



8'63

SYLNE



Dedication

We are now bidding farewell to two truly remarkable educators, both of whom have served the community with a sincere desire to provide a school environment rich in academic standards and good citizenship.

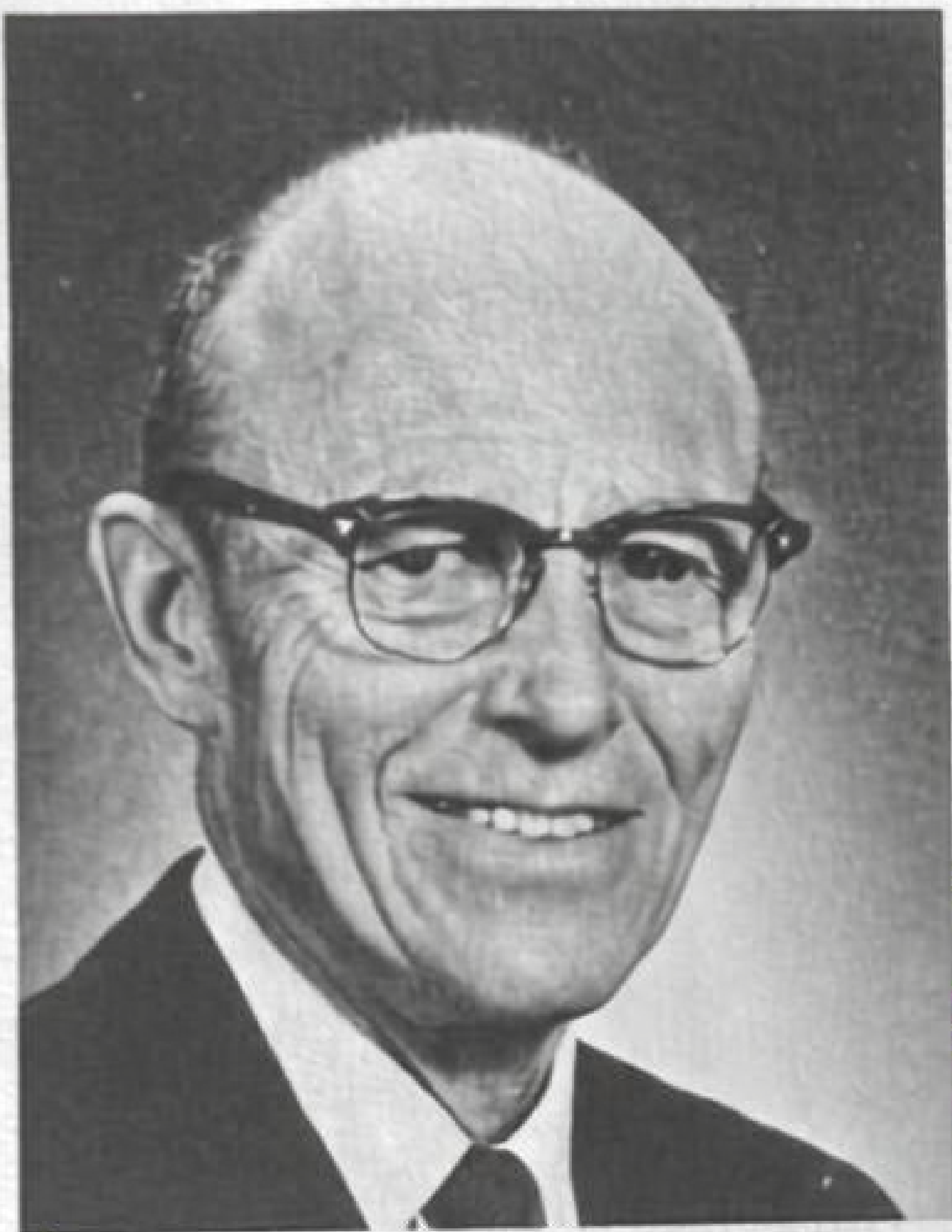
After thirteen years of fine service at Walter Reed, our principal, Mr. Evan Engberg, will retire in June.

Throughout a long career of teaching, Mr. Engberg has taught many of his students the arts and music. He and Mrs. Engberg, who retired as the girls' vice-principal at Airport Junior High School in Texas, have also helped many of them to reach in a foreign school in the future, and to travel and enjoy life.

Mr. Engberg has been most impressed while at Reed by the high concentration of the area. He says he will miss parent and student friendships, but he also hopes that he will be part of the faculty with whom he has worked closely for so many years.

Walter Reed Junior High will long remember the effect Mr. Engberg has had on the school's vice-principal, as he also leaving Wadens. Reed this semester, Mrs. Hooval, a graduate of the University of Southern California and holder of a Master's degree, has enjoyed thirty years of education. Twenty-four of these years were spent at Walter Reed, where Mr. Engberg was girls' vice-principal, self the fine standards for girls, and where she has come from the ranks of the school. Over the years, she was also a volunteer for the school's activities, which she still continues to do today.

Julie Gonzalez,
Sharon McCall—editors



Mr Enberg
Principal

Mrs. Hooval
Girl's Vice Principal





MRS. SHEPHERD TO RETIRE

After fourteen years at Reed Junior High, Mrs. Frances Shepherd, the financial manager of our school, is retiring.

In retirement, Mrs. Shepherd will pursue her first loves, painting and playing the piano. She regrets that while working, she has not had more time to spend with her family. This situation she will soon remedy in her retirement.

Mrs. Shepherd, like so many persons who have retired before her, plans to tour the United States.

I am confident that the staff and all the students at Reed join me in bidding her a sincere farewell and hope that she will enjoy her leisure.

David Clark

MY FIRST DATE

It was six o'clock in the evening. He was coming for me between 6:30 and 7:00. I was terribly nervous as it was my first date with him and I was imagining the worst of everything. At that moment my mother called me for dinner. I knew I was too nervous to eat, but I thought the dinner conversation might help keep my mind free. The dinner conversation was going on in its usual boring manner, when suddenly the doorbell rang. I must have jumped a mile high. My parents told me to be calm, but how could I? My hair was still up in rollers and I wasn't nearly ready. I was hysterical. Then came the big joke, my little brother was teasing me. Boy, did I ever give it to him. By this time I was in a state of shock. I was just terrified.

It was 7:15. I had been waiting half an hour. He was late. He had forgotten about me. Just then a car pulled up in the driveway. Was it he? I couldn't tell. The doorbell finally rang. It was he and guess what? He was just as scared as I was.

Caroline Walker

THE USELESS MISSION

A member of the underground's job is important and this was no exception. The boy scurried over the rooftops being careful to stay in the shadows, for the Volpos were on the lookout for his kind. Tonight his mission was doubly important because it involved smuggling one of the greatest German scientists out of the eastern sector of Berlin. In quick dashes he found his way to the roof hatch and slipped in. There would be action tonight.

He was on his way back to where he had come from now with another set of information. It was faster coming back for some reason, he didn't know why. A swift leap and he was in front of headquarters but to his horror there was a Volpo jeep in front and a guard was watching the doorway. He stood dazed for a minute as the Volpo stared at him in wonder. An instant later he was running like a madman down the open street. A shot rang out in the still night and for a second the boy hung in mid air and then collapsed in a heap on the pavement.

Miriam Stermer

ADMINISTRATION



Mr. Engberg



Mr. Myers



Mrs. Hooval



Mrs. Harrison



Mr. Doose



Mrs. Tirado



Mr. Beaton



Mrs. Clinton



Mr. Selsor



Mrs. Smith

Ahlberg, Mrs. Gertrude
 Bemard, Mrs. Karin
 Beston, Mr. Douglas
 Berger, Mrs. Jeannette
 Bermon, Mrs. Jessica
 Bernard, Mr. Arthur Lee
 Brodley, Mrs. Harriet



Brooks, Mrs. Marion
 Cambionico, Mr. Jones
 Camery, Mr. George
 Campbell, Miss Marcio
 Carlson, Mr. Richard
 Clinton, Mrs. Ila
 Cohen, Mr. Bernard



Comer, Mrs. Cleo
 Crenshaw, Mrs. Hazel
 Bakl, Mrs. Rark
 Danbom, Mr. Robert
 DeCoito, Mr. Anton
 Dieudonne, Mrs. Elizabeth
 Doose, Mr. William



Doran, Mr. Charles
 Franke, Miss Lois
 Funk, Mr. Poul
 Galinda, Mr. Victor
 Giacomezze, Miss Mamie
 Golliher, Mrs. Catherine
 Grant, Mrs. Betty



Grundy, Mr. Cyril
 Gyllenswas, Mrs. Mabel
 Hanson, Mr. Holter
 Hardin, Mrs. Dorharine
 Harrison, Mrs. Dorothy
 Horrop, Mrs. Adele
 Heberger, Mrs. Peggy



Ivener, Mr. Martin
 Jacobson, Mr. Bernard
 Jones, Miss Azelie
 Kastman, Miss Vanja
 Kennedy, Mr. Jaha
 Kennedy, Mrs. Vernetto
 Klann, Mr. Ernest



Komm, Mrs. Eileen
 Lawson, Mrs. Judith
 Lessing, Mr. Richard
 Levenson, Miss Lillian
 Mack, Mr. Morris
 Maley, Mr. Robert
 Malone, Mr. John D.



