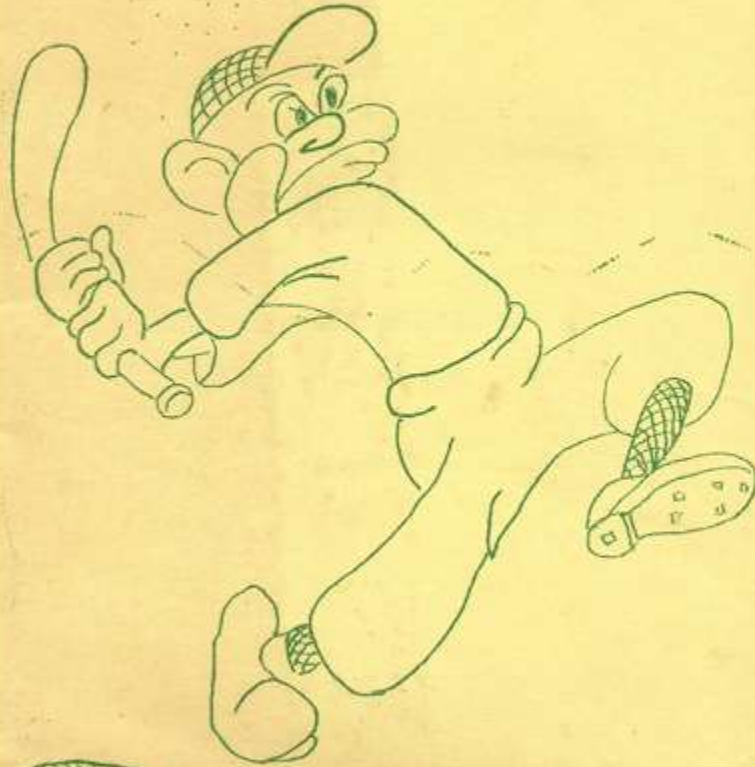


THE SPRING 1958



PLAID

THE PLAID

GLENRIDGE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

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ARTHUR THE ANT

Judy Nichols, 7-5

It was a dark, windy night as Arthur the Ant struggled homeward. He thought of the warm, cozy home far, far ahead of him. It seemed to him that he would never again see it in its humble splendor. He remembered what his wife had said just a few hours before.

"It is far too cold for any sensible ant to be running all over the yard no matter how important the mission is that the government is sending you on", she had warned.

Arthur worked for the government and that came in handy tonight as he felt like a poker game and all he had to do was make up some mission. He laughed at his genius and then thought perhaps this storm was a punishment for what he did and after that was debated in his mind, he felt sad and lonely. His thoughts crept back to his wife. He remembered how pretty she seemed in that blue-checkered apron he had bought her for Christmas. This made him even more sad so he forced himself to stop thinking about it. He had been aware that always and forever he seemed to be walking, just walking, walking. It hadn't seemed half this far getting there. The path he was walking on was worn from thousands of other tiny creature's footsteps. The grass seemed exactly as a dense, dark jungle would be to us. Frequently he tripped over roots and had to pick himself up and start over again. Finally from sheer exhaustion (and since ants don't tire easily this was quite a feat) he fell down under a blade of grass and crouched there shivering. He remembered once more all the money he had lost in the once important poker game. Every cent on him! He decided he would never go to another one again (until the next time, at least). Suddenly panic swept over him like wild fire. How would his family exist without him if he should never return? His poor wife would have to work and his children take care of themselves. When he thought of how rough and red his wife's beautiful black hands would get from washing dishes or some other awful job he felt very sad indeed. Then he thought of how he would die himself. Would it be slow, fast, painful, or heaven knows what? He shed one huge tear in self-pity and signed. It had started to rain and the water made Arthur want to die to get out of his misery. Finally his weariness seemed to disappear and slowly Arthur got up and trudged along.

But wait!!! Wasn't that the sand box he had made for his children. He strained his eyes so they hurt but finally made it out. In absolute joy Arthur started running toward his long-awaited home. As he ran the rain stopped. It seemed strange to him that it could stop so quickly so he turned around. And there spinning its heart away was a water sprinkler. It was easy to laugh now and he did 'til he cried and his sides almost split. He walked happily to the door and tiptoed to his bedroom so no one would be awakened and hopped into bed. Try as he might, he could not sleep as he kept thinking about his now funny experience.

Once his wife awoke and asked him, "How was the mission you were sent on."

Arthur just smiled and said, "Routine, dear, just routine."



THE LESSON

Lona Halloway, 9-5

As the wind blows through the trees,
 I see you fall down on your knees
 And lift your face up to the sky
 To pray for a love that cannot die.

Upon this hill you stay 'till night
 Praying to help you win the fight,
 For the love you so declined
 And for the girl who left you behind.

You see her blue eyes sparkling in the sun,
 And think of the things you could have done,
 But now that you really are alone
 Upon this hill you'll always moan.

After it's too late you know,
 You realize how you loved her so,
 But in this empty house you'll dwell
 For this lesson you have learned well.

TO GENERAL PARTRIDGE

Jennifer L. Craig, 7-4

I have a small suspicion
 About atomic fission.
 Will it work? And if it doesn't
 Will they say that we just "wasn't"?

With the Vanguards still exploding,
 And rocket men reloading,
 How can we lead a normal life
 Amidst all this airborne strife?

But we'll fool those Russians yet
 With all our mights and mains;
 For though the Russians may be smart,
 The Americans have BRAINS.

So hold your tongue, Kruchev.
 Look to your guns, Moscow.
 We Americans will come through!
but how?
 The Commander of North American Air Defense.

