# Dateline

Yavapai College
Prescott, Arizona
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*DATELINE*

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*The DATELINE cover by Joe Stauffer is a four color reproduction from his 30 inch by 40 inch acrylic painting on canvas. This painting was awarded a first place ribbon in the 1977-78 Annual All-Student Juried Art Exhibition.*

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# *Dorothy Galde — an inspiration to all*

*Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Galde.*

When a very dear friend retired some years ago, I said to him after his retirement, "It was a great pleasure to work with you. You were an inspiration to me and very helpful in many ways—in big important situations and in little day-to-day happenings. I just want to let you know how I feel and how much I appreciate all you have done for me. My life has been enriched greatly by my having known you."

He thanked me politely; and then in his honest, straight-forward manner (he did not know how to act any other way) he said, "Why didn't you tell me what you just said while I was with you in our work? We always wait, don't we? We wait too long to express such feelings. Why do we wait?"

I could not then, nor do I now know any answer to his questions. But I do know I am not going to wait until retirement by such friends to tell them what I should have told them before retirement.

One such person is Mrs. Dorothy Galde, who will retire at the close of the 1978-79 academic year.

Dorothy, you have been a fine friend, a tower of strength to your family and an example of dedication, honesty, and goodness to your students, faculty, staff, and administration of Yavapai College. Your concern for all people is beyond measure.

Your students know you and love you for what you are to them, a teacher and friend. You are always willing to give of your talents and experiences unstintingly to make them better acquainted with the English language and to use it effectively and not to fear it.

Your success is underscored by two written comments passed to you during the last day of the past spring semester.

"Mrs. Galde--

I thought you would like to know that your students appreciate you. I know that you have taught me more than any teacher I have had. I am not speaking just of English. You are the true optimist. You should be proud of yourself as a teacher, as a person and for your accomplishments in life. Your children should be proud of their mother."

"Mrs. Galde:

Thank you so much for the very enjoyable class. I not only learned a great deal about English and how to put it to work, but also a lot about life. It was well worth getting up early for your 7:30 a.m. class. You are an excellent teacher and a wonderful person."

These two expressions of recognition are two of the latest in a series. In 1973 she was awarded the Yavapai College Rough Rider statue for outstanding teaching; in 1974 she was invited to return to Wheaton College as alumnus of the year during that institution's commencement exercises; in 1972 she was named an Outstanding Educator of America.

Her scholarship is recognized in the B.S. degree from Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, a master's degree from Northern Arizona University, and graduate work at Columbia University,

North Texas State, and Arizona State University.

Her students know her from the classroom as a completely dedicated teacher. There is more to her than 'teacher' and we wish to present the following brief biographical sketch of her so her students of the present and past will know her even better.

Mrs. Dorothy Horton Galde was born on February 20 in Hamburg, New York, a small town close to Buffalo. The year was 1913. To some the number 13 indicates bad luck, but to Dorothy there is no such thing as bad luck. There is God's will and luck does not enter. Dorothy says, "I respond to the Lord."

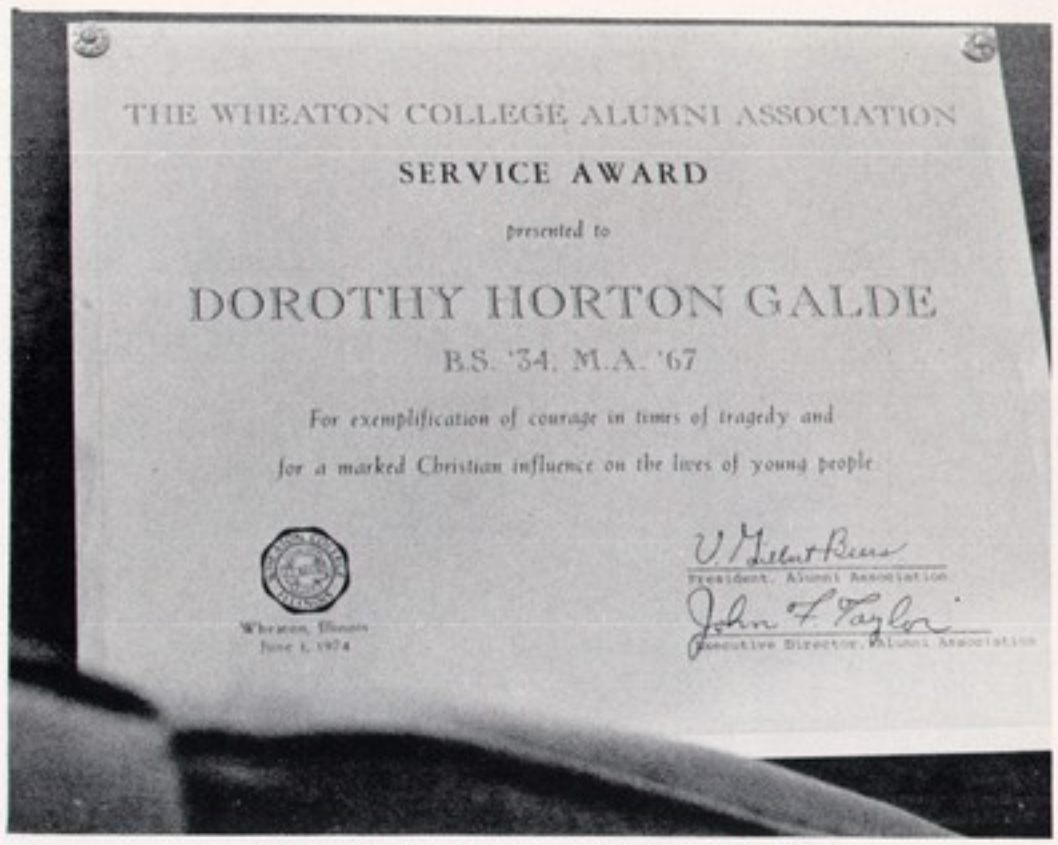
Here are some of the highlights of Dorothy's life that she has had to respond to—two marriages, emergency appendectomy, polio, home destroyed by fire, sinusitis, asthma, giving birth by Caesarean section, and a series of falls.

In 1935 Dorothy married Donovan Penheiter, a graduate from Northwestern Medical School. While her doctor husband was called to deliver a baby in the early hours one morning, Dorothy became ill but struggled on alone until 8 a.m. when she managed to get herself to the hospital. Her husband's uncle performed an emergency appendectomy.

Three months later her husband collapsed at breakfast. The telephone was out of order; he managed to write a note for her to take to the hospital, "Suspect cerebral hemorrhage." Her husband's diagnosis proved correct and he died that same day in 1937 at the age of 28.

She married Lloyd Galde on New Year's Day in 1942. They had met at work. Dorothy managed the dining room of the Chicago YMCA and Lloyd was the cashier. Lloyd received his official "greetings" and went off to war as a glider pilot. He flew the number three glider in the Arnheim Invasion.

Lloyd was in England when Dorothy was struck down with polio on September 29, 1944. This was a very emotionally upsetting time for the young couple. He was at war. She was in the hospital. The doctors told her she would never walk again. Their two sons, Peter and Danny, had to stay with relatives.


THE WHEATON COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

SERVICE AWARD

presented to

DOROTHY HORTON GALDE

B.S. '34, M.A. '67

For exemplification of courage in times of tragedy and

for a marked Christian influence on the lives of young people

Wheaton, Illinois
June 1, 1974

President, Alumni Association

Executive Director, Alumni Association

*Wheaton College's invitation to Dorothy.*

Lloyd was sent home in April 1945 and was ordered on a speaking tour to war plant employees for two months before he was discharged from the service on May 30, 1945. The reunited Galde family moved to Forestville, New York, to start anew. Dorothy was three months pregnant with their third son, Teddy, when their house caught fire in the early morning hours. In the escape, Dorothy was badly burned on the face, arms, and legs and had to spend three weeks in the hospital. Fortunately this experience did not adversely affect her pregnancy, although Teddy was delivered by Caesarean section.

Following her release from the hospital, the Galdes moved back to Hamburg, New York, where Lloyd sold insurance. All seemed well, but the northern winters were a constant threat to Dorothy. She was determined to walk and there was the danger of falling on the icy sidewalks, and the damp climate caused her sinusitis to worsen.

To get Dorothy away from the cold and the damp, Lloyd managed to get a transfer to Dallas, Texas, in 1949. The move got rid of the cold and damp and the sinusitis improved. In their place asthma developed and Dorothy was introduced to cortisone which she has had to take ever since.

Something else entered her life at this point and has been with her ever since. Teaching.

Dorothy's teaching career began in 1957 in Duncanville, Texas, then moved to Lewisville and in 1961 the Galdes moved to Page, Arizona, where she taught seventh grade and Lloyd taught fifth grade.

In 1963 the Galdes located in Prescott and Dorothy started teaching at the high school until 1969 when she became a member of the founding faculty at Yavapai College. Lloyd taught in the ele-

*After she fell, late in the past semester, Dorothy came to class in a wheelchair.*

mentary schools until 1977.

Normally 1977-78 would have been Dorothy's last year at the college because she was 65 in February of the past academic year. She asked for and was granted another year of teaching.

Near the close of the spring semester, Dorothy's students saw her arrive in class in a wheelchair. She had fallen again and hurt her hip. She has fallen several times since her bout with polio in 1944. She never complains if she falls and has to be in a wheelchair or use a special walker. She said, "I can't fall if I'm not walking. Since 1944 I have had 34 years of walking I should not have had. I don't have a kick in the world, not a single gripe; and if I had it all to do over again, I would not change one single thing."

Two summers ago Dorothy went to the hospital for two weeks to have the arch in her right foot corrected. In those two weeks she did something she had been meaning to do. She put on paper a children's story she had been carrying around in her mind for years. Moody Press bought the story and wants the one she wrote during the past spring break. Also the Alpha Omega Publications of Phoenix will publish an English textbook that will include Dorothy's work. She prepared two units for grade 12 and four units for grade 10 to be included in the text. With these two publishers wanting more, retirement will not be a rest and rust situation with Dorothy.

Dorothy loves people and particularly her students. She said, "I am convinced every American has the right to know his own language and should have the personal power to be free from fear of making mistakes in the use of his language." Her students are examples of this conviction in practice.

Children in general are testimonials concerning their parents and this is particularly true in the case of the Galdes. They have three sons and one daughter. One is adopted. Which one? Well, there is so much love that Dorothy would probably find herself in the position of the late Bob Considine, who had a combination of children by birth and adoption. Considine's reply to such a question was, "I can never remember which are the adopted ones."

Peter, the oldest, is an assistant principal at Milpatis High School, Milpatis, California; Dan, a career serviceman with 16 years in the Air Force, is a Senior Master Sergeant in the Air Space Rescue and Recovery Combat Readiness Command in Okinawa; Ted is a fireman with the Prescott Fire Department and a builder; and Suzy, married and living in Pendelton, Oregon, is an escrow officer with Transamerica Title Co. These four children have made their

*Dorothy in one of her usual moods—happy, smiling.*

parents grandparents with nine boys and one girl.

To put up with all she has had to put up with, Dorothy has been helped by having a charming sense of humor which is shared by Lloyd. When asked why he switched from pilot training to glider pilot training, Lloyd, with a straight face, replies, "I wanted the 'G' on my wings to stand for Galde."

The Galdes' third son, Ted, was born by Caesarean section. One of his favorite replies to his mother, when she asked him to do certain chores, was, "Mom, I wasn't cut out for that sort of work."

When reflecting on the life and courage of Dorothy Galde, reflect also on the following Bible verses that have given her the courage to be the person she is:

Romans 8:28, "All things work together for good."

