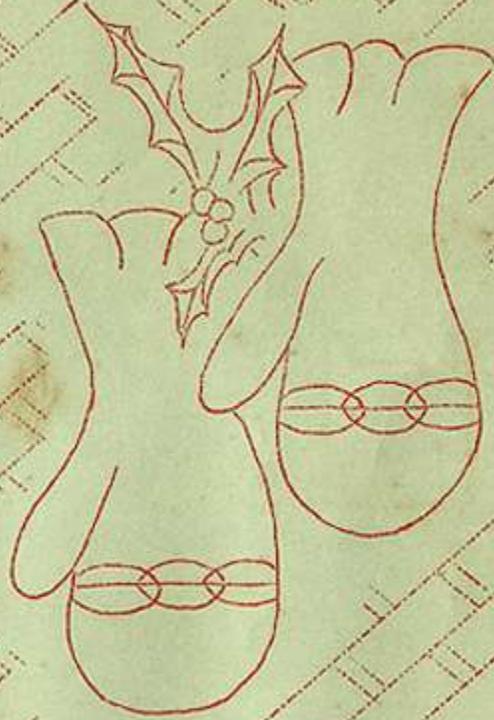


CHRISTMAS 1957



THE **PLAID**

## INTRODUCTION

The first issue of "The Plaid" is truly representative of junior high literary work. The purpose of this magazine is to encourage effective expressions through creative writing. The work herein contained is not classwork. It is work done through the sincere desire of students to write. It was submitted as the student wrote it. It was not corrected by teachers, parents, or others.

It is our sincere desire that the students of Glenridge Junior High School will receive great personal satisfaction in having their works published. We also hope that this magazine will encourage all students to continue their efforts in the field of writing in the future.

May all who read this magazine enjoy the literature and thoroughly appreciate the efforts of the authors.

Mrs. Kenneth Bridges and Richard Weidley  
Co-Sponsors  
December 19, 1957

GLENRIDGE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

LITERARY AWARDS  
THE PLAID  
CHRISTMAS ISSUE, 1957

Grand Award ..... Bob Ross, 8-4

NINTH GRADE PRIZES

Prose ..... Bill Copley, 9-3  
Poetry ..... 1st Susan Chace, 9-1  
..... 2nd Ann Spaulding, 9-1

EIGHTH GRADE PRIZES

Prose  
First Prize..... Barbara Richardson, 8-7  
Second Prize..... Bruce Congleton, 8-8  
Third Prize..... Barbara Rogers, 8-4

Poetry  
First Prize..... James Stokes, 8-4  
Second Prize..... Barbara Steel, 8-6  
Third Prize..... Cheryl Pritchard, 8-7

SEVENTH GRADE PRIZES

Prose ..... David Llewellyn, 7-8  
Poetry ..... Patsy Temple, 7-7

Cover Page ..... Diane Perry, 7-7

## GRAND PRIZE

## SPUTTY CLAUS

Bob Ross

"Oh dear," sighed Santa when his eight reindeer jingled across the western border of Russia. I don't particularly like this last part of the trip. All these missiles, satellites, and planes buzzing around all the time." He looked around and said, "I am flying kind of low. I had better go higher to get out of the way of some low-flying planes."

He whistled loudly and his eight reindeer quickly climbed through the air, higher and higher. Soon he was silhouetted against the stars on that cold clear night.

The reindeer were clipping along at a pretty good pace on that night. So Santa was keeping a sharp eye open for anything flying around so late and he could have plenty of time to move. Suddenly he sighted a small, round, metal object headed straight for him and the sleigh. "To the left," he called to Rudolph, the lead reindeer, "To the left." Santa looked again. It's that dratted Sputnik got caught in between Dasher's and Prancer's harness. To make things worse, Sputnik was going so fast it just took sleigh, Santa and all right along with it.

So now Santa is hanging on for dear life as he goes around and around the earth at a terrific speed. "Oh dear, oh dear," cried Santa, "How will I ever get these toys delivered to the children in Russia and China?"

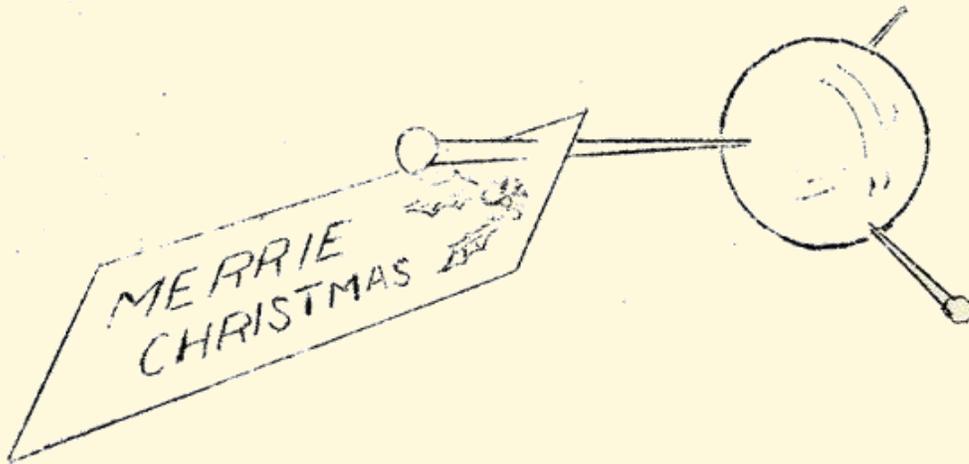
Then he heard a clicking sound in Sputnik. He looked in and saw the typing machine typing a protest signed by Nikita Kruchchev. It said to get off because you are messing up code signals, and that something he had in his sack had ruined a missile firing by throwing the radar controls off. Probably that Junior Radar Sender outfit," thought Santa Claus. The protest also stated that if he were not off by the time Sputnik went over Moscow again he would be shot down.

Poor Santa. He zigged, zagged, went up and down, but try as he would he couldn't budge the stuck antennas. Suddenly Dasher moved and Sputnik slipped a little. If only he could get to Dasher and push it away. He was just entering Russia when it came to him. Why not crawl out there and cut the harness, let Sputnik go and sew it up again. He got out a toy sword and a leather craft kit, crawled over Blitzen's back and went to work. He was just coming in sight of Moscow when he at last cut through the sturdy harness.

He was glad to see Sputnik go on its way. Now he started sewing up the harnesses. It was hard work going through the thick leather, but at last he made it. And none too soon, I might add.

As Rudolph led the reindeer and the sleigh across the sky, he shouted, "On Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen. A Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

P.S. Won't the Russian Scientists be surprised to find a Season's Greeting card when Sputnik comes down?



## TOM HAS A FAMILY

By Marcy Davis

Tom was out of breath. He sat down on a big rock to rest, but most of all to think of what had happened during the day. He remembered how he climbed the fence around the orphanage because he wanted to run away. No one cared for him he thought. Here he was fourteen years old and without a home. All of the children that lived at the orphanage were younger than him. No one wanted to adopt a boy as old as he was, Tom told himself. Anything would be better than staying at the orphanage with a bunch of little kids he thought. "They're only little pests anyway," he said to himself, or were they?

He got up and started walking slowly on his way, instead of running as he had been doing. As he walked he thought about those "little pests" back at the orphanage. He remembered when little Joey was watching him play ball by himself and how he asked Tom if he could please show him how to play too. He remembered the look of satisfaction of Joey's face when he was able to throw the ball and catch it, almost on the very first try.

Then there was little Susie. She always followed Tom around because she admired him very much. She considered him as her big brother. Tom tied her shoes for her, read stories to her, drew pictures for her, and often he would buy her some candy just to see her four-year old toothless grin when she said thanks.

It was growing dark now, but Tom didn't dare start a fire because he figured that Miss Eversley, who was the head of the orphanage, had probably phoned the police and told them of his disappearance. He figured the police were probably out looking for him right now.

As he ate, Tom wished that he could have a family and lead a regular normal life like most fourteen year old boys did. Tom began to realize that he could still be adopted and that running away wasn't going to solve anything. It was only going to get him into trouble.

When Tom finished eating he began thinking of the orphanage again. He remembered how little Sandy and Billy, as well as the rest of the younger children would beg him to read them a story every evening, just before they got ready to go to bed. He remembered how happy and thankful they were; because he did read one to them.

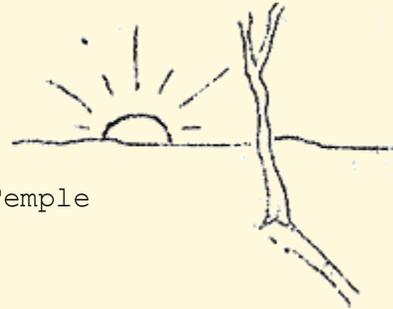
Then he remembered how he showed Allen and Timmy how to put together a model airplane. Often he would show them his sets of planes and ships, because since they were older, they were very much interested in this.

He remembered the night when eleven year old Timmy told him that he never wanted to be adopted unless Tom could be adopted with him, and that he wanted to be just like Tom when he got older.

After thinking a little longer, Tom slowly got up and headed toward the highway where he knew the police would find him. As he walked along he told himself, "I'm going back home to my family. They're the nicest bunch of pests any guy could ever know and I'm so lucky to have them for a family".

DAWN

By Nancy Temple



The deepest, darkest veil of night  
     is swiftly drawn aside-  
 Revealing the early dawning light  
     blushing, as a new young bride.  
 The light grows bright, and  
     brighter still,  
 Spreading O'er each vale and hill;  
 And then, with majesty and grace  
 The sun, beginning its chariot race  
 Soars higher, higher through the sky,  
 Telling the world that day is nigh

KILLER RAY

By Susan Chace

Have you heard the tale of Old Killer Ray?  
A mean, fearless fellow is what I've heard say.  
He rode a white horse, and he'd rock and he'd kill,  
And people who opposed him, ended upon Boot Hill.  
For people who watched, his quickness was frightening.  
He'd draw and he'd kill, much faster than lightning.

Now someone must stop him, was everyone yellow?  
But he's have to outdraw him--was there such a fellow?  
Now came a man who was all dressed in black,  
He rode his horse up with a slow even rack.  
He was from Texas, great outlaw up there  
And had come to see Ray, Oh my what a pain!  
He was tired of the talk of this outlaw, this thing,  
and had come to show them who really was king.  
He stopped, dismounted, and shouted with zest,  
"Come on Killer Ray, let's show them who's best.  
Ray was amused and said between roars,

"Go back farmer boy, go back to your chores."  
Then he walked out the door, and said with a sneer,  
I'll give you just three to get out of here!  
At the ending of that, I'll draw and I'll drill you."  
Now, go on, Vamoose, or I'll have to kill you.  
The stranger's eyes hardened, but his hands were steady  
"Go ahead draw, anytime you are ready."  
Ray just smiled, then reached for his gun,  
But the stranger was ready, to be outdrawn by none.  
The two guns roared, and the two men fell,  
Dead on the dust with a single yell.

And so ends the tale of Old Killer Ray,  
And the stranger he fought, who rode all the way  
To dispose of Ray, so all could see  
That no one could possibly be better than he.  
And so, my friends, should you feel that way,  
Just remember the story of Old Killer Ray.

## AN OPINION OF SCHOOL

By Stuart Smith

Some people like the winter  
Some people like the fall  
But me, I like the summer best  
When there ain't no school at all.

It's not the school that I dislike  
It's just that I'm so lazy  
When the teacher quizzes me  
My mind goes blank and hazy.

If I must go to school at all  
I'm glad it's Glenridge Junior High  
'Cause Glenridge spirit is the best  
And that you can't deny.

-----  
GLENRIDGE

By Marcy Davis

I go to Glenridge every day,  
I have fun doing work and play.  
The friends I have are pretty neat,  
And the teachers there can't be beat.  
Glenridge Jr. High is warm and sincere,  
It makes you feel welcome each and every year.  
I'm glad I go to Glenridge, and what I want to say,  
Is that Glenridge is the best in every way.



## THE COWARD

By Lynn Koch

Danny and his Sheep Dog Laund were sitting on a boulder in the barnyard. They were watching a hen and her five chicks. Everything was peaceful and quiet.

Suddenly the hen started flapping her wings and screeching. Her five chicks came on the run. A big, black shadow fell over the hen and the chicks.

Danny sent Laund to the barnyard to help the chicks, but he didn't know what to do. This was the first time that he had seen a hawk. The hawk seized one of the chicks and started to fly away.

Through instinct, Laund sprang up and seized the hawk by the shoulder and kept a death-like grip. The hawk fluttered and picked Laund up off his feet.

