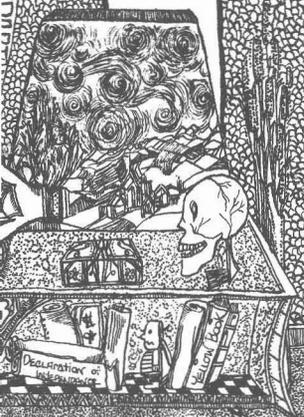
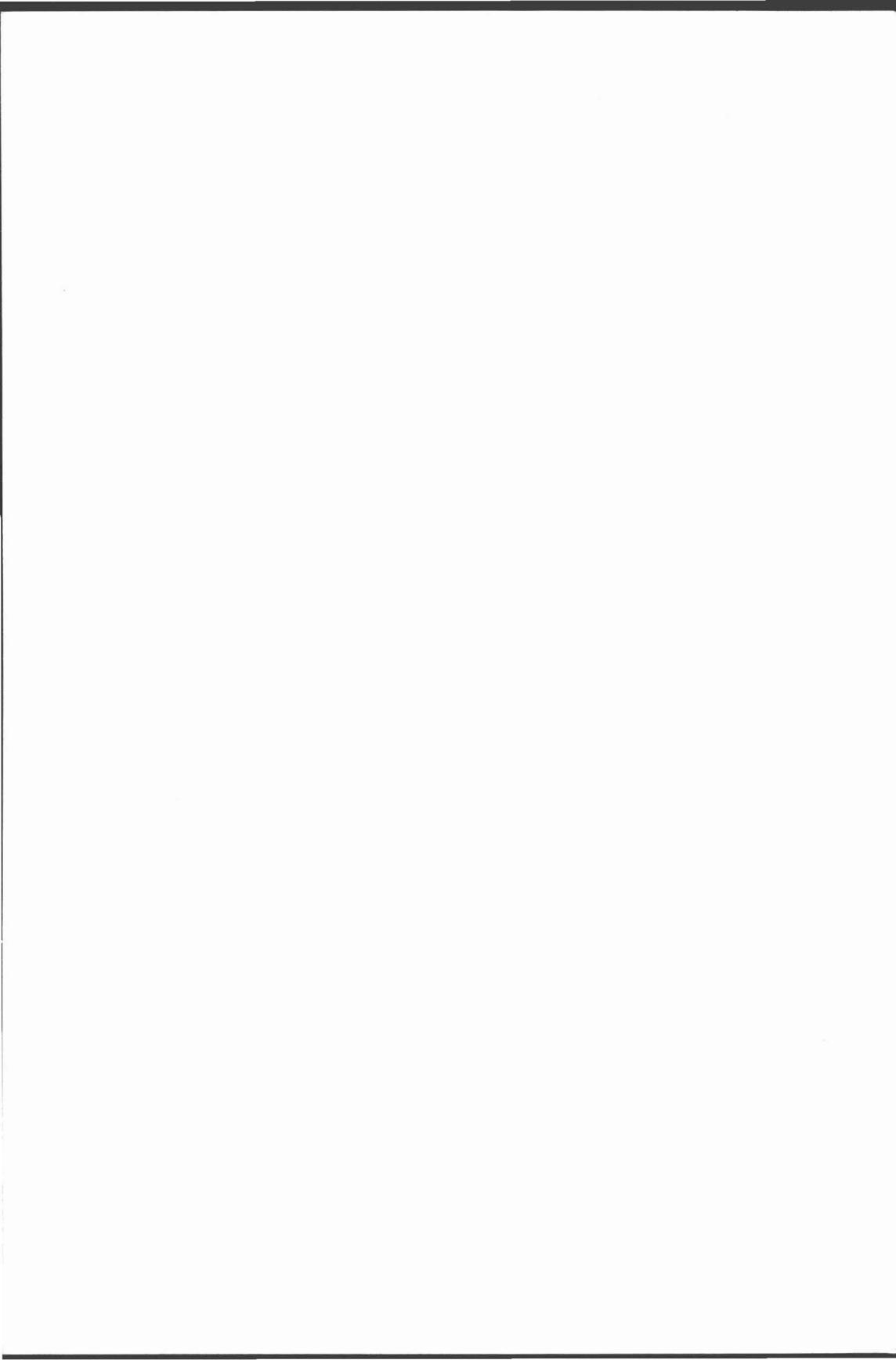
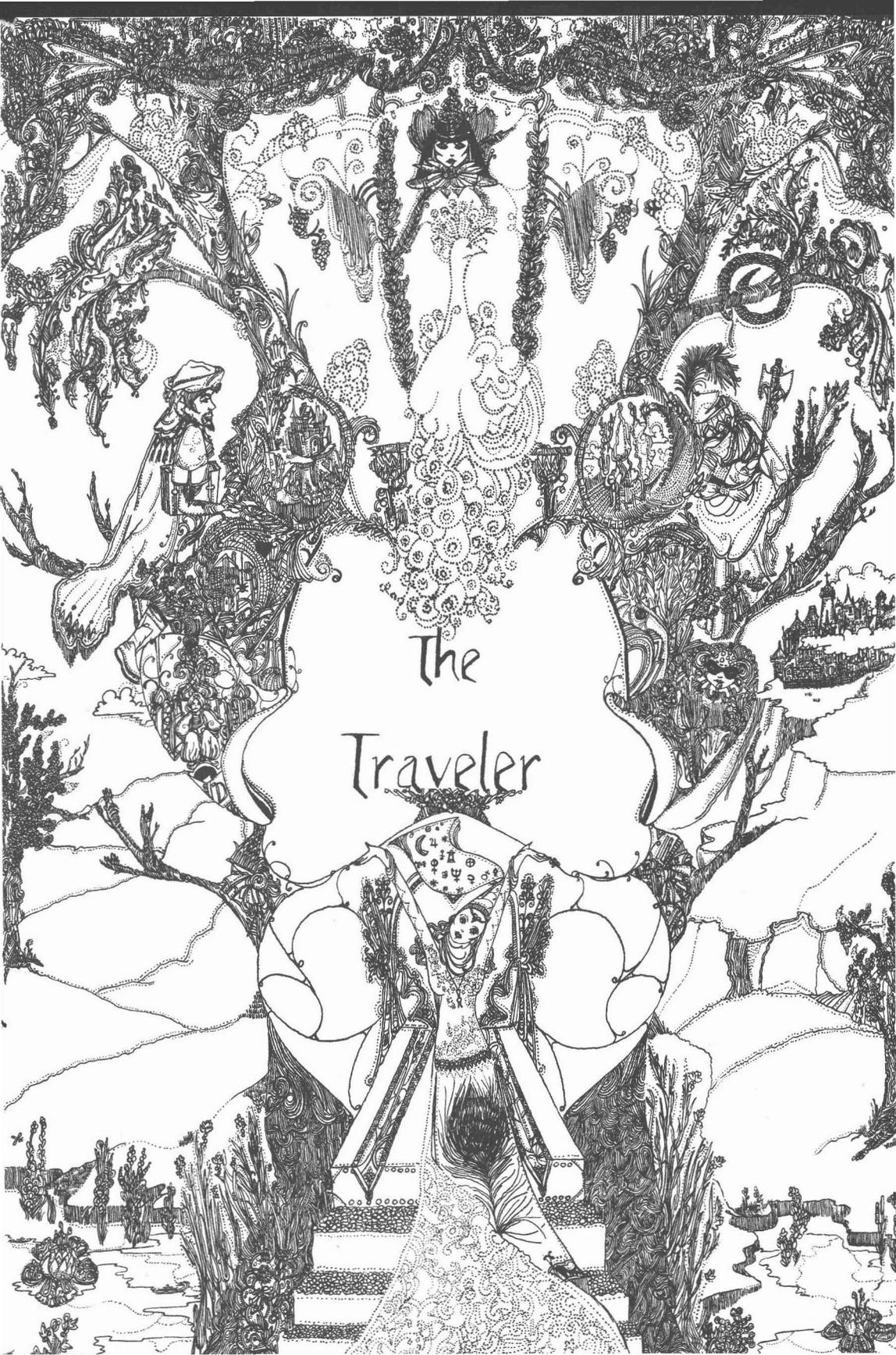