1 Thessalonians 5:18, "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

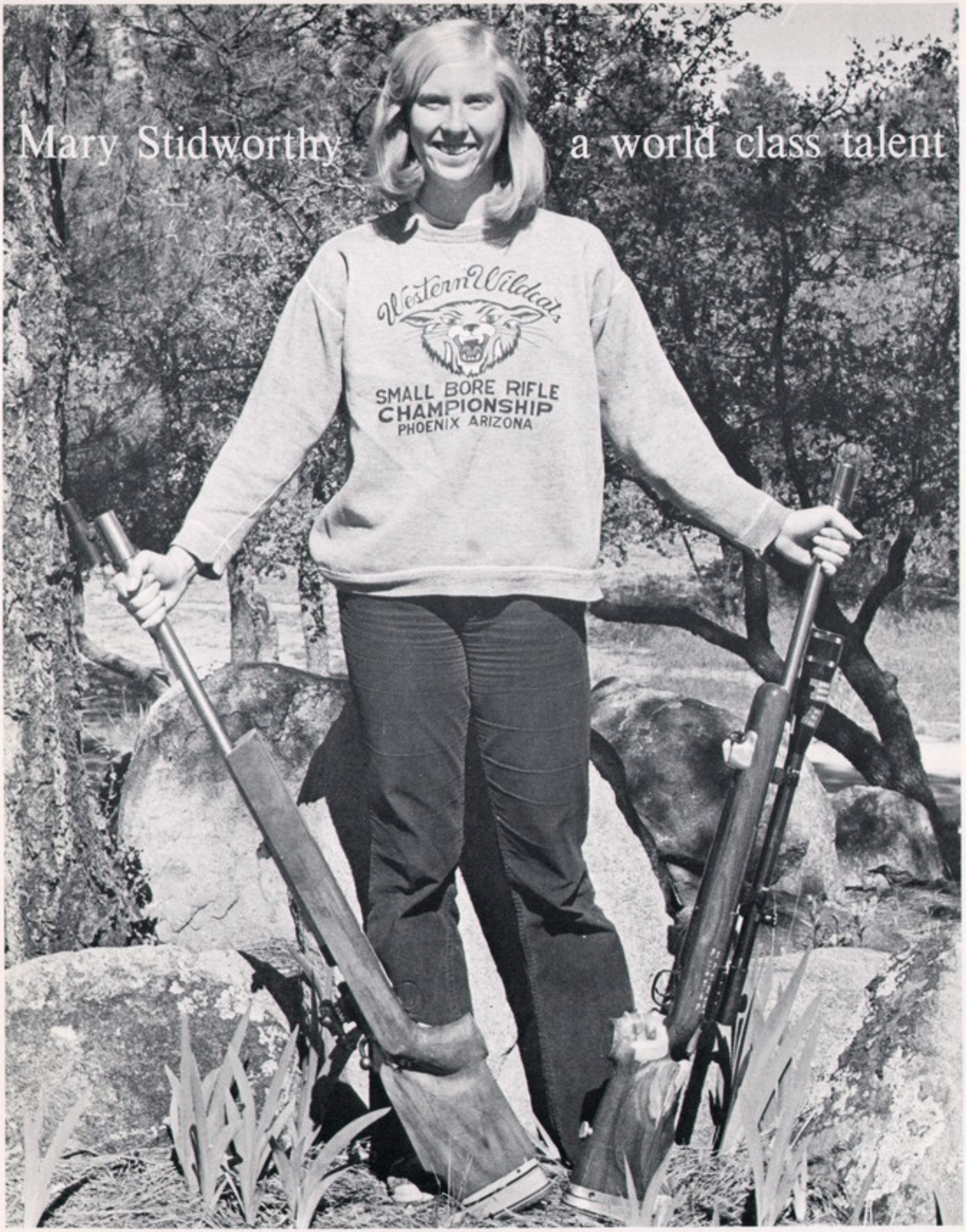
1 Peter 5:7, which she translates, "Dumping all your irritations, frustrations, headaches, heartaches, and backaches on Him because He is concerned about you."

1 Samuel 17:47, "The battle is the Lord's"

Dorothy, it has been a great pleasure to work with you. My life has been enriched greatly by my having known you. Thank you.

*R.T. Mikulewicz*

# Mary Stidworthy a world class talent



*A target's eye view of Mary Stidworthy as she prepares for future competition. Her 1980 goal, the Olympics.*

Mary Stridworthy has her sights set on the World Games in Seoul, Korea, this year; the Pan-Am games in Puerto Rico in 1979; and the Olympics in Moscow in 1980.

With the people in Prescott, and particularly those enrolled in Yavapai College, Mary is an odds-on-favorite to bring back gold medals from all three competitions in her speciality--small-bore, prone position shooting.

This 20-year old pre-pharmacy major has a set of very impressive credentials. One of these credentials she advertises with her license plate, 185 X. The reason for the plate dates back to 1975; place, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; event, the 50-meter any sight 400 . Mary came in with 40 X's and then poured in 145 more consecutive X's for a total of 185 X's which brought her that championship and a record that was double the old record. Mary said, "It could be considered a world record since the United States is the only nation that keeps records of scope shooting. I used a scope."

What 185 X's actually means is that Mary zinged 185 rounds into an area .4 inches in diameter on a target 50 meters away.

In June 1976, just before going to the nationals and while at the Coyote Point Range in San Francisco, Mary zeroed in on the 50-yard target, any sight, a 400 score with 40 X's. She did not stop there; she poured in 165 more X's and became the first person, male or female, to ever go over 200 consecutive X's.

At the Roadrunner match in March 1976, at the South Mountain Range in Phoenix, Mary shot the first perfect two-day score of 3,200 ever recorded on that range.

In May 1976, her National Guard unit sent her to Louisville, Ky., and she shot another perfect 3,200. Mary said, "That is like putting two 300 bowling scores back-to-back." Shooting 160 rounds each day, Mary had to keep all shots within the ten-ring to score, 1,600 points each day.

Mary's list of titles stretches back to August 1973 at Camp Perry, Ohio, where she won her first title, the Women's Any Sight Small-Bore Prone Championship using a scope.

She repeated this win in 1974.

Mary said 1975 was almost a dry year; the nationals were rained out, but she did record her 185 X's in Wilkes-Barre.

Camp Perry saw a lot of Mary in 1976. That is the place where she won the National Women's Iron Sight Championship; the National Women's Any Sight again; the Overall National Women's; and was a member of the National Guard Four-Man team that won the Iron

*185 X license plate is Mary's reminder of her record.*

Sight Team Championship.

In March 1976 she also won the Western Wildcat, the second largest all-prone small-bore competition in the nation. Mary took second place in this match in 1977.

Mary had a pretty good year in 1977. In April she won a gold medal in the Ladies' Standard Rifle Prone at the Benito Juarez Games in Mexico City. In August she won the National Team Iron Sight Championship again.

Mary's 1977 shooting brought her six of seven individual championships. This six for seven is the first time such a sweep has ever been recorded. She is the second woman to win the Overall Championship. Viola Pullum did it in 1955.

Those seven events, held at Camp Perry, were open to all shooters, male and female. The events and Mary's finish in each are, second in Iron Sight; first In Women's Iron Sight Championship; first in Women's Any Sight; First in Overall Any Sight; first in Women's Overall; first in National Service Championship; and first in Overall Championship.

A friend from Connecticut, who had been at the Camp Perry competition in 1975 with Mary, suggested that she seriouly consider joining the National Guard because of her shooting skill.

Mary joined the National Guard in 1976. "I did not tell the two majors and a full colonel who recruited me that I was joining to shoot. I did not have to, that's why they recruited me. I have been able to go to matches that I could not have offorded otherwise," Mary said.

She took her eight weeks of basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and her ten-and-a-half weeks of advanced training at Fort Benjamine Harrison, Indianapolis, Indiana. At the latter she attended the Defense Information School and received a year and a half of college journalism and broadcasting in the ten-and-a-half weeks.

Mary has adjusted to the National Guard routines, but then making adjustments is nothing new to her. In June 1976, she entered her first international Olympic shooting event. It was the Ladies Standard Rifle Prone Championship at Arizona's Black Canyon Range. She took the championship. Nothing unusual for her to do. The unusual part was that Mary got the equipment she was to use just three days before the event. "Olympic shooting is much more strict. I am glad I entered it because the discipline of such shooting will come in handy in the future," she said.

Mary has found that shooting is a physically demanding sport and to be able to meet those de-

*Mary displays some of her trophies, and on the wall is a portion of the medals won by her parents.*

mands she works out with weights and jogs.

Mary said she became interested in shooting through her parents. Her father, George, holds 29 national records and five national championships. Her mother, Grace, is also a good position shooter but gave up competition a few years ago and started taking care of the statistics for matches in which George was competing. Now she runs the Western Wildcat match each year.

Mary's parents are from Wetcong, New Jersey, where George was in partnership with his parents in an automobile dealership. When George and Grace took a cross-country trip on their honeymoon in 1954,they stopped in Prescott. His alergies did not bother him. He went back to New Jersey, sold his interest in the dealership, and it was not long before George and Grace moved to Prescott. "That move made me a native Prescottonian," Mary said. She was born in Prescott in 1957.

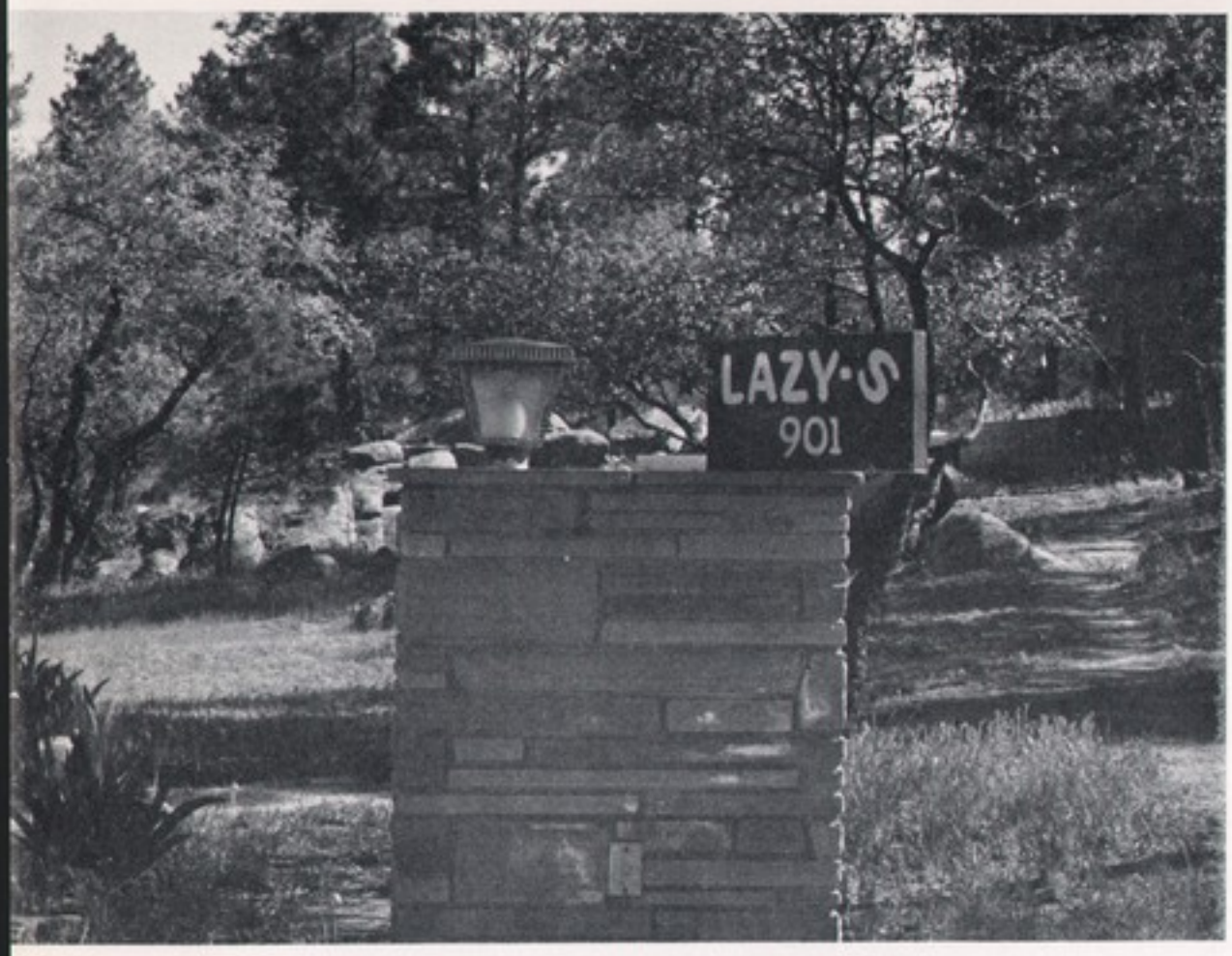
When Mary was eleven, her father started to teach a National Rifle Association Rifle Marksmanship Course in the Prescott Boys' Club. Mary became the only girl in the class and was granted an 'honorary membership' in the club.