The giant hawk let go of the chick and Laund let go of the hawk's shoulder. It then came down on the sheep collie and clawed his back. Laund rolled over on the ground and the hawk came back for another dive. The dog sprang, and his teeth came to rest in the hawk's shoulder again. He lifted Laund off the ground and the Collie let go.

Danny was so excited that he could hardly sit still. You see, Danny was a cripple. The hawk flew off into the horizon, and Laund picked up the dead chick and took it to Ronald, Danny's brother. Laund was only six months old.

Ronald was afraid Laund would become a coward after the battle. He kept a good watch on the pup after this. Ronald told no one about this incident.

Laund's wounds healed fast. One of his jobs was to drive the sheep out to pasture each morning. Some of the sheep had other ideas about going out to graze. Laund seemed to read their minds. This was an instinct handed down from sheep-collie to sheep-collie. Two of the sheep didn't want to go out the gate, so they headed down the road. Laund didn't want the others to stampede, so he took off around the herd. When in front of the two strays, he drove them back to the herd. Ronald was holding the gate open, and the collie finally got the sheep back in.

A pilot was flying his airplane over the farm spraying the crops. The shadow of the plane came creeping along. Laund stopped and looked

up to find to his surprise, a giant hawk, five times larger than the other one. But this was only a plane. Laund put his tail between his legs, let out the most horrible sound, and headed right for the open kitchen door. He was howling at the top of his lungs.

Ronald was so mad that he was jumping up and down. The sheep were going wild. They were going in every direction except through the gateway.

Ronald looked everywhere for Laund, and he finally found him under the table in the kitchen. Ronald said that Laund was a coward to be frightened by a passing airplane or hawk. If it wasn't for Danny's love for the dog, Ronald would have used some buckshot on him.

Laund knew what he had done and was ashamed of it. It was more than a month before Ronald would have anything to do with him. Laund was the only sheep dog on the farm, so Ronald finally tried him again.

One morning Laund and Ronald were taking a herd of lambs to the farm. The little lambs were frisky at that time, and two of them broke out and ran down the road. Another broke out in the back. Laund drove them back to their mothers. Suddenly, a stray mongrel came through the brush and seized a stray lamb. Ronald saw this, and he ran after the stray, but he was too far behind. Laund saw it, too, and took off after the mongrel. The mongrel dropped the lamb and turned to fight. The stray dog was much bigger than Laund. Laund took a running jump. He fell on top of the stray. The stray grabbed Laund by the throat. Laund's thick fur around his throat protected him from the stray's fangs. They rolled all over the ground. Laund pulled loose, and all that the stray had in his mouth was Laund's hair. The stray fell back. Laund jumped him again. This time the stray got out of his way.

Ronald heard the noise and came running to the spot where the fight was going on. Just as he got there, he heard a yelp. He stood still, listened a minute, and then saw Laund come through some bushes. The collie was covered with blood and dust. Ronald ran over to him and made Laund lie down in the shade. Then Ronald went to see about the stray dog, and found him. The stray's mouth was open, tongue hanging out, bleeding at the neck, white fangs showing, and as dead as he could ever be. Ronald turned around and went back to where Laund was lying. He took Laund home, leaving the sheep there till he could return for them.

Danny was so happy to see Laund. Ronald told the entire story to the family. Everyone was very proud of him. But still, he had hid from a hawk or plane when its shadow fell on him.

Danny, who was Laund's idol, didn't want him to go with him to feed the chickens. Laund watched the crippled boy move slowly to the chicken pen. Laund wanted to go with him to help him, but Danny told him to stay. Danny knew that he was a coward.

Laund watched Danny from the porch. The boy reached the chicken pen and opened it. His pets came eagerly and followed him slowly to the grassy spot in the yard. He put his hand in his pocket, and he pulled out a handful of grain and threw it on the ground. The chickens ran to the spot and started eating.

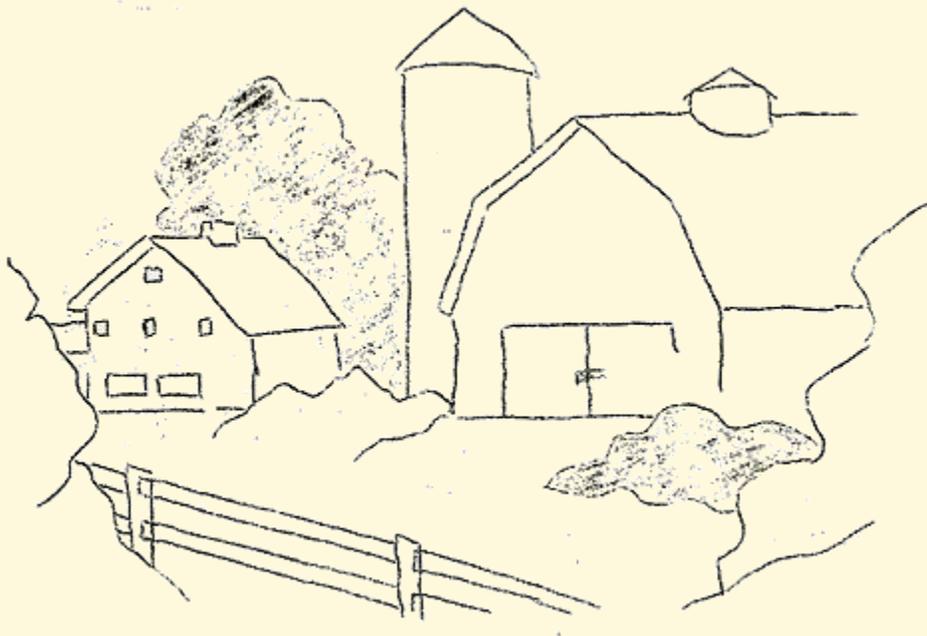
The hawk and his mate were flying around looking for a meal. The hawk's mate and he were busy for many weeks finding food for their two naked-looking young hawks. They were almost starved to death themselves. Now they were free to do as they please. Food was scarce. Farmers had their chickens penned up. The hawks came upon Danny's house and saw him with the fat chickens out in the yard. They sensed that the boy couldn't harm them and so dove down. One of the chickens raised its head just in time and let out a shrill squawk. The other chickens scattered. One of the hawks dove down and seized one of the little roosters as it ran to Danny for protection. The hawk came down, and Danny lifted one of his crutches just as the hawk was about to take off with the rooster. The hawk flew up and rammed its head on it. It knocked the hawk out. Danny fell to the ground and grabbed the hawk's wing. Its mate was just about to leave when he saw his mate on the ground. Danny yelled for help, but no body heard him except Laund. Laund came on the run. He stopped to see what was going on. Danny was on the ground holding the hawk. The hawk's mate was coming to poke out Danny's eyes. Laund's heart went to his throat when he saw the hawk, but it wasn't for himself now. It was for Danny.

Laund ran to the flying hawk, seized him by the chest, and held him as tight as he could. The hawk tried to peck at Laund's eyes, but it couldn't reach them. Instead, it started pecking at Laund's head.

One of Laund's eye teeth punctured the hawk's heart. It quivered and fell dead. Laund backed off, turned, and went after the other one that was regaining consciousness. Laund tried for the neck and made it. He broke the hawk's neck.

Danny got up and walked over to the dead hawks' bodies and just looked at them. Ronald came with the family. They saw Laund covered with blood. Then they looked with amazement at Danny. The doctors had said that he would not walk again, and now Danny was walking without crutches.

Laund never again ran from an airplane or hawk. He was a good sheep dog, and he also made the family very proud, because he went on to win the Grand Prize at the National Collie Association Field Trials.



## THE BRAVE FLY

By Bud Nash

Once there was a little fly  
 A sitting on the wall,  
 And tho he was so very small,  
 He thought he was so tall.

He would look down from the dizzy height,  
 And think he was so brave  
 But one night he died of fright,  
 And now he's in his grave

## YOU TELL'EM ENGLISH

By Charlotte Morgan

You tell 'em, mail carrier,  
 You're a man of letters!

You tell 'em  
 My tongue's in my shoe!

You tell 'em powder puff,  
 My lips stick

You tell 'em, corsets,  
 You've been around women longer than I have!

You tell 'em, salad,  
 I'm dressing

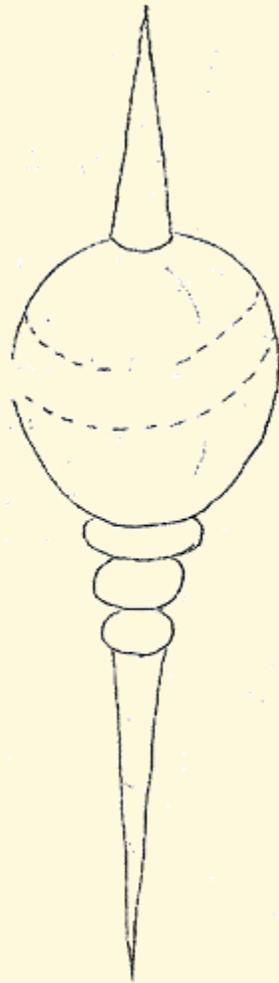
You tell 'em, pieface,  
 You've got crust.

You tell 'em, goldfish,  
 You've been around the globe

You tell 'em, victrola,  
 You've got the record.

You tell 'em, coffee,  
 You've got the grounds.

You tell 'em, Sahara,  
 You've got the sand.



## A CAMPING TRIP WITH MY COUSIN

By Buddy Kirk

One day my cousin asked my mother if we could go on a camping trip overnight. She wasn't much in favor of it at first but finally, with a little persuasion, she gave in. We started packing our gear about three o'clock and by four o'clock we were on our way.

It was getting dark and my cousin who is six started saying that he was seeing green-eyed monsters and other fantastic things peering out of the bushes at us. We found a suitable place about six and made camp. While we were fixing supper, he dropped about three hot dogs in the fire and after each time he turn-around saying his worn-out excuse, "I heard something in front of me." After about three hot dogs in the fire, I elected myself our cook, for we were getting rather low on food, the way he put it to use.

Later, to my misfortune, I found out that we had pitched camp in a cow pasture. We got to bed about eight o'clock and I was rather glad to get there. I guess you can understand why. About eight-thirty he asked me how to get to sleep when something was beside him, and he didn't know what it was. I said, "Count to three hundred." By the time it went away I had heard him count to three hundred several times.

About twelve o'clock, I heard a terrible racket out side the tent and after half way coming to my senses, I found him throwing anything in his reach at some cows which were sharing our campsite. I got him back in bed and waited about an hour to see if anything would happen.

It was becoming chilly and he asked me if he could have my blanket. I gave it to him and suffered for a while and finally went to sleep. I woke up about an hour later, and saw a lump under his blanket. Like the fool I was, I thought he was there. For awhile I tried to get some sleep and began to think he was too quiet even though, supposedly, he was asleep. I lifted his blankets slowly and found him gone. In my half-asleep mind it took me a couple of seconds to realize this. I rushed out of the tent and found him happily

eating the cookies and chocolate, both his and my share, which was supposed to be most of our breakfast.

I got him to bed for about the third or fourth time. If I remember correctly, I think we slept the rest of the night, but I am not sure for I was too tired to care.

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EARTH

By Cheryl Pritchard, 8-7

The body at best  
Is a lot of aches,  
Longing for rest;  
It jumps when it wakes.

Death, however,  
Is a huge ball,  
Is a sticky river,  
Is nothing at all.

"Than Mighty Death"  
All creatures cry,  
That stops the breath  
And says goodbye.

Fight death  
Till breath is gone,  
Treasure your breath,  
And linger on.



## CRAZY MIXED-UP CHRISTMAS

By Bob Mikesell

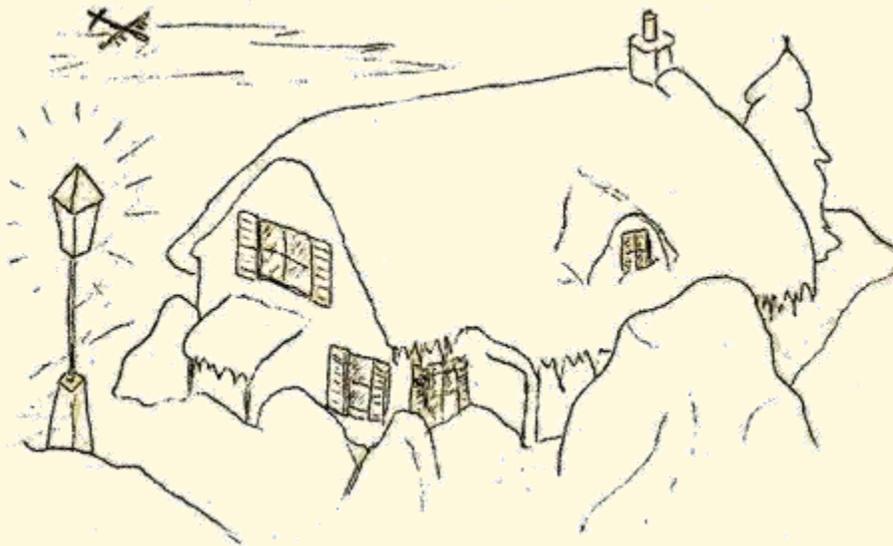
T'was the night before Christmas, the house was so quiet.  
When all of a sudden, there arose such a riot.  
I ran to the window, as fast as birds fly.  
Tore it off of the hinges, and glanced toward the sky.

