and Homes says; "Let's have a big round of applause for our narrator, too.

Take a bow." Narrator takes a bow. Finish of dance step, all actors step back. Curtains close-end of play.)

THE END?

'sprouts recipes'

Dounuts

First:

Some biscuits. Make a hole in them with your thumb. Put them in a pan. Put them in the oven. Set the oven about ½ hour. Take them out and if they're not done put them back in the over for two or three seconds.

Take them out. Put cinnamon and jelly and sugar on them and put them back in the oven for one second. And then we take them out, and I give one to my Grandma and my Grandpa. And if my cousins are there I will give them some, too. And when I go see my mommy at the hospital at University, I'll take her some. And me and my mommy willeat all of them up.

That's ALL!

Tacos

Beans Lemonade Forks, spoons Cups

You cook them in the oven. You take it out. Put it on the plate. Then you eat it!

Brandy Knight

Popsicle Is

You put the popsicle in the freezer.
Then, if it's stuck together,
Get it apart. Don't cut the popsicle's in half.
You hold them with a stick,
And eat them!

Philip Carlson



Hamburgers & French Fries

Meat, 2 Hamburger buns Lettuce Tomatoes

Cook the meat in a pan. Take the hamburger bun and put it together with everything else. Then eat it!

Bake the french fries. Make a lot of them. My sister ate them. Pree. With catsup. I was too full from my hamburger.

Jamie Beard

Taco's

Beans Lemonade Forks, spoons Cups

You cook them in the oven a little long. You eat them. You put them on plates. Eat them with your hands.

That's all!

Brandy Knight



Yellow Eggs

Two eggs
Some plates
Milk, one
Bacon
Sausage

I cook them. Put it in the oven. You take it out. Put it on the plate. Then you eat it!

Brandy Knight

Macaroni and Cheese

Put the macaroni in the pan and let it cook. Put in all the cheese. Put it on a plate. Eat it!

Marissa Green

Corn

First, put some water in a pan to boil it. (About 30 minutes)
Then, take it out.
Thenm put the corn in the water.
Then, put in on somebody's plate.
Eat it all up!

Philip Carlson

Strawberry Gelatin

Sugar mix
Let the water get hot (it gets steamy)
Pour all of the water in the bowl.
Stir it. Stir 12, more.
Stir until it's all gone.
Then, put strawberries in.
Then. take the little ice cubes out if they're not melted.
Then let it freeze (a long time) in the freezer.
You feel it when it's ready. It's like gelatin.
Take it out.
Eat it!

Angel

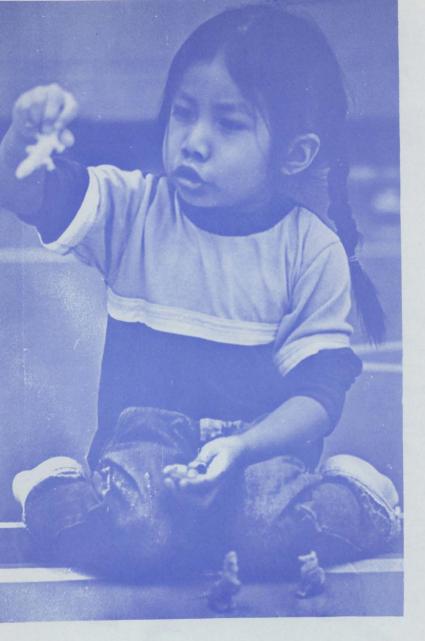




Hot dogs

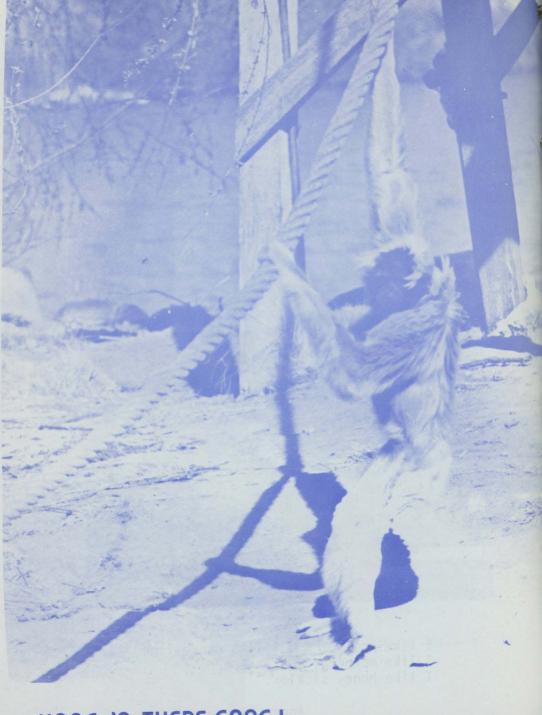
Boil the water. Then, take the hot dog out. Then, put it in the "roll." Then, you can put mustard or ketsup on it.

Philip Carlson



I like roses. And I like dandelions. I like morning flories (blue). I like honey sickles.

Angee Davenport



HANG IN THERE GANG!

I was going my own direction I never needed much affection Then you moved into my section And now my heart, it need's protection You added me to your collection I saw in you the resurrection Of truth and beauty and perfection I thought of you as my own reflection So now you've made a new connection Well I won't run for re-election I only hope your new selection Can find a cure for your infection. Larry Tillson



Special consideration to:

Lawson A. Thomas
Dawn Forehand
The Graphics Dept.
Media Production
Paul St.Amand
Virgina Dodson

Thank you, to Sue Hinton, our faculty advisor.

Printing done at South Oklahoma City Junior College with the talent of Gary Smith.

1978 - Spring

Cover Design by Lorraine Veal