THE MOON

Toni Bernstein, 7-7

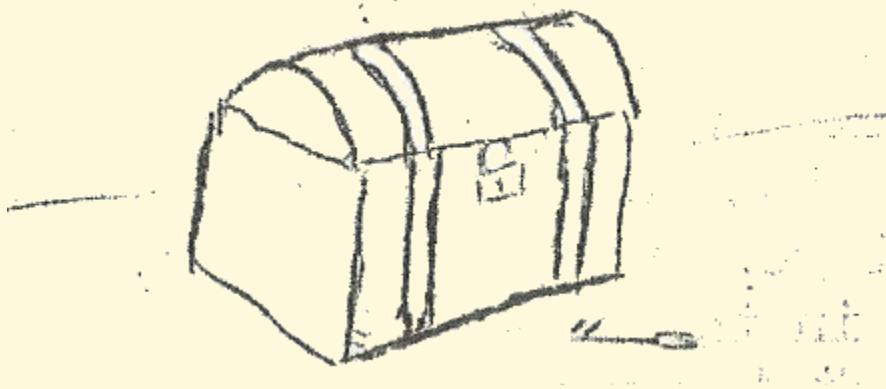
Doesn't the moon mean something
to you,
Resting against a sky of dark blue?
Sometimes a candle, sometimes a ball,
Sometimes it doesn't come out
at all,
Don't you think on some moonlit night,
When the moon is full, and the
stars are bright.
That your only true lover will
look in your eyes,
And tell you he loves you beneath
the moon's skies.

THE KILLER

Susan Reicherts, 7-5

He stole some silver
He stole some gold
When on flashed a light
Of the Owner bold.
He had to kill him
To make sure he wouldn't tell
For he pulled at his mask
And off it fell.
Now the killer ran down
A dark narrow street
All he could hear
Was his own heartbeat
He ran to his car
And opened the door
Then hid his treasure
Beneath the floor.
That night he went out
To the ocean shore
And slipped and fell
To the ocean floor.
The police found the killer
The very next day
And how they found him
Was a gruesome way.

His head was bashed
By the coral reefs
And his arm was mashed
By a crocodile's teeth.
Ten years later
One fine day
A little boy
Came out to play.
He came to a shack
And he opened the door
He walked inside
And in fell the floor.
The Boy hurt his ankle
And began to cry
A policeman heard him
As he passed by.
As he helped the boy up
He chanced to see
A dirty little chest
Without any key.
He picked up the chest
It was rusty with age
And taped on the side
Was a folded page.
He opened it up
And what should he see
But a piece of paper
And a little black key.
The key fit the chest
As nice as can be
And helped the policeman
Solve the mystery.



THE WALK

Sue Tinklepaugh, 9-3

I wandered dazedly into the rounded lobby and felt the sun's rays on my head as the light streamed through the open roof. The lobby was deserted. I concealed myself behind a potted palm and sat upon a stone bench which I found there. From where I sat I could see the fountain in the center of the stone floor. The water arched above the stone water nymph and cascaded down among the glimmering rainbows hovering in the blue-green pool at the fountains base.

I don't know how long I sat there watching the ever changing water. I lost track of time and place.

When I finally walked out into the street, dusk was dropping around the earth's shoulders like a heavy cloak. The street was narrow and poorly lit. For some reason, I did not hesitate, but started walking, my thoughts in a turmoil. My feet seemed to possess a mind of their own, for they bore me unwaveringly towards the nightlife which surrounded the docks.

I stood quietly for a moment at the crest of the hill at the base of which nestled the bay. A blanket of hazy fog was beginning to enfold the bridge and the various boats in a heavy blanket. Still I did not turn back but continued down the steep hill.

The bridge loomed before me like a misty shadow, and I slowed my steps letting my confused thoughts carry me away.

When I returned to the present, I found myself leaning against the lamp post in the center of the bridge. I leaned out across the calm water. The fog lay in thin wisps on the surface, giving the water an unreal, nightmarish appearance.

Through the haze I could detect a tiny star glinting in the heavens. However lonely the star looks! I thought, "Lonely as I am lonely, yet unafraid as I am unafraid".

Suddenly the fog cut off the bright speck, and just as suddenly, a cold chill shook my body.

I pulled up the collar of my coat and thrust my hands into the deep pockets. I walked toward the end of the bridge, and before long, the bridge was left behind me in the smoky fog.

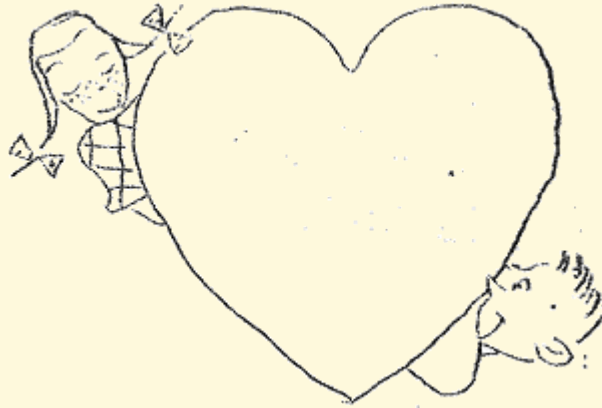
I left the road and made my way along the board walk that wound among the shifting sand dunes. If my imagination had been on the alert, I would probably have heard imaginary footsteps following me and sensed a phantom watching my every move. As it was, I was very busy with other thoughts that completely occupied my mind.

An eerie wind came from nowhere as I rounded a mammoth dune. The gust blew my hair in strands across my uncaring eyes. What a strange, wild, yet calming country this was!

It was getting late. This I knew, so I reluctantly turned my footsteps back toward the bridge and my hotel.

I retraced my course, a smile of peace and calm on my face that had been, a few hours ago, tense, pale, and strained.

As I sank into the spacious bed, my tired mind and body found rest from the weary trials of life.



YOUR HEART

Judy LeFevre, 8-7

Your Heart is not a plaything,
Your heart is not a toy;
But if you want it broken
Just give it to a boy!

THE MAGIC DREAM

Kathy Osborn, 8-5

This is a story about a little girl named Suzanne. She lived on a farm way out in the country. When school was out for the summer she had no one to play with. No one lived within two miles of their house, and that was only an old couple on a rundown farm.

One day Suzanne wanted something to do besides helping her mother or playing dolls, so she went for a walk. At first she just walked around the farm with her little dog, Togo. But this was tiresome to a girl of nine so she and Togo went into the forest behind their house.

Soon she grew tired and sat down to rest. After a while she began to get sleepy, but just as she was about to fall asleep she thought she heard a noise. Togo heard it too because he pricked up his ears and looked like he was listening. Suzanne got up to investigate it and as she came close to the direction of the noise it sounded like someone was crying.