The rain pouring down, on the new mass of fog.  
Gave a remarkable resemblance of California smog.  
As I looked at the sky, I saw it so clear.  
It looked like St. Nick, but not any reindeer.

He was flying a bomber, a B-29  
He stopped in the air, and he looked at the time.  
It was 12:00 o'clock, he grabbed his sack  
Jumped straight down the chimney, and fell on his back.

As he opened his sack, I saw many things.  
Toys, puzzles, and fake diamond rings.  
He left me a watch, and a blue slot machine.  
A football, a fame, and a cow, that was green.

Then he tore up the chimney, quick as a flash.  
As he got in his plane, he dropped his mustache.  
But I heard him exclaim, as he flew out of sight.  
Darn this blasted ole' smog, I need Rudolph's red light.



## TORNADO

By Wayne Barnes, 8-9

It was early afternoon, 'bout two o'clock, when we were passing through Georgia near the border of South Carolina. I asked Dad, "How long will it be before we come to the border?" He replied that it should not be more than an hour.

After a few minutes, we drove into a deep gully, and after driving two or three miles, we ascended upon a small hill, and then we found ourselves on a small plain.

The plain was barren on the left side, and on the right, a few pine trees shaded the edge of a deep gully. The gully was not more than two miles long, and in spots, both sides were barren.

We had just gotten on the plain when I noticed a small, blackish-grey cloud-like affair moving toward us. As we drove on, it became less like a cloud, and more and more like an old, twisted funnel.

We were nearing a place in the road where the high way led us slightly away from the gully, which was on our right, and at this point, it happened.

There was a fierce wail of wind, and almost instantaneously there was a downpour of rain. Then there was a terrific impact of wind which seemed to make the tail-end of the car spin.

We heard a sliding and scraping noise as our back right wheel started to slip off the edge of the gully. Just as the car started to slide, Dad floored the accelerator and turned the car to the right. There was a squeal of tires, and we were back on the road.

We drove for about a half-mile and pulled off to the left under the cover of some trees. After the storm passed, we continued on our way.

The next day we read in a South Carolina paper "Tornado Hits Georgia. Four Casualties, Property Damage Great".

It has been a tornado! We had been very, very lucky.

## THE DEER HUNT

By Chris Yarbrough, 8-7

It was cold on the morning of December the twenty-second. Buddy Green, an experienced woodsman, was sitting in a cabin drinking a coup of coffee.

Outside it had snowed the night before. All the woods and the mountains were covered with the white blanket of snow. The sun was coming over the horizon. The snow glittered in the sun.

Today was a fine day for deer hunting, because the deer would have to find food for themselves and for the little ones. Buddy decided to go where nobody had ever been, so the place to go was Tyron's Peak. Tyron's Peak was thick with trees, so Buddy knew that there must be deer up there.

Buddy took down his rifle and cleaned it. He loaded it and filled his pockets with bullets. He then opened the door and took a deep breath of the morning air. His wife told him to be careful. He put on his coat and his woolen gloves and trudged out across the snow towards Tyron's Peak.

It was about noon when he arrived there. He decided to climb to the top of the peak. It took him an hour or more to reach the top. He hunted around for a long time, but he did not find one single deer. He saw lots of rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, birds, and many, many other animals that were wild, but there were not any deer. The hours went by. Finally he decided to hunt just anything that was good to eat. So, he finally got a rabbit and a big fat squirrel. He heard something in the bushes. He turned around to shout, but it was only an old field mouse. He hunted an hour or two more. Then suddenly up the hills away he heard a big crashing of bushes. He went rapidly but quietly up the hill. He came to a clearing, and there in front of him was a big, black bear. Its teeth were gleaming in the sun. The bear growled loudly. Bud raised his rifle, aimed, and pulled the trigger. The gun went off. The bullet whizzed through the air and struck the bear. The big black beast struggled, stumbled, and fell to the ground.

Bud hunted for ours, but he finally got what he wanted. His wife was very proud when she saw his deer which had an antler spread three feet long.

## THE SKY

By Kathy Kivinski

## WHAT IS THE SKY?

To most people it is just the sky, but have you ever really sat and looked at its many wondrous features? I have. To me it is a great master-piece created by God. No man could ever produce such a marvelous piece of work.

In every minute of every day it is changing. It is never the same. In the morning it is a very pale blue dotted with snowy white clouds, glittering in the sky as the sun is shining in all of its glory. It reminds me of a queen in a blue gown sitting upon her throne, and wearing upon her head a golden crown. She is surrounded by her court dressed in white. But as evening comes this all changes. As the sun is setting, the appearance of the sky is tinted with many lustrous colors. When night descends, the moon, stars and planets are all heirs of this marvelous and wondrous universe known to man as the SKY.

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A PRICKY SITUATION

By Lillian Moody

There was an old woman from York,  
Who stepped on a seven-prong fork.  
She yelled quite loud and finally vowed,  
To patch up the holes with cork.

-----  
MY FIRST TURKEY

By Bob Mikesell

When I was just a little lad and lived in Illinois  
I bought a little turkey and raised him from a boy.  
I fed him and I fed him, about sixty times a week.  
Because he was a skinny one, and awfully, awfully, sleek.  
  
I fed him and I fed him till he got a little longer.  
Then I kept on feeding, till he got a little stronger.  
And as the months went by, he didn't get any thinner.  
My thoughts began to turn to a fine Thanksgiving dinner.

SO I HAD ONE

## SPOT: THE HE LADYBUG

By Betty Kent

Spot is a he ladybug who lives in an old orange tree. His next door neighbor's name is Tommy. Spot and Tommy had many adventures together, but I'm going to tell you of the greatest of them all.

One day Spot and Tommy were walking to the play ground in the top of a tree. They could have flown up there, but for once they were going to walk. They had already eaten lunch so they weren't hungry. Spot felt like he was walking on a cloud because he was very happy.

They had been walking about two minutes when something hit Tommy on the head and knocked him out. Something tried to hit Spot about the same time, but missed. Spot jumped down off the road and hid under some leaves. He heard the bad ladybugs drag Tommy away. It was about three minutes before Spot came out of his hiding place. He saw the trail the bad ladybugs had taken.

These bad ladybugs were after Spot and Tommy because they had helped catch the leader of their gang.

Spot decided to follow the trail the bad ladybugs had left. He was scared, but he was Tommy's true friend and they stuck together through thick and thin. He wasn't sure how many there was, but it looked like there were only two. Just then he rounded a curve and there was a shack. He crept around to a window and looked in. There was Tommy hog-tied. Spot saw three of the bad ladybugs and thought that was all of them, but one was guarding the front entrance. He was going to go back for help when he heard Tommy cry. He looked back in the window and saw that the bad ladybugs were lashing Tommy. He decided then and there that he was going to rescue Tommy. He was going to fly down the smoke-stack and cut Tommy down from the post in the middle of the room, then he and Tommy would have a chance to escape from the bad ladybugs.

The plan worked and in a jiffy Spot and Tommy were flying away from the bad ladybugs and were making more distance between them and the bad ladybugs.

Spot and Tommy went straight to the police station. The police went with Spot and Tommy to the shack to catch the rest of the gang. The police thanked them. The police gave them a reward of ten dollars each.

Spot and Tommy set off for the playground, but this time they flew.



**BOYS**

**By Marcia Fosgate**

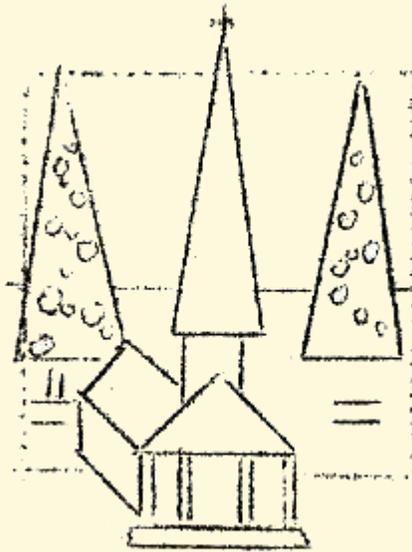
I think I shall never see  
A boy that quite appeals to me  
A boy who doesn't always wear  
A slab of grease on his hair  
A boy who puts his shirttail in  
And doesn't have a stupid grin

---

YESTERDAY

By Marty Wellinger

What is yesterday may I ask,  
Is it now or then and will it last,  
Will yesterday come with morning's dawn,  
Or has it already come and gone.



## First Prize - 8th Grade Poetry

## A SNOWY NIGHT

By James Stokes

The snow is coming down very fast,  
I wonder how long it will last  
It is all glistening and a wonderful white,  
I hope it will last all tonight.

Tomorrow is Christmas and we get gifts,  
The snow is still falling and is now in drifts,  
I wonder what gifts I will get?  
I hope one is an erector set.

Here comes Santa with all his toys  
Which will bring happiness to girls and boys,  
Santa now is coming down to the snow  
Of all his toys I do not know.

Santa is now coming in the door,  
I can hear his footsteps on the floor,  
I think I will go down the stairs  
And hide behind one of the chairs.

Oh, look at Santa in his white and red  
And look at the white hair on his head,  
Now he is putting the gifts under the tree,  
I wonder what dear Santa has for me?

Do you think I should go out and say hello  
And then offer Santa some milk and jello?  
But it looks like Santa will help himself  
As he gets some sweets from the kitchen shelf.

Out the front door Santa just went  
Looking just like an old Southern gent!  
Except for his clothes and his size of course  
Even his voice sounded very hoarse.

I wonder if I should look to see what I got  
I sure hope it was a lot,  
But then I might get in trouble.  
So I better get to bed on the double.

## THE REAL VALUE OF A GIFT

By Barbara Ferguson

It was Christmas morning and Sharon dressed hurriedly as it was a custom that none of the gifts could be open until after church.

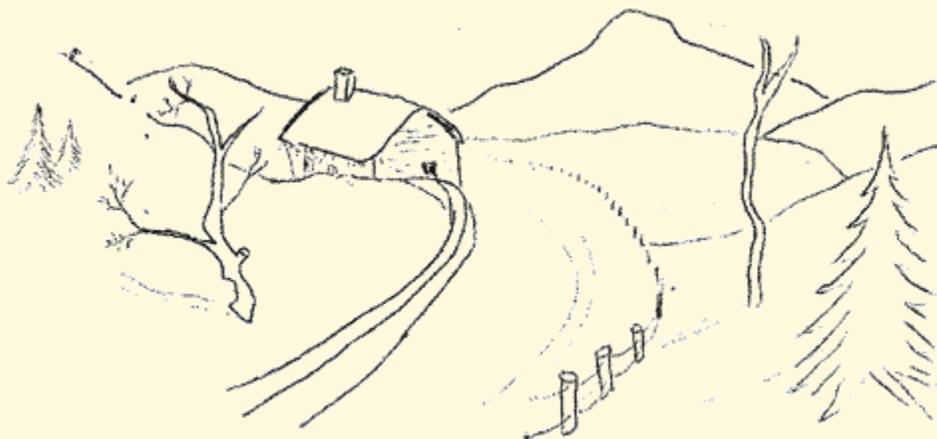
All through church, Sharon wanted to get home. When church was over, she rushed home to see what she had gotten. Before Christmas, Sharon had made a long list of things she wanted and her reason for wanting these things was that she needed all of them for college.

When Sharon got home she found her brothers on the floor tearing open their presents, not carrying much where they threw the papers. Finally, she got to her gifts. There were only two boxes. A large package and she also had a small one. Seeing only two boxes, Sharon felt sorry for herself, and did not think it was fair for all of her friends getting a lot of gifts and for her to only have two.

She sat there for a long time-not really caring what she had gotten. Then she decided that she did not really need the things she asked for. Finally, she opened the large box and in it was the white formal she wanted. When she opened the other box, there was a check.