FACULTY and STAFF



Martin, Mr. Charles
May, Mrs. Margaret
McGuigan, Mr. Joseph
Mertens, Mr. Paul
Messler, Miss Lois
Meyers, Mrs. Rita
Mitelman, Mrs. Rose



Moser, Mrs. Dorothy
Murry, Mr. Mark
Nero, Mr. Norman
Okimoto, Miss Naomi
O'Sullivan, Mrs. Frances
Pfister, Mrs. Eva
Radda, Mrs. Lesbeth



Riggin, Mr. Lee
Sagara, Mr. Norman
Sands, Mrs. Ida
Scott, Miss Susan
Selsor, Mr. Robert
Shepherd, Mrs. Frances
Sherman, Mrs. Jacqueline



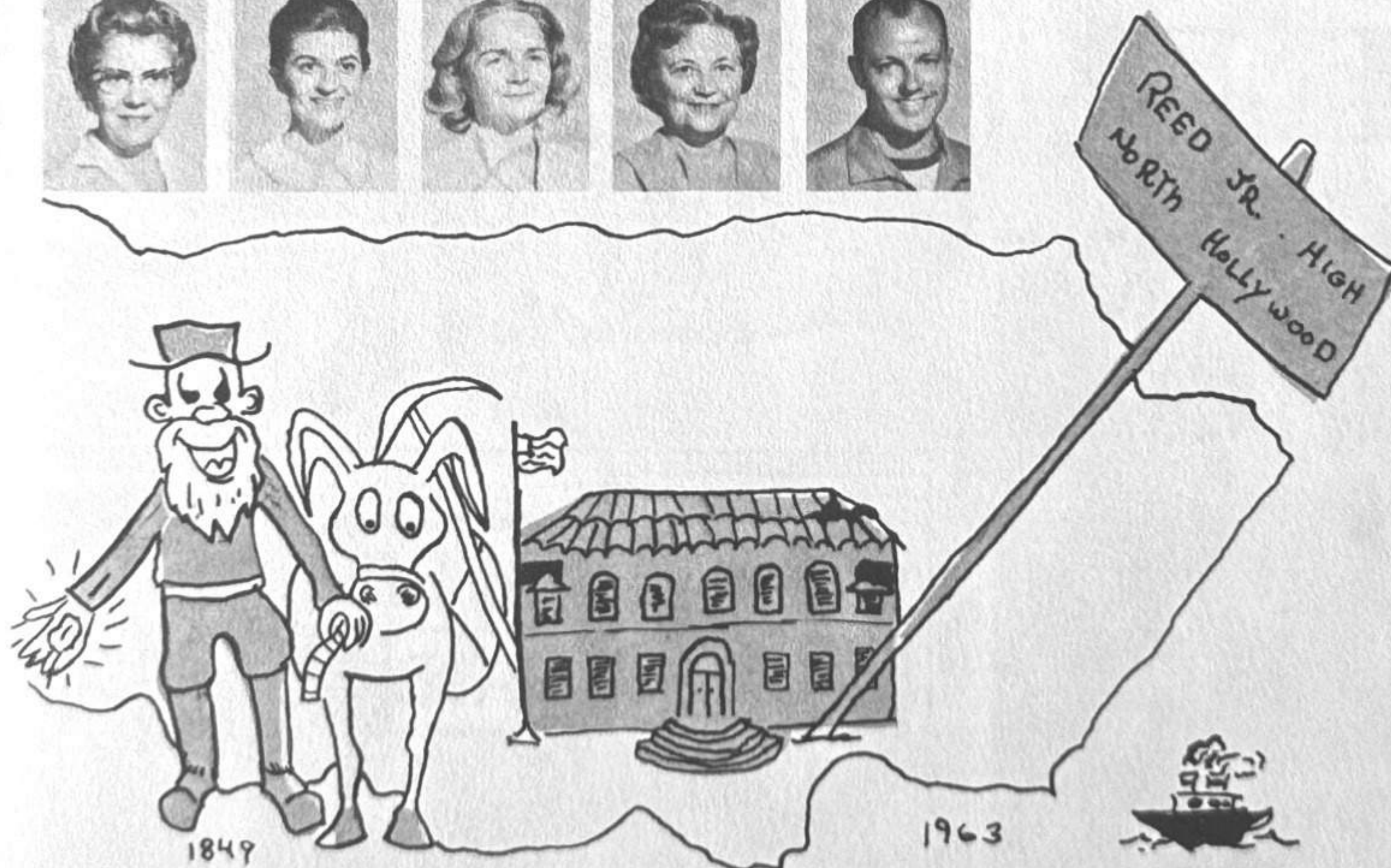
Smith, Mrs. Margaret
Sorsby, Mr. William
Staves, Miss Constance
Stokes, Mr. William
Storie, Mr. James
Symonds, Mrs. Susan
Tallian, Mrs. Jean



Thedford, Mrs. Edna
Theodore, Mr. Leo
Thorpe, Mrs. Clara
Timmons, Mr. John
Tirado, Mrs. Ines
Uchida, Mr. Robert
Van Lanen, Mr. Daniel



Webster, Miss Margaret
Weems, Miss Elizabeth
Whitcher, Mrs. Ethel
Williams, Mrs. Beatrice
Wolters, Mr. Kenneth



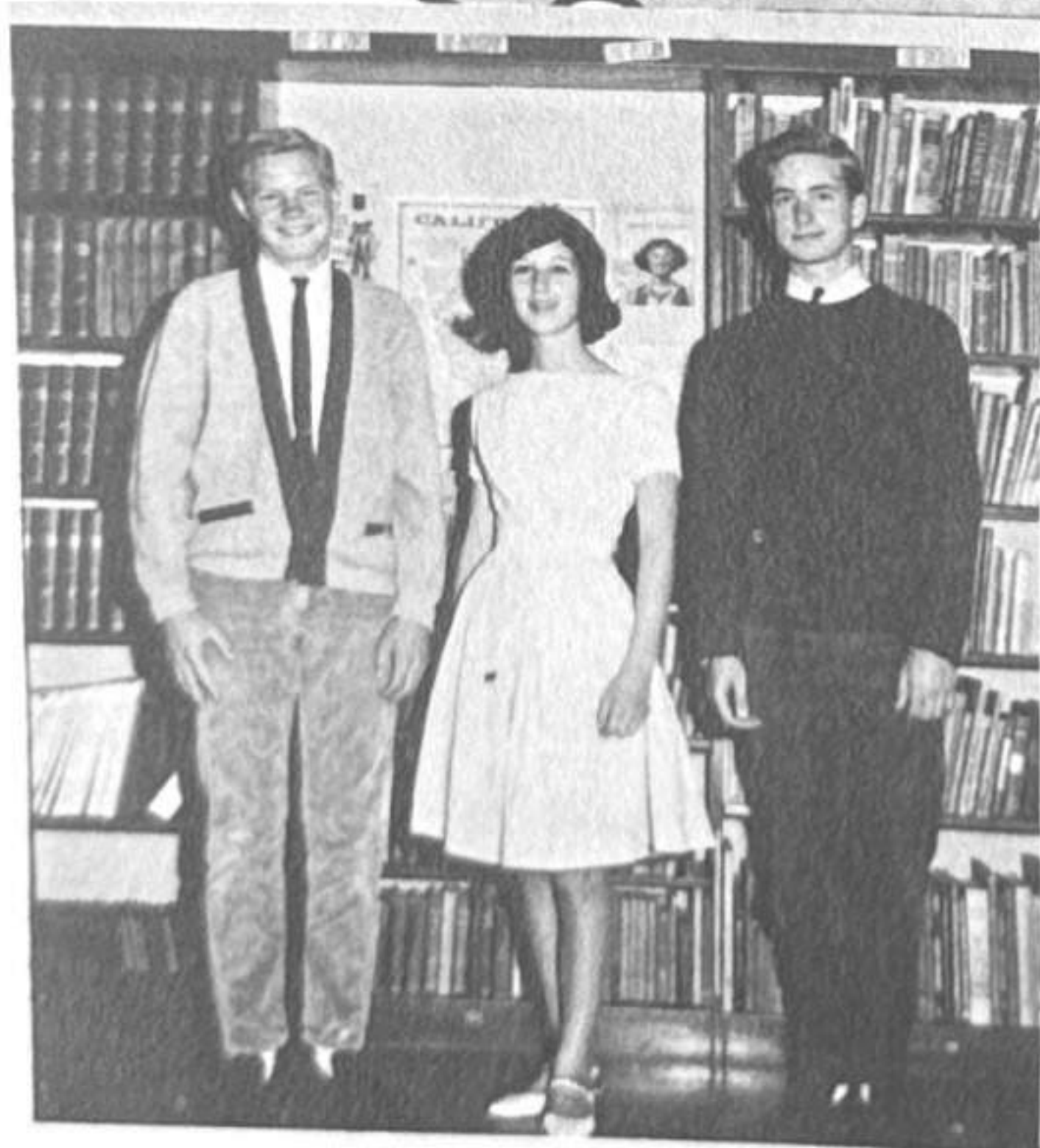
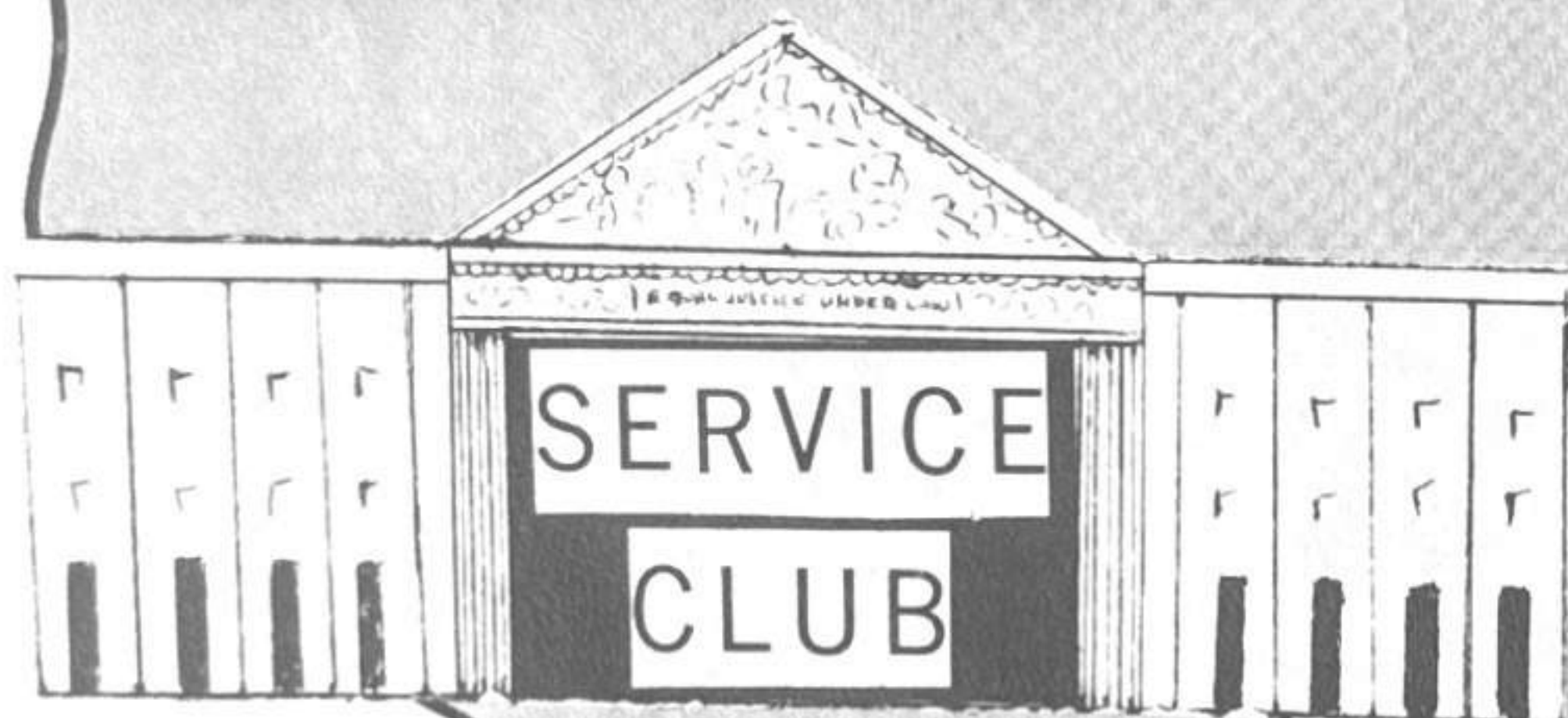
CAMPUS LEADERS