She walked toward the noise but all of a sudden it stopped. It was then that Suzanne realized she was lost. She tried finding her way back but she just went deeper and deeper into the forest with Togo always at her heels. At last she heard the noise again, only it seemed to be closer to her. Finally Suzanne realized she was lost. She tried finding her way back but she just went deeper and deeper into the forest and there she saw what was making the noise.

She rubbed her eyes to be sure she really saw it and there it was. A fairy was sitting on a log crying. Suzanne cautiously went up to the fairy, but as the fairy didn't seem to notice her, she said.

"Why are you crying?"

"Oh, you startled me", said the fairy looking up and drying her eyes. "What's your name? How did you get here, in this big forest?"

"My name is Suzanne, and we're lost."

"We? Who's we?" asked the fairy bewildered.

"Togo and I. Here Togo, here boy. See, it's my dog."

"Oh, just your dog," and the fairy began crying again.

"Please tell me why you are crying", asked Suzanne again. "Please".

"Well, you see," began the fairy sadly, "I've done something wrong and have been banned from fairy kingdom."

"Why," asked Suzanne, "What did you do?"

"I didn't think it was so wrong," said the fairy.

"What was it, maybe I don't either," said Suzanne trying to be helpful.

"Well, I broke one of the rules of fairy kingdom. It was about my protégé."

"Your what?" exclaimed Suzanne in surprise.

"My protégé. See, every good fairy has a protégé that is a child that they must watch over and be responsible for until they are ten years old," explained the fairy.

"Do I have a fairy guardian?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but I don't know who it is. Probably some fairy in another division of fairy kingdom. Anyway, I've lost my protégé, a little girl named Lorie. She was with her family on a picnic, not too far from here, and she wandered away picking flowers. I was so busy watching her little baby brother and playing myself, that I guess I just didn't see her. When the other fairies found out they were very angry with me and sent me to the Queen. The Queen is good and she said she would forgive me if I could find Lorie," and at this the fairy begin to weep. "I've looked all over but I can't find her and if I don't the Queen will have to ban me. None of the other fairies will help me and there are just too many places where a little girl could be."

"I will help you find Lorie," said Suzanne after hearing the fairy's story, "If you will help me to find my way home," she added.

"Oh I will, I will, " exclaimed the fairy. "Let's look for Lorie right now," and she jumped up and started flying off.

"Wait for me" yelled Suzanne, and they were both lost in the dense forest.

After about an hour they came to a thick clump of trees and beyond were several caves. They didn't know where to start until they heard a sort of cry from one of the caves. But which one? They didn't know.

They decided that Suzanne would go in one cave and the fairy in another. When they came out neither one said anything but both hoped that Lorie would be there.

Suzanne went in the next cave but didn't find anything. Just as she was about to turn around and go back she thought she saw a streak of light coming from the other end of the cave. She went toward the light, and found the wall had a small hole just big enough for her to crawl through. On the other side Suzanne found another cave and several small caves, like rooms. In one room the floor was covered with dirt and in the dirt Suzanne saw some footprints. She followed the prints through several more smaller rooms until they were lost in the prints of some small animal.

Then she heard a noise and looking behind her she saw a bat flying around the cave. Since there was nothing else to do Suzanne followed the bat.

She ran after it through several more rooms and almost lost it. Then suddenly she came to a stop, for there before her was a little girl trapped between two big rocks.

She called to the girl and said she would help her get free. The two of them together managed to loosen the rocks enough for the girl to crawl through.

Then the girl said, "My name is Lorie, and I was exploring this cave when I found that hole in the other caves and ventured in here. I was standing in this room when I realized I was lost. I couldn't find my way back so I came here again. I started shouting for help when a loud noise came from above. I looked up just when several rocks fell and trapped me here."

"Are you hurt?" asked Suzanne when she heard this.

"Oh no, I fell and the rocks caught me and trapped me."

"Well we had better go back before it gets dark," said Suzanne relieved.

Then they went back and together found the little hole. When they got on the other side they found the fairy, frantically trying to find them. After everything was explained the three started up on their way for fairy kingdom. Soon they reached the clearing where Suzanne first saw the fairy. Here Suzanne asked the fairy if she would show her and Lorie the way home, but first let them rest for they were very tired. The fairy told them to lie down and sleep and that when they awoke, each would be in her own home.

When Suzanne awoke she found herself by the tree where she had stopped to rest and realized she had fallen asleep and that it was all a dream.

When she got home it was very late so after dinner she went straight to bed. Before she fell asleep her mother told her that they might buy Suzanne's father's land near their own home. The next thing she knew, Suzanne was fast asleep.



The next morning she woke up early and ate her breakfast. Then the doorbell rang and her mother let the visitors in. When Suzanne saw the visitors she wondered if she really had been dreaming the day before because there before her stood a little girl exactly like Lorie, and when she found out her name was Lorie she really began to wonder. Togo, who had been with Suzanne all the time, seemed to remember Lorie too.

Lorie was pleased to see another girl about her own age but didn't seem to quite remember Suzanne.

Suzanne still wonders now and then if it really was a dream.

MY CAT NAMED MARMALADE

Coralie Woodward, 7-8

I have a little kitty-cat
 A calico is she.
 she's a very funny sight at that,
 But she's as sweet as she can be.

She purrs as loud as a motor boat,
 Has a long, sandpaper tongue.
 She has a very warm fur coat,
 And she's only four years young.

She's under our feet when she wants to be fed,
 She wants in when it pours.
 And sleeps all day upon my bed,
 Or in my dresser drawers.

SORROW

Marie Schmidt, 9-5

Sorrow is a paint
 Twisting in your heart,
 Creeping through your body
 Tearing you apart.

Coursing through your body
 Burning in your veins,
 Marking your heart crumbly
 Dullness in your brain.

Weakness in your body
 Fever in your mind,
 Tearing down your life long
 Leaving none behind.

Sorry is a funny thing,
 From some it takes,
 To some it brings,
 So when it seems too hard to bear
 Remember others burdens share.

THE GIRL WHO GOOFED
Diane Vancort

The room was very big. When she was little she used to climb under the enormous bed and lie there in the dark with all of her hundred dolls crowding around her. She had exactly one hundred of them. If ever she broke one or smashed it in a fit of anger it was always replaced. They weren't ordinary dolls but each came from a different country. Each had something unusual about it such as a china head or a hand embroidered dress or a horrible ugly face and she despised each one equally. She had always wanted to trade them for a kitten but her mother couldn't stand the site of a cat.