The next day Sharon went downtown with the check and all kinds of ideas on how to spend the money. Instead of spending the money on herself as she had intended, she bought each of her brothers something that they wanted and did not get.

This was one Christmas which Sharon will always remember because she learned the real value of a gift. Every year since then, Sharon does not count the number of gifts or the price, but the meaning.

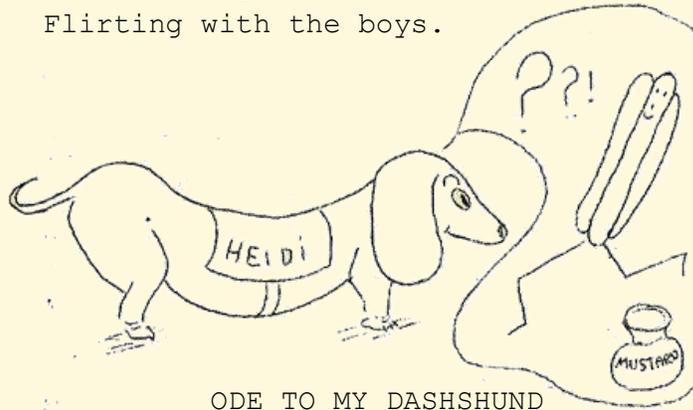


## LITTLE FAITH

By Mary Hitchcock

Naughty little Faith  
 Cares about her looks  
 Doesn't do her homework  
 Scribbles in her books.

When the teacher yells  
 Whose making all the noise  
 It's naughty Little Faith  
 Flirting with the boys.



## ODE TO MY DASHSHUND

By Sandra Harman

That could be more delightful  
 What could be more fun  
 What could be more entertaining  
 Than a hot-dog on the run?

What could be more perplexing  
 What could cause more woe  
 What could be more bothersome  
 Than a hot-dog on the go?

She's long and round and fat and brown,  
 With four short legs just touching ground.  
 Drooping ears and pointed nose,  
 Heidi's full of mischief from head to toe.

## ENGLISH

By Jay Gustafson

The study of English for me,  
Is a constant struggle you see,  
The teacher's all right,  
If we don't have a fight,  
But I'm glad when its twenty past three.

---

## THE PROBLEM OF ROLLING HAIR

By Cathy Skinner

When I roll my hair, oh why can't it look,  
Like those spic and span, neat little curls in the book?  
Each sitting exactly just where it should go  
Situating so tightly in just the right row.

But no, my hair's twisted in wads of despair  
With hair-clips stuck precariously here and there.  
As I balance one curl and am feeling so smart  
The one I got up just before falls apart.

With a sign of relief and a smile on my face  
I finally force the last one into place  
Slap a hair net upon it--I'm through until when  
Tomorrow night comes, and I do it again.



## A MUSICAL NOTE

By Brenda Kile

"Wake Up, Little Susie, Wake Up," the sun seemed to say as its rays crept across Susan's brown face which was half buried in the pillow. Susan scampered out of bed and slipped into her black slacks and Blue Suede Shoes. Her hand turned the knob on the Green Door of her room. One Step at a Time Susan walked down the red-carpeted stairs. She looked to see if there was any mail for her this morning, but there wasn't.

"I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," said Susan to herself as she went over to the desk and drew out some paper from the desk's compartment. It seemed as if she knew Ninety-Nine Ways in which she could write, and she didn't know which way to use. She started out, "Dear Susan...." She paused as she remembered that tonight was her birthday and that she would be Seventeen She continued, "Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby." She was All Shook Up as she finished the letter. trembling, she wrote, "Sincerely Yours, Dianna." That was Susan's big sister's name, and Susan had loved her dearly, but now she was Gone.

-----  
THE SQUIRREL

By Cheryl Pritchard

In the oak trees strong and tall  
Grow lots of acorns in the Fall.  
  
Acorns the squirrel gathers there,  
And quickly carries to his lair.  
  
He keeps them on his pantry shelf,  
And almost looks like one himself.  
  
Excepting for his tail so twirlish  
That's what makes him look so squirrelish.

## THE FRIGHTENING CHORE

By Barbara Rogers

She stepped back. Why, oh why, did Mother ever make her do it!

It was so dark and gloomy up there. Where was that doggone light. She thought of her father and mother downstairs in the wonderful and light and festive mood. Oh, a spider. She backed up again and almost fell down the steps. It was there and then she decided to get it over and done with.

She stepped shakily toward the shelves and stopped. Boxes and boxes, but where was that which she was looking for? Again a spider web clutched at her dress and again she imagined that she saw something.

"Oh what foolishness", she thought. "I must pull myself together."

Finally, she saw it. Perched high above, it sat dusty and weathered. A few spider webs were draped across it. She took her hankie and touched a web. It fell like mist and she felt a littler better. Shuddering all the while, she wiped them off. Oh! She could never get it downstairs!

But her brother was calling now. She must hurry. Timidly, she pulled it off the shelf and hurried over to the stairway. She stumbled down and oh, that wonderful, wonderful light! It seemed like ages since she had felt it.

But wait, mother was saying something.

"Oh, there you are, dearie. Did you get the box of Christmas ornaments from the attic?"

-----  
GUESS WHO

By Linda Vassar

I am a very mighty beast  
 I often think of having a feast.  
 I am not too big and not too tall  
 But I'm certainly not very small  
 My favorite fun is a football game  
 But when we lose I am not the same.  
 Sometimes I'm good, sometimes I'm bad  
 I'm the Lion at Glenridge with a hat of plaid.

## QUICK THINKING

By Linda Snyder

Tokyo had always been a frisky dog, even when he was on his way to the United States. He was brought over from Tokyo, Japan.

His master, Colonel Jenkins, found him in the corner of a room in a bombed building. He took pity on him and has had him ever since. Tokyo now has been in the United States for one year, and he lives on the Greenfield Air-Base with Colonel and Mrs. Jenkins and their daughter Mary Ann.

Tokyo plays with little Stinky, another dog on the base. Stinky belongs to Lt. Munro. Stinky and Tokyo have had many adventures, and let me tell you about one.

One day while Tokyo and Stinky were returning from a playful romp around the base, they seemed to sense danger as they approached the crowd in front of the P.X. who were listening to a news broadcast which said the Number One Sabatour "Commie" Redingrad had escaped from the stockade.

As Stinky and Tokyo continued on their way home, they had a conversation which went something like this, (In dog talk, of course!) "What do you think is wrong?" "I don't know. They seemed pretty excited."

Meanwhile, the convict, "Commie" Redingrad, was hiding out at the Jenkins home. After forcing his way in, he learned that he was in the home of Colonel Jenkins. He called the Colonel and insisted for a flight to freedom.

At this time Tokyo and Stinky arrived home. They sensed danger and feared that the family was in danger. They suddenly realized who it was. They worked out a plan. Since Stinky was the smallest, he would go to the front door and attract the family's attention. Meanwhile, Tokyo would go to the back door and attack Redingrad. There was a vicious battle, and Redingrad made a break for the door. As Redingrad made a break for the door, Stinky attacked. Redingrad turned around and shot Stinky in the leg. Seeing his friend hurt, Tokyo turned and charged for his enemy's neck, but at the same time, Colonel Jenkins came in and saved the day.

Both dogs were awarded a steak dinner at the best restaurant in town.

First Prize - Seventh Grade Prose

THE TRAGEDY OF THE FUTURE

By Davis Llewellyn, 7-8

This is Mike M. Microfoam at the microphone in Venus's "Micro City". I am here to report on the happenings on Mars right now. Marteineans (mar-tene-ans) are now scurrying to their space ships, planes and flying saucers, and nobody is about to work the pumps of fuel. Meanwhile Mars is breaking up, and pieces are floating out into space. A mountain just crumbled and has fallen into a crack! But wait!!! It looks as if the cracks are closing again. They are closing again! Mars has begun to swell! It looks like it is going to burst! Folks, Mars just exploded before my very eyes and there is nothing left, but silence. That's all there is, just SILENCE!!

Some scientists on the moon have discovered the reason for Mars exploding the way it did. It exploded that way because the pressure of the gases inside was too much for the pressure outside and it exploded as a balloon that is filled with too much air would. Here's a news-flash, parts of Mars are going towards the moon and are threatening to hit. Even though the pieces are small, so any of them could ruin and maybe even break pieces off the moon. Many people are committing suicide so that they will not be killed by the oncoming disaster. The scientists here on Venus have just finished working out a solution to the moon's dilemma but do not think that they can get the information to the moon in time. Already some of the pieces are coming down on the moon. The rocket the scientists sent has been bombarded by meteors and is out of control. The moon began to crack and shake under the strain of the falling rock and dirt. The moon has so many cracks that pieces are falling away from earth, and soon it will be completely destroyed. That is not the only disaster happening--right now. Since the earth is without its moon to control the tides it is having great tidal waves and floods. They are so great that most of the United States is covered. At the Statue of Liberty the only thing above water is the torch in the right hand. A little way away in the Empire State Building the water is up to the 54th floor. In Paris, France, most of the Eiffel Tower is under

water. In Italy the leaning Tower of Pizza has fallen because of the weight of the water. Even the pyramids are submerged. The scientists here on Venus have come to the conclusion that the Earth will be completely under water and that no one can possibly survive.

While all this has been happening on Earth, pieces of the moon have been hitting here. They have found a piece that will hit here in five minutes, so: Good by forever from Mike M. Microfoam.

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#### LIFE OF A CANDY CANE

By Linda Poulton

A nice lady just made me, and I was wondering what I was when a man gathered up a bunch of us and called us nice candy canes. So now I know what my brothers and I are, but we are in a truck and worried about where we are going.

Well, here we are; the truck has delivered us to a store. A lady is putting us in a window. All around us are ribbons, bells, Christmas trees, and toys.

While I was wondering what was going to happen to us, a woman came in and bought some toys. I was put into the same bag and carried to her home. It was a bright, happy place, and I peeked out of the bag and watch a gay little boy trimming a tree in the corner of the room. Everyone was laughing and singing, and I was happy, too.

Then it was late, and the boy was sent to bed. The mother put the toys under the tree, and I thought that she had forgotten me. Just then she began to fill a stocking with goodies, and I was placed on top.

Bright and early the next morning, the whole family ran into the room calling, 'Merry Christmas,' and I knew that I had a part to play in the wonderful day.

The boy and his parents seemed quite happy. They all opened presents and exchanged thanks. The boy came over and looked through the stocking, and gave me a lick. That night when they went to bed, I had not yet been eaten, for they had been too busy celebrating that day.

The next morning the boy came downstairs and took me out of the stocking. When he bit into me, I knew my end was near, and as he ate me, I knew I was happy.

## CHRISTMAS ON ECLOPTAN

By Nancy Collins, 8-5

Ecloptan is the thirteenth planet away from the sun, Zuno. It is in the thirteenth Solar System. Ecloptan is approximately 9,999,999,999 miles away from the Earth. The date is December 20, 7999, and you are there.

We are on the planet of Ecloptan, as usually quiet and happy planet, but Ecloptan is the great trouble. They, like any other fly-guys (or people) on any planet in any solar system, are looking forward to having a visit from Santa Claus.

The great trouble is that Santa's reindeer could fly only to the eighth planet in the eighth solar system. They are getting old. There aren't any other flying reindeer, either, so you see, they had quite a problem.

The head of space travel and other fly-guys have decided to have an emergency meeting. This is quite unusual, because Ecloptan rarely has a problem. But this is a problem, and they must do something about it.

They have decided that the best thing to do would be to build a spaceship that could go to the eighth planet in the eighth solar system. The next day they gave the Brain Machine the idea, and it made the plans. Next, the plans were given to the mechanical machine, and after three days of working, the space ship was ready to go. The space ship's name is "Deer Nick" so that Santa would feel at home.

On December 24, 7999, "Dear-Nick" was ready to go....Six, five, four, three, two, one, zero, blast off. WHOOSH! In a matter of seconds it was just a speck in the sky. All they could do was to hope for the best.

Night came and everyone was worried. With sad faces and hearts, everyone went to bed. They had waited so long and nothing was heard from Santa. What a tragedy!

Then, all of a sudden, on the dot of midnight, a booming crash and heard. Everyone was out of bed to see what had happened. There, on top of the Headquarters Building was "Deer-Nick" and Santa. He climbed out with his pack on his back. Santa made his rounds, and after saying, "Merry Christmas," he went back to what was left of Headquarters.