Richard Wheaton
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Caprice Rothe
Secretary
Lawrence Weiss
President



Sharon McCall
Vice-President
John Ritter
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Mimi Stermer
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Mark Peyton
Vice-President
Linda Green
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Jack Pimentel
President



CAPRICE ROTHE



Robert Mallah
Vice-President

Gale Brock
Secretary

Robert Woodcock
President

GRADUATES S '63



Abad, Lucienne
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Adams, Susan



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Agron, Edward
Aicholtz, Julie



Allen, Cindy
Allen, Matt
Allen, David



Allen, Guy
Ames, Marilyn
Annis, Michael



Anspach, Renee
Armstrong, James
Arnold, Peter
Asay, Bill
Atkins, Terry
Badger, Steve
Bangle, Alfred



Barassi, Vickie
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Barret, John
Barrio, Stan
Belcher, Lana
Bell, Barbara



Beller, Wendy
Benedict, Laura
Benson, Mark
Berger, Shirley
Bergmann, Jane
Berish, John
Berman, Harry



Birge, Shari
Blais, Dolores
Bland, Mary
Blaustein, Howard
Bohac, Raymond
Bonney, Cathy
Botzer, Jill Ann



Braden, Philip
Braham, Maxine
Bralver, Richard
Brand, David
Brandt, Rory
Breedon, Jody
Brennan, Colleen



Du Chesne, Tony
Duncan, John
Eby, Lee
Edson, Charlotte
Eick, William
Eller, Dale
Elovitz, Louis



Engel, Diane
Evans, Donald
Fagin, Vernon
Fahrer, Bruce
Farer, Abby
Farmer, Steve
Faust, Linda



Fellows, John
Felton, Pamela
Fetterman, Mary
Fiebach, Greg
Finder, Lawrence
Fischer, Bernie
Fischer, John



Fisher, Earl
Fiumerodo, Tony
Folsom, Kendra
Ford, Kathleen
Freeman, Robert
Fretwell, Ed
Fried, Marc



Friedland, Helen
Frydrych, Jack
Garfield, Harry
Garland, Lynn
Gattis, Bob
Gibson, Dan
Gillies, Mary



Gilliland, David
Ginsberg, Edward
Gluyas, Diane
Golden, Cornelius
Golden, Irene
Gonzalez, Julie
Goodkin, Peter



Goodman, John
Goodman, Robert
Gray, Camille
Greene, Marc
Green, Gail
Gurevitz, Cheryl
Guttman, Sheila

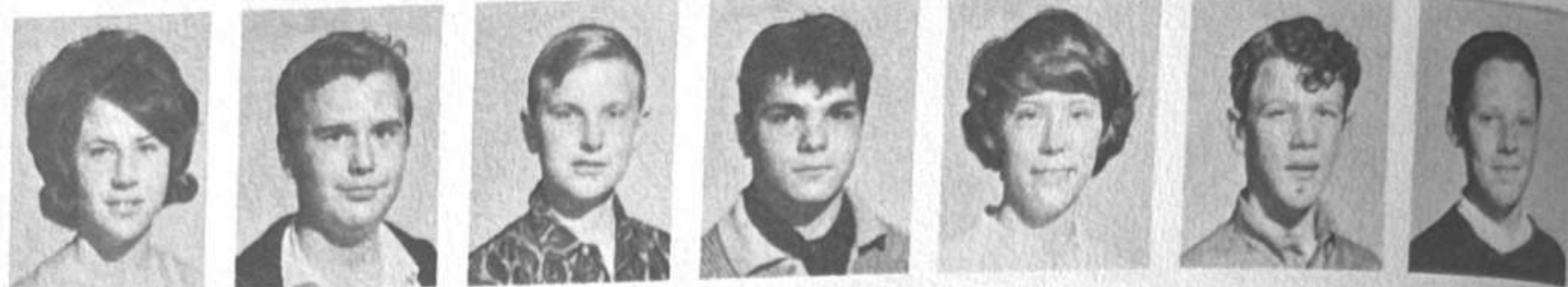


Guzzi, Charles
Hale, Ann
Hall, John
Hall, Kathie
Hall, Steve
Halote, Barry
Hamlin, Robert



Hankison, Susan
Harris, Rita
Hartzman, Peter
Harvey, Kathleen
Hastings, Deborah
Hatch, Kerry
Hay, Ronald

Hayrup, Sharon
Hays, Bob
Haywood, Dale
Hebert, George
Heichel, Carol
Hengen, Robert
Herbert, Terry



Herzoff, James
Hill, Craig
Hillhouse, Cheryl
Hilton, Pamela
Hirsch, Lonnie
Hoffman, Jim
Hoffman, Pete



Haisch, Robert
Holderness, Mike
Holmgren, Ted
Holt, Cliff
Holt, Nola
Holton, Don
Horton, Jeff



Hosmer, Ethel
Jackson, Brian
Jacobs, Pinny
Jacobson, Stephen
Jamison, Richard
Jenks, Claudia
Johannsen, Beth



Johnson, Arthur
Johnson, Dana
Johnson, Michael
Johnson, Phyllis
Jones, Joy
Joseph, Caren
Kabeary, Kathy



Kane, Mike
Katz, Eddie
Katz, Elaine
Kaufman, Elissa
Kaufman, Philip
Kaufman, Sue
Kaufman, Wendy



Kavanaugh, Karel
Kelley, David
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Kelley, Vincent
Kelly, John
Kerns, Gregory
Kinrade, Bruce



Klatke, Don
Klaumann, Rita
Knack, Diane
Koffman, Mark
Kokotaylo, Jim
Kottenbach, Paul
Krause, Brad



Lorson, Janine
Latham, Karen
Laurin, Terri
Lawrence, JoEmma
LeBaron, Don
Lee, Mike
Leff, Betty





Leja, Tom
LeLong, Nicole
Lester, Noel
Lewis, George
Libbey, Janet
Libecap, Barbara
Liccion, Linda



Lichstein, Gay
Lieberman, Marsha
Lilly, Denise
Lindenblatt, Scott
Lindquist, Sue
Link, Williams
Lipsett, Judy



Logan, Billy
Lolovich, Michael
Lowensohn, Brent
Lucero, Linda
Lucid, Noel
Luskin, Sheryl
MacDonald, Katherine



Maize, Bradford
Mallah, Robert
Manaricua, Juan
Manning, Jack
Markham, Carolyn
Marks, Melody
Martia, Allan



Martin, Denise
Martin, Lemora
Marx, Steve
Mason, Ronnie
Matsuoka, Richard
Mattox, Bob
McCall, Sharon



McCleery, Melinda
McCown, Danny
McCune, Catherine
McLean, John
Meixsell, Donna
Menashe, Abraam
Metcalfe, Greg



Miller, Coryl
Miller, Richard
Miller, Ronnie
Miner, Phil
Minton, John
Miyashiro, Kathy
Morrison, Merry



Mosauer, Eleanor
Mulnick, Steve
Munns, Bill
Murphy, John
Myers, Earl
Myers, John
Nairne, Tom



Nazarian, Alice
Neff, Lionel
Nelson, Mary
Newman, Carol
Northrup, Karl
Notkewitz, Deborah
Nottebrock, Mark

Novak, Steven
 Noyes, Robert
 Oberle, Joanne
 Ocnoff, David
 Ohlson, Melanie
 Olson, Shelley
 Orndorff, Steven



Osband, Gerald
 O'Wesney, Mary
 Page, George
 Pain, Bernadette
 Paine, Ken
 Papazian, Bob
 Pardee, Ione



Peterson, Diane
 Petroni, James
 Peyton, Mark
 Pickett, Charles
 Pickworth, Bill
 Pigott, Peter
 Pimentel, Jack



Pinoges, Mike
 Piro, Gary
 Pitcher, Randy
 Pludow, Beatrice
 Pool, Sheila
 Potter, Mark
 Prete, Pat



Priddle, Amber
 Prizant, Julie
 Proust, Geoffrey
 Purcell, Mike
 Purvis, Bob
 Rankin, Terry
 Raymond, Brian



Raymond, Rindie
 Raymond, Roxanne
 Reagan, Terrence
 Ree, Don
 Reed, Talie
 Regen, Marlee Sue
 Reid, Robert



Reinherz, Burt
 Reitz, Julie
 Renfro, Joel
 Replogle, Chris
 Richardson, Patricia
 Richmond, Carole
 Rider, Barbara



Rimmer, Michael Ann
 Rinehart, Monica
 Rios, Marina
 Ritter, John
 Roberts, Rick
 Rombeau, James
 Roper, Ron