Now she was thirteen and thought she was way too old to crawl under the bed just because she was afraid of the dark. She wasn't really afraid of the dark, not anymore. Besides that she probably would never see the big lonely beautiful room again. They were going to sell the house and move to an apartment in the city. It was all because of Lewis. She wished over and over that he was not marrying her mother. She could have stood that if only he had not insisted she remain with his sister's family instead of going to the boarding school in Switzerland where she had gone all her life. Of course when her mother and Lewis got back from Europe the three of them would live together in the pent house. But meanwhile she would have to live with a strange family and undoubtedly to a public school.

Now she was packing away all the hated dolls while the maid helped her pack her immense wardrobe. It took a long time because she had so many clothes, but Lottie was doing most of the work anyway. When she said goodbye to the honeymooners she had almost cried but that was only because of an overwhelming self pity for herself.

Cathy, Lewis Lenart's niece shared her room with Suzzie. They were both the same age. After a while Suzzie decided she didn't really mind that they had to share the same room. She told Cathy about the boarding school and the skiing and her friends.

"Of course we had more fun, but we all learned a lot," Suzzie said. She rambled on, not realizing that she sounded snobbish. If she had she wouldn't have cared too much. She told herself that she missed boarding school terrible and didn't care who knew it. It was silly for her to help her hostess with the dishes after all it wasn't her fault that she was there. She had never done a stitch of work in her life so she thought there was no reason to start now.

Cathy decided to give a party.

"Do you jitterbug?" she asked Suzzie.

Suzzie had taken dancing all her life and never once been taught to jitterbug. When they had dances at the Swiss school they had been strictly formal. She was horrified. At school she knew more than most of the kids and made a point of telling them about her so much better private school. So of course she said she knew how.

Everybody was at the party and everybody was dancing to the crazy fast rhythm. Suzzie stood by with a paper cup of soda feeling nervous. Then this boy was coming over, he asked her to dance.

"Go ahead," Cathy said, "This guy will really throw you."

He started dancing with her and going all over the place in time to the crazy beat. Suddenly Suzzie felt herself slipping and before she knew it she was sprawled out on the floor. Just for a moment all the faces seemed to stare at her like all of her hundred hated dolls before they burst into laughter and she rushed blindly from the room. She sobbed for a long time. The incident broke up the party early. The gang had thought she would take it good naturedly.

Cathy was both hurt and sorry. Her party had been a complete flop. Suzzie realized it finally and offered an apology.

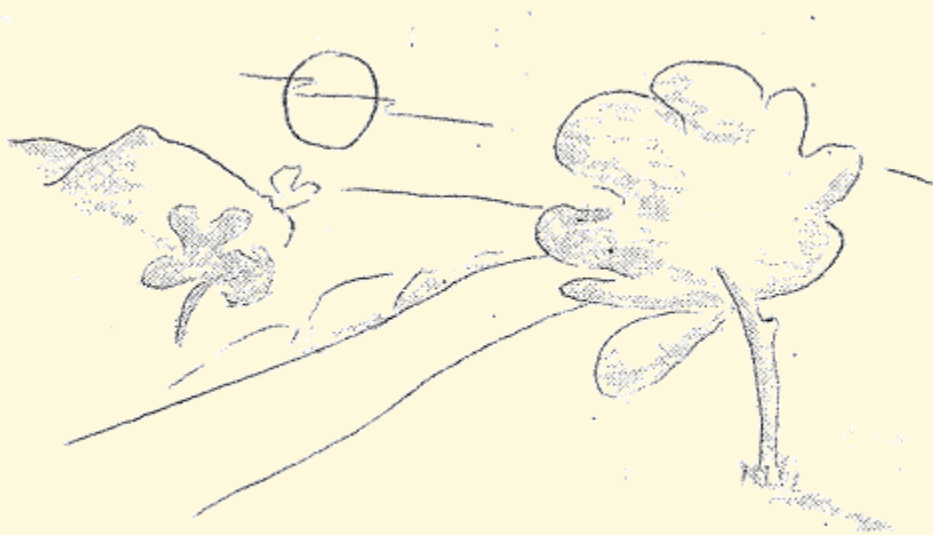
"I'm sorry that everybody went so soon but it wasn't my fault I slipped," she said.

"I know," Cathy told her, "But you didn't have to make such a big thing over it. Everybody goofs sometime. You seem to think that you're perfect or something."

Suzzie knew it was true. She knew that she had been ridiculously selfish. Cathy and her parents had tried hard to please her and she had only acted like a snob. They must just hate me, Suzzie thought miserably. She went out and offered to help clean up after the party. Cathy glared at her glumly.

"Cathy honestly I'm sorry about the party," she said in a miserable voice. Cathy smiled unexpectedly and suddenly slipped an arm around her. Then they got to work. Afterward the family had a coke together. Suzzie for the first time felt included. Maybe it would be nice to have a father, and she was glad they had moved from the old lonely house. When she moved back with her mother she would give away all her ugly expensive dolls. Dolls who no longer resembled people but the unreal hateful world she had slipped out of.

"Is it very hard to learn how to jitterbug?" she asked Cathy who shook her head assuringly.



IN SPRING

Patsy Temple, 7-7

The birds are giving mating calls
 Trees rustle in the breeze.
 Flowers are budding all over;
 There are fluffy-white waves on the seas.

The moon shines full over the country;
 The wind whistles through the trees-
 The roads are ribbons of moonlight,
 Going on and on, over the leaves.

FISH LUCK

Susan Chace, 9-1

The water of Lake Crystal was blue and clear. Beneath it could be seen the endless grass slowly swaying with the currents. The fish were all lazy this summer day, and as they half-heartily swam along they were annoyed by a young bass as he quickly darted to and fro between them. One fish started to stop him and give him a piece of his mind, but changed his mind. That would be too much trouble, maybe he would go away on his own. Flipper, as he was called, darted in and out of the grass, turning and stopping all at once. What was Flipper so happy about? You guessed it! He was in love. A fish in love you may ask? Fish don't fall in love! Oh! That's where you are wrong. They fall in love all the time.