George, who owns and operates the Lazy-S Shooters' Service out of his home, told his daughter he could make a championship shooter out of her if she would be willing to work at it.

"Dad still competes and says he can still beat me any day of the week. I let him get lucky once in a while. We have a good relationship and a good rivalry. It is a lot of fun," Mary said.

Mary and her parents do not do any high-power rifle or any handgun target shooting. "Dad likes to hunt. I have never been hunting and do not know whether I would like it or not. I fired three rounds from a shotgun, and skeet shooting looks like fun but it's too expensive and such shooting might not be good for my small-bore routines," Mary said.

Mary had not always been a




*The Lazy S, home of the 'straight shooters.'*

winner. She said, "I entered my first match in June 1969. It was a one-day match at the South Mountain Range in Arizona. My position at the end of the competition was classified as a fourth tyro-marksman which means I was last. There was no direction to go but up from there. In September of that year I entered the Arizona State Championships in Prescott. I was not last; I did not win; but it was an improvement. I am not a poor loser, but I hate to lose. I do not think about losing. A good loser usually does."

With her impressive credentials, gold medals in '78, '79, and '80 are a distinct possibility if not a shoo-in for 185 X.

*Grace, Mary, and George, the straight shooting family, make up their own mutual admiration society—and rightly so for they are champions.*

# Photography———

Photo by Gary Lewallen

Karen Crouch and Danny Kaplan

FIELD EXPERIENCES——

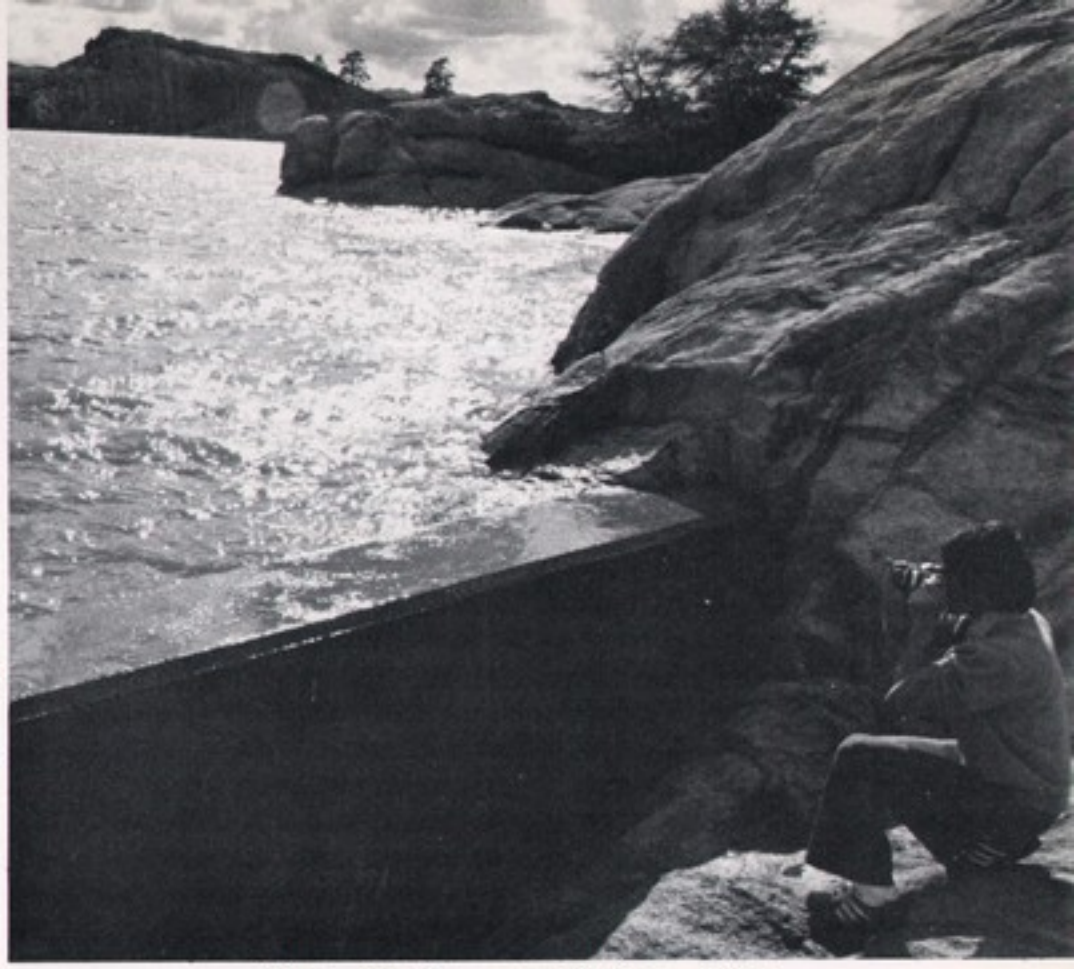


Photo by Gary Lewallen

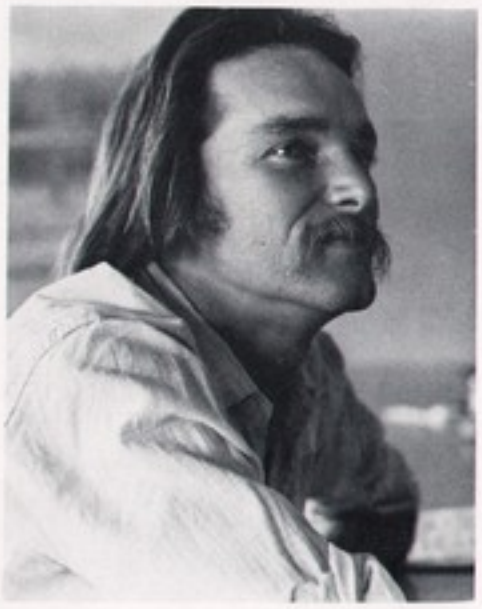
Mike Mueller at Willow Lake

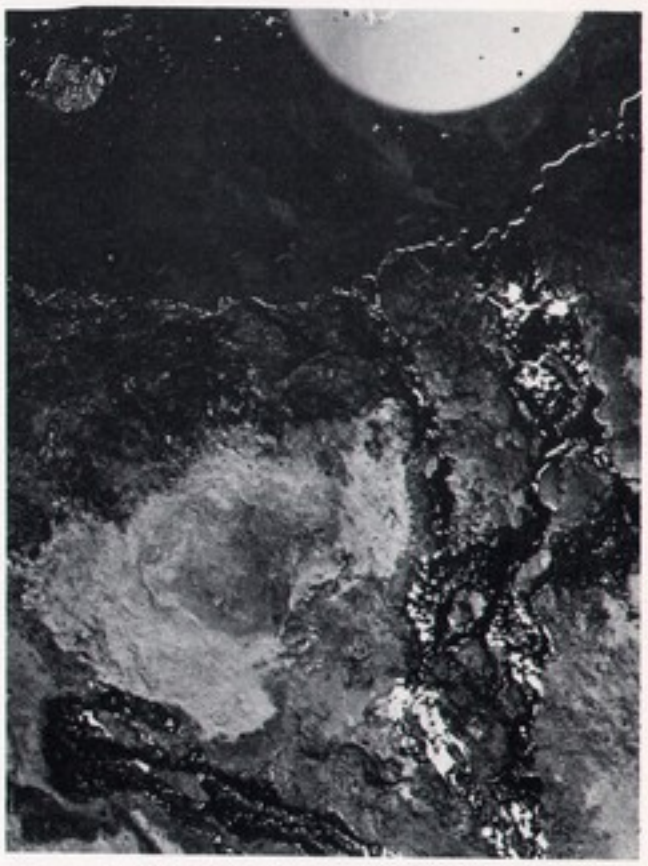
Gary Lewallen, Deedee Kaplan, and Kim Gregory at the Verde River

Photo by Jaynie Flippen

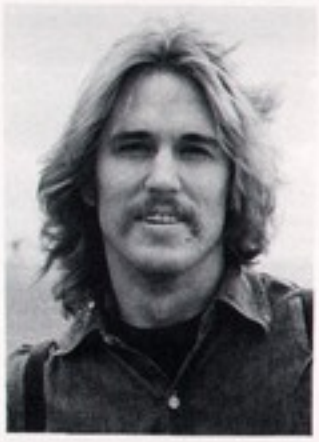
They don't get any fancy quotes until they sign up for the class--Jim Hammond

THE INSTRUCTORS——





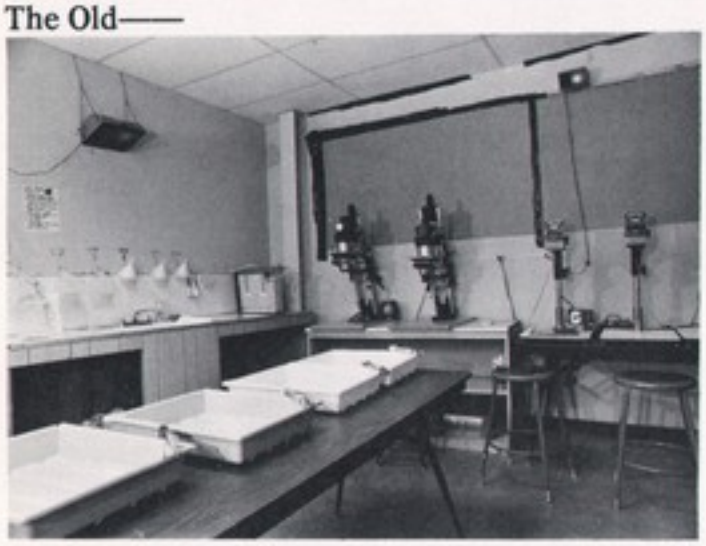
Photography is simply the medium which best helps with the appreciation of one's own eyes...we all need to learn to really see; instead of merely to look--Gary Lewallen



This work represents realities which I am involved with. Whether they are realities of mine or realities of the situations and persons around me is not necessary to know, what is important is that the events shown can extend no further whether in life or death. Situations are always present...realities are what we make of them. Situations are forced upon us...realities are created by us for use or mis-use--Robert F. Walker