Rosenman, Danielle
 Rosenstock, Rochelle
 Ross, Cris
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 Rothe, Caprice
 Rotman, Marleen
 Rubenstein, Sheila





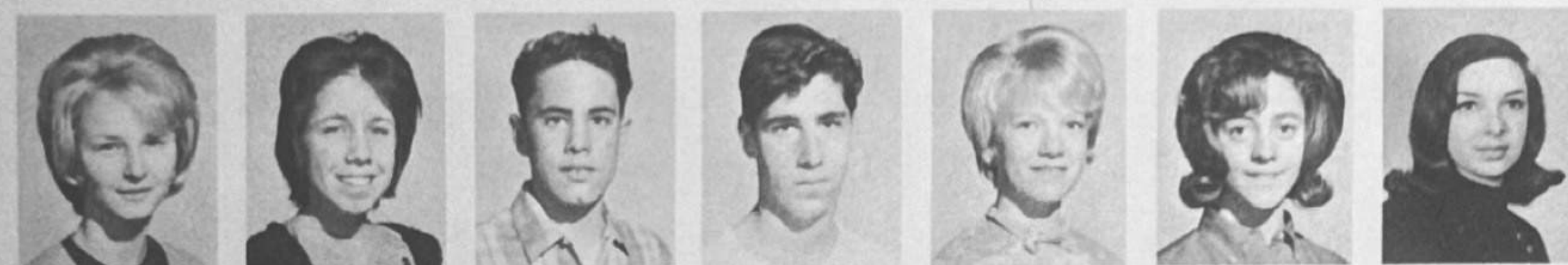
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Samu, Louis
Samuels, Kathy
Sargent, Mark
SchaHer, Michel
Schmidt, Frances



Schmidt, Kirby
Schneider, Lisa
Schoenfeld, Carolyn
Schofield, Mike
Scott, Diane
Selbert, Linda
Selig, Joseph



Semples, Mady
Seuferer, Kathleen
Sexton, Mike
Sharf, Carl
Shea, Maureen
Shelley, Donna
Sholes, Katherine



Sibson, Cindy
Sieling, Cathy
Silveira, Terry
Silverman, Alan
Simonian, Reid
Simons, Cathy
Simonson, Pamela



Sinclair, Claudia
Sisco, Jacqueline
Skeen, Patricia
Sloan, Greg
Smith, Cleve
Smith, Joyce
Smith, Valerie



Smithfield, Peggy Sue
Snyder, Linda
Sobel, Anita
Spencer, Jerry
Stanton, Bruce
Steere, Tony
Steinberg, Linda



Stephenson, Carla
Stermer, Miriam
Stern, Anna
Steven, Shelley
Stevens, Larry
Stevens, Lawrence
Strange, Michael



Street, Robert
Stringos, Bessie
Stutz, Dan
Survot, Adrien
Sutter, Mildred
Suttlemyre, Thomas
Swope, Steve

Taber, Linda
 Taklender, Moe
 Taylor, Barrett
 Taylor, Becky
 Teachenor, Melodie
 Teske, Ted
 Tessitore, Joanne



Thielen, Pat
 Tomlin, Mike
 Travers, Tony
 Trudel, Mozel
 Van Trigt, Peter
 Varela, Paet
 Vargas, Vivian



Vincent, Rex
 VonderKuhlen, Dean
 Walcott, Kent
 Walker, Caroline
 Walling, Susan
 Wallner, Elena
 Warner, Karen



Watson, Bruce
 Weatherford, Barbara
 Weber, Linda
 Webster, Bill
 Weil, Jeri
 Weisbaum, Heidi
 Weisinger, Vickie



Weiss, Lawrence
 West, Terry
 Wetzold, Frank
 Wheaton, Richard
 Whisnant, Cheryl
 Whited, Linette
 Wickersham, David



Wilcox, Susie
 Williams, Barbara
 Williams, Mark
 Williamson, Jim
 Winckler, Kathy
 Withers, Bruce
 Withers, Jesse



Woo, Joe
 Woodcock, Bob
 Woods, James
 Wright, Gloria
 Wright, Kathleen
 Wright, Nicoley
 Wurth, Richard



Wynigear, Karen
 Youschak, Dennis
 Zaitsoff, Lawrence
 Zellman, Shelley
 Zimmerman, Janie
 Zimmerman, Tom
 Zung, Tom



THE SACRIFICE

The fire glinted on the ebony and gold idols as the shadows of the gyrating natives crossed its path. The eerie series made by the dancers echoed ominously through the jungle. In the middle of the ring of whirling dervishes, was a man—a white man. The razor-sharp edges of the sebers they swung over their heads cast flashes of brilliant light on the faces of the incensed men and made the face of the white man red in the past more hideous in its agony. The drums became louder and the beat more frantic as the moon rose higher.

The task of the Boer rebellion was high. The Empress Dowager had openly advocated the secret metrics working to throw the "hairy ones," the foreigners, out of China.

The beat became still more urgent and then died away altogether leaving a death-like stillness for miles around. One simultaneous scream was emitted from the throats of the natives and they began to advance on the struggling American.

An hour later the clearing was vibrant, inhabited by only a puff, the echo of a dead fire, and the decapitated body of the American missionary.

Miriam Stermer



I ndependent and free, hail for the history of making a small nation solid and strong.
S triving for bigger and better things—and making the people the government kings.
R ealizing that time is too precious to waste and all the problems with which they are faced.
A re willing to work with what is known and helping other ideas until they can have grown.
E nlightening the world to both the good and the bad, showing that they are not ignorant or at other people's mercy.
L iving a life which should be a standard for those who are, or wish to be, free.

Wendy Kaufman

THE PROMISED LAND

A warm, wanted breeze rattled the drying gourds. This awakened Elana to the morn before Parozver, the day of prayer and feasting. Elana was happy and excited. All Israel was in a gay and festive mood. In the Kibbutz, everyone was busy preparing for the holiday work. It was the holiday which recalled the escape of the Israelites from Egypt to the Promised Land. And here, back in the Jewish homeland, Elana looked around with pride. This was the Promised Land.

Elana went to the cottage of her friend Shulamith. She called and Shulamith came to the door, followed by her little brother Ari.

"Shulamith," said Elana "Morry! Father has promised to take us to Jerusalem today to shop for the Passover."

"We'll be ready in an hour. Elana. Is your father still in the dairy?" asked Shulamith.

"Yes," replied Elana. "Father has asked David to supervise the dairy. Jossi is in charge of the fields today and Dov will care for the cattle. Father will be free to spend the day with us in the city."

"I'll hurry," said Shulamith. "Ari and I will be at your cottage at eight o'clock."

When the children assembled at collage No. 1. Elana's father was waiting with the jeep. They all climbed in and away they rode to the Holy City. Akiva, Elana's father, explained to the children why Jerusalem was a holy city for all people, not only for the Jews. A bearded church bells were singing from the Old City, and the Valley of Kidron, Mount of Olives, and Masada Zion pealed in chorus. It was Sunday in Jerusalem, the Christian Sabbath.

Father drove through the ornate Damascus Gate into the Old City. They got out of the jeep and walked along the Via Dolorosa—the Way of the Cross—to Stephen's Gate which basked over the tombs of Zacharias, Absalom, and Mary, and to Mount of Olives, the scene of the Ascension.

They then walked through the narrow streets, through the Arab bazaar, and through the two shops where the children busily bought many trinkets while Father shopped for the holiday. Then Father led them through the market to the Dome of the Rock and the Mosque of Omar to the Walling Wall of the great Jewish temple. Here, ancient bearded Jews stood and prayed and wept.

"See," said Father. "This is a holy city for all faiths. People from all over the world come here, Christians, Arabs, and Jews."

Before leaving this city filled with tales and excitement, Father took the children to see the Holy Sepulcher, the site of the crucifixion, with the marble tomb of Jesus Christ. From there, they drove past the Arab quarter where everything looked so ancient and different, and camels were in the market place. On they drove, past the famous Hebrew University and past the new hospital erected by Hadassah funds from people of many lands.

As they left Jerusalem, they drove in the darkening twilight. Lights sprang up in the surrounding hills, throwing in relief the outline of the old buildings of the market city. It was hushed with the throbbing hum of many people. It was a day to remember as they turned toward home.