## TIMMY

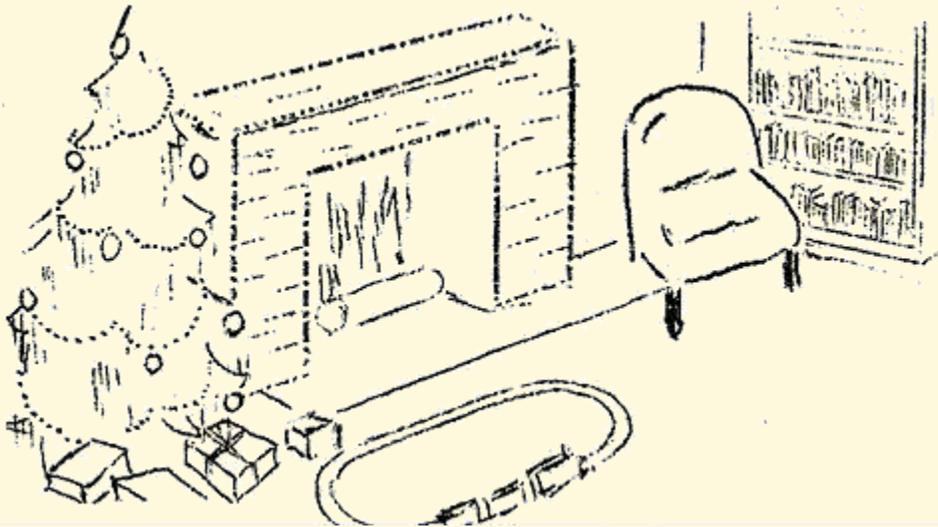
By Dave Llewellyn, 7-8

It was one day during the cold month of December. The snow was falling lazily and the clouds were dark.

In an alley there was a little boy sitting on an orange crate. That day there was a flash new bulletin on the radio and television for a little boy who had run away from an orphan home.

I went back into the alley to talk to him. As I started nearing him, he lifted up his head, looked at me and started running. I called him to stop for just a minute. He stopped and I walked over to him. I asked him his name, and he told me it was Timmy. Timmy was the name of the little boy that ran away from the orphanage. The description fit him exactly. I tried not to show my surprise. I had a friendly chat with him and finally I asked him where he lived. He hesitated a little and then said he had come from an orphan home. I asked him if he would like to come home with me. I will if you don't call the police and I said I wouldn't. When I walked into the living room my wife came out to meet me. She was happy to see me because I was late and she was worried. We gave Timmy some supper and then put him to bed. Then I told my wife the whole story.

She said we'd better call the police. But I said I told him I wouldn't. The next morning we called the orphanage. After everything got settled we made plans to adopt the little boy. The next day was Christmas. We bought him Christmas presents and had a happy Christmas. That night I asked him why he ran away and he said he wanted to spend Christmas with a family. As I turned off his light he said, "Daddy, this is the nicest Christmas I ever had."



MY THANKFUL THOUGHT

By Bonnie Yates

The time of year is growing near,  
 When we sit down to think  
 When we gather around the festive board,  
 Admiring the food and drink.

The happy face surrounding us,  
 Our relatives and friends  
 Who gather to pray this holiday  
 At home--where love begins.

As they bow their heads in sacred thought,  
 Remembering, what the Pilgrims brought,  
 The kindness of an open mind,  
 With all injustice left behind.

The help of their fellow man,  
 That--of an extending hand.  
 the feeling with me will always stay,  
 Remembrance of Thanksgiving Day.

And is our prayer, forever we'll be,  
 Thankful to know that we are free.

TRUE FRIEND

By Marcy Davis

Friends are something warm and sincere,  
 A true friend is one to hold dear.  
 the person who has friends loyal and true,  
 Is the luckiest person in the red, white, and blue.  
 He has someone to confide in and tell his troubles to,  
 Someone who'll confide in him and be equally loyal and  
 true.  
 He has someone to help him when he has some work to be  
 done  
 He has someone to play with, when he has some time for  
 fun.  
 He has a companion and a buddy who'll always be near,  
 Someone he can trust in, with the passing of each year.

## WINTER DAYS

By Barbara Steel, 8-6

The dawn comes late  
This time of year,  
And light soon starts  
To disappear.

If days are short  
Then tell me why  
They take so long  
In passing by!

-----  
UNREQUITED LOVE

By Nancy Temple, 9-1

Once upon a time a bee fell in love with a beautiful fly trap names Venus. Day after day he would fly to the place where his beloved always stood in the sunshine; but he felt so inferior he was afraid to even speak to her.

One day he gathered up his courage and buzzed near to her. Flying around her flower, he asked her the question that was burning within him. "Venus, do you love me?"

"Come closer, and I will tell you," the plant replied.

The bee hovered nearer, and, as she still did not answer he hovered yet nearer. Suddenly, as he passed a glossy leaf, it reached out and held him fast.

Venus began to laugh wickedly. "Now you know the answer," she said. "I think bees make very tasty meals."

The bee gasped, "Venus, you wouldn't."

"Oh yes I would," she replied.

And so, three days later, Venus again opened her leaf, minus the bee; for she was simply starving and new admirers were getting scarce.

## A SMALL BOY'S DREAM

By Cheryl Pritchard, 8-7

It was one rainy day,  
Bob couldn't go out to play,  
But his little sister, Kitty,  
Didn't think it such a pity.

For she had a cat,  
Who once ate a rat.  
And for this good deed  
Everyone paid heed.

Everyone but Bob, of course,  
For Bob loved only his horse.  
So he stayed in his room,  
And played horse with his broom.

And when the rain stopped,  
He jumped up with a hop.  
And went out, of course,  
To play with his horse.

But when he got there  
The stable was bare.  
For of course,  
He had no horse.

He called and no answer came.  
It finally came to him, the young brain.  
It was only a scheme,  
Which the night before he had dreamed.

## MY ADVENTURE IN BRAZIL

By Bruce Congleton, 8-8

Brazil, land of fortune, beauty, wealth and everything in the book. I was leaving it. My name is Jim Henderson.

I had had a wonderful time in Rio de Janeiro and flying back to Mexico City over the Andes Mountains in my private Tri Pacer. Everything was going along smoothly and was day-dreaming about Brazil and all its color. Two glorious weeks of it. I was flying at twelve thousand feet. I had to be because of mountains. I had just skimmed over a huge mountain when my engine faltered. I pulled out on the choke but nothing happened. I was going to crash! I remembered about my radio and started sending distress signals. No response! I then fastened my safety belt and headed for a field. My chances were slim. Many thoughts flashed through my mind, but I refused to allow them to take possession of my being. I made myself remember all the instructions of crash landings that had been taught to me in the Air Force. I looked the situation over and saw a practically cleared field about one-fourth of a mile to the north-east and headed for it. I started normal dead stick landing procedure when suddenly huge trees loomed up in front of me. I tried to pull up, but didn't have enough air speed-----.

The next thing I knew I was lying in a wrecked plane with my head bleeding and in a dazed condition. I looked around and all I could see was trees, monkeys, birds, and more jungle. My plane was a total loss, but at least I was alive and no bones were broken. Suddenly the thought came to me of the airliner that had crashed near here around a week ago with everyone believed lost. What if no tower heard my distress signal and they thought I was lost also? What a terrible thought! Well, I wasn't going to let that happen to me! I search for my compass without success. Panic over took me, but I made myself search further. Finally I found it in a clump of bushes. Now I needed First Aid and to get up.

After I had taken care of my wounds, I gathered up my canteen, flashlight, matches, knife, and my compass and set out. I was only thirty miles north of the Amazon River, so I started south.

The first day, I traveled about ten miles. At the end of the day, I was weary from my journey, so I made a bed out of bamboo and twigs. I had been lying down for around a half an hour when I heard sounds of drums. At first I thought I was hearing things and became alarmed. I finally decided that it was my weariness that made me think I was hearing drums, so I closed my eyes and tried again to rest. Suddenly I heard a twig snap and raised up on one elbow. There in front of me stood a group of NATIVES! I was terrified! They were all around me. One of them pointed a long spear at me. They made me get up and motioned me down a trail.

We walked for about three miles until we came to a large camp. The natives motioned me toward a big hut and shoved me in. To my great surprise there stood five other white people. They welcomed me in a sad tone of voice.

I asked who they were and one identified himself as William Mitchell, a doctor from Texas. He introduced me to the others in the group. Among them was Frank Houser, a business executive from Venezuela, Shirley Wright, his secretary, blond and beautiful, I might add, and Mrs. Henry Newman and her daughter, Jayne, aged seven.

These people were the only survivors of the airliner crash of a week ago.

Bill Mitchell, Frank Houser and I started working on a plan to escape from the village. After a couple of hours of planning we decided upon a definite plan of escape. We found that we weren't closely guarded, which made our plans easier. Using my knife, which had been overlooked, we cut the back of the hut and made our escape toward the Amazon River. We slashed our way through the jungle all the next day, and toward nightfall, we reached our destination, the Amazon River. There we found the natives' canoes, and just as I was about to shove off with the others aboard, a native attacked me from behind. We fought violently and I overpowered him but not before he sounded the alarm to the others who were close behind. I shoved off with spears flying wildly about me.

We rowed with all our strength and as we were about to give up, day began to break and we found ourselves nearing the shores of Requena, Brazil. We went to the village and found that my distress signals had been received and there were planes ready to search for us.

Upon my arrival at Mexico City, I found that the major was waiting to greet me at the airport and I found that I had been acclaimed a hero! There was a banquet held in my honor that evening and Shirley Write was seated at my side. I hadn't noticed until now how really beautiful she was and my heart turned over. We saw much of each other in the next few weeks and I realized that I was falling in love!

It was time to take another trip.

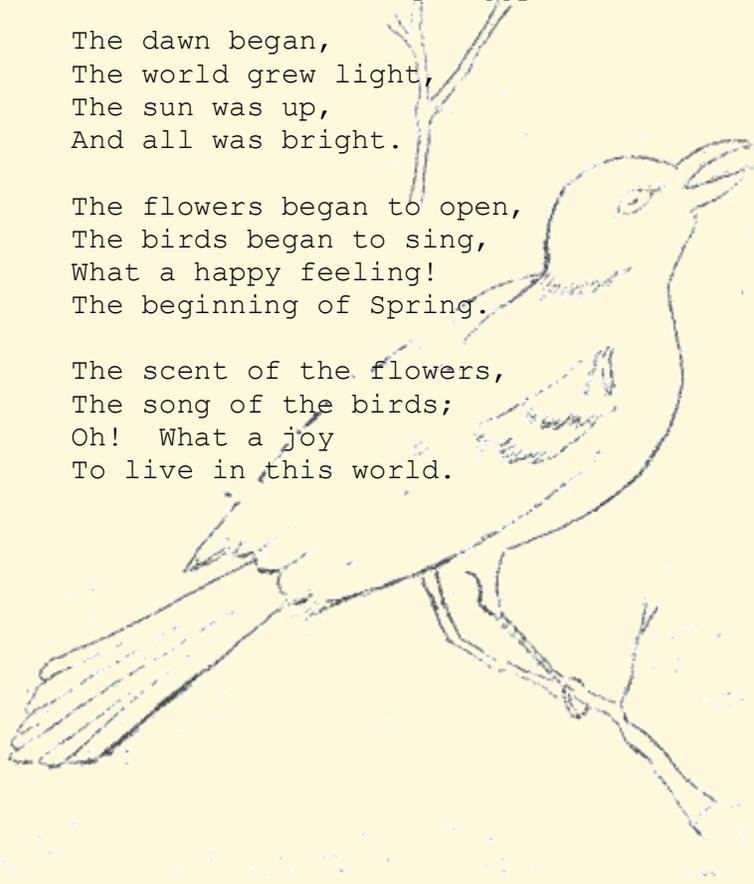
#### THE BEGINNING OF SPRING

By Peggy Brothers, 7-9

The dawn began,  
The world grew light,  
The sun was up,  
And all was bright.

The flowers began to open,  
The birds began to sing,  
What a happy feeling!  
The beginning of Spring.

The scent of the flowers,  
The song of the birds;  
Oh! What a joy  
To live in this world.



## DRAMA AWARD

## MR. HECKLES HAS AN ADVENTURE

By Dolores Myers

## Players:

Mr. Heckles (a rabbit)  
Mrs. Jeckles (a bird)  
Johyn (Joe) Pickles (a bunny)  
Jamey (Jan) Num (a bunny)  
Mr. Kakeka (a worm)  
A Man

## Place:

The state of Florida, in a forest. It is snowing in the middle of summer. The sun is shining bright in the middle of the night.

## Act I

Mr. Heckles (to Joe): How are you today?

Joe: I feel fine.

(Mrs. Jeckles flies down to greet them. They look up to see her coming.)

Mrs. Jeckles: Hi.

Joe and Mr. Heckles answer at the same time: Hi.