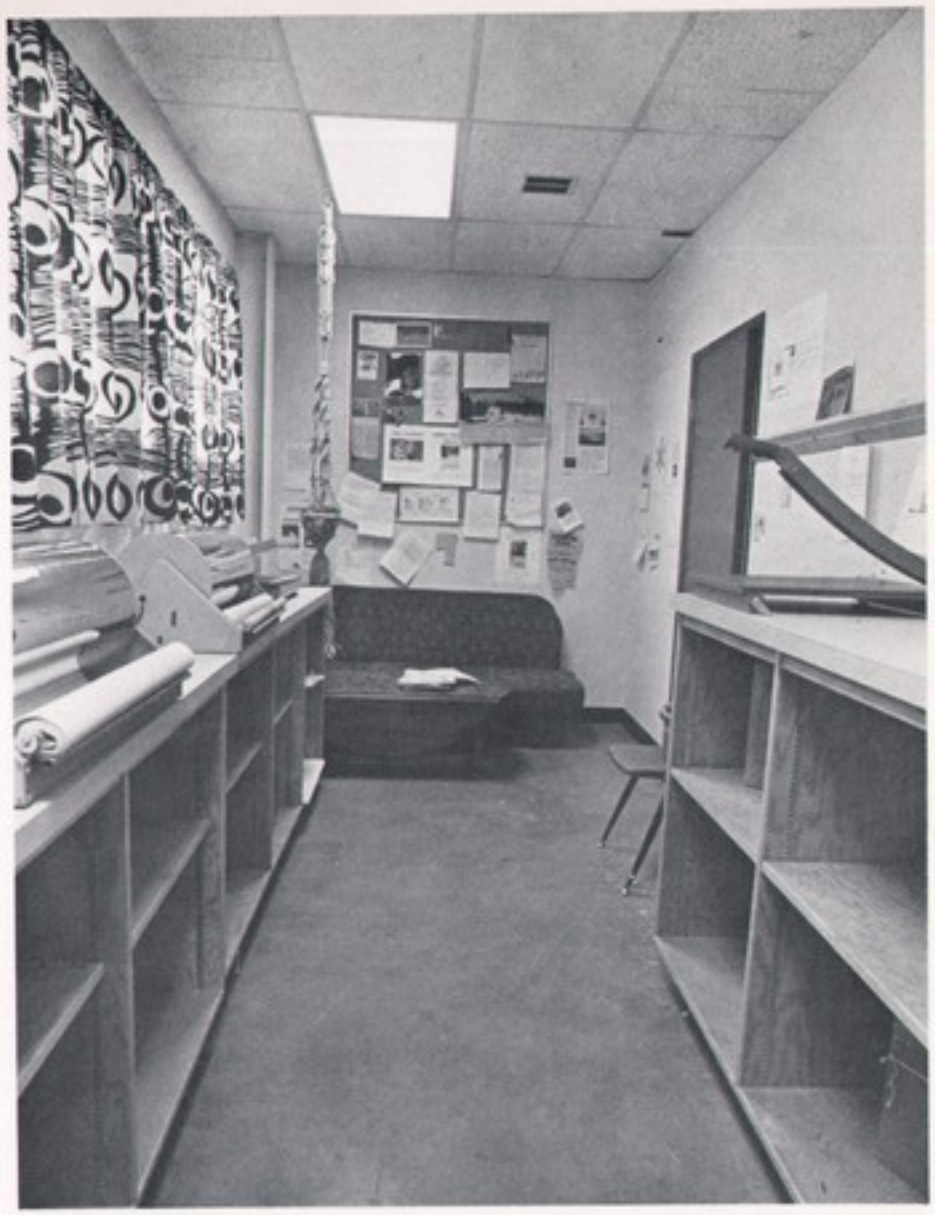
THE FACILITIES——

The Old——

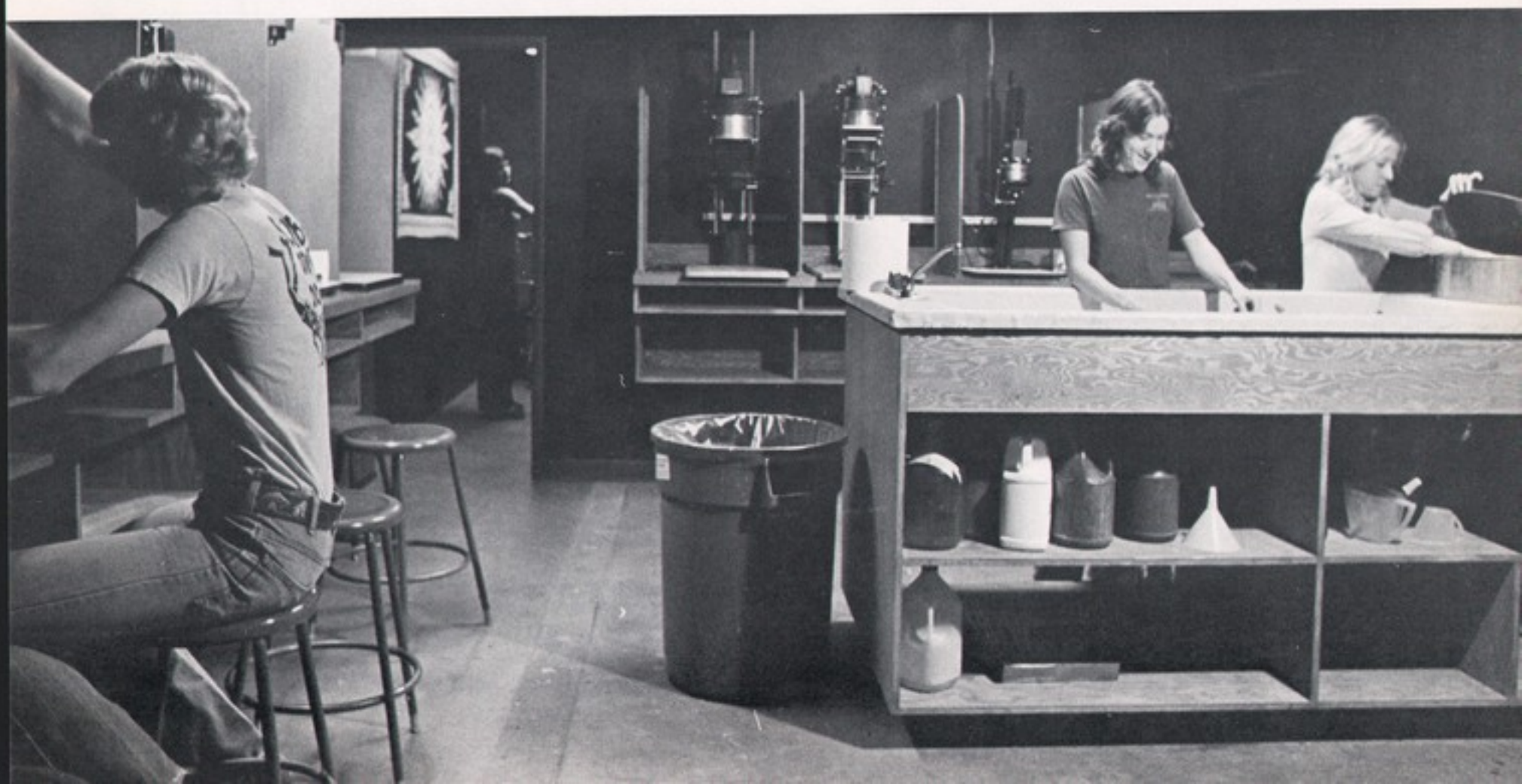


and——

The New——



Photos by Gary Lewallen



## THE STUDENTS' WORK——

Photo by Mark Bunn

Photo by Kim Gregory

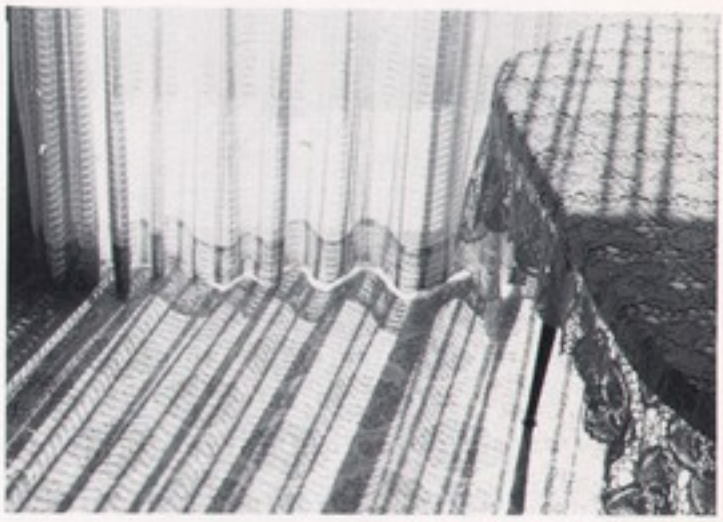


Photo by Anita Enderle

Photo by Mike Hughes

Photo by Mike McClellan

Photo by Kim Gregory

## *HELP! I'M BEING HELD PRISONER IN A CHURCH BASEMENT*

By Maggie King

I really can't explain just how I got myself into this mess in the first place. All I know is that one minute I was sitting in my apartment in Tempe, happily married to an electrical engineering student who was planning to move to Apache Wells after graduation and fix toasters for a living. The next thing I knew, we were throwing everything we owned into the Volkswagon and were headed to Denver, where he would spend three more years in school. A seminary, no less. And now, here I am, a minister's wife. All of my wildest dreams—not to mention vivid nightmares— never included anything as wildly improbable as this.

I mean, every one knows what a minister's wife is supposed to be like. At least, I was always sure that I did. To begin with, she's a fantastic housekeeper. The parsonage is always so clean that if a parishoner "drops in" at 7:30 on a Saturday morning, he'll find her sitting serenely in a spotless living room, reading an uplifting book and drinking coffee from a china cup. A gracious hostess, she'll invite the visitor in and offer him coffee, then ask him to join them for "a little something to eat"—probably eggs a la goldenrod, served with fresh muffins and her bule-ribbon strawberry jam. She will then proceed to charm him with her wit as a conversationalist. Tact personified, she always knows the right thing to say, and she has impeccable timing besides.

Add to these personal characteristics her functions within her husband's church. She's an accomplished speaker who addresses large crowds at meetings with poise and self-assurance. Almost invariably, she either has been or is now a school teacher, and so runs the Sunday school with the ease of long practice. And we needn't even bother to mention that she plays the organ and/or sings in the choir, enjoys being president of the Women's Society, and serves on the committee for this and the board for that, plus sundry other duties. In short, a pillar of the church.

So much for the typical minister's wife. Would you like to take a look at my "qualifications"?

"Fantastic" is not an adjective that anyone would ever apply to describe my housekeeping. "incredible," perhaps. "Unbelievable" is also a term I've heard. Let me put it this way. If our hypothetical drop-in visitor comes to my place on a Saturday morning at 7:30, he'd better be wearing a full suit of armor and be armed with a shovel. The former is basically a precautionary measure, since I'm prone to physical violence when awakened at that hour of the morning. The latter is always useful regardless of the time of day; it comes in handy for clearing a path from the front door into the living room. Don't get me wrong. I'm not going to win the "Slob of the Year Award," at least not until I eliminate some pretty stiff competition. But neither is *Good Housekeeping* sending out a staff photographer any time in the near future.

Presuming my unexpected guest has made it safely to a chair, I would then live up to my hard-earned reputation as a hostess by breaking a trail into the kitchen to wash out a couple of cracked mugs so I could offer him a cup of coffee. Of course, it might take a little while to get it ready. First I'd have to wash out the coffee pot, rescue the can of coffee from behind the newspapers and empty cat food cans and clear enough dishes out of the sink so I could get at the water faucet. But he could always entertain himself in the meantime by reading the *Mad* magazine beside the chair. And if he wanted something to eat, I could always offer him the Big Mac left over from last night's supper. Then I would proceed to charm him with my tact and wit by asking, "What in the name of heaven are you doing here at *this* hour of the morning?" Or some similar gem designed to make him feel at home right away.

By now, you definitely have the impression that I'm ever so slightly deficient in the area of personal characteristics. But I could always make up for all of that by being a pillar of the church we spoke about earlier, right? Sure, I could. All I need is a charm course, Dale Carnegie, and a personality transplant.