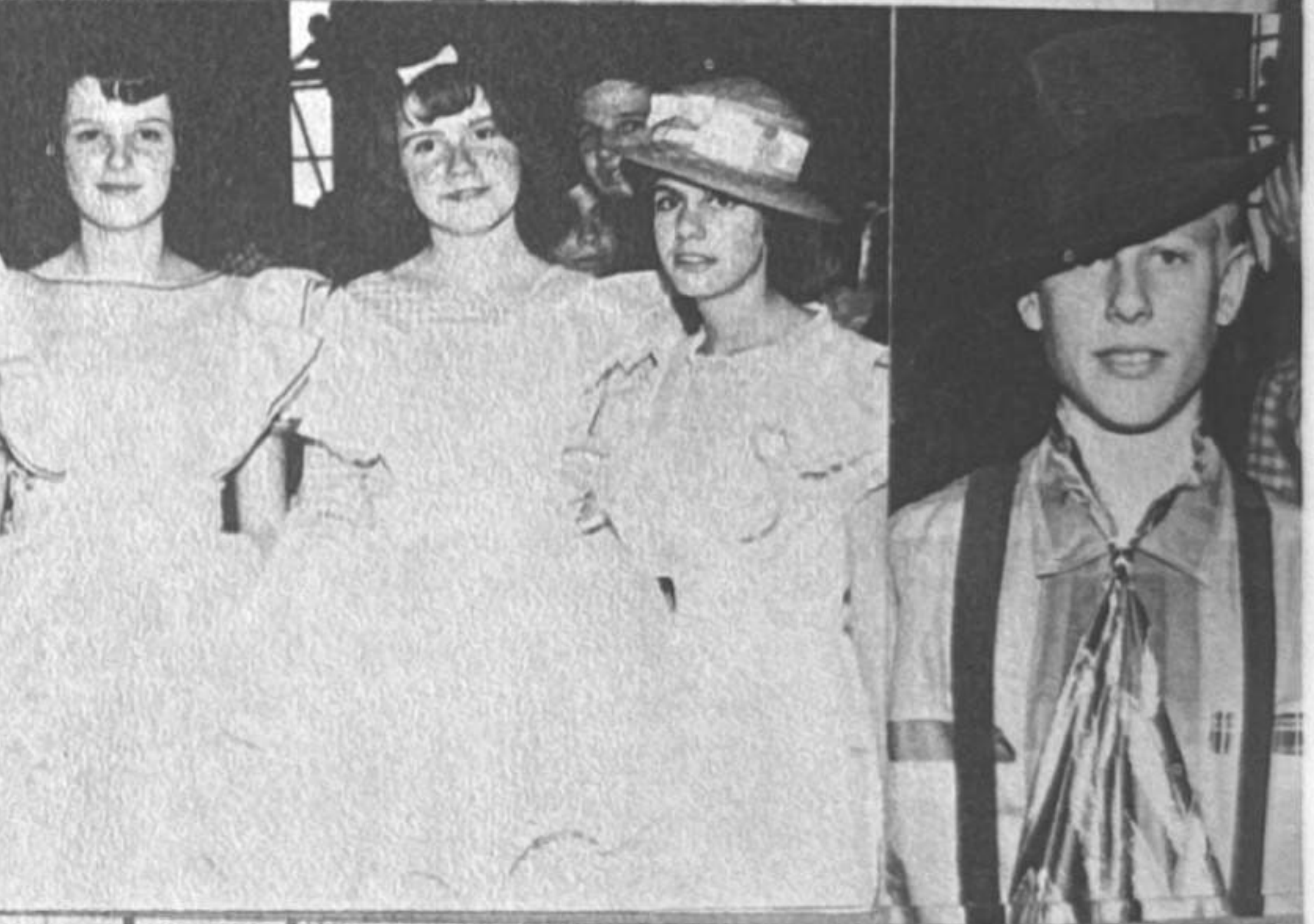
Adrien Survol

BOOKS

As I curl up in my favorite chair,
I give me room one last look.
For I am forso'ne here very soon,
To enter the world of a book.
I journey around the world,
Or march about the street.
But it doesn't matter where I go.
There are interesting people to meet.
Some are sweet, others kind,
They're often barbed and held.
Some are friendly and oh so warm,
Still others remote and cold.
I there many adventures,
With folks young and old.
Some are just fancies,
Others are real, I'm told.
I want to keep on reading.
There's less to learn if you look.
And the place to look, you've guessed it.
I'm sure.
Is into your favorite book.

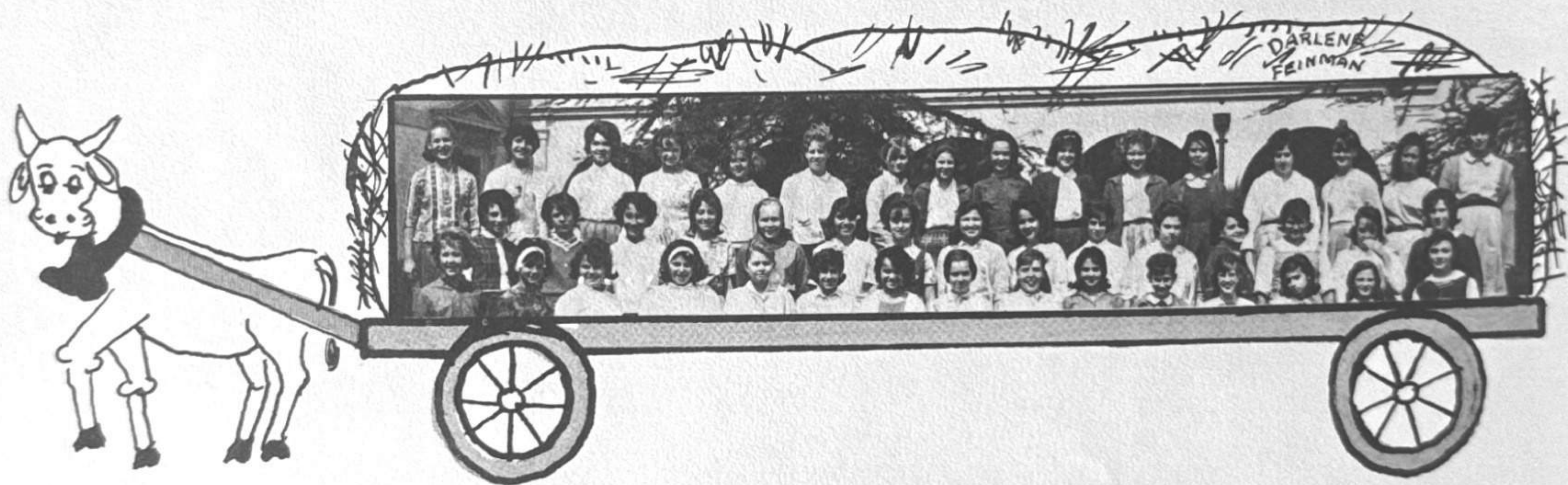
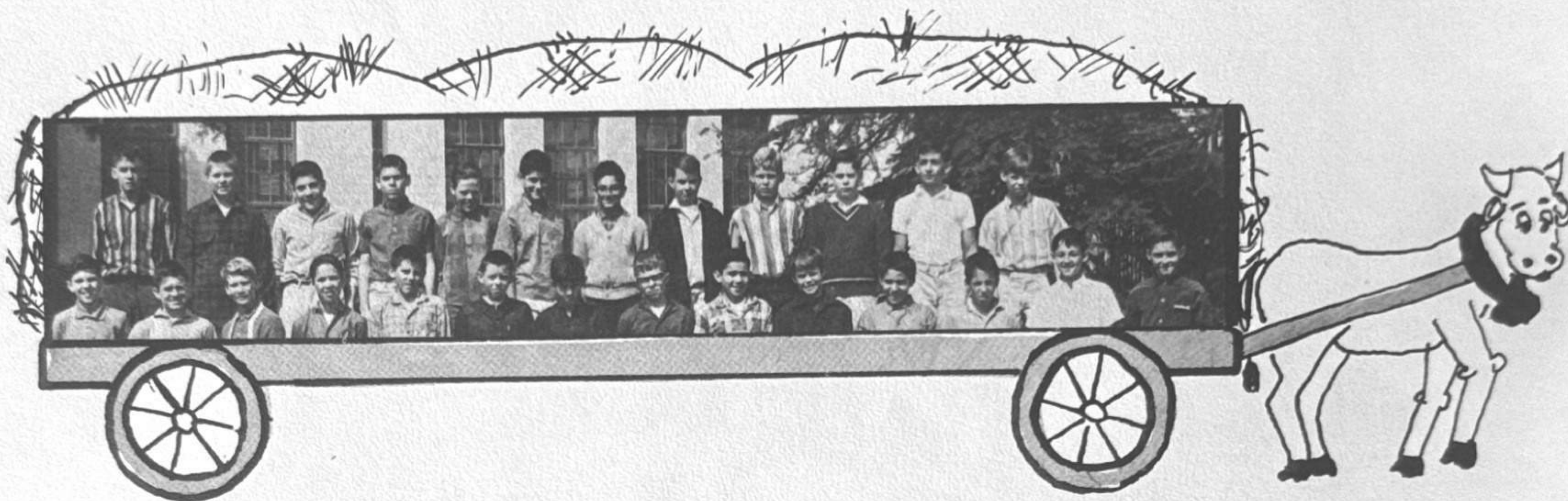
Beth Johansen

DOGPATCH U.S.A.





B-7

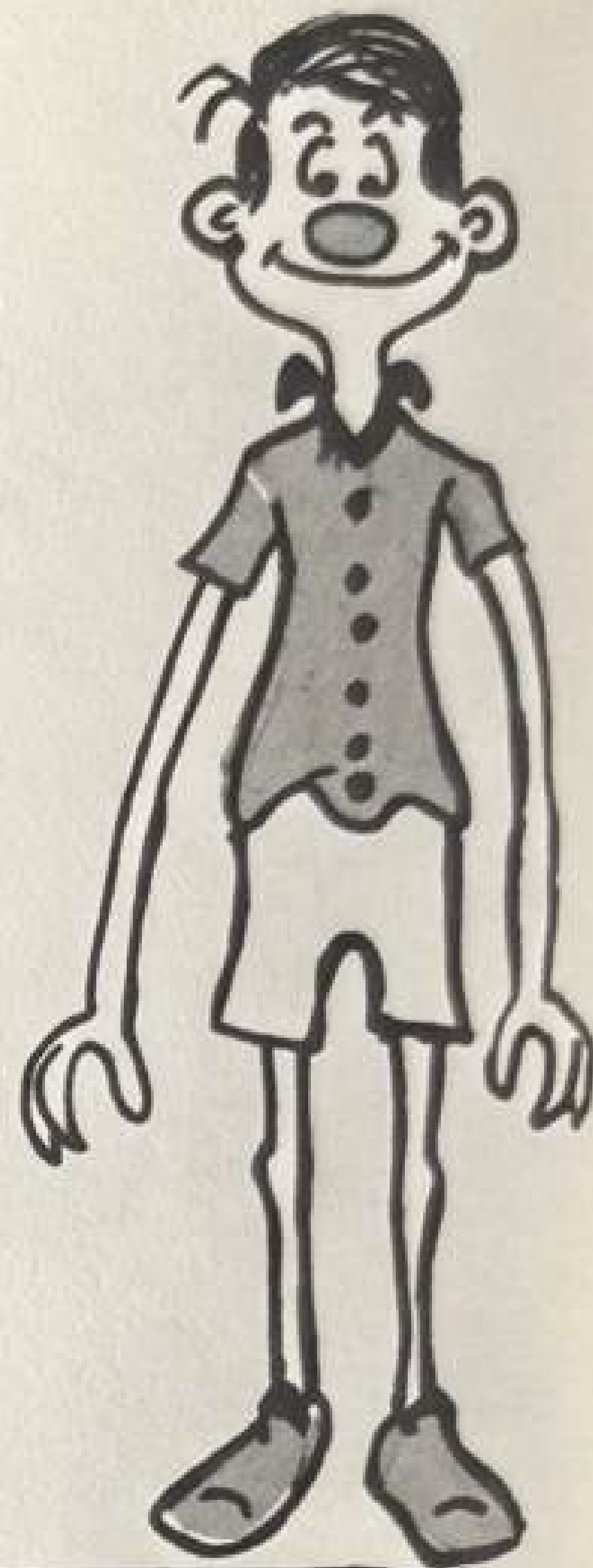




LONDON

COPENHAGEN

A-7



CARLA
CH2002



I DID IT

I think I can do it. Today is the day. I'm all ready. Here goes...