PRINGE BROS
WORLD'S GREATEST SHOW

2% SENIORS
Impairment trial
1 person Suburban







The
Traveler

GLENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE
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Desert in Autumn

The heat of the desert, summer sun,
Gives way to the cool autumn night.
The scent of the creosote sharper now,
In the cooler, clearer light.

Bluer skies stretch overhead,
Made deep by a paler sun;
Shadows keep the nighttime chill,
After the day has come.

Like small gray nuns, the doves will gather
Around the reflecting pools,
And dewdrops form on the newborn grass,
Like millions of tiny jewels.

God must smile on the desert land,
Each time the autumn nears;
And angels pity the arid soil
And water it with their tears.

Then the sun relents and veils its eye,
And relieves the tortured land;
And God remolds the desert hills,
With a kind and loving hand.

Wendy Barker

If It Was Up to Me

If it was totally up to me,
I think I'd let my mind go free.

I'd pick a spot, and there I'd sit
And let it wander just a bit,

And glide upon light waves of thought,
And fulfill the things I've always sought,

And grow to heights it's never grown,
And trip and tumble to depths unknown,

And climb each day as sun to noon,
And soar with eagles past the moon —

But I've got to go to work.

Jennifer Bishop

I tried to laugh
when I understood
but I looked at him
and I turned to wood,
yet he carved his name
upon my brow
and still I can remember how,
he thought it better that
we part soon
for winter was coming and flowers
don't bloom
and when he couldn't pick them
to bring to my door,
there was nothing left
for him to give me any more.

Helen Mitsios

The tint of a warmth-painted smile
Gives me assurance of acceptance.
The crinkle of a ski-slope nose
Gives me assurance of criticism.
The heavy laughter with its tension relief
Gives me assurance of happiness.
And the hand held, the tear dried, the kiss given
Gives me assurance of love.

Maria R. Nemmer

I Want to be Pretty

I want to be pretty
Sometimes when I lie in bed at night
Nestled in my pillow
And tucked between my flowered sheets
I feel pretty

But

I want to be pretty
Sometimes when I feel the softness
Of my furry blanket
Or touch my cheek against my arm
I feel pretty

But

I want to be pretty
Sometimes when I get all dressed up
And see my dress
Fitted well against my body
I feel pretty

And

It's true, sometimes, in my denims
And man's tee-shirt
I look free and liberated and
I feel cute

But

I want to be pretty

Greer Barkley



Black and yellow butterflies
Are kissing
A thousand rainbow flowers

Mary Ann Henningsen



Snow

Snow falls softly through the night,
Softly it falls, so silent and white.
It falls on the rooftops and on windowsills,
In darkness it gathers and from roofledges spills.
In heaps and in mounds it covers the ground,
And muffles the silence that grows into sound.
So mystic and gentle, like magic it floats,
And settles unknown, on foreheads and coats.
And too soon it ceases; it gleams in the night,
A white blanket of glittering silence so bright.
Dawn finds the snow all over the ground,
And tramples and stomps it and moves it around;
Children frolic and throw it in play,
And slowly the sunlight melts it away.
In the late afternoon, when red hues arise,
A beautifully bleak desolation it lies.
To behold the falling of each season's snows
Is an unspoken wisdom that peacefully grows.

Kurt Hoyer

On His Birthday

By

Jim Koncz

They sat on their respective sides of the room. Neither had spoken for the last few minutes, and their silence had made them increasingly aware of each other's presence.

The old man spoke. "It looks like you've aged pretty rapidly, son."

The young man unfolded his arms and boosted himself to a more erect sitting position. "Yeah," he mumbled, "I guess so."

"Ya say you're going to be twenty-two pretty soon, huh?"

"Today," he answered. "Today's my birthday."

The old man looked down. "Oh. Happy birthday."

"I guess," replied the young man.

"Twenty-two years old, huh? I've got a son about your age. He's 'twenty-three," said the old man.

The young man did not acknowledge.

"Yeah, and a fine young man he is too. Not like me. Nope. He's got a wife, kids, a nice home, yeah, he's some boy."

The young man still did not acknowledge.

"Yeah, my wife died some years ago," said the old man, "when my son was just a little lad. He stayed with his aunt after my wife died. A sad thing. We was never that close, though. Not as close as we shoulda been, you know, being father and son as we was."

The young man folded his arms without looking up from the floor.

"Have ya got a father, boy?" asked the old man.

"Yep," answered the young man.

"Was ya as close to him as you should've been?"

"I guess we weren't so close as we shoulda been, but me and my mother, we was close."

"She dead?" asked the old man.

"Seven years," the young man answered.

"My mother, she died when I was a young man like you. I missed her awfully bad," said the old man.

The young man continued to look at the floor.

"She was my purpose in life, ya know. She was on the sickly side, and she always needed these medicines. I used to get 'em for her. She loved

me for it, ya know. She needed me, she really did”.

The young man recrossed his legs in the opposite direction.

“Seven years ya been without your mum, huh, boy? That’s too bad. Ya got over her loss, though, huh? Yeah. It took me a while too. But pretty soon I was over it and I lived like I never ever had a mum. You probably been living like that for a while now, huh?”

The young man didn’t answer.

“My wife was like my mum, ya know. They even sorta looked the same,” the old man chuckled. “They both had brown hair, brown eyes, they was both up to my shoulder, and both pretty like an angel. They was, too. Prettiest faces you’d wanna see. I always hoped I’d have a daughter so that she could be pretty like her mum. Did ya ever get married, son?”

The young man shook his head as he studied a roach crawling across the floor. “Nope, never did,” he said.

“Did ya ever think you was gonna get married? I mean, did ya ever want to get married to some girl?”

The young man, watching the insect answered. “Yes,” he said softly.

“How come ya didn’t marry her, then, huh?” asked the old man.

“She died,” the young man answered.

“Oh,” said the old man. “I’m sorry.”

The young man half-smiled. “Yeah,” he said.