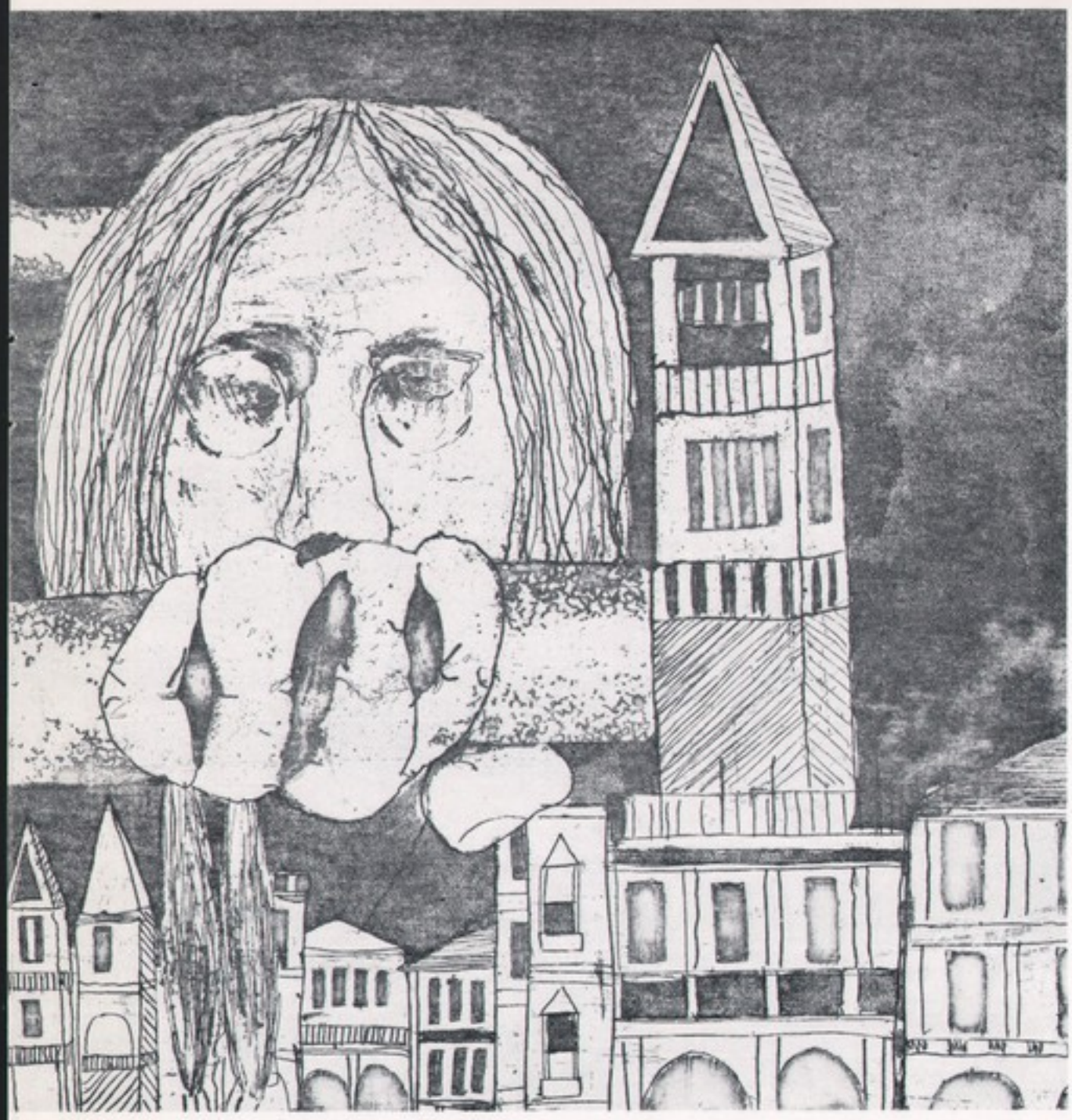


Illustration
by Tim Logan

For example, public speaking is something I've never been involved in if I could help it. Now, I'll admit that I like to talk a lot; it's usually hard to shut me up. But there's a world of difference between that and standing up in front of a group of people. My mouth gets dry and my knees sweat at even the mention of it! On the rare occasions when I have been conned into giving a speech, I've been known to contract such exotic diseases as beri-beri or lumbago on the eve of my performance. If that doesn't work, I will go ahead with it. But somehow I've never been able to convince the audience that I'm poised and self-assured. Maybe it's the twitching that gives me away?

And as for the rest of it! Let me state now that I am not presently, have never been, nor will ever be a teacher. Leading a Sunday school class is the stuff my nightmares are made of. Playing the organ is totally beyond me. Guitar, barely. But how do you put a capo on an organ? I quit singing in the choir after I missed one Sunday; several people that day complimented the choir director for finally having the squeaky pipe on the organ fixed. Meetings are one church function I usually sleep through—home in bed, if at all possible, but I'm not picky. And women's meetings are the worst of a bad lot, as far as I'm concerned.

With all of this against me, no wonder I feel inadequate! But I have found a few tricks to help me get by. If there's anyone else out there in the same predicament, pay close attention. The following are "hot tips" on how to struggle through with what you've got to work with.

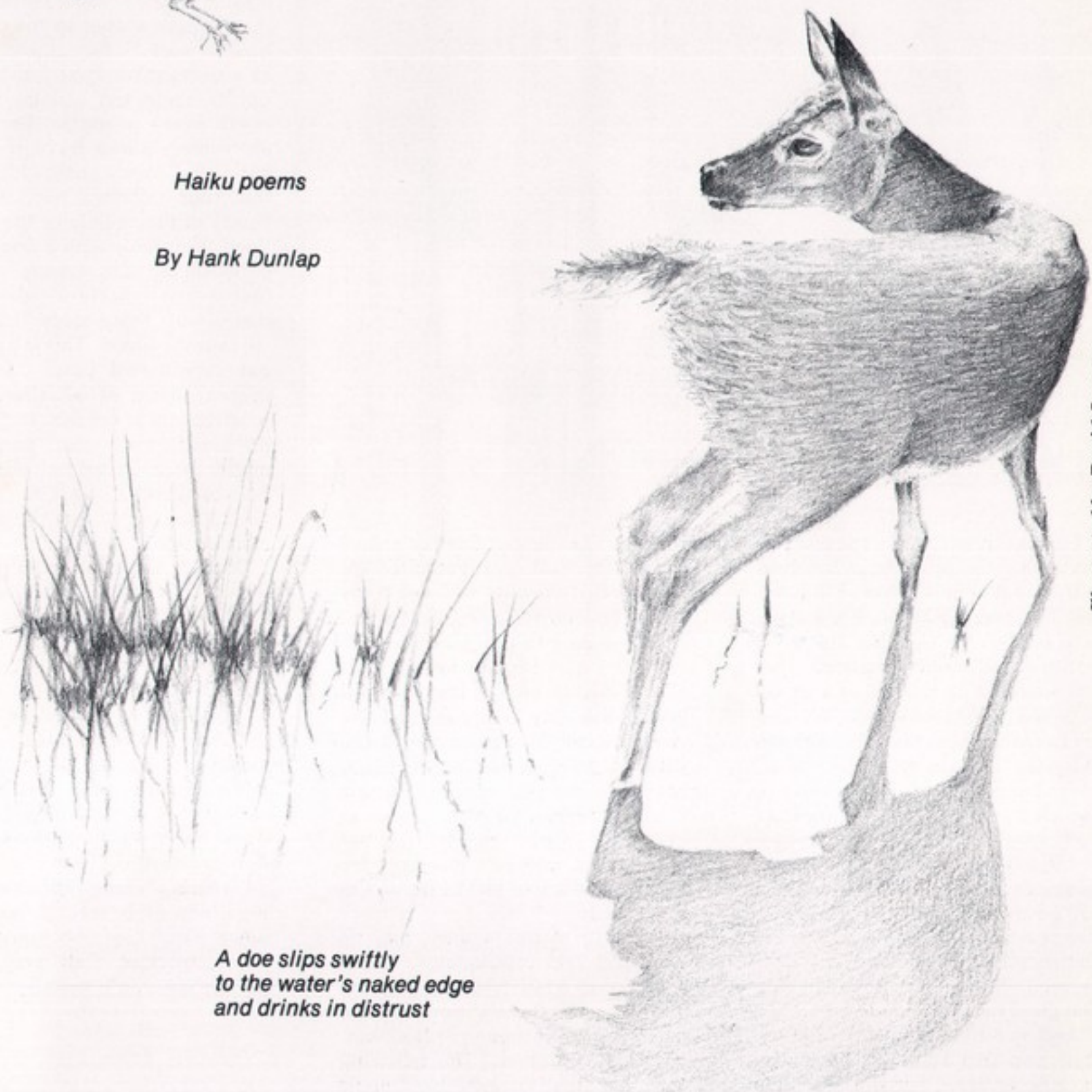
First, concerning the housekeeping problems, always keep the vacuum cleaner out in the middle of the floor and plugged in. This makes people think that you were busy cleaning when they came. Not only will they excuse the mess, they'll leave sooner so you can "get back to work." Buy an empty shell of a dishwasher (you can pick one up for about ten dollars, and it's worth every penny!). Grab some old wiring, anmd leave it sticking out of the empty shell. Make sure that your "dishwasher" is sitting smack in the middle of the kitchen floor, preferably with a screwdriver or two on top of it. Guests will think that it just now broke down, and that's why those dirty dishes are all over the place. This is a smaller, but very useful item: keep the drapes closed at all times. It's much harder to see dust in the dark. I'll admit that your parishoners might catch on to you eventually, but you'll probably get moved every two or three years, so the odds are on your side.

Second, each time you're transferred to a new church, seriously consider handing out cards that explain that you're a mute. This has two distinct advantages: no one will ever ask you to do any public speaking, and you'll never have the chance to display foot-in-mouth disease by saying the right thing to the wrong person. If this doesn't appeal to you, and let's fact it, it does have its limitations, invest in a large mirror. Use it to practice a "winning"smile. It can atone for hundreds of boners if you get it down pat. Last, but undoubtedly most important of all, pray. A lot. Believe me, you'll need it.

*Aerobatic birds*
*diving through a swarm of gnats*
*balancing nature*

*Haiku poems*

*By Hank Dunlap*



Illustrated by David Jenney

*A doe slips swiftly*
*to the water's naked edge*
*and drinks in distrust*

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JOHN WALKER HANNA

By Yvonne Reid

That J.W. Hanna had a way with people was truly immortalized the day he answered another summons to the monthly luncheon meeting of the Pacific Beach Jr. Chamber of Commerce. But that J.W. had as much in common with them as a thoroughbred has with a donkey, they didn't suspect and never would.

For several years the PBCC has sponsored an "All Ladies Marathon" run on the green around Mission Bay. It is publicized to the degree that all C. C. doings are: to the point of buffonery making the big thing "A Ladies Meet", and that they are responsible for getting the meet together. Organization is the undercurrent. Organization means people, means success, means getting a good punch in there for the good old boys and for the business of P.B., as well. This race draws runners from all over Southern California.

Now J.W. is a long-time and familiar sight in that coastal community. Usually one can spot him as the guy holding up blocks of traffic while he nonchalantly, without any malice whatsoever, rides his venerable ten-speed bicycle right down center lane main street. He's going someplace-one can be certain of that - and he will get there and back in his own good time. How it came about that J.W. rubbed elbows with esteemed businessmen on any occasion isn't clear, but it seems that every year he was more deeply involved with the logistics of making this event a success. It is true that he is a runner too. At sixty-five years of age he entered the World Olympics as a marathon runner from Swaziland. He did not win. In fact, he got lost on the course and was found trotting along the Bavarian countryside happy as a man could be, unfretting and not the least put out over the lack of proper markers.

It seems the Chamber of Commerce needed someone to set up and man a refreshment station for the runners. J.W. was their man. He lugged two saw-horses down from his beach house to the course, managed boards from the lumber store on his bicycle holding up two lanes of traffic, and put up a decent-looking aid station. What looks like a fairly simple project is no joke doing it his way. But that wasn't half bad. The true example of this man's nature came with providing the aid itself. Gallons of lemonade had to be made and carted down to the beach along with a supply of water, injury supplies, and drinking cups, all in the wee hours of the morning. Five A.M. along Pacific Beach anytime of year can be a desolate experience. If it isn't foggy as soup, it is at least dark as pitch, as it was that Sunday morning. No one at that hour, other than J.W., could be committed enough to imagine anything happening in a few hours. After setting everything up, with time to spare, in those last quiet moments he shared a communion breakfast of granola, raisins and lemonade with the sandpipers and the coots. Those were his last quiet moments until late that afternoon.

The meet began with the usual Chamber of Commerce hoopla made even more ridiculous by their sunny attire: white legs and paunches hanging over strained belts. J.W. hung back, lank, amusedly reserved, ready for the action. Then disaster struck.

The sun had sufficiently warmed the lemonade to send out sweet signals to every bee and fly in San Diego County. They came in hordes. No amount of arm waving or semi-gentle curses seemed to dampen their enthusiasm for the warm sticky stuff.

Meanwhile, things were warming up on the line. No one noticed J.W.'s problem; at least no one was willing to lend a hand with the bees. The hordes soon became concentrations of furious beasts. Whenever J.W. gave a sweep over the saw-horse table with a make-shift palm fan, they would rise en-masse vibrating their resentment. Occasionally a bystander bestirred himself from the spectacle of the ladies warming up to turn a curious glance to the aid station.