Gosh, I'm really going deep. I can feel the cold water. Oh, no. I'm beginning to slow up. I can feel the blood rushing to my head.

It's awful. The pressure is all around my head. It seems like I've been under for ten minutes. I can feel my lungs gasping for air. It's murder.

There it is. I think I can do it. Oh, I'm choking. There it is. Reach, reach. Farther, farther. There! I did it.

Now I'm floating up. It's taking so long. I can see the sky. Oh, I'm breaking through the water surface. The air is wonderful!

It was so hard, but I did it. I touched the bottom of the deep-end.

Eddie Agran



THE BEACH

I walked along the beach today
The sun was sparkling on the tide
The wind and sand were hard at play
And I was feeling good inside.
I walked across and found the bay
The tide was gone, the water calm
And here the crowds were light and gay
The wind and sun just like a balm.
I went on further, found the pool
Where divers, swimmers, babes at play
From summer's heat were keeping cool
And making this a happy day.
At last, fatigued, I took my boat
And finding a nice shady nook
I stopped the motor, let it float
While I relaxed with my good book.

Adrien Survol

THE FRIENDSHIP

Kristina put out her hand to welcome warmly the girl from Spain. The other girl took it shyly.

"Welcome to Sweden," Kristina said. "My name is Kristina. How do you like Sweden?"

The Spanish girl looked at Kristina with a kind of fear in her eyes. She said one word, her name, Constancia. She was an exchange student from Barcelona, Spain, studying in Stockholm, Sweden.

Constancia spoke no Swedish, and Kristina spoke no Spanish. Still, if anyone should happen to have seen the two sitting there, he could have easily seen that the two girls understood each other perfectly, although neither of them spoke a word.

They could have told you that there would be no language barrier in this international friendship between two teenage girls.

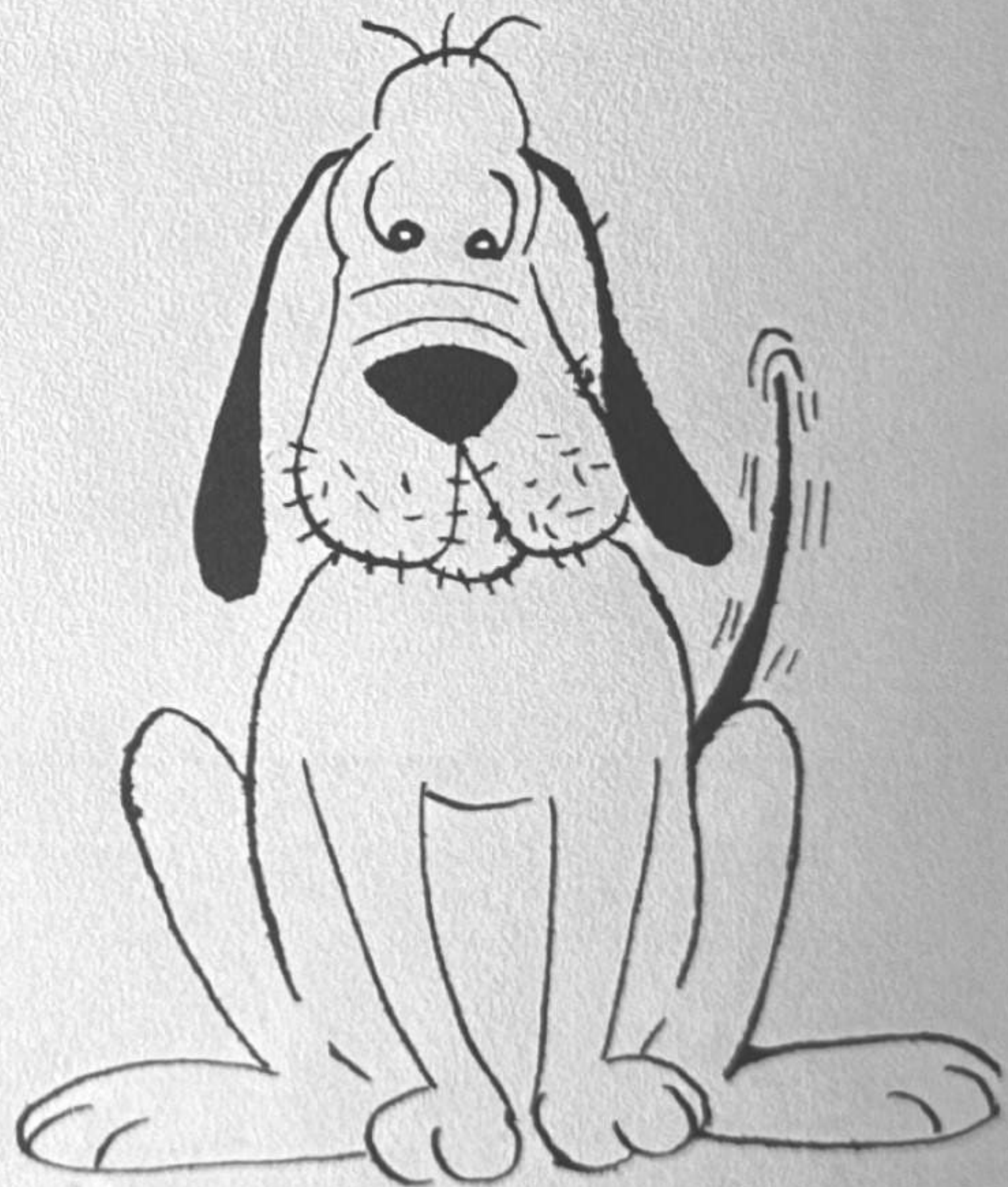
Janine Larson

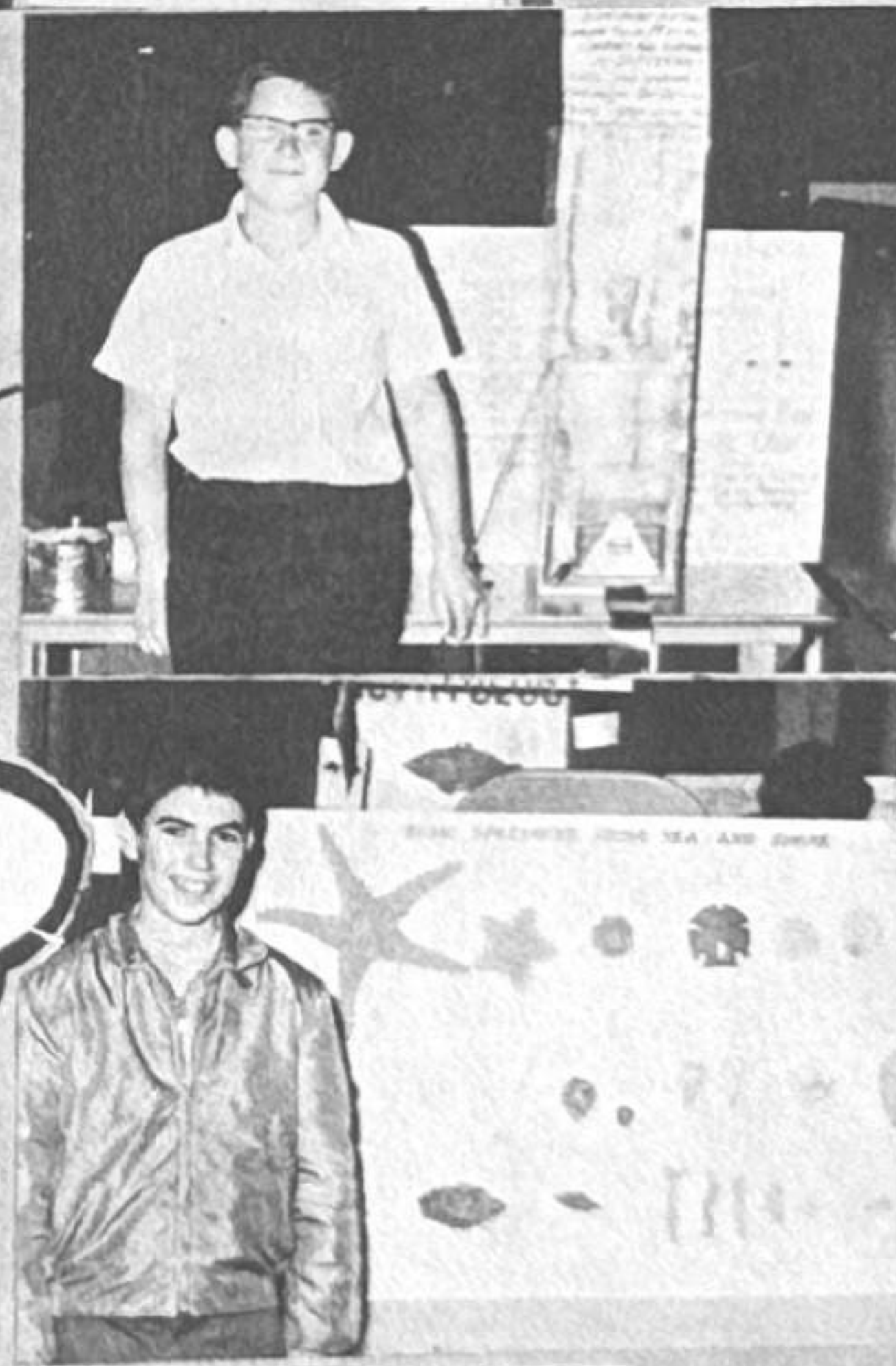
A CANINE COMEDIAN

As we approach the Walker household, we suddenly hear a terrifying roar from within the house. But there is really nothing to be afraid of as it is only their dog, Wilhelm. Dear, dear Wilhelm, such a sweet animal, so sweet is he that he chewed up my brand new shocking pink fuzzy slippers.