Now Flipper was very young and this was his first love. Her name was Annie. In order to court a fish you must bring her something to eat every time you call on her. Flipper was so happy only the best would do for his lady love. All at once Flipper saw a worm just dangling in the water. He wondered a little what it was doing there, but it sure did make good eating. The worm was fat and inviting and Flipper decided he had better feed himself before he looked for food for Annie. He didn't notice a queer looking hook sticking out of the worm, nor the string coming up from the worm's back. He just ate the worm in one gulp.

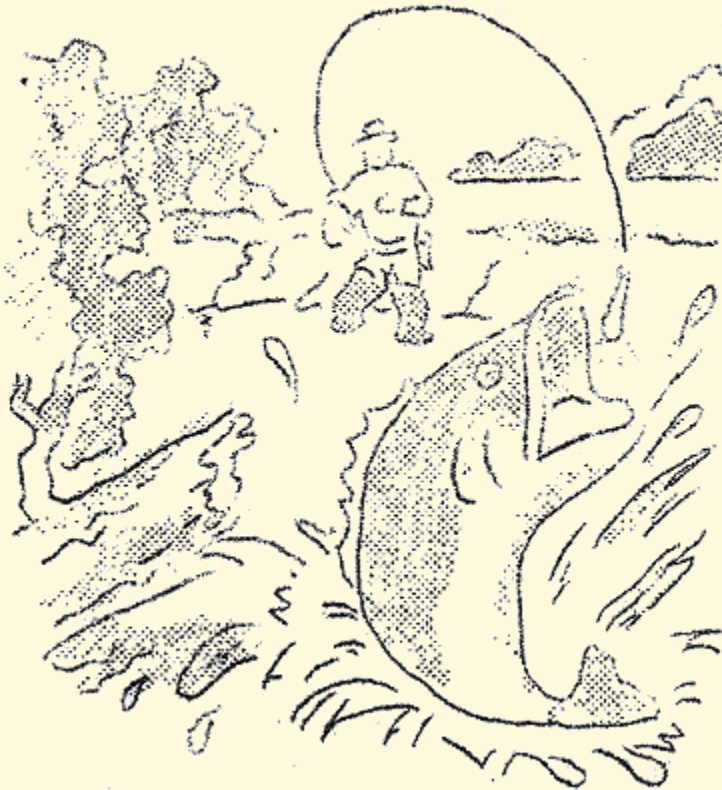
Joey sat on the bank of Crystal Lake holding a long stick with a string tied to it, and a bobbie-pin hook with a worm that he had just dug up. His dirty arm was getting tired of holding the pole and his lean face was dripping with perspiration. The tattered clothes seemed to stick to him as the day grew hotter. He thought of his sick mother at their home and his twelve year old sister keeping house. Joey didn't know quite what was wrong with his mother, but she just lay in a corner on some blankets, staring at the wall. Joey hadn't eaten a decent meal in a long time, so he was hoping he would get some nice fish.

Joey had just discovered this small pond a few hours ago; and since then he had not so patiently waited for a strike.

All of a sudden that pole was practically pulled out of his hands and he grabbed it and held to it tightly. After a few minutes of struggling, he pulled up a beautiful bass from the shinning water. Wanting another fish, Joey unhooked Flipper (for that was who it was) and put him in his basket.

Flipper, still wondering what had happened, flipped and flopped in his close quarters. His mind was a turmoil and he didn't know how to get back to his peaceful home. In about twenty minutes, Flipper felt a hand pick him up and carry him away. Weak from the lack of air, Flipper could only yield to this power and lie still. The object next to him flopped around though and hit him several times. There was something familiar in this fish and then Flipper realized, it was his Annie. Breathing was coming harder and harder to him, and as he gasped his last breath, Flipper flopped closer to Annie.

Joey carried his two prizes proudly, thinking how wonderful they would taste. As he trudged along, he argued with himself as to the way he would cook these two beautiful fish.



A FABLE

Cathie Skinner, 8-4

Moral: People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

One calm afternoon a group of teenage girls were sitting in the soda shop. It was a dreary day and Charlotte was not in a very good mood. Donna realized this and got a mischievous idea in her head. Donna had always been the prankster of the group. When the girls saw that look in her eye they knew something was going on in that tricky head of hers.

The girls started to leave and Charlotte got up to pay her check. She needed to come right back and pay the tip so she left her boyfriend's birthday present on the table. She had been down town hunting for the identification bracelet all afternoon.

Then the other girls got up, and without anyone noticing, Donna took Charlotte's boyfriend's present and hid it under her coat.

Charlotte went back to the table and of course was startled not to see the gift there. She thought none of her friends would take it so she got rather flustered. She was sure it had been stolen.

Just as she got upset enough, Donna started snickering to herself and then burst in an uproar of laughter.

All of the girls, including Charlotte, were angry at first, but then they realized it was just a friendly joke. They were just about ready to leave and all of the girls, but Donna went straight to the car. Since Donna had been laughing so hard she was last to pay her check and last to leave.

As Donna came out the other girls pulled away from the curb and drove down the street about two blocks away.

In about five minutes they came back to pick her up. She was furious and would not get into the car. She would not even speak to the girls.

That proves that if you cannot take teasing; don't tease.

MY TRIP TO HEAVEN

Bob Mikesell, 8-4

The time was coming for me to die,
 I felt like a bird sailing up to the sky;
 Outside the grave my sports car was there,
 Waiting to get me up in the air;

As I passed away, I got in the car,
 Drove 3,000 miles but didn't go far;
 I turned down a hill, and through it I went.
 Then I just about hit a house that was bent.

Over an underpass, through a mountain, wide.
 Then I saw a baby, that never cried;
 As I passed through a white thundercloud,
 I heard a scream, but it didn't seem loud;

As I reached heaven's gates, and was starting in,
 My mom woke me up with a smile and a grin;
 She said for me to get out of bed;
 Or you'll miss your ride to school, she said.

A WALK WITH WONDERS

Marie Schmidt, 9-5

Yesterday as I went walking
 Beneath the setting sun,
 I raised my face up skyward
 And watched the daylight run.

And as the night drew closer
 And shadows flickered near,
 I saw the moon rise slowly
 And stars to reappear.