Around the wide turn came the first lap. J.W. dove into the huddle of mad beasts securing a few cups of the sugary liquid in each hand. Yelling "aid" he stuck out an arm to the contestants going by. The first unfortunate takers gulped on the run without examining the contents. A mild confusion arose as they tried to empty their mouths of insects and keep stride at the same time. On the next lap, however, throats were thirstier, and J.W. had drinks lined up ready.

The bees, now incensed with J.W.'s dashing into their circle, grouped for attack. Swarming, they shot after the ladies running past. Everything disintegrated. Contestants and terrified Chamber of Commerce gentlemen collided in a frantic effort to avoid the wrath of those flying anarchists.

Nobody likes being publically embarrassed, especially the Chamber of Commerce. The fact that they make idiots of themselves generally is beside the point. The point is that they seldom recognize it, and so the ensuing meeting after the disaster looked like a pall after an announcement that the real estate along the ocean front is being confiscated by the government for the preservation of its estuaries. J.W., alone, looked his usual self: completely composed and relaxed, attentive, somehow remote, even a little dangerous to one who knew him well.

The question, somber, sounding much too loud in the unusual silence, put forth by the master of ceremonies was: "Hanna, would you consider putting together another aid station for a replay?" The drawl in reply was as measured and spontaneous as ever: "Oh yeah, yeah sure. I wouldn't miss all those fannies going by for anything."

Photo by Kim Gregory

SMASHED MIRROR By Jan Doran

That image was not me.

That face was closed, despairing.

The world needs warmth, responsiveness

I have no time to be remote. I was too long

the goat of someone's half-rations of sufficiency.

I must see me as I want to be.

That image was not me.

I do not want that face.

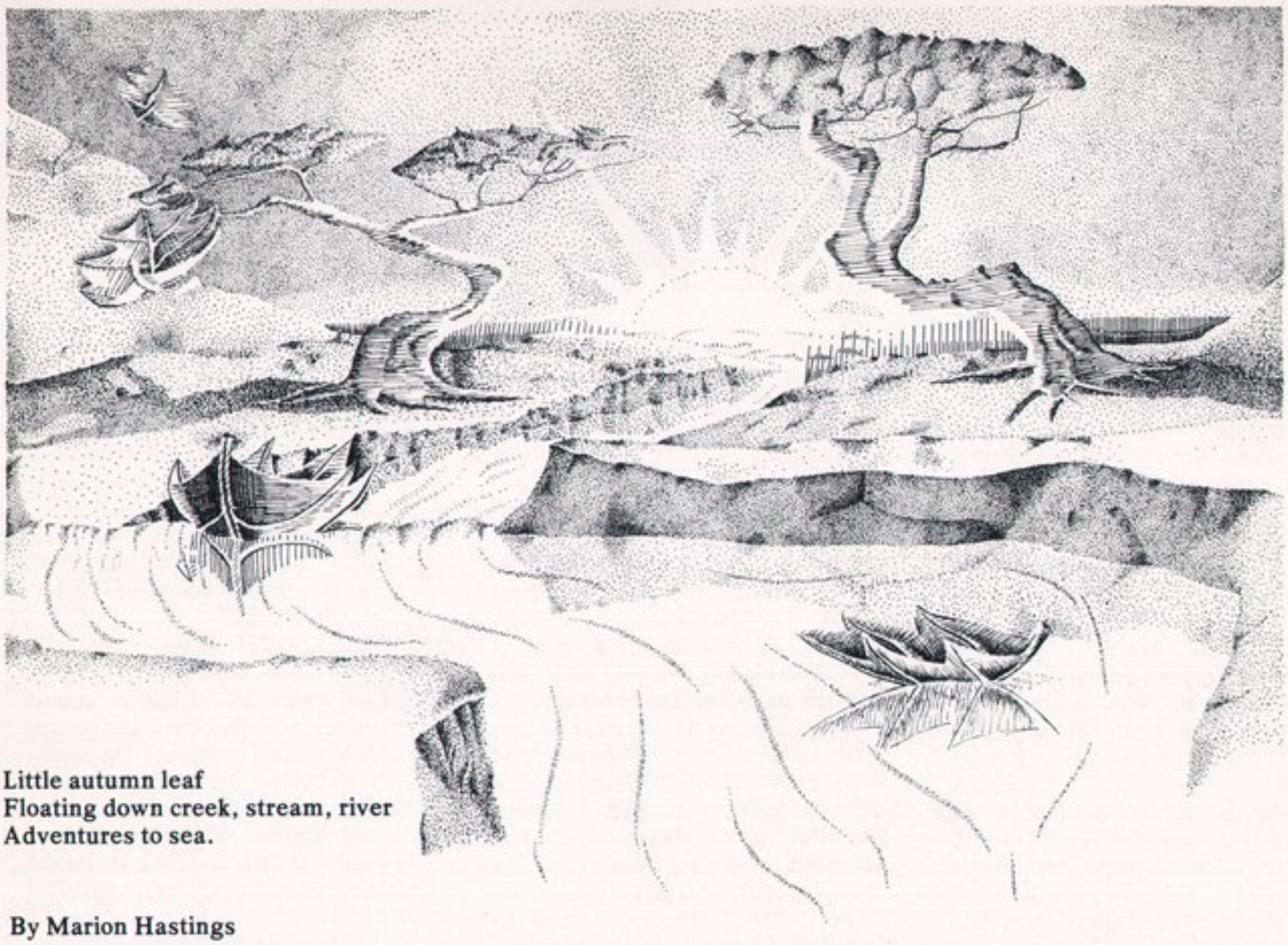
I will not have that face.

I want to look like what I am--

Real and Human--I give a damn,

I care. I want the world to know it.

I want my face to show it.



Little autumn leaf
Floating down creek, stream, river
Adventures to sea.

By Marion Hastings

Illustrated by Robert Barra

*Fall's windy tantrums*
*Bully leaves from their branches*
*Never to return.*

*By Norma Markides*

*Whispering willows*
*Hint at the coming of fall*
*And drop their brown leaves.*

*By Martha Bush*

Some faces fade beneath a memory's grasp
When vainly unforgotten blues and aches
Cover them jealously, hoping to mask
The light they shamelessly radiate.

Every failure contains a few sad smiles;
A few kind words from sympathetic eyes.
And interludes slip in between the trials,
Unnoticed under martyrdom's disguise.

For struggles draw attention to a need.
A war-torn figure must deserve some trust.
Dark invitations to offer some kind deed,
These dreary tales endear more than disgust.

For none are marred by fortune or by friend.
And this time truth does not win in the end.

Kathy Smith

*FRIENDSHIP*

*By Kerry Wolfe*

With a rotten name like Frederica Finney, she was probably beat before she started. A least, she did not have much of a chance in our class from the start. As if to prove some mute point, she wore shoulder length ringlets, horn-rimmed glasses, and skirts below her knees with white knee socks tucked meticulously in oxfords. All of us in the third grade class at lincoln elementary school were her "Sworn Enemies." we signed pacts pledging our continuing hatred of Frederica Finney. We did it, for the most part, because she simply cared less, or seemed to.

Frederica Finney was the very first person on the bus in the morning. The rest of us played a sort of musical chairs to keep from sitting next to her. One morning I was late and lost the game. Carefully positioning myself so that I sat half on the seat and half in the aisle, I cast my best long-suffering look at my friends. Frederica Finney stared resolutely at the scenes passing by her. She looked as though she wanted to reach out and hold some small piece, but didn't quite dare. Her fingers pressed against the panes lightly, and her lips were moist.

I was frustrated that she would not acknowledge my efforts to show contempt for her. I drew an imaginary line on the seat with my finger, just barely brushing her skirt.

"Don't move over that line," I cautioned. "I don't want your 'kooties.'"

She stared at me for a moment with pale blue eyes, licked her lips, then returned to her private scenario.

"I hate you, Frederica Finney," I murmured.

Frederica Finney sat in the front row of our class, squarely in front of Miss Crandall's imposing desk. The desks to each side of her were vacant. I, by assignment, sat behind her and entertained my friends at her expense whenever Miss Crandall turned her back.

In a school year, I never saw Frederica Finney's face in class. When she passed papers back she did so over her shoulder, holding them carefully until I yanked them from her grasp. When we passed the papers forward, I dumped them in her lap.

At recess, the boys played tag. The girls jumped rope. Frederica Finney cleaned the blackboard and haunted the library.

The annual spelling bee came toward the end of the second semester. I had been champion of the first and second grades and was, in everyone's opinion, a sure-thing for the third grade ribbon.

For weeks, we stopped jumping rope at recess as my friends helped me prepare for the event. They drilled me before school at the bus stop, during lunch, and on the bus on the way home. They gave me the confidence that comes of knowing one's friends are supportive.

During the week before the spelling bee, Frederica stopped riding the afternoon bus, though she was as conspicuous as ever in the mornings. We did not care enough about her to wonder why.

One afternoon, I stayed late after school in the library and missed the bus. Walking to the office to call my mother, I passed the third grade classroom. Miss Crandall was her her desk, a spelling book propped against the flower vase. Frederica was at her desk, as well, facing the teacher. One of her hands was nervously tugging at her ringlets.

"Friendship," Miss Crandall read.

"Friendship," Frederica repeated softly. "F—R—I—E—N—D—S—H—I—P, friendship."

I crept away, shocked that Frederica Finney had the nerve to face me in the spelling bee. I hated her anew and studied all the harder to defeat her.

On the day of the contest I smiled from the stage at my friends in the front row and made a discreet face at Frederica Finney who sat to my left. The fact that she had entered the contest had become the class joke.

When her turn came, the class tittered, but careful preparation had paid off; she was unmoved. Frederica Finney was a capable speller, tackling words with quiet reserve. While she was skillful and well-practiced, I was very lucky in the words the principal gave me to spell. We were the last two remaining on stage as one by one, our competitors had misplaced a letter or two and dropped out.

It was Frederica's turn. The principal cleared his throat. My friends fidgeted, knowing I had little chance of beating Frederica. I squirmed, anticipating their disdain when I lost to the hated one. Frederica took us all in with her clear, cool blue eyes.

The principal broke the spell: Frederica, your word is friendship."

I paled and died at least twice in those moments. Frederica glanced at me then shifted her gaze to my friends--our classmates--then back to the principal. Miss Crandall smiled encouragingly.

"Friendship," Frederica said calmly, her problem resolved.

"F—R—E—I—N—D—S—H—I—P, friendship."

Miss Crandall was shocked. My friends were ecstatic. Frederica Finney was a veritable sphinx of emotion. The principal called my name and repeated the word.

I swallowed hard. I understood Frederica's indifference in a flash of hot hatred, this time directed toward myself. I could hardly speak around the lump growing in my throat.

"Friendship," the principal repeated. This time it was spoken as a command for a response.

Gulping, I faced Frederica. "Friendship. F-R-I-E-N-D-S-H-I-P, friendship."

The auditorium exploded with sound. Hands were extended, congratulations offered, a ribbon pressed against my wet unwilling palm. Frederica Finney had disappeared from the stage.

Because she got off at her father's office after school, Frederica was the first to leave the bus in the afternoon. As if pulled away afternoon. As it pulled away from the corner, I watched her walk alone down a path to a destination we could not see. Her ringlets bobbed, her skirt flapped against the knee-highs and her spelling book dangled at the end of one arm.

Clasping the third grade spelling bee ribbon in my hand, I pressed it against the window and whispered to the departing figure, "I love you, Frederica Finney."