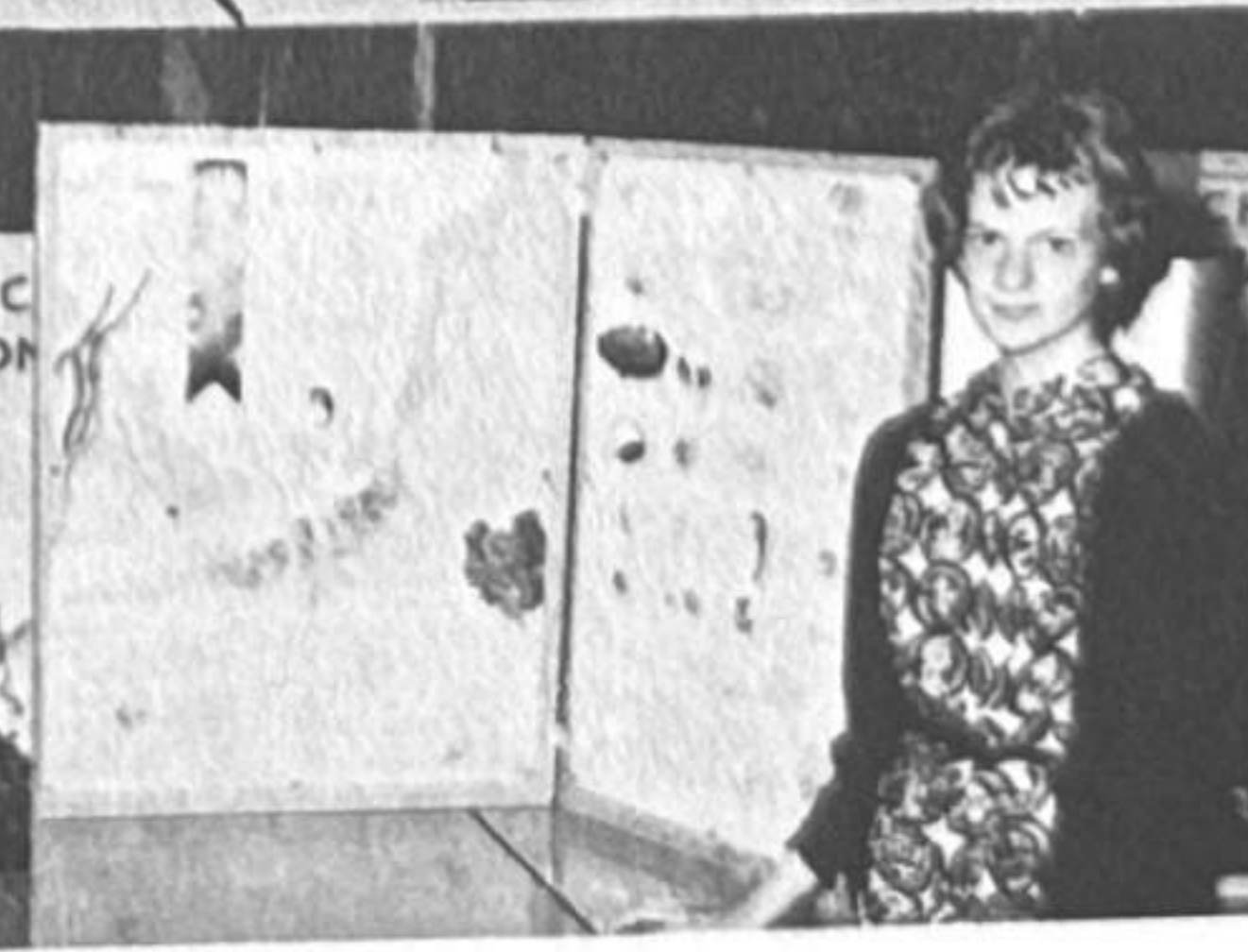
Mother adores Wilhelm, or so she says. The other day I did tend to doubt her when she told me of her humorous experience during the night. Apparently Mother was awakened by a nose nudging her face. It was Wilhelm wanting to go out. Since it was two o'clock in the morning she was quite tired, but she staggered into the den to open the door. When she turned around Wilhelm was not behind her. She looked through the house but Wilhelm could not be found. After calling to him, she decided to go back to bed, but guess who had taken her place, no other than Wilhelm himself. She tried to awaken him but he just groaned contently. So she decided if you can't beat them, join them. So, Mother and Wilhelm slept happily the rest of the night.

Caroline Walker





SCIENCE FAIR



MY DAY OF REST

"Hi, my name is Koyosl." I live in a dense jungle on the Xingu River. The closest civilized town is Disaurum, which is located up the river a few miles. Because my fetker, Pentoti is the rlesl of our small criebe of 65 poople, he has three wives. Our tribe is called the Suya. Because this is my day-off I will explain our habits to son.

Please exosss me but I have to do a fow chores before I begin. Let's see—now I have to feed my pels, kill some monkeys, bely sacke some salt, harvest some timbo cines, go fishing for my dinner, and a fow other odds and cuds.

Back to my story now. We live in dirry, thatched houses to say the least. Our floors are of nead, and our furniture constint of an occasional somt. We work like animals with no hops of becoming rich, but only for more exinance. Our wives have is nay as have se wa do, if not harder. Our tressuret rensist of lip discs (for men), a dirty harmeer, a rusty nail, and, for the most fortunate, mnsr beads.

Even efter all of this I can say, without hesitaroes, that I don't envy people living in the pesdcra, the risk resntiries. For we are happy, wa like the lile we lead, and wouldn't leave it for useless wealth. Yes, we are a happy popple.

The Suya do ewiat in Brazil and all in this wory is factual.

Joel Lester

A DREAM COME TRUE

May 14, 1948,

This ever-or-important dars,
And on this very day in May,
They danced and sang and were so gay!
Israel—the rsvecn to Zion—
They fought the diaspora like a lico.
And those who died with "Zion" on their lips
That there someday might be
A place where all men could be free.
And did the gayest dsncer know
The challenges coming yet,
As be danced with joy even though
These ordeals he could not losger?
Jews, waiting at Zion's dors,
Arab legions surging through her side,
Newcomers who'd survived with conditions—
And yet therr sprcii hode'i died!
But wsai Israel now reborn,
T isn't only for the jew
That the ape-old drrum
Has at last come true.

Renee Anspach

JUST ME

There are two of me
I'm I, I'm me
Some people see
One of me
The other of me
I'm I, I'm me
I'm me
Some people know
One of me
The other of me
Not both of me
Just I, or just me
Not hork
Not me
Nobody, just me.

Wendy Beller

N THE PEACE CORPS...

One lives in sunshine—safe from the night,
The other in darkness—reaching lne fuats,
One is well-cloched, well-houasd, and well-fed.
The other even nar for a wals crust of hosnd.
One's green freedom—direction in youth,
Half a world's difference—yet spanned for a while,
By the best of all barrier breakers—a moid.

Shelley Zellman

Carlos Gutierrez

SECOND-HAND

What I'd like to know it, whee did this school ever have new books. That makes the 5fth matk I'ves been assigned in D condition. One more class to go. The beginning at a sommere sure is rough.

Mere crose the book cards, and here come the books, I guess I can put the condition down as D—Wait! It's in A condition!

Two weeks later, and I'm in the textbook raom about a lost book. The ono in A condition, too. My replacement anil probably be in D condition. She's looking for the cost of the book.

"D condition—\$1.35, A condition, \$3.20." Why didn't I got all my books in D condition? Of all the fack.

David Allen

IT WOULD BE NICE

I cannot find a way to say
the things that hit my veart,
It's really hard as easily
express the meallest pair,
I think that I would like to have
the golden tongue and charm.
Which help some people whom I know
say things which eswand to worm.
I want to say that in this world
it would be nice to know,
That all of us could like ourselves
enough to love our foe.
A world of peace would make me glad.
I'm tired of hate and strite,
I'd tred a lot if there could be
a brand new way of life.

Adrien Survol

RHAPSODY OF SPRING

Flowers awake,
Bells start to ring,
Woodland creatures partake
In the rhapsody of spring.
Snow starts to melt,
Brooks start to bubble,
The sun's warmth it felt,
Birds start to warble.
Green grass grows precocious,
Children do ring;
Life's wonders come keener
In the rhapsody of spring.

Gale Brock



MY FRIEND

Suddenly she hated me furiously, and for no apparent reason. She was my very best friend, and now she turned against me for a reason I did not know, and could not learn. I had tried to ask her, but she told me nothing. I questioned all our friends, but they could not, or would not, tell me.

Think, think, what had I done to cause this feeling? There was nothing that I could remember. Suddenly an idea came to me. There was only one possible explanation for her behavior—rumors! Someone was spreading rumors to my friend about me. I felt sure that was why, and I was almost certain of the girl.

After a long talk with my friend, she finally admitted having heard rumors about me from the girl I had suspected. The girl herself confessed to starting the tale.

My friend apologized, "I guess that before I jump to conclusions again, I'll be sure to discover the truth."

Janine Larson

THE BEST NAME

Annie is a Southern belle
From Louisiana.
Ellen's from Ohio,
While Sandy's in Montana.
From Pittsburgh came Christina,
Carei from Omaha.
Then Jedy's there at Spokane
And Kathy; Wichita.
Merr's at Helena,
Se Lira in Savannah.
Cheryl is at Shreveport.
In Denver is Sorana,
Linda lives in Bismarck,
Dana at Cheyenne,
April in St. Louis,
While at Tursoe is Diane.
But no matter how the case be—
If it be a Kenas "Ginny,"
There's nothing as pretty like Californian
With a good "old fashioned" PINNY!