“I’ll bet she was awfully pretty,” said the old man. “And seeing as how young you are, she must have been pretty young. What a waste. But the Lord must have had a purpose for her, I guess.”

The young man was still watching the roach. It was crawling up the wall.

“You know,” said the old man, “it always makes me sad to hear when a young person dies. They got so much of life ahead. But me, I lived my life, and the Lord hasn’t taken me yet. I wonder why He takes the young folk and not me, seein’ that I don’t have much time left anyway.”

The roach was off the wall and again crawling on the floor. The young man watched intently.

“Stillborn babies is okay, I guess, but when a young person gets a taste of life, and then that taste is taken away when it’s still fresh in the young person’s mouth, well, I think that’s just too bad. No one should die before they reach fifty, you know? Maybe by fifty a person can get weary of life and then maybe death would be the best, but a young person, well, he should get a chance at everything.”

The young man got up to acknowledge a noise at the door.

“Old man, how much time you got left?” asked the young man.

“Sixteen years,” said the old man.

The door opened and a guard led the young man downstairs to the waiting gallows.

Rain
falls
cleansing.

sheets of gray
envelope the city
shrouding it in bleakness

pavement shines
like slick glass
reflecting dark clouds
that loom above

Rain
falls. . .
saving.

cracked soil
greedily absorbs
moisture so thirsted for

dry washes full
pools of rippling silver
reflecting relief
in a thin fawn's eyes

Debbie Rinaldo

When one you love leaves home —
the roof is less one shingle
causing the rain to come through.

Debbie Rinaldo

I Am No Job

I trusted the Lord. He
Picked my mate for me; not
Lust. The first year was
Splendid. Away from Momma and
Poppa, stress took its toll.
She's needed psychiatrists
Ever since. Her figure is
Slim, trim, like her mind was.
A college grad, too. With
Her intelligence,
My ambition,
We could conquer the world;
The country; the town. No;
Not even happiness for two.
Our boys suffer; they need
A normal mother.
Psychiatrists say, I'm normal.
Ha! Her mind is warped; her
Heart pure. God played a
Dirty trick on me.

Edward Everett Sr.

Jet

A finger-like ray trails behind
A splotch of light
A swear of sound
To divide the sky double.

Maria R. Nemmer

No Place

When It's cold —
When I've got
No place to go,
I go there slow.
And when I get
To where I'm going,
It seems to me
It's always
Snowing.
So when I've got
No place to go,
I go to watch
The snow.
And I can tell from
The snowman's face
That where I am
Is Winter's
No place.

Jennifer Bishop

Opposites

Touch —

 But don't speak
For your words
 Hold no softness
And I couldn't
 Stand the sharpness
 any more.

Smile —

 But don't look
For your eyes
 Hold no joy
And I couldn't take
 Facing resentment
 eye to eye.

Feel —

 But don't express
For your actions
 Are too phoney
And I'm unable
 To pretend
 Any more.

Debbie Rinaldo

Birthday

One year older,
 another day,
One more memory,
 another way,
One more thought,
 we must retain,
One more year,
 we can't regain.

Sylvia Wilson

My baby has a basement
full of fancy kinds of times
he keeps it stocked
with many things
including cheese and rose-red wines.

My baby thinks he has it made
in his basement boutique,
he paints his walls
a pale sweet blue
it makes the place look
sad yet new
and he says
I
think
it's
right for you
to stay here
with
me
now.

His kisses come in flavors
stored in jars along the wall
and he promises that someday
I'll have tried them
one and all.

His shelves are filled
with stories long
and he tells me of his ways
he tries to please me with his smiles
and the trivia of his days.
My baby he's got everything
and he thinks he's got me, too.
He keeps on saying
I'm
good
for
you
but he doesn't know
my feelings true.

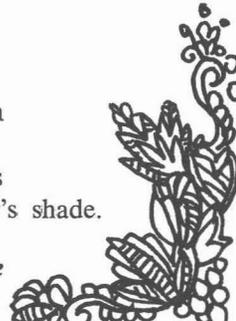
'Cause I know he'd start crying
to just be
occupying
only
a little
time
of
mine.

Helen Mitsios



I rake the fallen
Leaves and ask
If these are bills
For last summer's shade.