And so on this night
 With moonlight streaming down,
 I thank God in heaven
 His wonders I have found.

THE BEE AND THE LADYBUG'S LOVE
Susan Reicherts, 7-5

The bee was in love with the ladybug
He showed her how great was his speed
He vowed that he would protect her
She thought this a very good deed.
Then he asked her the question
Would she be his blushing bride?
And when she flatly refused him
He must have laid down and died.
Then she realized she loved him
And unhappily went her way
For now she could not have him
As much as she wished she may.
In all her sorry she could not see
And so she bumped into a tree.
She died that day with a hole in her head
So don't fall in love you might end up dead!!



MULDOONE, THE TRAINED FLEA
Danny Drapper, 7-5

Muldoone was a small flea that looked like any ordinary flea except for his extremely large head. He lived with his mother, Itch, his father, Scratch, and his sister, LuLu, in the middle of an old town called Crayola.

One day as he was taking his usual walk, he met a wealthy looking flea. Being very friendly he introduced himself.

Just then he saw a glitter in the stranger's eyes and heard him exclaim, "At last I've found you." Of course Muldoone was very surprised at this behavior and asked his name. "My name," he said very secretly, "is Dichard Rimond, Private Detective. I have been sent by the dying king of England, your uncle. Oh, what's your name again?"

"Oh, my name is Muldoone," he answered.

"Yes, yes! Muldoone the Eighth, your uncle," he said. "He needs you right away, so follow me."

"But, I must tell my mother that I am going." exclaimed Muldoone.

The detective told Muldoone that they would wire her family after they arrived.

They got in Rimond's car and sped away in the direction of England, so Muldoone thought for he was only six years old.

After riding for about fifteen minutes, they pulled up in front of an old shack at the outskirts of town.

"Come inside and I'll get you some clothes worthy of a king," said Rimond.

Muldoone reluctantly got out of the car and started up the pathway that led to the steps that entered the house. He followed the detective across the large main room that was filled with dust and cobwebs. Then Rimond entered the small compartment beneath the stairs. When he reappeared, he was carrying a large box. When he removed the top, Muldoone saw a silk robe lined with diamonds, a ruby pendant, and a crown of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires.

They got back in the car and had passed through five towns which is farther than Muldoone had ever been, so when Rimond told him that they were in England, Muldoone believed him.

When the town that was their destination came into sight, they pulled off the road behind a grove of trees.

"why did we stop here?" said Muldoone. "I want to get to my uncle before he dies!"

Then, all of a sudden Rimond jumped on Muldoone and pulled a gunny sack over his head. Muldoone tried to struggle but was no match for the strong detective. After Muldoone was securely tied and gagged, the car started again. Muldoone didn't have any idea of what was going on, and he couldn't tell where he was.

After a while the car stopped and Rimond yanked poor Muldoone out of the car. "You are tearing my royal clothes," Muldoone cried as he was being dragged across the gravel treet.

Then they entered a building with music playing in the background. When Muldoone was untied, he found himself in a cage with several other undernourished fleas.

"Good work," Muldoone heard a giant animal that he heard referred to a human say.

Another flea that was in a corner hobbled over to Muldoone recognized his old friend Sledgeworth who had mysteriously disappeared. "What is going on?" said Muldoon almost in tears.

"This man, Dichard Rimond," Sledgeworth started to explain, "is a traitor flea. He is working for the man over there," he said pointing to a human. "He owns a flea circus of which you are now a part. Just the other day he said that he needed another flea to fill out the flea pyramid, and I guess that you are it! "But remember to do everything wrong and maybe he'll throw you out."

And for the next few days he tried, but everytime he did something wrong, Rimond, the traitor flea, took the flea-whip to him and beat him unmercifully. After a while, Muldoone gave up trying.

On the day that marked the second month with the circus, a flea was thrown into the cage the same way he was. This flea was a natural born leader, and pretty soon he was fed up with the continual routine of getting up, practicing all morning, and being beaten every time he did something wrong, giving performances in the afternoon, and eating skimpy meals of stale bread and water at night. Sleep was almost unknown for the unfortunate inmates.

One night Muldoone couldn't sleep for thinking of his family at home. He heard the manager of the flea circus talking to another human about a rush performance, and the days that followed, the fleas were working to the bone practicing. Soon every flea's temper in the circus was aflame, and the leader called a meeting to plan a riot. The next day, when Rimond came to open the door of the cell to let the fleas out for their morning practice, they all jumped on him and tied him to one of the bars of the cell. As they rushed to the door, one of Rimond's assistants spotted them and armed himself with a pair of scissors used to cut the flea's hair.

He rushed to the door and stopped the group from getting through the door. spurred on by the thought of freedom, Muldone ran into the assistant with a cross body-block. By the time he had come too, Muldoone and the rest of the fleas were long gone.

After they were sure that they were safe, the fleas stopped running and caught their breath. They went to a filling station and found out where they were, and each set out for his home town.

Luckily there were three other fleas that were going to the same town as Muldoone. Because they were a little older, they knew the way.

The journey home was long and difficult for the weak fleas. When they finally reached Crayole, they bade goodbye to each other and departed.

When he reached home, Muldoone's family was overjoyed at seeing him, for they thought he was dead.

After Muldoone's health was restored, he told th public of his adventure, and they captured the traitor flea, Rimond.

From then until he reached the ripe old age of sixty-three, Muldoone and his family lived happily.

LOVELY

Kim Haley, 7-8

Lovely are the gardens where the flowers
 do grow.
 Lovely are the woods where the streams
 do flow.
 Lovely are the mountains caped with
 snow.
 Lovely are their valleys far down
 below.
 Lovely are the stars gleaming in the
 night.
 Lovely are their rays and beams of
 light.
 Lovely are the clouds far up in the
 sky.
 Lovely is their softness as they float
 by.

SPRING

Tommy Scruggs, 7-4

Spring, beautiful Spring,
 Far along the roadside I followed you today.
 Blue streams glistening
 And white clouds drifting.
 Like fleets of fair treasure launched upon a
 sunlit sea.

Spring, colorful Spring.
 With all the gayful flowers that gleem like
 gold all day.
 White daffodils glisten,
 While blue tulips listen
 To the lovely sounds which echo throughout
 the day.