Mrs. Jeckles: Have you had any new adventures today, Mr. Heckles?

Mr. Heckles: No, not yet, but I hope I do.

Joe: Me, too.

Mrs. Jeckles: If you have any adventures I want to go with you.  
(Then Jan Num came over and whispered something in Mr. Heckles ear.)

Mr. Heckles: I have to go with Jan for a minute.

Mrs. Jeckles: I want to go with you.

Joe: Me, too.

Mr. Heckles: Alright you can go.

Joe: What is it about?

Jan: Mr. Kakeka was dug up and is going to be put on a hook for bait.

(They all start for the pier.)

END OF ACT I

## Act II

Place: The pier

Mr. Heckles: I don't see Mr. Kakeka.

Joe: Me either.

Jan: He is in that man's can.

(She says it as she points to the main.)

Mrs. Jackles: Gee, he's big.

Mr. Heckles: Don't follow me. I'll go alone.

Joe: I want to go with you.

Mr. Jeckles: Alright, but you must be quiet.

(They go quietly up behind the man. Mrs. Jeckles and Jan stay behind.)

Mrs. Jeckles: Why can't we go?

Jan: I don't want to go.

Mrs. Jeckles: I guess I don't either.

(Back to Mr. Jeckles.)

Mr. Heckles: Let's take the whole can.

Joe: O.K.

(Joe goes running back. Then comes back shortly.)

Mrs. Jeckles: I want you to go and get that can.

I'll be right behind you. Joe, stay here.

Mrs. Jeckles: Alright I'll do it.

(They then go toward the man. Mrs. Jeckles picks up the can. The man goes for the can.)

END OF ACT II

## ACT III

(Near the man on the pier.)

The man: Go away you bird.

(Mrs. Jeckles pinches the man. Then grabs the can and flies away.)

Mr. Heckles: Good work.

(Back with Jan.)

Jan: How are you Mr. Kakeka?

Mr. Kakeka: A little afraid, but fine, I think.

Mr. Heckles: We'll take you home.

Jan: I'll go home now.

Joe: Me, too.

(Back in the forest at Mr. Kakeka's home.)

Mr. Kakeka: I'll be fine now.

Mr. Heckles: What an adventure.

Mrs. Jeckles: You said it. Will I see you tomorrow?

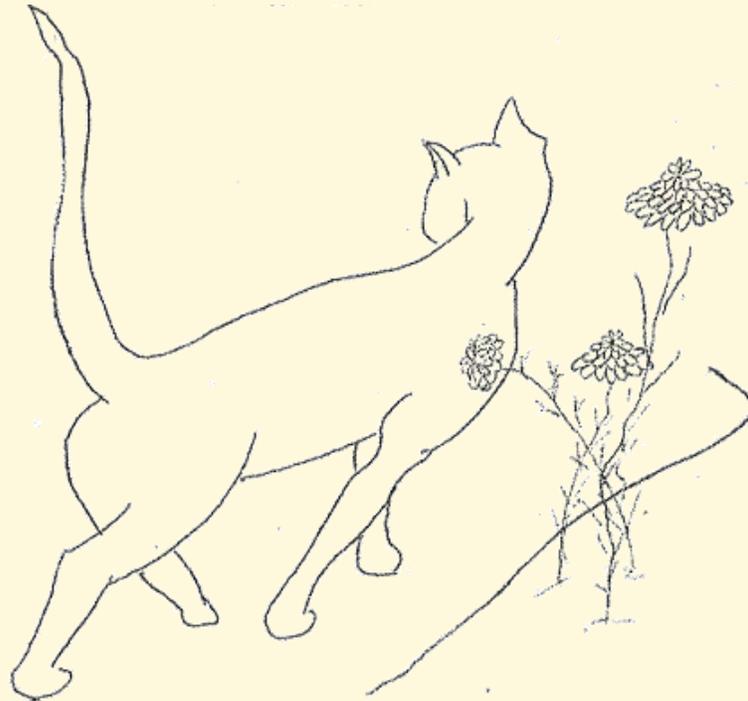
Mr. Heckles: Yes, Goodnight.

## Second Prize - 7th Grade Poetry

## MY CAT

By Patsy Temple

I have a little pussy,  
Her name is Panzy Poo.  
She plays in my garden,  
And to the birds says, "shoo!"  
  
She's calico all over,  
Except under her nick,  
For there it's, Oh! so snowy white  
But for a small black speck.  
  
She lies upon my notebook,  
And does what I tell her to do,  
Then on my bed she cuddles,  
Purring, "Do you love me, too?"



## PRINCE IN HIS ADVENTURE

By Martha Brygger

Prince is a pedigreed Boxer Pup.

The first thing Prince knew when he woke one bright day in May was his mother licking him clean. He had long floppy ears and a long tail which was to be cut off in a couple of days. That morning when the owner came to look at the pups he decided to keep one of them and decided Prince was to stay.

When Prince and the rest of the litter was able to walk, they began to explore their new home. Their mother lead the way and the rest followed. The first things was their mother's food dish which she ate out of twice a day, and her water dish which always had clean water in it. Prince found out that his father was a very handsome dog and he lived next door to them. They lived in a very clean pen with white boards.

When Prince grew bigger he had his ears clipped, and the master had the vet get him his tags so he could enter him in the dog show.

Prince found out with much exploring that there were more pens and more dogs and different kinds too.

Inside of a week Prince ha made friends with a poodle named Frenche, another Boxer named Rex, and a St. Barnard named Sir Walter.

When he was about six months old the master took Prince to his large house. There were two little girls and a boy about 13 years old. The master promised the boy that he could have a dog when he could take care of one. So the boy named Bill got Prince. He and Prince got along just fine. Everywhere Bill went Prince went too.

One day when Bill had taken Prince out and was brushing him his father said that Bill could enter him in the dog show. The show was to be held in two weeks. So Bill started out getting Prince ready for the show. Every day Bill took Prince out and brushed him and cut hair between his paws.

Finally the day of the show came and Bill woke up early and went down and fed him a good breakfast then he brushed him roughly to make him look alive and have more pep.

Then his father got the car and drove Bill and Prince to the dog show. There were many kinds of different dogs there. Bill was in doubt when he saw the other boxers and how well they looked, but he looked back at Prince and knew he would have to win.

Finally the time came to judge the entries and Bill was surprised to find Prince showing off in front of the judges. He was prancing like he had been practicing for a long time. Then Bill saw one of the judges pointing at Prince then all of the others looked at him. Prince stood out from all of the other dogs so much that Bill could see Prince's coat shine like it had never shined before. Bill did not realize that one of the judges was walking toward him, and in his hand was the blue ribbon.

The judge had to judge Bill. He was so surprised he could hardly talk. After he was awarded the ribbon and pictures were taken, Bill took Prince home to the pen he was born in. Bill fed him and brushed him. The supper he gave Prince was fit for a king.

In the years following Prince won many blue ribbons and he enjoyed what you could call a "dogs life".....

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NEWS FLASH

By Mike Born

Have you heard the news that's been going around  
That people are coming from Space to the ground?  
They're coming to help us, so they say.  
They're supposed to arrive on Thanksgiving Day!

They're called Venusians; they have a heart.  
They want to help us so war won't start.  
So if you see them, which you might,  
Just smile and be friendly, and don't start a fight.

This all sounds fantastic, and real scary, too,  
But just in case, keep watching the blue!

## THE I. C. B. M.

By George Mayo

The I. C. B. M. or intercontinental ballistic missile is a rocket armed with a nuclear warhead. This rocket should be able to travel five thousand to five thousand-five hundred miles, and destroy the target at which it was aimed. This weapon is almost unstoppable and strikes without warning. If fired from somewhere in Russia it could destroy any city in the U.S.A.

In the week of September 2, 1957, the Russians announced "...super long distance intercontinental multi-stage ballistic missile was launched.....The results obtained showed that it is possible to direct the missile into any part of the world." The Russian missile is actually three rockets, one on top of the other. Each rocket is called a stage so one stage is the same as one rocket. The top stage contains the nuclear warhead. The first stage of the rocket takes it up to a height of one hundred thousand feet and then breaks off. After this, the second and third stages take the rocket up to five thousand miles where it continues to its target.

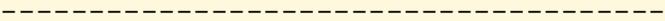
The U.S.A. does not have an I. C. B. M., but we are working on the problem and from one to four years it is said that we should have perfected one. The missiles we are using for this are the Polaris and the Atlas.

The only near thing to an I. C. B. M. that we have is the snark. Powered by a jet engine the snark has a five thousand-five hundred mile range and can be pin-pointed on a target at which it has been aimed. You can see by the above that the snark is not really an I. C. B. M. It is a B bomber without a pilot. This may sound better than the Russian I. C. B. M., but it is not. The snark travels at a speed of only one thousand miles an hour. At this speed it could almost be stopped before it reached its target. The I. C. B. M. cannot be stopped, and at this time is the ultimate weapon.

Our country does have an I. R. B. M. or an Intermediate range ballistic missile. These missiles are the Jupiter, Thor, and the Redstone. Our country is supposed to have near perfected the I. R. B. M., but it hasn't been put into production. The I. B. M. should have a range of three thousand-six hundred miles.

After the I. C. B. M. has been perfected it is only about twenty minutes or less to any place on earth. Distance is no longer a barrier between countries or even continents.

The development of the I. C. B. M. opens the door way to a new and exciting future in space travel. Let's just hope that I. C. B. M. brings this and not destruction.



BRIGHT BILL

By David Llewellyn, 7-8

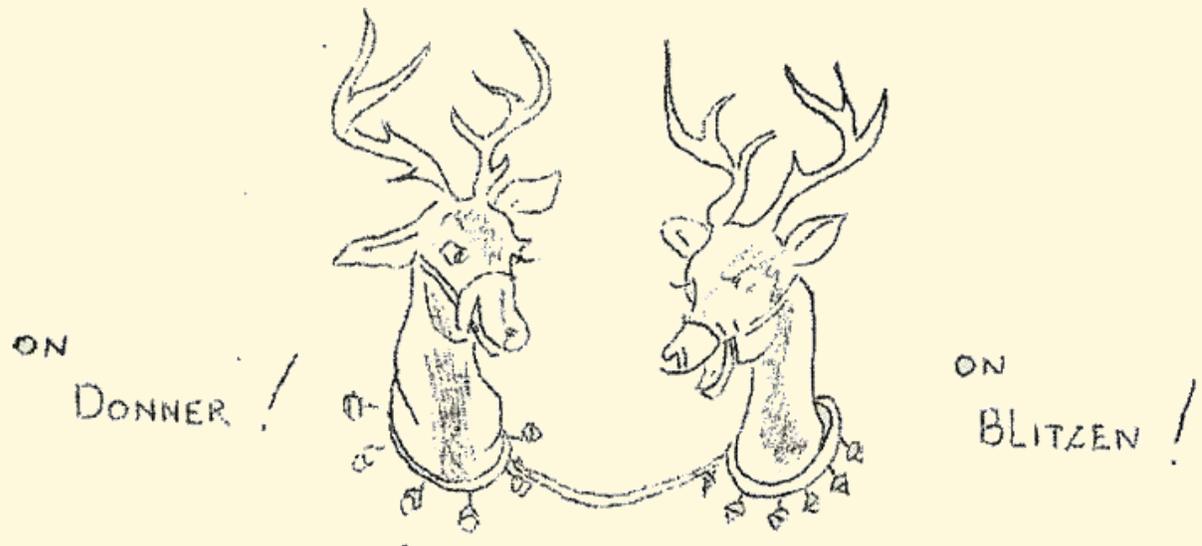
There was a bright boy name of Bill,  
Who went riding his bike down a hill;  
When he crashed into me  
I yelled out with glee,  
"Wow! That ride was a thrill!"



JUST A POEM

By Lynn Dubeau

Work a little, Sing a little  
Whistle and be gay,  
Read a little, Play a little  
Be busy very day.  
And be a bit of sunshine in every way.



## Second Prize - Ninth Grade Poetry

## I WALK ALONE

By Ann Spaulding

Through eerie nights I walk alone,  
Without a loving friend or chum  
To grasp my hand for security,  
To lead me on to eternity.

Alone I am, an underserved foe,  
With hatred, towering, shadowed trees  
With choking vines that casts its wrath,  
Upon my feared, deserted path.

I am afraid to set my foot,  
Upon the next entangled root.  
With fears of snarled hanging limbs,  
All death is here with moon so dimmed.

My hand tightens on a stone,  
Found along this path where I'm alone.  
This is my protection from my foes  
Who are the vines and shadows.