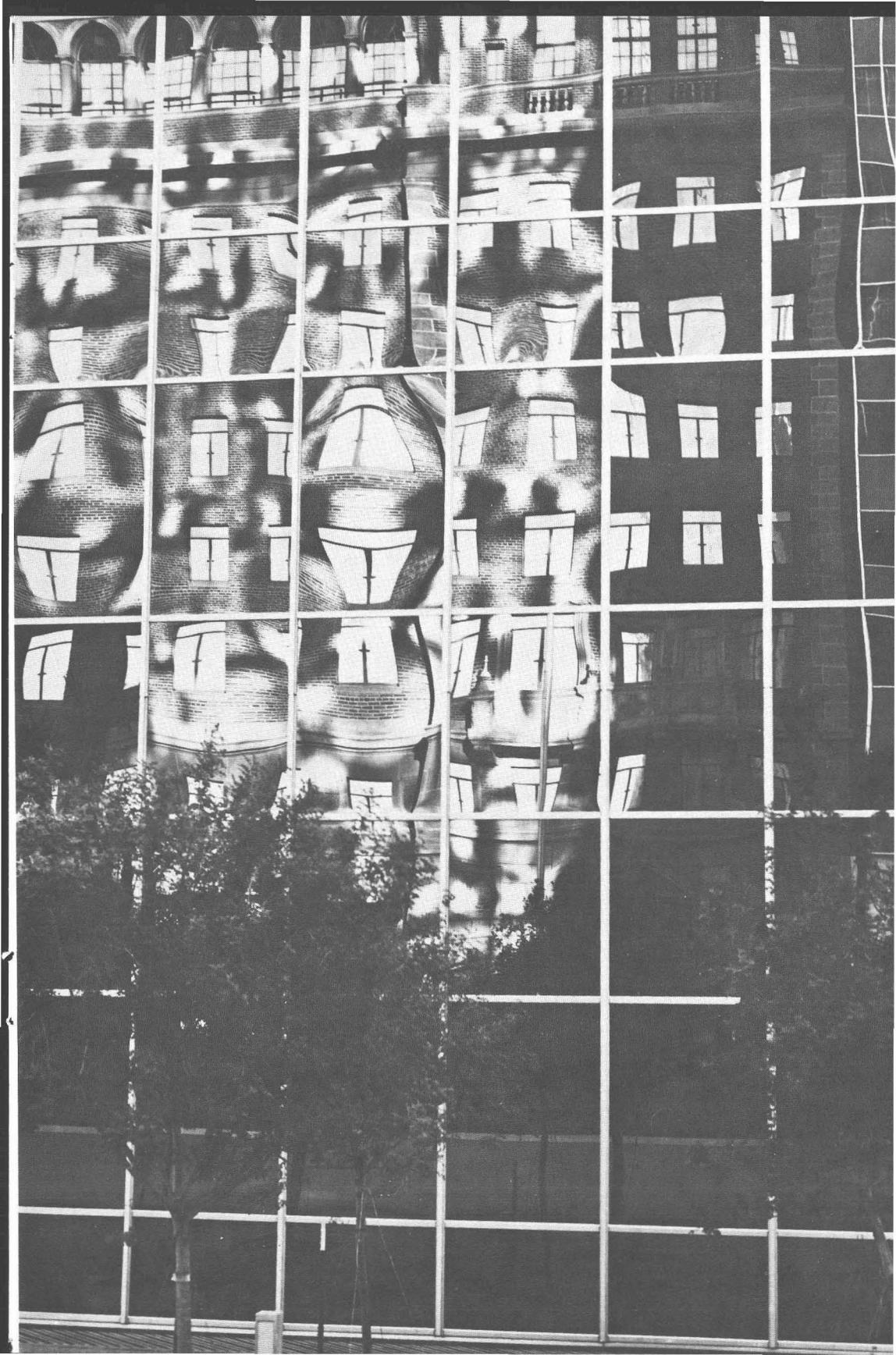
Louise R. Byrne



Wheels of the City

The wheels of the city turn slowly,
But they roll on and on and on,
endlessly and endlessly and onward,
Rolling and turning not forward nor backward nor advancing,
 but just turning,
Perpetually bearing the load of the city,
Rumbling over the roads of the day and the night,
And its passengers gazing out of vacant eyes at the immobile
 passing of the streets and the houses,
Uncertain of where the city goes, uncertain of where the city
 is, uncertain of where the city was,
Spewing its poisonous, pestilential fumes into grey skies,
Turning through daylight and darkness incessantly, tirelessly,
Its drivers taking turns at the wheel, each with a quiet, rapt,
 gaze and wide, bloodshot, absorbed eyes that see nothing,
Shooting forward into tomorrow at a slow tremendous speed,
Unaware of the sun and the moon and the stars,
Absorbed, in perpetual meaningless motion, the swift passing of
 objects blurred;
The seen yet unseen faces of the crowds on the pavements,
Rushing to be on time according to the dictatorial hands on
 a clock;
The repetitiousness suffered through the drug of activity,
Life that barely knows itself alive,
Glib phrases that one stands by in order to live,
The scene that is senseless that one believes in through
 necessity,
All carried along, over the asphalt,
On wheels of the city.

Kurt Hoyer



A Moment of Wonder

Not a vision,

But a view

Seen glimmering through raven tresses.

Not a feeling,

But a touch

of tactile tongue's

twining duel.

Not a form,

But a being

Beside me in the night

Burrowing into the hollow of my shoulder

Perhaps to touch the hollow of my heart.

And I wonder the wonder. . .

Michael Sterling

The orange sherbet rise
Behind the grapevine hills
Reminds me of a place I've been
And fills my spine with chills.

Vanilla pudding beams
Floating in the rapids' foam
Reminds me of a place I've been:
A place that I called home.

Jennifer Bishop

Through the smoky curtain
drawn ore our lives

We see only dimly, those,
whose faces have passed so close.

And what we see is not
what we remember,
The faces times and places
are what we are.

Hidden in the curtain,
We imagine.

The time is smoke as it meets wind
And the places are changing with
The faces that are yet to come.

Bill Wootan

Me and You

Looking inside what do you see.
Not you, for sure, but is it me?
This creature of doubt and earthly woe
Is it me, it must be so.

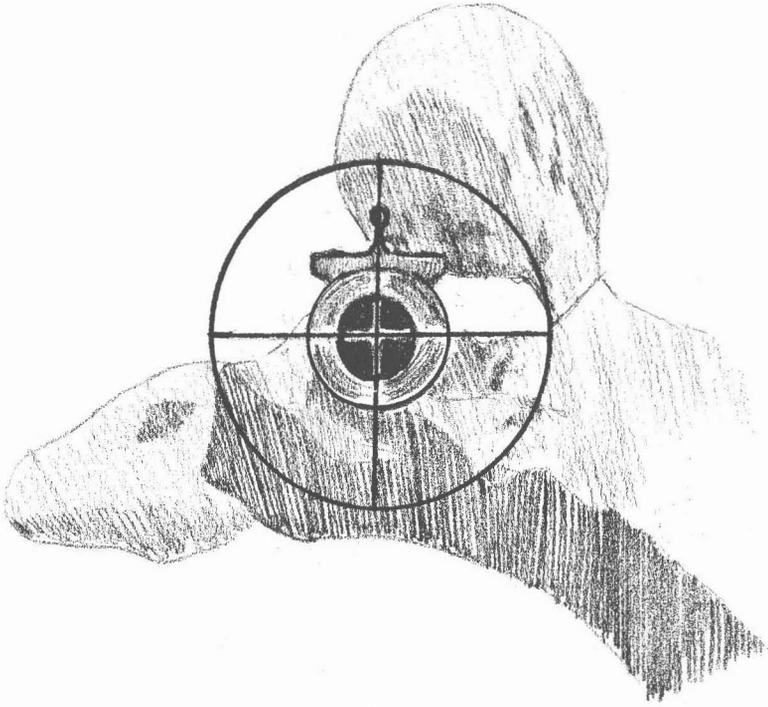
It can't be you, I know that clearly
For what I've become, I've paid right dearly
I cried the tears and formed the smiles
I'm the one who walked those miles.

But is it me, this thing inside
Striving and seeking and hoping to hide
Behind a face of mirth and glee.
It must be you, it can't be me.

It must be you so full of doubt.
It must be you who's prone to pout.
It is not I, for I am free.
I am the one who has to be.

So work I must to be the me
That you must look at and I must see.
And maybe one day when I look inside
It will be me, not you, I find.

Myke Lentz



what i saw

i saw a man the other day
a military man
driving his military jeep
down a civilian street
and i don't know where
he was going or what he
was going to do but . . .
on the back of his . . .
military jeep
was his big
military
gun

Jennifer Bishop

The Garden

Marianne Martin

The Mercers led a quiet, apparently very happy life. They had been married in their late twenties, relatively late for their generation. They seemed ideally suited in temperament and disposition. Peter was an outgoing friendly man, always ready with a cherry hello and a hearty slap on the back. Dolores was withdrawn to the point of shyness; she was ill at ease in the company of others and always stayed close to the protective strength of her husband. He loved her; she adored him — it was a perfect match.

As the years went by it became apparent that the marriage would remain childless. Both grieved for some time; especially Dolores seemed heartbroken, until Peter promised that they would try and adopt a child. For the next few months their time was taken up by filling out applications, collecting character-references and finally making appointments. Without trouble they were accepted as prospective parents and why not? Their life was an open book; they were uncomplicated, well adjusted, responsible adults. But then a problem arose in the selection of a baby. Peter of course opted for a boy, while Dolores dreamed of dressing up a little girl, brushing her curls, taking her to the park and presenting her to her friends in all her finery. Peter of course won, and Dolores submitted to his wishes — they would have a little boy. But as soon as this problem was solved, others arose like the question of age, and religious and ethnic background. Peter found a flaw in every eligible child and the whole idea of adoptions had to be shelved for the time being. Dolores was crushed but she had to agree with Peter's reasoning. This was too important a decision to be made in such a short time. They needed more time to think, and in the meantime the agencies could keep their name on file and call them when something more fitting would come up.