Illustrated by Tom Price

## REQUIEM: THE FAMILY

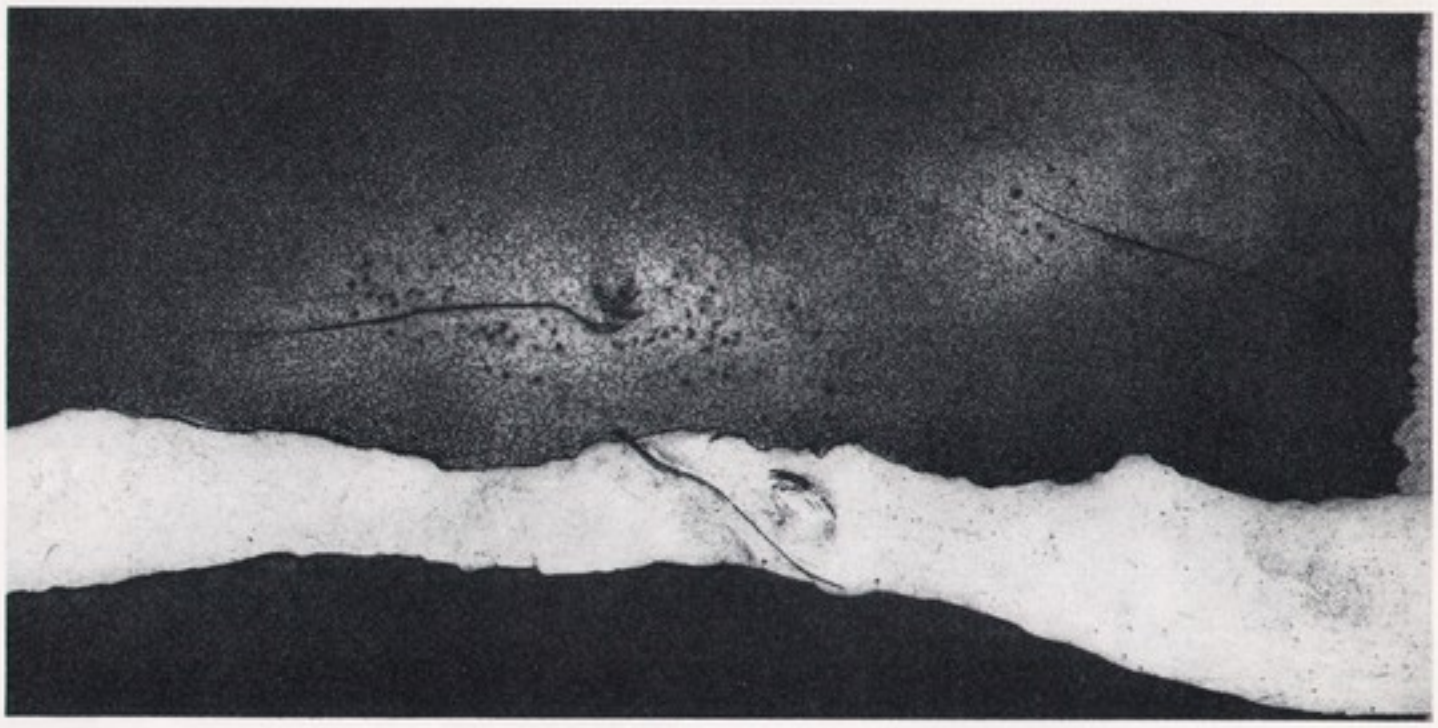
The sea-worn craggy rock stands tall
not moved by thunderous spray.
Quiet places hold water warmed by sun
Tiny creatures find haven, play.
Then wrenched away by the sea's maul
find home where rivulets run.

The Sea-Anemone clings to his side
Catches, holds, counts no cost
So she lives, ever worn by tide
So she dies, spent, lost.

Who knows how the rock mourns.

By Mary K. Crawford

Print by Frances Fields



Life was split apart that day
never to be mended

Sweet danger slithered in
but it was not intended

Stark reason briefly ruled
but slowly turned its back

Time became years and
life slid off the track

So passed the ectasy of love.

So passed the need and greed
of love.

Age became the relentless foe
that overtakes the unwary

To put away all foolish dreams;
memories to bury

To put an end to love
that was never meant to be

But scars of the soul never heal;
no one ever sees.

By Mary K. Crawford

What of -

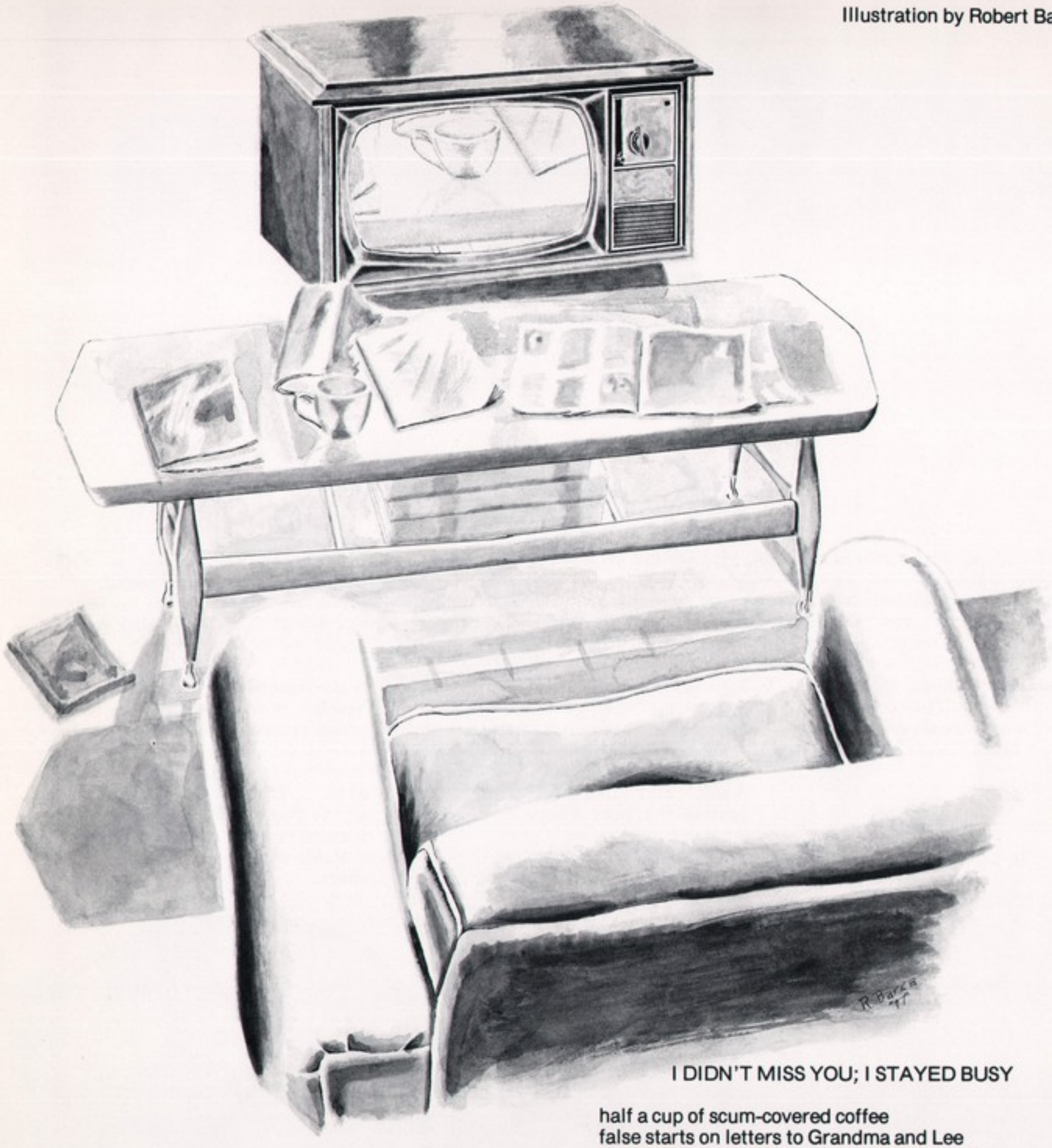
the gentle dove
Winging its way westward
in the sky,
while the hunter's shot whines aloft.
the dove
falls, with the wind.

the deer walking among the pines -
a foreign scent,
a twig breaking,
turns,
but not in time.

the quail guarding his covey
as they feed
warns to scurry beneath the bush,
his harried call
tells everything,
the hunter needs to know.

By Elaine McCarty

Illustration by Robert Barra



## I DIDN'T MISS YOU; I STAYED BUSY

half a cup of scum-covered coffee
false starts on letters to Grandma and Lee
twenty-some issues of *Newsweek* and *Time*
clutter my floor, coffee table and mind.

cracked green ashtray crammed with half-smoked Winstons
six skeins of yarn and a hook--picked up once--
now piled with the patterns, dumped in the chair
along with an old copy of *Jane Eyre.*

without the Late, Late Movie on T.V.
which fills my evenings with some small company,
I'd shiver like brittle glass when you are gone.
three weeks alone is at least two weeks too long.

By Maggie King

## SADNESS By Louise Mackenzie

He was a small boy, sunbrowned and skinny. Spraying sand should have marked the path left by his bare feet. Instead, two shallow lines followed his shuffling pace. White-tipped blue waves washed gently against stubbed toes trying to get his attention. They failed.

"Dave" was printed on the scanty red-orange trunks snugged around his middle.

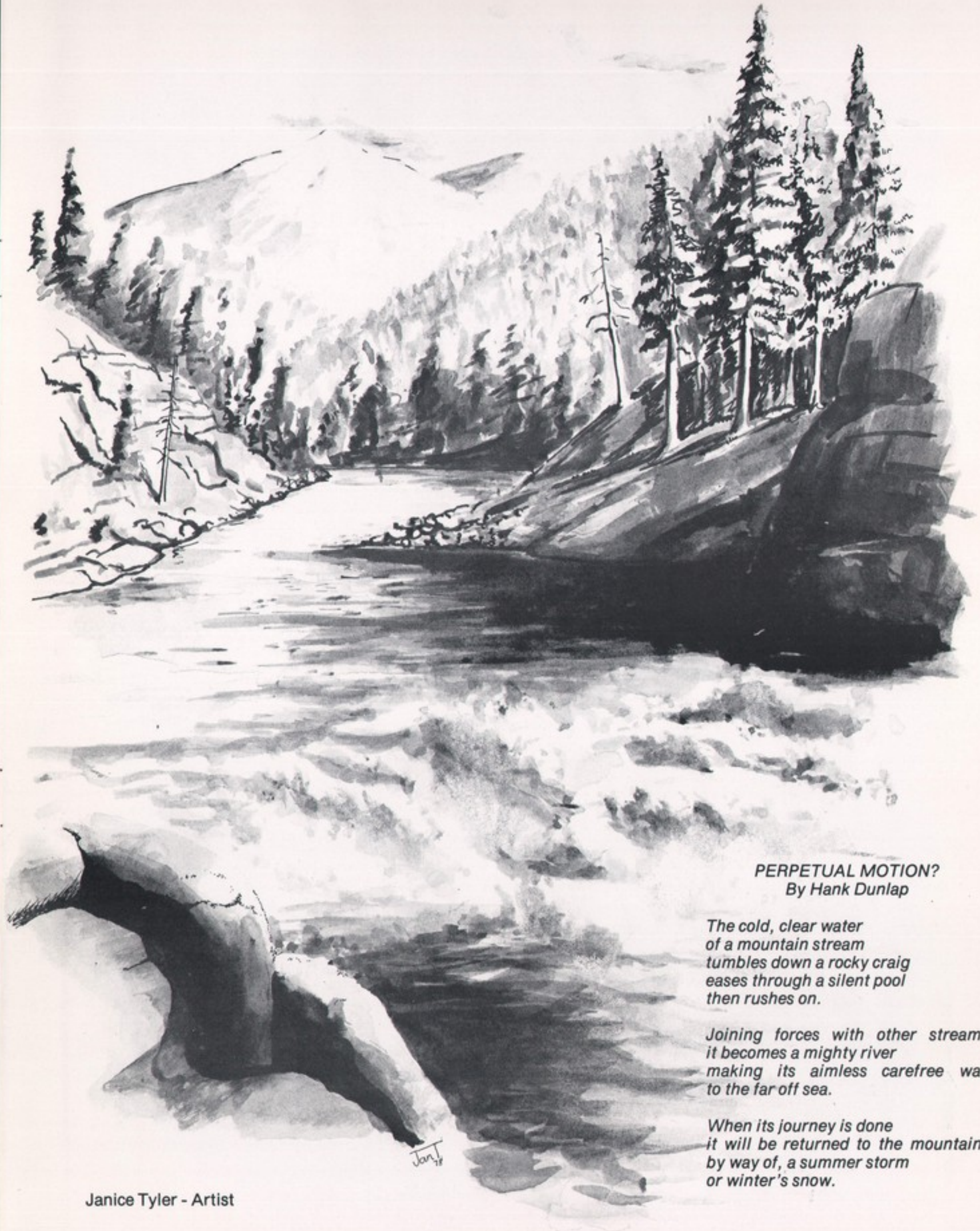
He scuffed his way along the sea's edge, dark-brown eyes searching every sunlighted spot. The faintest shadow cast by grey rocks caught his eyes to bring a look of hope to the tense face. Each time the hope faded away.