Spring, lovely Spring,
 When plant life finds its beginning for the
 coming year.

Wheat is harvested,
 Plant life started,
 While the days of Spring go riding by.

BITSY'S DAY

Kathleen Wobie, 9-1

It was the first day of spring and Bitsy was feeling wonderful. It was so nice to go outside without a big winter coat on with scarves wrapped around your head and neck. But the best thing was, she was going to the party with Bud. They had been going together for about a month now and had a lot of fun together. Both of them were seventeen and seniors at Greentree High.

Time was passing quickly so she went up to her bright, redecorated room, and put on the new dress she had bought for the occasion.

Driving down the shaded road was so comforting. She remembered when she and her girl friend used to gather flowers along the roadside as presents for their mother. That seemed so very long ago compared to now.

All of a sudden she heard a loud explosion and the next thing she knew was turning over and over. How long she lay there she couldn't say for it seemed like hours. All she could think of was the sound of those sirens and the look on her mother's face. It was terrible to see her not knowing what to do.

As the ambulance drove away all the things of her life passed in front of her and she knew that her time had come. She thought of bud and as the last breath of air passed through her she knew she had died with his love.

OUR TABLE

Judy Schmidt, 7-5

Our table stands against the wall,
It isn't wide, it isn't tall,
But when our family gathers 'round;
Then at last it's worth is found.
It's leaves fold out to twice the size,
With chairs around it seems to rise,
To great proportions loaded, too
With bread of life for me and you.

WILLY'S NOT THE WINNER
Sandra Clark, 8-8

The scene takes place in a dark gloomy mouse hole where a little gray mouse comes out of his house stretching.

"My! My!" says Willy. "What a nice spring day this is."

Willy ate his breakfast and went out to his little workshop where he began to work on a match box. Putting in a little motor he said, "Now it's all finished." He had begun making his race car by using buttons for the wheels and the spring from a wind-up toy as the motor. Willy rolled his car out of the workshop, hopped in, and started it. Away he rode down the sidewalk.

"Wee'." shouted Willy.

He zoomed down the sidewalk at two miles an hour then rounded the corner on two wheels. All of a sudden he bumped into a rock which threw him out of his car and on the grass. Poor Willy.

He wasn't hurt, much, so he got up and went over to his damaged car. It was almost a total wreck. He was very sad as he rolled, what was left of his car back to his workshop. Sad indeed. He couldn't fix his car so he went into the house feeling very badly because there was going to be a race tomorrow and he had no racer to enter.

Willy's mother felt very sorry for him and asked if she could help him, but he refused her offer and went to this room crying. Willy's mother talked to her husband and they decided to buy him a new racer. So they went to town while Willy was asleep and bought him the best racer money could buy.

The next day when Willy got up he saw the racer. He jumped with glee.

"Oh thank you, thank you," he shouted as he ran outside to try it out. That afternoon Willy went down to the race track at 3:00. The race began at 3:15 and Willy was ready for the signal to go. Bang! The race began. Willy was in the lead, but as they were nearing the finish line another car got ahead of Willy and he wasn't the winner.

Although he didn't receive the gold cup he got a second place winner. He remembered good sportsmanship and didn't lose his temper.

PLEASE PUT OUT THE FIRE
Gail Cannon, 8-4

Little Mabel told this fable,
while she was at the dining-room table,

Once a'pon the phone there was
A little girl named Mary Buzz.

She talked and talked all through the nite,
Until this thing became a blight.

The party liners tried to be nice,
but all in vain, for it increased her vise,

One nite she was loosely wagging her tongue
talking about others as she shouldn't have done,

When all of a sudden there came on the wire,
a pitiful plead saying "Please put out the fire."

She paid it no heed, but went right on talking
For her would be close friend she was busily knocking.

Suddenly through the window she woke from her day,
to see trees round her house, were brightly ablaze.

She jumped through the window,
and escaped with her life.

Bet next time she won't hog the line all nite.

MORAL: Greediness and Selfishness don't pay.



WINTER

Penny Williams, 7-5

Winter is the time of year
When fields are cold and white.
The trees are tired
Their leaves are gone
The birds have made their flight.

FRIENDS AT LAST

Kaye Frederick, 9-2

As Candy came downstairs for breakfast she wondered what this new town, school, neighbors, everything about Riverside would be like. She sat down at the breakfast table without ever saying good morning. She finished eating, got her books and left for school. This was the second day at this High School and no one seemed to notice her. She went around to her classes by herself, once getting lost and had to go to the office to find her way back.

Candy Melton was a brown haired, brown eyed girl, the age of seventeen in her Junior year. She was pretty but very shy. Even though she was shy she wanted to make friends. Her brother Dick, twelve years old, was always making friends, Candy thought, and is by far from being shy. I wish I wasn't.

As she walked to school her mind wandered back to Jackson High. The many friends she had, the parties she and her friends had, dating with Larry McVey, everything about it she liked. Maybe it was because she was raised there, but no, she would have anyway. If only she could have friends here, then maybe learn to like it better. All she could do the whole day was wonder, wonder, wonder.

She reached the school grounds just as the bell rang. As she hurried on to her class, Dorothy Gates stopped her.

"Hello", she said, "I see you walking by yourself and thought I'd introduce myself. I knew you were new here and wanted to meet you sooner, but never did. I'm Dorothy Gates, everyone calls me Dottie. I'll walk along with you if you don't mind."

Not stopping to let Candy answer, she went on telling her about the good times everyone has at Riverdale High, and would like for her to meet some of her friends soon.

They reached Dottie's room before knowing it and said good-bye. Candy walked by herself the rest of the way to her class. She thought as she walked, maybe if I am friendly and nice to them, I can soon become their friends. Oh, I hope so. I'm so lonesome for at least a friend. She sat in her class hoping she could see Dorothy before the day was over and talk with her again. She liked her just by her ways, her awkward smile and the way she talked.

The bell rang and Candy didn't get to see Dorothy. As she was walking home, she heard someone yell from behind her.