So life went on as before. The Mercers continued to attend parties and have people in for dinner and cards. Peter's laugh was as happy and hearty as always, and Dolores clung to him with trembling hands. She had a very fragile constitution and required much medical attention. It was fortunate that Peter could afford to get her all the expert help she needed and to keep her prescriptions filled. He was proud of his sick little wife, who so bravely toughened it out and even managed to accompany him on his hunting and fishing trips. He had laughed off the idea that he should go with the boys. Oh no; he wanted to spend all the time with his beloved little wife and wouldn't dream to leave her behind. What would she do without him? She would be lonely and frightened in that big house, especially since she didn't have any friends of her own! Peter smiled; such devotion! Wives jealously nudged their husbands.

The doctor had told Dolores to get plenty of fresh air and exercise, so she took up gardening. All her love and care flowed through her hands into plants and flowers, and they grew and prospered. Her rose garden especially became famous and many people came to admire it, and although she wouldn't speak of it, she enjoyed their praises. Peter smiled at his wife's little hobby. Well, if it made her happy. . .and the garden did look very nice. At parties he would relate how she would run out during the night and lovingly protect her little ole plants from a cold wind or an early frost. Yes, he could say:

"She treats them like children and I could almost get jealous, leaving my bed to look after the roses and tulips and what-nots."

And they all would laugh, while Dolores would blush and fight to keep from crying. It was true. She did care for her flowers as if they were her children, and on cold nights she imagined she could hear them shiver and moan in the wind. They depended on her for their well-being and she was responsible for them.

In early spring a telegram came telling of Dolores' mother's serious illness. Dolores was torn between her duty to her mother and her flowers; that's how dear they had become to her, and it was difficult to make her decision. So Peter as always had to make it for her. He packed her bags, arranged the trip and promised to look after the garden, and if need be to call in a professional gardener. Dolores was relieved. Now she could devote all her loving care to her ailing mother.

Mrs. Stratton recovered nicely and Dolores was able to return home within a few weeks. She really looked forward to being home again, to be able to ask Peter for advice and lean on his strength. He met her at the airport, love and devotion on his face, a big bunch of flowers clutched in his arms. "No," he assured her, "these are not from the garden, I bought them on the way. But just wait until we get home. I have a big surprise for you. . . . Yes, yes, it has something to do with your flowers, but I won't tell you anymore."

Dolores settled back into the carseat. She wondered what the surprise could be. Maybe he had gotten her a little greenhouse, like the one she had seen in the magazine and liked so well. Yes, that was probably it. Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful. Now she could raise flowers all year long. Oh, what a wonderful, thoughtful husband her Peter was. As the car pulled into the driveway, she could hardly contain her impatience, but Peter insisted on doing everything properly. First they had to go into the house and fix her a welcome home drink, put up her clothes and then go to inspect the garden. While Peter mixed the cocktails Dolores tried to peek through the windows, but all the drapes were pulled tightly. Peter laughed:

"All right, all right, I won't torture you any longer. Here, take your drink and let's go outside and take a look."

He opened the patio doors and as they blinked in the bright sunlight a cheery "Welcome home" rang out. All their friends gathered around them, clinking glasses and kissing her. But Dolores saw none of them, knew nobody. Her eyes were fixed on the sparkling, shiny new pool that sat proudly in the middle of the yard, right there where her roses used to be, her roses used to be. . .The words ran through her mind like the refrain of an old nursery rhyme. Her glass slid out of her hand. She didn't notice it, nor did she pay any attention when it shattered. What she did hear, though, was her heart crumbling into a thousand pieces and she could feel the pieces settling into a tiny painful heap in her chest. She turned to walk into the house, amazed that one could still move with a broken heart. She did not recognize the people clustered around the bar, smiles frozen on their faces, clutching their glasses as if they were lifesavers. She moved silently and quickly; people would later say, like in a dream. Without hesitation she went into the study, took out the little gun that Peter had bought for protection of home and honor, as he had laughingly explained. Then she turned and just as silently went back to the pool. Everybody was whispering in hushed voices, shaking their heads at her strange behavior. What a crazy lady. Here her husband had bought her the best pool that money could buy, only thinking of her as always, so she could get her fresh air and exercise, and what did she do? She walked around as if she had seen a ghost. They moved quickly out of her way when she came gliding out of the house. Nobody thought of taking the gun from her. They all watched in frozen amazement as Dolores walked up to Peter, who was standing at the edge of the pool and, without hesitation, pointed the gun at his chest and shot him. The impact spun him around and into the pool. She watched him float on the surface for a few minutes or an eternity, then amid bubbles and foam he sank slowly to the bottom. The water had turned a beautiful rose red.

When the police came, Dolores handed over the pistol peacefully. Calm and steady was her voice when she made her only statement.

"He killed my children and I had to avenge them."



Tribute

My heart
longs to return
to the kingdom
of the giants.
to the dusky forests
where the gentle touch of deer
has caressed the
fern covered floor.
Where the rich redwoods
and majestic sequoia
speak in hushed tones —
whispering far above
the ears of man-kind.
I long to
feel the peacefulness —
to drench in the
heavy stillness
which clings to every
moss covered twig.
My soul cries out
in restlessness
to find the serenity
among the gentle ones.
Memories
of the merrily, singing
streams
stab at my conscience.
Come, they call
Drink from our crystal pools
and regain joy
in the song of the wind.
Return once again to the
kingdom of the giants.

Debbie Rinaldo

Darkness
comes softly creeping
surrounding you with coldness.
Silently it comes upon you
wrapping you in a robe of discontent;
bravely you go forth to break the seal of gloom.
You failed.
The darkness throws you back.
Quietly now you wait for
Dawn.

june marie iles

FLIES NAPPIN CAT SLAPPIN
SWEET SLOW SYRUP SIPPIN
HONEY DEW DOWN DAY
MOONS A RISIN
CROST A SLIPPERY SKY
N, I THINK IT'S TOGETHER
I KNOW IT'S ALRIGHT
(CLOSED MY EYES ON THE MONTH OF MAY 'N IT SLIPT AWAY)

Cindy Burton

Old violin, mute
Strings missing
No way to sing
No eyes to drip tears.

Judy Perlman

Just Once...

Just once when I've closed my eyes
the darkness won't seem so dark.
Just once when I've fallen from great heights
the bruise won't hurt so much.
Just once when I cry
the tears won't fall so hard
or sting my wet cheeks so.
Just once when I feel defeated
I won't wonder why I must exist.
Just once. . .

Lisa Morcomb

Short Life Lament

A touch.

An embrace.

Some sense of direction to this race.

You sigh.

Or perhaps you cry.

While I have to ask the why.

All the children of the sun

Herded by politicians' gun —

Else shot on the run.

Hear an echo —

Crack of doom

While wanting only living room

Before yielding to the tomb.

A touch!

A touch!

So very warm and dear

Is sadly sorely missing here.

Spiraling vertigo of desire;

While 'gainst us unknown conspire

Touches my fire —

Higher —

Higher!

Too soon my final pyre

With Calvin on the lyre.