Hatred scenes tear past my eyes,  
And through my mind many blood-curdling cries.  
I try to forget my fears of harm.  
As I creep along with dismayed alarm.

My eyes are in motion and ears attend  
Waiting and listening for some movement.  
Watching and listening in hushed tone  
That makes me realize that I am alone.

What should happen if I had to rely  
Upon my scream or upon my cry?  
My throat is becoming desperately tight.  
As I walk deeper into the night.

I turn insanely, to flee through the night,  
My legs are locked, I try to run from the light.  
I finally move in exhausted haste,  
In terror I realize I'm being chased.

I trip to be flung to the ground.  
My body sprawled pleading to be found.  
My plead is a dream of desired want.  
As the footsteps come nearer my body is taut.

I struggled violently to arise-but I am weak,  
 From loss of blood which has stained my cheek.  
 I lie tired from my fight,  
 From eerie happenings of that night.

I lay there forever to rest,  
 I had been tormented insane by the best  
 Of Satan's worst he could withstand,  
 When life could not give me a helping hand.

But not I am safe-God being my guide,  
 I have found refuge and a place to hide,  
 When death takes the best of my man,  
 It is God who chose, it was his command.

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CYCLONE PETE

By Mike Kelly

There once was a guy named Cyclone Pete,  
 He could ride any horse and stay on his seat,  
 He could rope any steer, he could do any feat,  
 That's why he was called Cyclone Pete.

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CHRISTMAS IN FLORIDA

By Norene Light

I thought that I would miss the snow,  
 So soft and fluffy white.  
 To my surprise Christmas in Florida  
 Is quite a delight.  
 The flaming poinsettia bushes, more beautiful than any tree  
 What a thrill to be in Florida, no snow to bother me.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

By Judy LeFevre

The Christmas season is here again  
When all the wonderful festivities begin,  
With gaily decorated evergreens  
Inside the homes so warm and clean.  
The outside is all windy and cold  
And on your door comes a knock so bold.  
With their spirits high and faces bright  
They wish you all a Merry Christmas tonight.

-----  
THE USES OF ATOMIC ENERGY IN PEACETIME

By Steve Staugler

Now days, when people think of atomic power, they not only think of its destructive power, but also of its helpful power.

In December, 1942, scientists first started thinking of atomic energy's helping power instead of how much damage it could do. Early in 1954, the first atomic power plant was set up for experimental purposes. Early in 1956, it started distributing atomic generated electricity to the people.

In producing atomic electricity the element U-235 is used. Just a small cube of U-235 can produce enough electricity to keep an average home's lights burning at night for about one thousand years. Or, it could keep every light in New York City burning for approximately one night.

Other uses of atomic energy in peacetime are for powering ships, trains, airplanes, and automobiles; cook food, preserving food without refrigeration, and one of the most important uses of them all, curing diseases.

The above are just a few of the many wonderful uses of atomic energy. There are many more uses of this great store of energy yet to be discovered. You may be the one to discover them.

## Grand Prize - Ninth Grade Prose

## CHALLENGED

By Bill Copely

Jack Jones went to Central High School in Peterstown, Virginia. He was a tall, thin boy with sharp features. His father had died when Jack was a small boy, so Jack had to help his mother in her store after school.

Jack went out for basketball and made the school team. The first game Jack played in was against Louisville High. Jack scored fifteen points. That helped his team beat. The next game was against Jones High, again Jack was high scorer. the season went along much the same, with Jack being the highest scorer, and Central High winning all of its games. This put Central High up for the county championship. The team spent many days getting ready for the game. Then the big night came and Central High was at its best. When the opposing team came out, all of the boys on the team were much taller than the boys on the Central High Team.

Then the game started with Howard getting the ball and making the basket. Central High brought the ball in play and they made a basket. This kept on going and at the end of the first quarter the score was tied up 10-10. In the second quarter, it was the same story with the score tied 22-22. Then in the third quarter Jack got hot and racked up eight points and helped put Central in the lead. At the end of the third quarter, the score was 30-35, Central's favor. Then in the fourth quarter, Central High calmed down, but they still beat Howard 35-40. This victory meant Central High would go to the state championship. They would play four games and if they won all of them, they would stand a chance of being State Champions.

Central High was all excited, and they won their first game 40-44. They played their second game superbly and win it 35-48. They almost lost their third game, but just barely pulled it out of the fire in the closing minutes, 40-41. Their fourth game was just a breeze and they won it 36-44. Now Central High was ready for the Championship game which would be held next week.

Jack, who had been the star of the games and had scored an average of seventeen points, trained quite hard for this game. After about half of the week passed, one of Jack's friends called him up and asked him if he wanted to go out to the Blue Hen. Jack told him, no, that he needed to rest for the game, but Tim persuaded Jack to go. After they had been out at the Blue Hen, which is a gambling joint and has a bad reputation, a tall thin mean looking man came up to Jack and said, "Isn't your name Jack Jones?"

"Yes, it is, why?"

"I'm Mr. Jackson owner of the Blue Hen. Would you please step into my office?"

So they stepped into Mr. Jackson's office and started talking. Mr. Jackson said, "I hear your mother needs an operation."

"That's right."

"Well, how would you like five thousand dollars?"

"Sure, I'd love it, what do I have to do?"

"Just lose the championship game."

"But, I can't do that."

"Well, no five thousand dollars."

"But, Mr. Jackson, I can't do it, I'd be letting my team down, and this game means a lot to me, and to the school."

"Well, then if you don't want the five thousand dollars, just say no."

"Sure, I want it, but isn't there anything else I could do to get that money?"

"No."

"Well, sure I'll do it."

"Fine, I knew you would. Just come to me after the game and I will give you your money. Oh, just a minute, if you try to win or tip the cops off something just might happen to your mother, understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Just about that time the place was raided by the cops, and Jack and Tim just barely escaped. As they were leaving the cops spotted them and started after them. If Jack were caught, he wouldn't be able to play in the game, he wouldn't be allowed to go to college, and as minors weren't old enough to go to the Blue Hen, he would be sent to a Juvenile Court. Worse than that, he would shame and embarrass his mother. All this raced through his mind as the cops started catching up. Just then they came to a sharp corner. Tim made the corner but the cops didn't. The next morning there were the headlines in the newspaper. "Blue Hen Raided; Teenagers Escape." Jack's mother asked him if it were he and he said no.

The rest of the week continued normally. Then the big day came; Jack was supposed to lose the game but he couldn't because he would brand himself the rest of his life, at least to himself. Yet he needed the money, and Mr. Jackson had made that threat.

They went to the court and started the game. The first quarter, Jack scored only two points, and Central High was losing 14-8. In the second quarter Jack scored two points again, and Central High was behind 28-14. During the half, the coach jumped on Jack. During the second half, Jack came alive, and by the end of the third quarter Central was back in the game 25-33. During the fourth quarter, Central wrapped up the game, and won it 39-42.

Jack felt very badly because he wouldn't get the five thousand dollars which he desperately needed. Besides, something would happen to his mother. Just then he saw the cops dragging Mr. Jackson out; tha relieved Jack a little. As he was walking back to the dressing room, a group of basketball scouts swarmed around Jack and offered him a chance to join one of their pro teams. Jack signed one, got a bonus and his mother got her operation.

## MY FIRST DATE

By Judy Lee, 8-1

It was seven fifteen. My heart was pounding. I felt alone and clammy. I tried to stand but my legs were weak. I was never so scared in all my life. My older sister told me to be calm. "Calm" did she say? How could I? What if something happened? What if I did something wrong? I would never live it down. Oh? Maybe there's a way out. Quick! Take my temperature. I may be sick. No! I guess I really do want to go. But, gosh! I really am scared. What time is it? I looked at the clock. I had to look at it twice because I was so jumpy I couldn't read the numbers. It was seven-nineteen.

Then, suddenly the doorbell rang!

Oh, dear! I feel so funny. Quick! One last look in the mirror. My hair look okay? Yes! Whew! One last touch of lipstick. There! I'm ready. I rushed through the house to the living room to meet.....

My very first date.....

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 CHRISTMAS

By Elaine Johnson

What does December the twenty-fifth mean to you? To most people it means the receiving of gifts, the glow of the Christmas tree, the glistening snow gently covering the earth with a cold but beautiful blanket, and the warmth of the bright fire.

But a long time ago these things were unknown to the Baby Jesus lying in his crude cradle. He received gifts also, but not like the ones we receive. Incense and jewels given to Him from three wise men, but these things were of no value to the Baby Jesus.

Later on in His life He gave us a gift by teaching the laws of the Holy Bible. In this gift he got in return mistreatment and finally death. But this was God's way of teaching us that He would give us a good life if we would obey His law.

So when you wake up on Christmas morning, think of Christmas as the birthday of Christ.

## WE

By Nancy Lee Jump

Heredity versus environment has long been a subject of controversy. Just which one we are a product of, we haven't yet decided.

The only thing we're sure of is the fact we inherited our mother's brown hair and our father's gray eyes. Our freckles remain a family secret. Our dimple also came from our father. Our sometimes sunny disposition is like our mother's, which is also sometimes sunny.

Our maternal grandparents were a mixed bunch of Amsterdam, Dutch, Scotch, Irish and just plain American. Our paternal grandparents were just straight-laced English with enough American thrown in to make them human.

So what does that make us?

Having attained the ripe age of fourteen, we so far have survived our environment in spite of the dire predictions of our mother. She was sure we would meet an early death from some unknown germ when she discovered we were cutting our teeth on a pocket knife.

You must understand, the knife was the dearest possession of our great-grandfather. He used it for a series of operations including cutting up fishing worms, trimming his toenails, and cutting his plug tobacco. Never was the knife known to get a bath.

We also survived numerous early summers at the family's lake cottage when we were determined to match stroke for stroke the swimming powers of our older brother and sister. An early death from drowning was prevented by our parents who provided us with a life jacket.

In school, we are still trying to overcome that older brother and sister handicap. So you see dear reader, you will have to determine that controversy for yourself, and tell us why we tick like we do.

## BETSY'S PRESENT

By Toni Swarthout, 8-9

Betsy was a nine year old girl who was very unlucky. Betsy was blind. Her parents could not afford an operation and could just support Betsy. Betsy always sat with her dog Togo.

A man came by one day. His name was Mr. Jones. He sat and talked with Betsy until he realized that she was blind; so he said, "Goodbye," and left. When he got home, he kept thinking about Betsy.

So the next day, after work he went back to see Betsy. He told her his name and told her that he was the one that had come by the day before. She was very happy. Mr. Jones came back the next day, but found out that Betsy wasn't there. She was at a blind children's home. So he found the address and went to see her. She was happy. They were talking until about seven o'clock in the evening, but then he had to go home.

The next day Betsy received a check for one thousand dollars. An enclosed note said, "Here is a gift. I hope you will be able to see." The note was signed, "A Friend."

So Betsy underwent surgery the next day. The operation lasted six hours. The bandages were removed five days later. She looked around and said, "It's a failure! I can't see."

Mr. Jones and her mother and father told Betsy to try to see them. She then opened her eyes and said, "I can see, I can see."

Although she never found out who had given her the money, she had a very good idea. This was the best present Betsy ever had. Yes, this was the happiest moment of Betsy's life.



## WHAT'S UP?

By Mary Ann Witherby

I seem to be the topic of conversation today, all these humans are going around patting me and giving me bits of meat, and there's a group of humans standing in one corner talking. They keep pointing to me and then point to a round ball that is silver and has a lot of instruments in it.

The funny part about it all is I'm only a small husky whose name is Laike.

Here they come; they are picking me up and putting me in that round ball; now they are strapping things all over me. Gee, they're heavy.

It looks like I'm going on a trip!

Gosh! They just shut me in the ball and I'm traveling very fast.

I wonder what's up?

-----  
TO BRING US LOVE

By Pat Griffith

Midnight now is drawing nigh,  
The stars are shining up on high  
The moon looks down on a stable shed,  
And a manger that serves as a baby's bed.

The angels sing from the clouds above,  
Telling the world of brotherly love,  
Of him who comes to save and heal,  
And the baby slept on, quiet and still.

His mother looked at the baby boy,  
And her heart was filled with gladness and joy  
To think that she was the chosen one,  
To raise as her own God's only son.

While the angels sang the stars shone on,  
A wondrous fact soon because known,  
The son of our dear Lord above,  
Was born on earth to bring us love.

## First Prize - Eighth Grade Prose

## MY ADVENTURES IN OUTER SPACE

By Barbara Richardson, 8-7

A blast, a roar, then darkness! That is all I can tell you about my take-off into outer space for the moment I left the ground I blacked out, but only for a short time.