Morning sun glistened against the young body but its warmth could not melt away the cold lump centered in the bony chest. A soft breeze lifted black hair tangled against the bent forehead, but he ignored it.

Once the boy paused as if listening to a wanted sound. He lifted his face hoping to hear it again. Nothing. Nothing but the sound of moving water to fill the silence.

He turned to walk across the beach, remembering wet paw prints etched in the sand. Climbing atop a tall flat rock the boy once more swept the sand with saddened eyes. There was no movement of the boy's stilled body. A tear drained through black lashes to leave a transparent path down a smooth cheek.

Ray Turley - Artist



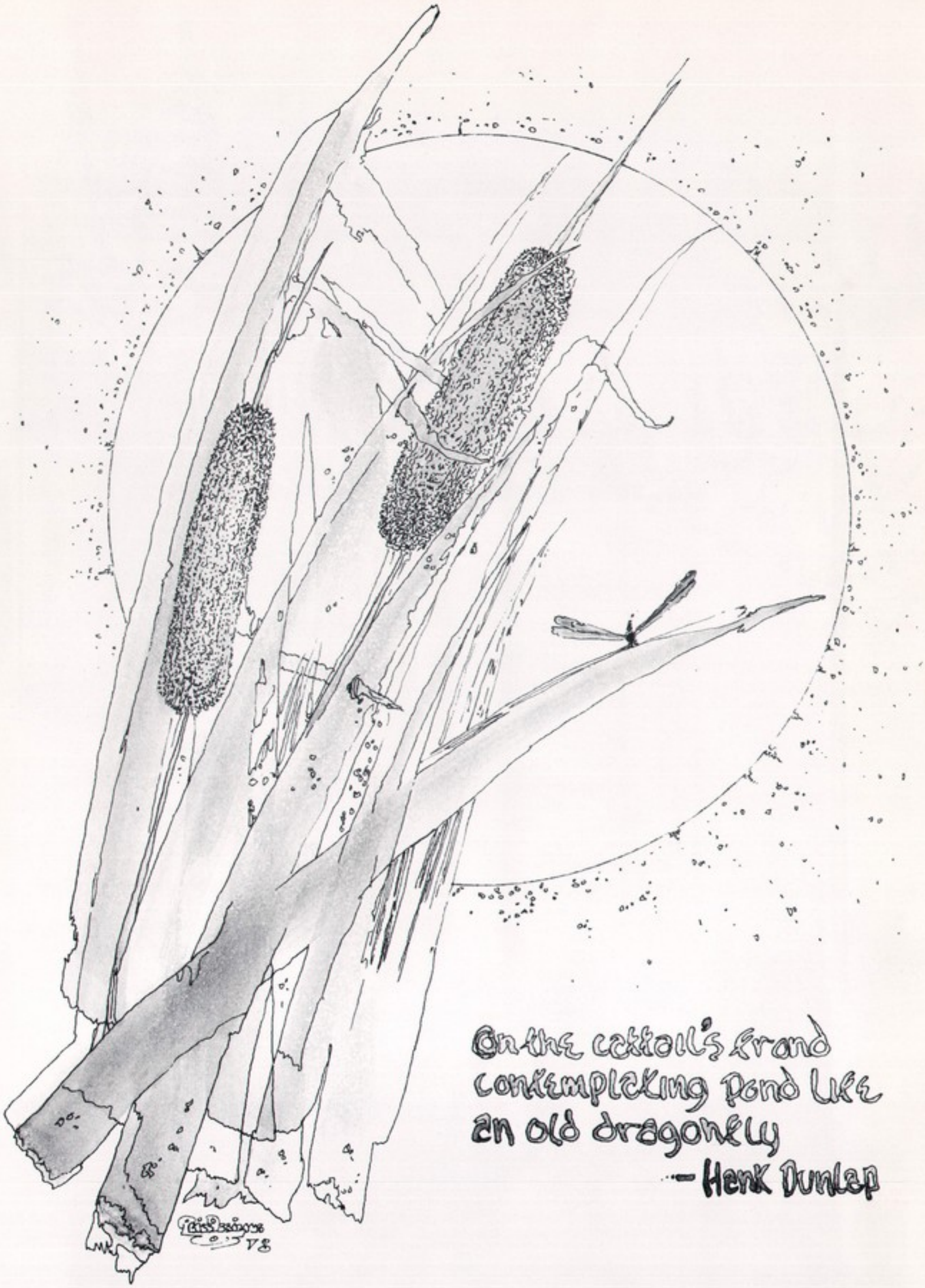
*PERPETUAL MOTION?*
*By Hank Dunlap*

*The cold, clear water*
*of a mountain stream*
*tumbles down a rocky craig*
*eases through a silent pool*
*then rushes on.*

*Joining forces with other streams*
*it becomes a mighty river*
*making its aimless carefree way*
*to the far off sea.*

*When its journey is done*
*it will be returned to the mountains*
*by way of, a summer storm*
*or winter's snow.*

Janice Tyler - Artist



On the cattail's grand
contemplating pond life
an old dragonfly
—Henk Dunlap

Illustrated by Tom Price

Photo by David Nelson

## CHINO

The valley falls long
and away
puckered hills, Arizona blues, browns, grays
a thousand feet of topsoil
an escarpment buttresses its eastern flank
upthrust granite the west
a broken bank.

A land so critical our scalpel feet
open incisions in the volcanic dust
causing it to run.

rain
wind
sun....
the kindest elements we know:
indifferent.

The rivers wrench at the fissured crust
piling up adobe flats
the wind blows away.

Stark lines draw civilization against
bare ash hills. No matter, today
a yawn in a sun spot
oblivious to our condition

The Ancients, their shards a fragmented
report of over-population, pestilence,
life stopped short.

By Yvonne Reid

## *HAIKU*

*The sun paints amber skies*
*traversed by seaward gulls*
*swallowed by twilight*

*Michael Hughes*

*Discreet old pinon*
*Drops limbs for kindling my fire*
*On winter's raw day.*

*Yvonne Reid*

*Don't ask me of God.*
*Ask rather how hose water*
*tastes in the summer.*

*Kerry Wolfe*

Print by Tim Logan

*burning embers glow*
*draining all life from its prey*
*now only an ash.*

*Joyce Walters*

*Night covers earth's form*
*As she lays back down to rest*
*From her daily toil.*

*Duane Wood*

*Colors blend softly*
*soil to rock, tree, sun and sky*
*listen, see, God is.*

*Dan Seaman*

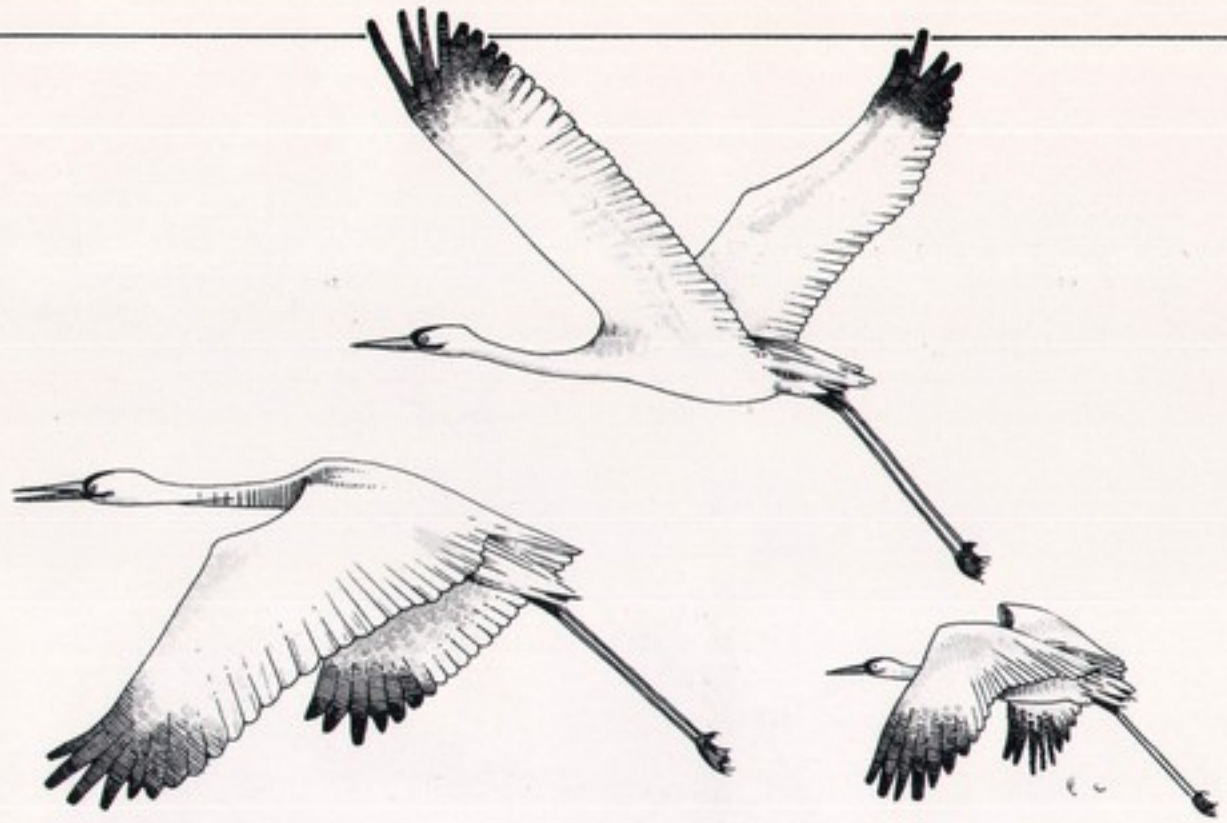
*Pine needles tickled*
*By the gentle cool night breeze*
*Hum a lullaby.*

*Marion Hastings*

*Print by Frances Fields*

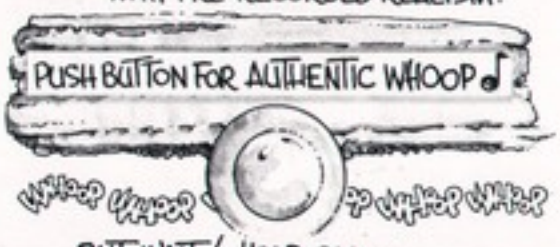
*Spring storms stop to watch*
*Rainbows doing back-bends for*
*The grand finale.*

Norma Markides



GONE. . . .
DAMN NEAR.
BRUSHED BY THE FEATHER DUSTER
OF NEAR-EXTINCTION. . . .
DANCING THEIR WAY TO
WHOOPING CRANE HEAVEN,
ONLY TO FIND
A McDONALD'S BUILT THERE.
THE MAJESTIC WHOOPER.
GRUS AMERICANA.
ONCE FILLING THE MARSH AND SKY
. . . MARTIAN SKY. . .?
FINALLY TO BECOME A TROPHY
TO MAN'S GREED.
STUFFED AND DISPLAYED WITH OTHERS
FOREVER VANISHED.

MOUNTED IN ANIMATED DANCE,
MATING THROUGHOUT ETERNITY. . .
ENCASED IN WOOD AND GLASS,
WITH PRE-RECORDED REALISM:




BUT WAIT! HOLD ON. . . .
THEY'RE BACK!
IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES
AND CIVILIZATION
THEY ARE BACK. GROWING,

THEY'VE ADAPTED. . . .
LEARNED THE FIRST RULE
OF SURVIVAL,
THE LAW OF FLEXIBILITY.
BUT WHERE?
FROM WHOM?
"WE DIDN'T TALK MUCH WHILE THEY
WERE HERE," SAID THE
IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER.
"I MAY HAVE MENTIONED IT," ADDED
THE PASSENGER PIGEON.
"WHO. . .?" SAID THE DODO.

THE COWGIRLS KNEW
ALL THE TIME. . . .

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL TAYLOR

CLASSIC PRINTERS