But first a touch

not in hurried clutch —

Just

a

Touch.

Michael Sterling



Pheasant Under Glass

Pheasant under glass,
My ass!
I'd better split
Before I'm hit,
And carried off
Through morning fog
By some damn hunter's
Hunting dog.

Jennifer Bishop

Long ago
you walked into my mind.
Molding my thoughts
to conform to yours.

Individuality faded
into the lonely past.
Identical feelings
bringing security.

How I willingly
gave myself to you.
Softening my shell —
making it easier to
change.

Now — we are one.
We laugh alike,
talk alike,
love alike.
Your joy is mine
and your anger is ours.
And yet, I find myself
trying. . .
to remember who I was.

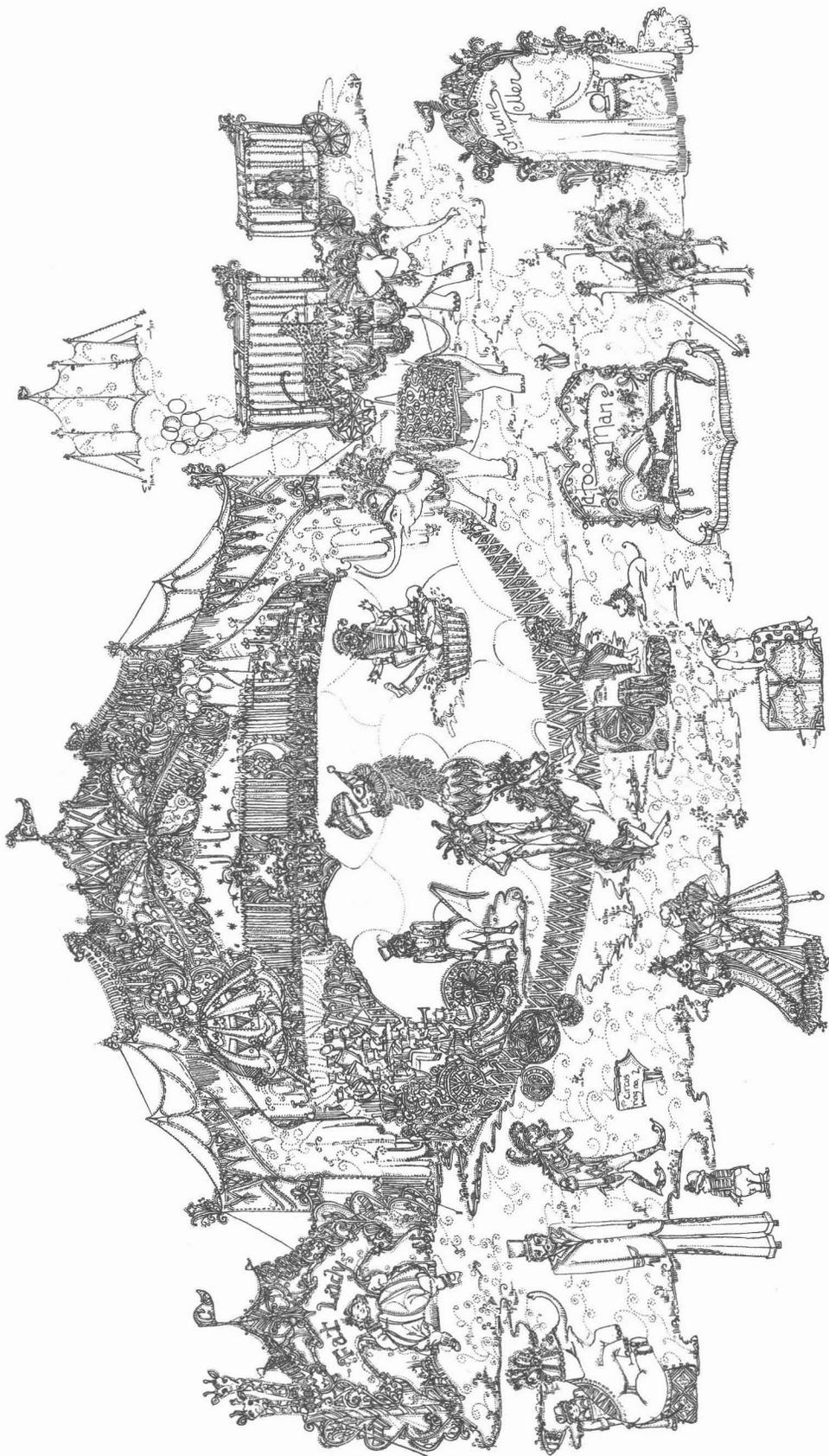
Debbie Rinaldo

Wind bumps into trees
Blind - looking
For a way out
Searching for freedom.

Judy Perlman

you were born a traveling man
life has been hard, i can see
in your face, cares for the ones you love
they have turned you away
so you give the world a front.
the face of a clown
but the clown cries too
but where none can see
i've seen and i've done the same
i cry inside.
we dream tomorrow may
be different?
but tomorrow comes and nothing has
changed.
and again we cry and hope,
and dream.

june marie iles



The Stowaway

There's a stowaway in my mind
Who peeks out of places where he hides
And tempts with soft syllables, saying,
"Come away with me.
We'll go to Paris and find someone who knew Hemingway.

and sit in a sunny sidewalk cafe
and drink ruby wine
and eat crusty bread and mellow yellow cheese
and talk about Life."

I can't possibly make it today —
Baby's sniffles have not gone away.

"Then come with me," says he.
"We'll go to India and stroll in the bazaar
and smell the perfumes
and eat sticky sweets
and buy a burnished brass bracelet with tiny
tinkling bells
and see an elephant."

I really would have gone before —
But I must mop the kitchen floor.

"Then tomorrow," he goes on with a faraway stare,
"We'll sail the seas in a schooner
with canvas of clouds
and find an island no one else has seen.
We'll run naked in the surging, sea-going surf
and we'll laugh."