At last my dog Fifi and I were off in our pace ship, Glennik, and on our way into outer space to look for Sputnik and Mutnik. After leaving earth and reaching outer space I began to feel like myself again so I took over the controls from the auto pilot. The purpose of my trip was to find Sputnik and Mutnik and take a good look at them if they were still in one piece and if they had fallen apart to pick up some of the pieces.

I flew around in space for quite some time. I saw falling stars and comets racing each other and quite a few other things that I am at a loss to explain, but no Sputnik or Mutnik. Finally, I decided to pay a visit to our moon. I had always wanted to meet the man in the moon and to see the green cheese. When I landed on the moon I found to my disappointment that there was no man and that the moon was not made of green cheese. Fact is, I couldn't find a living soul on the moon and I decided that it wasn't a very friendly place so I lost no time in taking off.

After leaving the moon I decided to visit the Planet Mars as we earth-people were quite certain that there was life on Mars. I was able to reach the Red Planet while it was still light. I landed and looking out of the window on my ship I saw that things looked very much like they did on earth. It seemed that the grass was greener, the trees were larger and the leaves were different colors and very beautiful. I tested the air and found that it was much the same as on earth. I could see no signs of life other than the grass and trees, but I knew there must be; therefore, I decided to go exploring. Fifi seemed as anxious as I to see this new world. When I opened the hatch to my ship and stepped out, I almost fainted. For to my surprise, there appeared out of nowhere, it seemed hundreds of little men. I knew they were men as they looked like our men on earth but they were green. By the time I recovered I was completely surrounded by these

green men and was quite surprised as well as relieved when one of them came up to me and in perfect English said, "Welcome to our Planet, earthing." I was still scared but also a little flattered. What woman wouldn't be flattered to have hundreds of men surrounding her and looking at her with obvious admiration. I finally gulped the word thanks to the man who had been the speaker for the group. I finally got Fifi quieted down. She was so excited. I bravely walked down the ladder and to the middle of the circle of green men. Again the speaker of the group walked to me and said, "We are here to greet you and to escort you to our City, Cassiopeia." I did not feel as brave as I tried to act. but I was determined not to show that I was afraid. As we walked along, with these men chattering among themselves, there appeared before us the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. There was nothing on earth to compare with it. Everything was so clean and seemed to have a glow in the late evening light. I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming, but I wasn't as it all was only too real.

I was escorted to a beautiful hotel and was told this was where I was to spend the night. It was a most beautiful hotel and the service was really out-of-this-world. I know that these people were curious as to why I had landed on Mars but they did not bother me with questions. I did explain to them that my visit was not an official one from earth, but they really seemed quite unconcerned. I told them that I would want to take off early the next morning. Early the next morning there was a knock on my door and when I opened it I was greeted by a group of what I suppose was the Women's League of Mars. They presented me and Fifi with a strange but beautiful head piece. I knew that my friends on earth would be most surprised to see this.

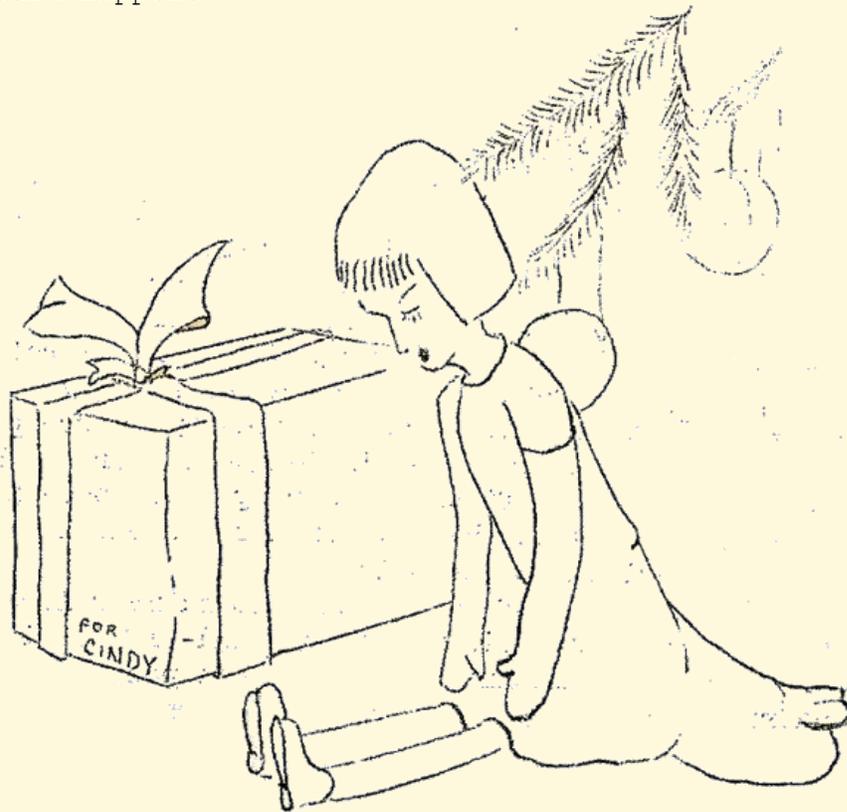
As I walked out of the hotel I found my welcoming committee was also going to be my send-off committee. When we reached Glennik, I told these people what a wonderful place they had here and how honored I felt to be the first person from earth to visit them. They told me

that I would be welcome to return for another visit. We parted as if we were old friends and I told them I would return some day and with a wave of my hand I manned my ship and took off.

As I traveled along the Milky Way I saw several comets and had a race with several of them. I was unable to catch more than a glimpse of Sputnik and Mutnik. I finally decided that I had better return to Earth.

When I landed on Earth I was swamped with reporters asking the purpose of my trip. What a difference from my landing on Mars. My reply to the reporters was that I had only wanted to help the Venetians gather up the scrap metal from Sputnik and Mutnik, but alas there they were all in one piece still going around the Earth; therefore, no scrap metal.

My trip had been a failure as to its original purpose, but I have no regrets. My only regret was when I found that it was only a dream. Some day it could happen?



## THE REDS NO REIGN HERE

By Marilyn Murdock

Tw'as the night before Christmas  
And all through the night,  
The Russians were working,  
On a new Satellite.

The honorary medals were hung  
On the wall with care,  
In hope that many more  
Would soon be hanging there.

When up in the air  
There arose such a clatter  
The Russians flew to the window  
To see what was the matter

When to their wondering  
Eyes did appear,  
But a new type of rocket  
With very strange gear.

With a funny little doggie,  
So lively and quick  
They knew in a moment  
I was another Sputnik.

Now, Venus! Now, Saturn!  
Now Jupiter and Mars!  
On Pluto! On Mercury!  
On Earth and Stars!

So up to the sky  
The couriers it flew,  
With a rocket full of secrets  
The Russians wish they knew.

It was all in chrome  
From its nose to its tail,  
Leaving a brilliant, firey light  
In its trail.

It's more pointed than a spike  
It's speed like nothing yet.  
It pierces the sky  
Faster than a jet.

It quivered and shook  
As it spun through space,  
Then paused just a second  
To turn about-face.

A speeding through the air,  
It came crashing through the lab,  
Killing all the Russians  
And everything they had.

Then spinning on again  
with a sound like a whistle,  
it sailed on to America  
Like a guided missile.

So announce our victory  
And to tell of its plight  
and make this a Merry Christmas  
As well as a Good Night



## AN ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS

By Brenda Kile

A stream of light entered the dark, forgotten box which had remained in the old attic the year around. A chilly draft swept across the faces of the shiny blue, red, gold, and silver glass balls. A welcoming hand thrust itself into the box and picked up the tiny little angel with its silver wings and white satin gown.

There it was in front of her; her annual delight, a beautiful green fir tree, dripping with fast-melting, fresh snow from which it had been taken. This was normal, but there was an annual wonder, too. Angel was turned in the warm, brown, chubby hands, and she faced her wonderer. Here was another just like her, but every time Angel was taken out of the box, she noticed that the child had become bigger and older, she guessed.

Soon Angel was set carefully on her tiny, delicate feet on a table facing the beautiful green tree. In a little while, her friends joined her on the table, the colorful balls which would hang beneath her, and the sparkling birds which had colorful bits of tin in place of feathers.

Suddenly her blue eyes met face-to-face with a horror in an angel's life. There in front of her glared two brilliant, blue, glass eyes. Angel's eyes slid down the proportions of the face. The rose-pink lips seemed to blend a little with the pink cheeks. The tiny nose looked so delicate against the face, and her gown...it...it was beautiful. The sky-blue net ruffled in the breeze which managed to creep in through the crack in the window. The white gown glittered beneath the net. Her pink satin shoes pointed so daintily. The silver wings glittered. Her halo was so perfect in roundness, and the gold shown in the light. This was another angel. Would she take Angel's place at the top of the tree. A tear slid slowly down Angel's cheek too tiny to be seen by human eyes. It ran down the painted, chipped cheek and on to the yellowish-white gown. She could barely see the bent-up halo above her head, and at the side, she could barely get a glimpse of the silver wings. The glitter was falling off, and the silver looked tarnished. One of her china fingers had broken off last Christmas when she fell from the tip-top of the tree. Looking up, Angel could not find the new angel. Looking around, she saw the new angel being placed at the very top of the tree. Another tiny tear slipped out of the corner of Angel's eye.

Suddenly the little chubby, brown hand picked up Angel. She closed her eyes. She thought that her life would now end, but soon she could feel something solid under her feet. Opening her eyes, she found herself not at Doom's Door, but at the most wonderful place she had ever known. Little red berries were gathered at her feet, and green leaves were all about her. Blue lights were glowing in front of her. Here on this high perch over the fireplace, she could see the tree on which all of her friends were hanging.

She was so happy! A new life had now begun.



## SCHOOL DAYS

By Pat Wind

It is a very beautiful morning. The sky is a very beautiful blue. The sun is shining brightly. It is Monday morning and time for school. It is 10:00 A.M., too early. I hop into my helicopter and I'm off to school. This parking area is sure crowded with everyone else's helicopters around.

Before I go to first period, I had better get some cookies and coke. It is awfully boring to watch T. V. without something to eat. The period is awfully boring just watching T. V. First period is finally over.

Somebody should sweep the carpets in the halls, they are all full or sand. I hate second period. The chairs are too hard. They do not have enough foam rubber on them.

I love third period, Home Economics. That is my favorite subject. I could cook steaks and bake angel food cake all day. Someone should fix this atomic oven. It takes too long to bake cakes. One minute.

I have to go to my atomic energy class. Working with these numbers is awfully boring. This class seems to take a long time. It is probably because it is almost lunch time. These automatic servers take too long. Ugh! This crepe suzette and these filets are horrible. I should have ordered steaks.

This escalator had better hurry up or I will be late for my Russian class. Bur! The air conditioning in this school is too cold. The lounge chairs in this class are such nice and comfortable ones.

At last sixth period is here. This is my favorite class. Sleeping! Gee, this class sure goes fast. I am tired. I think I will take a nap when I get home. I am glad I have this helicopter as I couldn't stand walking home three blocks.

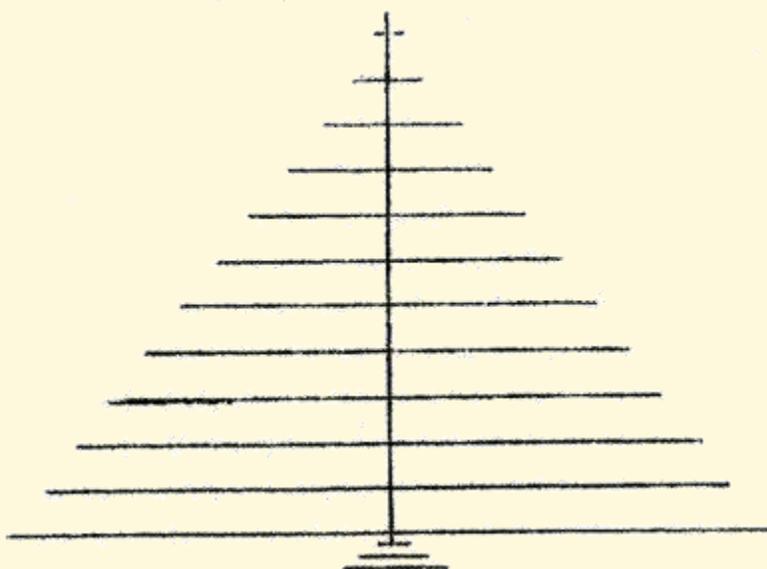
Boy! What a hard day!

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MERRY CHRISTMAS  
GLENRIDGE  
FOLKS