"Candy". Then she turned, she saw Dorothy and four other girls running to catch up with her. They reached her and Dottie introduced the girls. There was Sally Baten, Jan Levans, Becky Shank, and Debbie Breton. She liked all of them at once, and hoped that they just weren't being friendly until she got settled here. They told her about a party at Dorothy's house at seven o'clock and would pick her up at six-thirty. There would be a bunch of kids, boys and girls, from Riverdale High. They would have loads of fun it seemed. Candy agreed and they turned to go another way. Now she would have a chance to meet all the other kids, she thought happily.

Now Candy could forget all about Chicago, because she had learned a lesson. The lessons she learned was it's possible to make friends any place you go.





PAULETTE BUNYAN

Mary Hoelle, 8-10

I lived in a lumber camp, somewhere in Europe, with my father, Paul Bunyon, and his friends. I was only 120 feet tall, which was very small for a six year old girl. I didn't like being this small because I was always getting teased. I had an older sister who was 200 feet tall and she was seven.

I felt very bad so I decided to leave. One night I packed my bags and left. I wrote a note to daddy which said:

Dear Daddy:

I feel very bad about being so small. I am running away to find growing pills to make me grow. I won't be back until then.

Good bye, Daddy. I'll miss you.

Love,

Paulette

I had in all 100 large kegs of water, 50 pounds of salt, 100 pounds of sugar, and one-half ton of vegetables and meat. That wouldn't last too long----I thought.

In the middle of the night, I saw a whippet. A whippet is a ferocious animal around 115 feet long. It has a giant tail like a whip. That is where it gets its name. I wasn't at all frightened as it cautiously crept toward me. I jumped out at it and the startled beast gave a cry of surprise. We fought a real battle, but if I do say so myself, he got the worst of it. Ever since then, "Whippy" has been my pet.

I put my bags on Whippy and we set off to find some growing pills. We came to a huge salt sea, where Whippy and I decided to wash our wounds, since they were still bleeding. An hour later, the whole sea turned red.

I still wanted to find some growing pills, so we set forward. After a while we came to a huge body of water, which Whippy and I crossed. This was the Atlantic Ocean. I waded through this in most places because I was already 150 feet tall and growing bigger which also made it easier to swim.

When we reached shore, fifteen minutes later, we headed north. I had started a rock and pebble collection, which was my very first hobby. I had already found many pretty ones on the ocean floor.

I had only eighty-nine of the 100 kegs of water left. I must have been thirsty to drink eleven kegs in two days.

The next day I trudged toward Canada. When we got there, I realized that Whippy and I were very wet. We dried out our clothes. I guess that we were really wet, because the puddles that we left are not called the Great Lakes.

When our clothes were put down to dry, they got quite filled with sand and dirt. The sand and dirt left a little trail as we went back to Florida. This little trail because known as the Appalachian Mountains.

We finally reached the Gulf of Mexico, which was not the Gulf of Mexico then. The water looked so good, so I went in. Whippy busied himself with the job of finding bones. He found a whale's backbone, which he immediately dug a hole for. He never finished burying the bone. You know his home - the Gulf of Mexico.

I had finished off quite a bit of my water, so I took some from a place called the Middle West. I guess I took too much, 'cause not it's very dry!

By now the rocks that I had been collecting were very heavy. I had so many rocks that they weighted Whippy and I down by the time we came to Arizona. We left awfully big footprints. I guess you thought so too, because you called them the Grand Canyon.

Since the rocks had gotten so heavy, I decided to drop them gradually, as we walked north. The piles of rocks we left are now the Rocky Mountains.

By this time I was already 227 feet tall and weighed 320 pounds. That was what I had wanted, so Whippy and I went back to our home.

At long last, we reached the familiar old logging camp, which was my home. Everyone was glad to see me, too. But when I ran to see my sister, I was suddenly so disappointed I cried. Here I thought that I would be much taller than she was, but in that short time she had grown 100 feet and was now 300 feet tall. As I cried, I said to my father, "I am always going to be short and small. What a wasted trip I took."



THE TALE OF TWO FLYS

Bob Ross, 8-4

One day two fly's were swimming in a plate of soup. One fly saw some bologna on the table and went and ate and ate and ate until he was full. He was so full that he made so much noise that a human heard him and ---splat! The other fly didn't hear the noise.

The other fly was afraid the first one would eat it all up and he flew over there and ate and ate and ate until he was full. He made so much noise that well, -----splat!

Moral: Keep your mouth shut when you are full of baloney.

TEENAGERS

Marcy Davis, 8-6

Sloppy clothes,
Messed up hair,
Dreamy looks, Skin so fair.
Bubble gum,
Silly grin,
Friends to all,
Chubby and thin.
They dig Elvis,
They also like Pat,
Brothers and Sisters,
To them, are brats.
They struggle for an "A",
Satisfied if they get "B",
Not too happy with a "C",
Wish they're dead when they get "E".
Saturday a dance,
Sunday a show,
Seldom lazy,
Always on the go.
Days filled with joy,
Seldom with sorrow,
Put off their work,
Always " 'til tomorrow"
Cokes and hamburgers are the best,
Ice-cream is a treat.
Those teenage years are very dear,
They're pretty hard to beat.
Helpful, yet mischievous, every day,
Plenty of friends and fun.
Messy room, sound of laughter
They're a teenager on the run!

WISDOM STANDS ALONE

Marty Wellinger, 8-4

Once upon a time long, long ago, a small child was born to a beautiful queen. Instead of being happy the queen was very sad. The baby boy which she hoped would be very handsome was very ugly. His hair was a mousy brown, and his eyes a soft gray. But worst of all he was built quite lean. His nose and cheekbones were terribly pointed, which are bad features of a good king. Or so the queen thought. Alas, but the queen was so disappointed.

A year later the queen was overjoyed to find she was again with child.

This time she had a very handsome boy. The child had jet black hair and a dark complexion. His eyes were splashes of dark blue sky. His physic was like atlases.

As the years passed one grew to be a good student and the other a man who had no worth except what was in his body.

The older brother had grown wiser and not handsome, but the younger had grown three times as handsome. As he grew handsome he also grew very vain.

When the old king was dying he had to make up his mind which man was to be king. If the queen had her way, the younger, vainer brother would be king. But the old king loved both his sons. His love for the queen was even greater so the younger brother was made king.

A year later the great kingdom fell. Much grief came because the kingdom had a poor ruler.

MORAL: Wisdom cannot be judged by beauty.