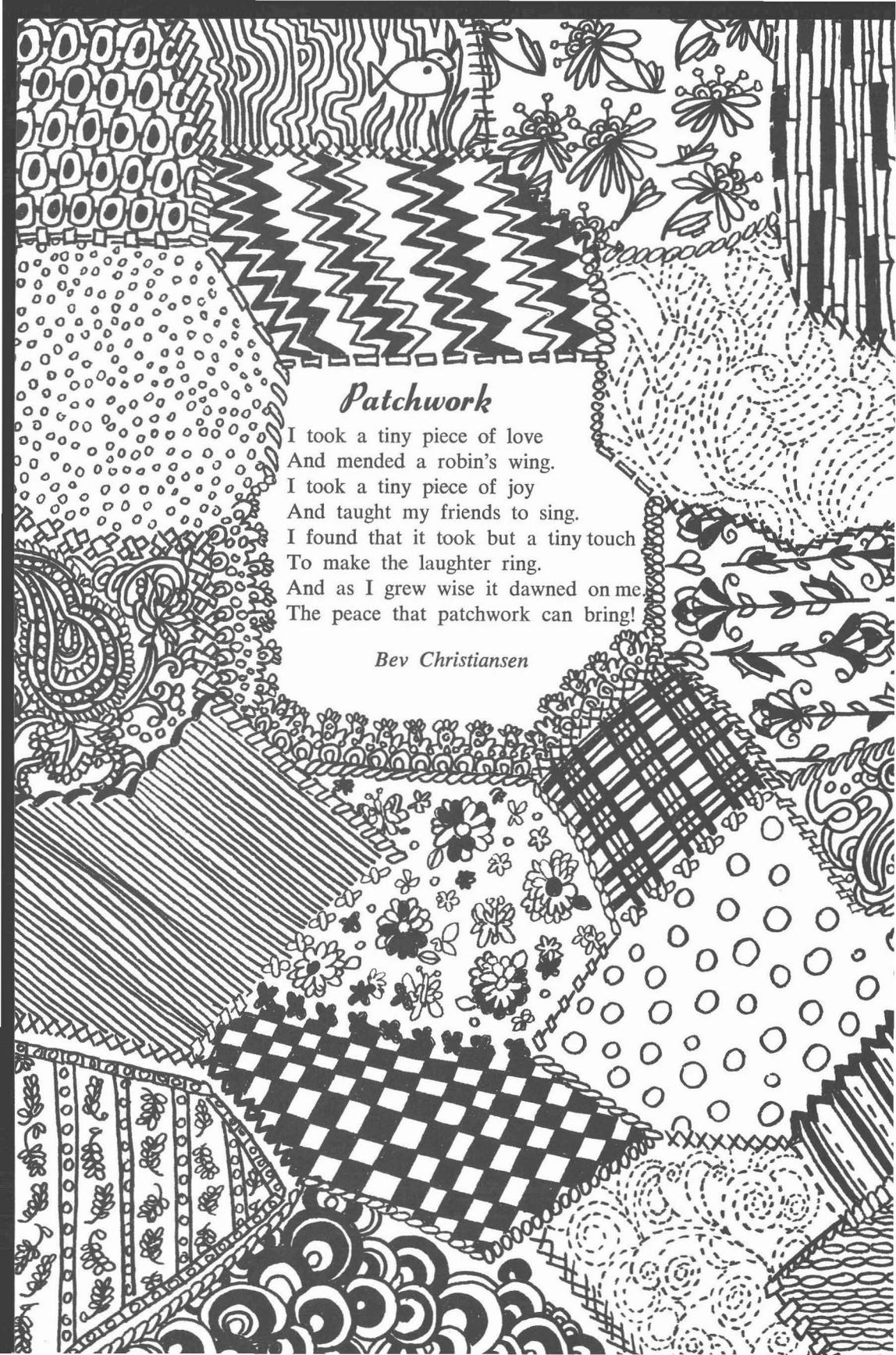
I do know such moments are few —
But tomorrow the car payment's due.

"Then we could wake one morning," he persists,
"In a meadow where mist catches rainbows,
walk veiled forest paths
nap when the shadows are hard
listen to the winsome wind-voices
catch sunset colors on a palette
to paint with later
and drink moonwine.

I'm terribly sorry to be in rush —
But tomorrow I must trim the hibiscus bush.

Limping footsteps made hollow echoes
As he trudged back toward dusky obscurity.
I heard him sigh and he seemed to
shrink a bit.
and did I see a tear?

Judy Perlman



Patchwork

I took a tiny piece of love
And mended a robin's wing.
I took a tiny piece of joy
And taught my friends to sing.
I found that it took but a tiny touch
To make the laughter ring.
And as I grew wise it dawned on me
The peace that patchwork can bring!

Bev Christiansen

Adolph Hitler High

J. Koncz

I knew high school wasn't going to be any picnic when I first enrolled at Adolph Hitler High School.

There I was with other soon-to-be freshmen, standing in a line. Lines are what high school is all about. The average student, in his four years of high school, spends most of his time waiting for passes to be written. Standing in line runs a close second. Flirting is third, sleeping in study hall is fourth, and eating lunch is fifth. Learning is twelfth and working is forty-second.

The line ran for about two-hundred and fifty yards, consisting of twenty-three students. It wasn't that we freshmen were afraid of each other, standing so far apart. In fact, if anything, we would have liked to huddle together. It was self-preservation that made us spread out. One small, tiny, unfortunate little freshman with eleven yards on either side of him is much harder to hit than a group of them. We had no intentions of making it easy for the upper-classmen.

On "E Day" (Enrollment Day — AHHS had abbreviations for everything), I made freshman history. Of course, I couldn't have done it without the help of an obliging Senior. (One *always* capitalizes "Senior".) Little did I realize that fateful morning upon waking that I would become the first freshman to be picked on before school even started.

"Hey," the Senior said, "you're a freshman."

I apologised.

"Oh, bein' smart, huh?"

"No, sir." Seniors feel they deserve that respect stuff.

"Are you sayin' that I'm wrong?" he asked, clenching his fist to help me decide.

"No, sir. I sure wouldn't say you were wrong, even if you were." I closed my eyes. "I have to learn to control my suicidal tendencies," I thought.

"Are you saying that I'm capable of being wrong?" Seniors are good at questions. They only have trouble with the answers.

I decided against answering. I figured I was going to get it regardless.

"Ignoring me, huh?"

“You started me out the right foot upon,
For this, I thank thee, Adolph.
And now I’ll grow up to be a good mon (man)
Again, I thank thee, Adolph.
I’ll never forget,
And doubt I’ll regret
My days with thee, dear Adolph.”

The Senior pulled his punch. You just *can't* hit a freshman singing the Alma Mater. Too hard.

You’ve probably noticed that none of the other freshmen volunteered their help. They just stood around and watched, having heard of the old political philosophy, “If you ignore it, it’ll go away.” In fact, apathy of this sort is learned and perfected in high school. So next time you’re being raped or mugged and people stand and watch, you can safely assume that they are or were freshmen.

The enrollment line gradually got shorter and finally it was my turn to experience what is known as “The Annual Humiliation.”

I stepped up to the desk where an old lady was sitting. She looked at her typewriter through her glasses that rested on the tip of her nose, which was a few inches away from the rest of her face.

“Freshman?” she asked in her nasal voice. All school secretaries have nasal sounding voices. It makes them even harder to understand.

“Yes, ma’am,” I replied.

“Name?”

“Koncz. Jim Koncz.”

“K-a-h-n-s?”

“No. K-o-n-c-z.”

“You’re not Jewish, then?”

“No. Hungarian.”

“C-o-n-s, you said?”

“K-o-n-c-z.”

“K-o-n-s.” She typed it.

“No, ma’am, that’s wrong. It’s K-o-n-c-z.”

She still hadn’t looked up from her typewriter. “Why didn’t you say something, then?”

“I’m sorry.” She took the form out of the typewriter and replaced it with another.

“K-a-h-n-s?”

I gave up. “No. S-m-i-t-h.”

She began to type. “J-o-n-e-s.” There were sixty-seven Jones in the freshman class.

“Right.” I said.

“First name?”

“Tom.”

“J-i-m. Age?”

“Does it matter when you’re in love?” I put my hand over my heart and swayed, staring off into space.

“Thirteen. What classes do you wanna take?”

“Whaddaya got?” I asked.

She began to type. “Guide to Understanding Soren Kirkegaard I, World History in Relation to Brazil I, Great Operas First Performed in Cleveland III, Advanced Pillow-Stuffing, and General Draperies. Here’s your copy, complete with a list of books to purchase. One for each class.” she handed me the paper.

“Ma’am, there must be some kind of a mistake. I’ve got six classes and you’ve got fourteen books listed here.”

She was still looking at her typewriter. “Did your parents vote ‘Yes’ on the School Bond Issue?” she asked.

“No,” I replied.

“I know,” she answered.

One of the marvels of the modern high school is the bookstore. The bookstore is the place on campus that supplies the students with all the necessary articles to flunk out of high school properly. It also sold anything capable of boosting school spirit. The bookstore’s big seller my freshman year was the “Adolph Hitler High School Bullhorn,” designed to take to the football games. If it didn’t get the team all fired up, it was a least good for a laugh when sneaking up on couples in parked cars.

There were four windows in our bookstore, none of which was for what you wanted. As in everything at AHHS, I had to learn the correct procedure for handling bookstore business. It went like this:

I waited in line for a half-hour. I finally stepped up to the window and said, “I would like to buy a book.”

"This window is for selling books back to us. You have to go to the next window down."

I did, and waited for another half-hour. Once again I said that I'd like to buy a book.

"I'm sorry, but this window is for selling paper, pencils and notebooks. You must go to that window." I was directed to the window I had just come from.

"I've already been there. I was told to come here."

"Well, then, I suggest you try a different one."

I did. Again. For another half-hour. I hit them with my speech.

"You'd like to buy a book. Well, try another window. This one's only open for ventilation."

I had one line left. "What's another half-hour," I thought. "I'm already two hours late coming back from lunch." I finally got to the front of the line when the shade was pulled down, indicating that the window was closed. On the shade was a sign:

Choose one —

- a.) This window's closed,
- b.) We're out of that book,
- c.) You don't need that book for your classes, anyway, or
- d.) All of the above

So there was only one thing to do. I sneaked around the side of the building to the door and went in quietly, only to end up at the end of another line. But this line was being served! School was out and I had missed the bus to go home, so I stayed and watched the head "bookstore lady" (anyone who works in a bookstore is a "bookstore lady") as she directed the student assistants in rearranging the books, this time by color. It's more effective than by size, the school board contends.

Being a freshman, I got used books. Used books aren't that bad though. Where else can you read, "Sue loves Ralph," "Clarrise loves Ralph," "Ingrid loves Ralph," "Bruce loves Ralph," and "Ralph loves Ralph"? Surely not in any of the new textbooks. But give them time.

What I objected to about receiving used books was that I had to pay new-book prices for them. That is, I objected until things were explained to me. "These books were new, though, before they were used," the bookstore lady reasoned. How could I argue with logic like that?

I was given the books, just enough to make me look awkward when carrying them. Freshmen must carry more books than they can handle.

It's a Senior rule, for two reasons: 1.) If the freshman doesn't have a good grip on the books, they're easy to knock out of the unsuspecting freshman's hands, and 2.) there are just that many more books for the freshman to pick up.

After picking up my books for the third time, I finally made it to my locker. Everyone knows what a locker is. It's the thing that can't be opened, but when it's opened, either won't stay opened or will stay opened and won't close, unless, of course, your fingers are in it.

The combination lock works on the principle that "one must be more intelligent than a device in order to operate it." This immediately eliminated high school students. Being one myself, a student, not a combination lock, I couldn't open my locker. I went to a nearby teacher and requested help. Of course, the teacher zapped it right open. The faculty and administration of Adolph Hitler High School were all in on the secret of opening the lockers. You see, the Adolph Hitler High School District had no space for building new homes, limiting the number of new students entering the school. The school board was concerned about the lack of school growth, as the school received federal funds according to enrollment figures. So, since new students weren't available, the school board decided to keep the students it had. This is where the lockers come in. If a student didn't have his books in class, it was grounds for failure. And if his books were in a locker that he couldn't open, well, some of the students at AHHS were older than the teachers. And twice as intelligent.

Enrollment as a Senior was much quicker and more fun. For example, the lines weren't half the problem that they were as a freshman. All I had to do as a Senior was to find the last Senior in line and step behind him. That would never put me more than second in line. I was then asked to have a seat, while I was being questioned as to the courses I'd like.

"Oh, I don't know. Let's see. How about Boy's Physical Ed., then a study hall, then Wood Shop, then a study hall, then Driver's Ed., lunch, then Sex Education."

"Oh, that sounds fine. Let's see, one full credit for P.E., Wood Shop, Driver's Ed., and Sex Ed., and one-half credit each for two study halls and lunch. That'll come to 12½ credits per semester. That ought to give you enough to graduate. Here's your list of books to purchase."

"Okay. Wait. What's this ten dollar charge here for?"

"Oh. That's for a subscription to Playboy."

"For Wood Shop?"

"Don't ask me. Ask your teacher."

I never did ask my teacher. But you should have seen what we carved.



All that's left is
dried pressed flowers,

ticket stubs from
midnight hours,

perfume bottles —
still half full,

and stacks of letters
full of bull.

Jennifer Bishop



Lonely Roads

The midnight cry of the mockingbird
troubles my sleep
Till vast dreams sigh of the misting years
when green-apple childhood
By the farm gate, opened the long road
west to the setting suns.

Some dreams came with me. Some stayed
behind fingers of fog
Curled behind the mountains, afraid to come
to reaches I have reached
Across lonely plains, down lonely roads
west to the setting suns.

Ruby Edwards

AN I WALKED INTO HIS FACE
THROUGH EYES OF SUNSET SKIES
'N HE TOLD ME OF HIS FANTASIES
N' SUNG ME FIRE FLIES

Cindy Burton

Barefoot on the Beach

When barefoot on a sandy beach
All senses are upside-down.
No need for eyes
Or ears
Or head
Through soles of feet all feelings come.
Sunwarm, blond grains between toes sift
Shift
Tease
To slip away complete
To leave us stand
On only air.

With only faculty of feet
Firm coolness means water's edge.
The silky wetness beats
And throbs
With pulsations of breakers far out.
Grains filter from beneath again
As flat, small waves lick dry grit gone
Then
Giggling
Glide out
To join
The rest.

Judy Perlman

POETMAN,
I COULDN'T QUITE HEAR YOU
WITH THE WIND IN YOUR MAGICAL EYES
DID YOU SAY YOU'D BEEN RIDIN THE SKIES
FALLIN UNDONE
AS YOU LASOED THE SUN.

Cindy Burton



Come down east
Claudia

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74-75

Editor 74-75

The Wizard of Was

Sing Rosanna
june marie iles

JENNIFER BISHOP

Ed Everett
"The scribe"
class of '02



Curt Decker

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Advisors

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To C.

Exorcized writer —
Holy water in hand —
I am the Cosmic Unraveler.
I may be printed in *Playboy*,
But not in your simpleton's
Traveler.

Eumenides Melampus