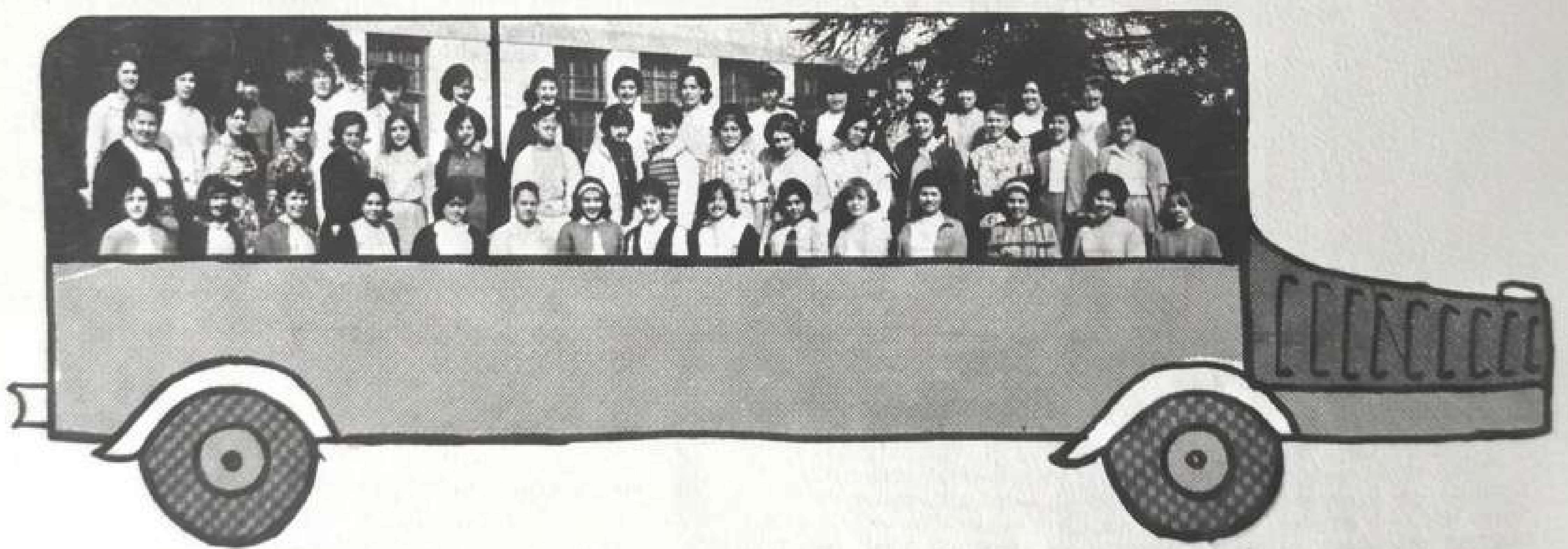
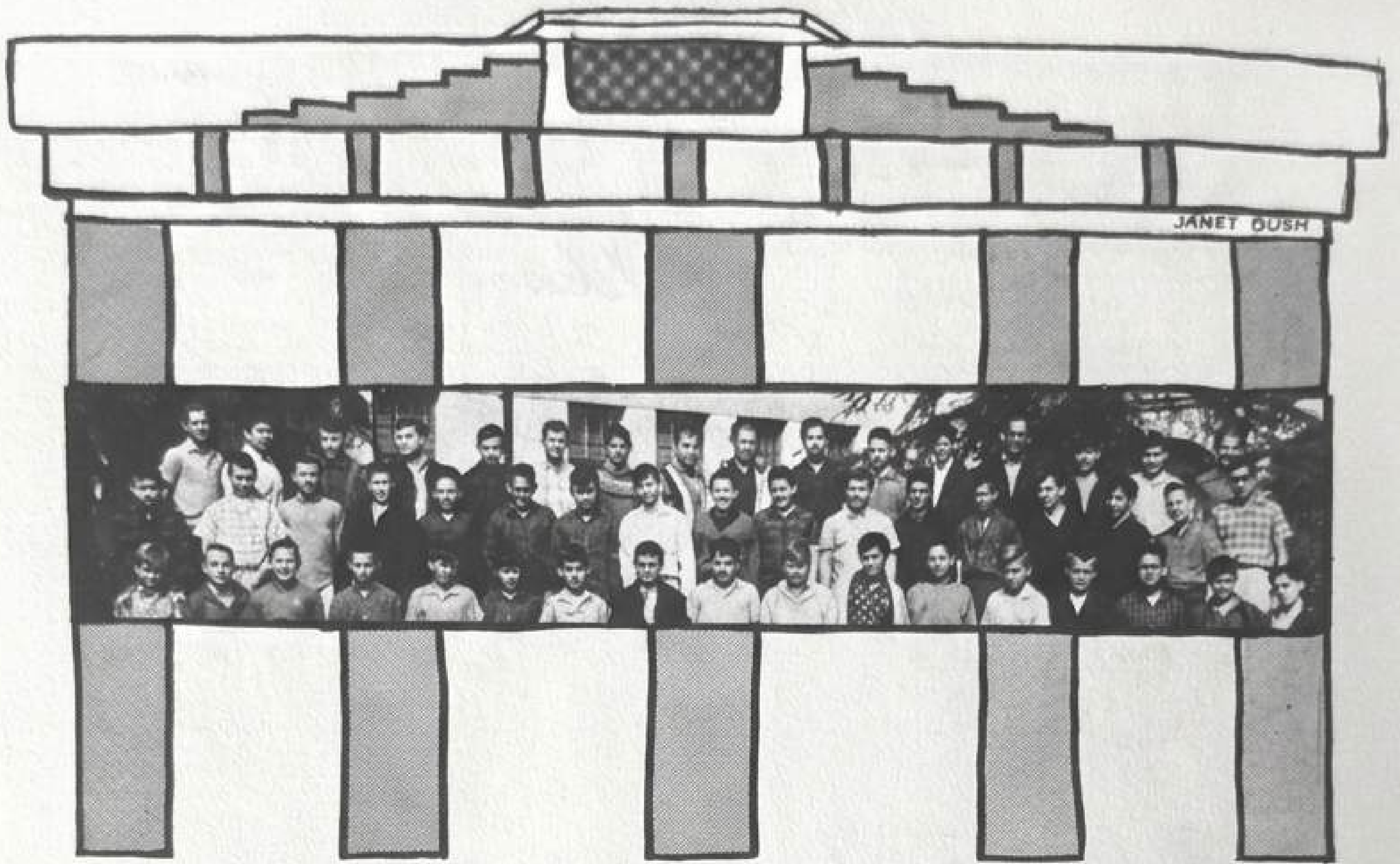
Nancy Chien

A RHAPSODY OF SPRING

Birds are singing in the trees,
Squirrels swing with rhythmic ease.
Bers are twittering through the air.
Lovers are strutting, free from all care.
Animals in the woods awake,
Once again, some food to take.
Trees-lesling out, fresh and green.
Many signs of spring are seen.
Flowers once again are peeping,
From their houses they'll soon be creeping.
Buds are taking on the wing.
This is a rhapsody of spring.

Beth Johannsen





★ BERLIN



FRANKFURT



JANET BUSH

♥ MUNICH

AT LAST, THE LAST SPIKE

It was a long hard way, inch by inch, day by day they traveled. Lay it down, tie it in, nail it down. Over and over the same sounds were made, thud, clack, slap, slap, slap. Though each slap was harder on the men issuing it, each man continued knowing he was closer to his goal. Hurry, hurry, you're in a race, you must win! Each day seemed to grow longer, harder, hotter, yet they continued. Not just for the pay they would get but for their country. When they finished, their country would have a final foothold on the land. Only ten miles to go. Work harder, faster, faster, five, come on hurry, three, quick. At last, the last spikes were driven in. The long hard journey was completed, the first cross continental railroad was finished.

Wendy Beller



RHAPSODY OF SPRING

Close your eyes and listen for you will need complete concentration. You may encounter an occasional crack, which is followed immediately by sounds of joy, disgust, or both. Visualize a small, horsehide-covered spheroïde, bounding over the dirt, towards a man who will ride in the woods. The most important thing is the painting of a canvas bag of sand. And now there is a man running through the field, pasturing the pasture, and he will pluck the spheroïde out of the air. And now there is a man standing high, looking down the field, while the spheroïde is painted in the appointment. For this is the start of the baseball season, sometimes inappropriately called "Spring."

Kirby Schmidt

YOUNG FISHERMAN

Hello, My name is No-to-Son. I do not like anywhere special. My family travel so many. We're the fishermen. My clothes are not very elegant. Next time my father, mother's, brothers and sisters. But I do not want you to receive a bad-looking impression of southern Asian people. Some of us wear very nice cloths. For instance, some of the high-ranking people in the clothes are very expensive, and they live in very beautiful palaces. So do you think you'll find a suitable place to live. I have no education except that of a fisherman. Ever since I was a small boy I have worked to do. Good-bye.

PEACE

Peace is a victory
Over troubled times,
When people of all countries,
And people of all countries.
No longer deem it necessary
To fight and war all year,
And their children can be
Forever in front of fear.

Danicle Rosenman

THREE SKIENS YELLOW YARN...

Hm-m-m, page 6: " . . . 2 cans salmon, 1 package macaroni — Thursday."

Gee! This is interesting!

Page 23: "Three skiens yellow yarn, 4 blue (to match 3½ yds. blue material), blue thread, No. 4 needles."

Page 64: "I hate him, but don't tell him that or he'll"

"Hey! What's the idea of stopping in the middle?"

"Sorry, Mr. _____ was watching me. He'll feel awful.

(Not Mr. _____, HIM)"

"Oh"

"Are you coming tonight? — We need another chocolate cake."

What was all this about? A skirt-and-sweater casserole? Perhaps a narrative by three mixed-up people named "Page 6," "Page 23," and "Page 64"?

Most certainly not!

I'll give you a clue. It was all found along the margins.

—Margins of what?

Why, a sad, abused second-hand book, of course.

Are you guilty?

F - or - r Sh - a - me - e!

Dana Johnson

THE REDWOODS

Do redwoods ever grow tired of holding themselves so high?
Do they ever shiver on frosty nights with their tops against the sky?
I think, perhaps, they feel lonely sometimes, because they have grown so tall.
Do they ever wish they could lie right down and never get up at all?

Sharon McCall

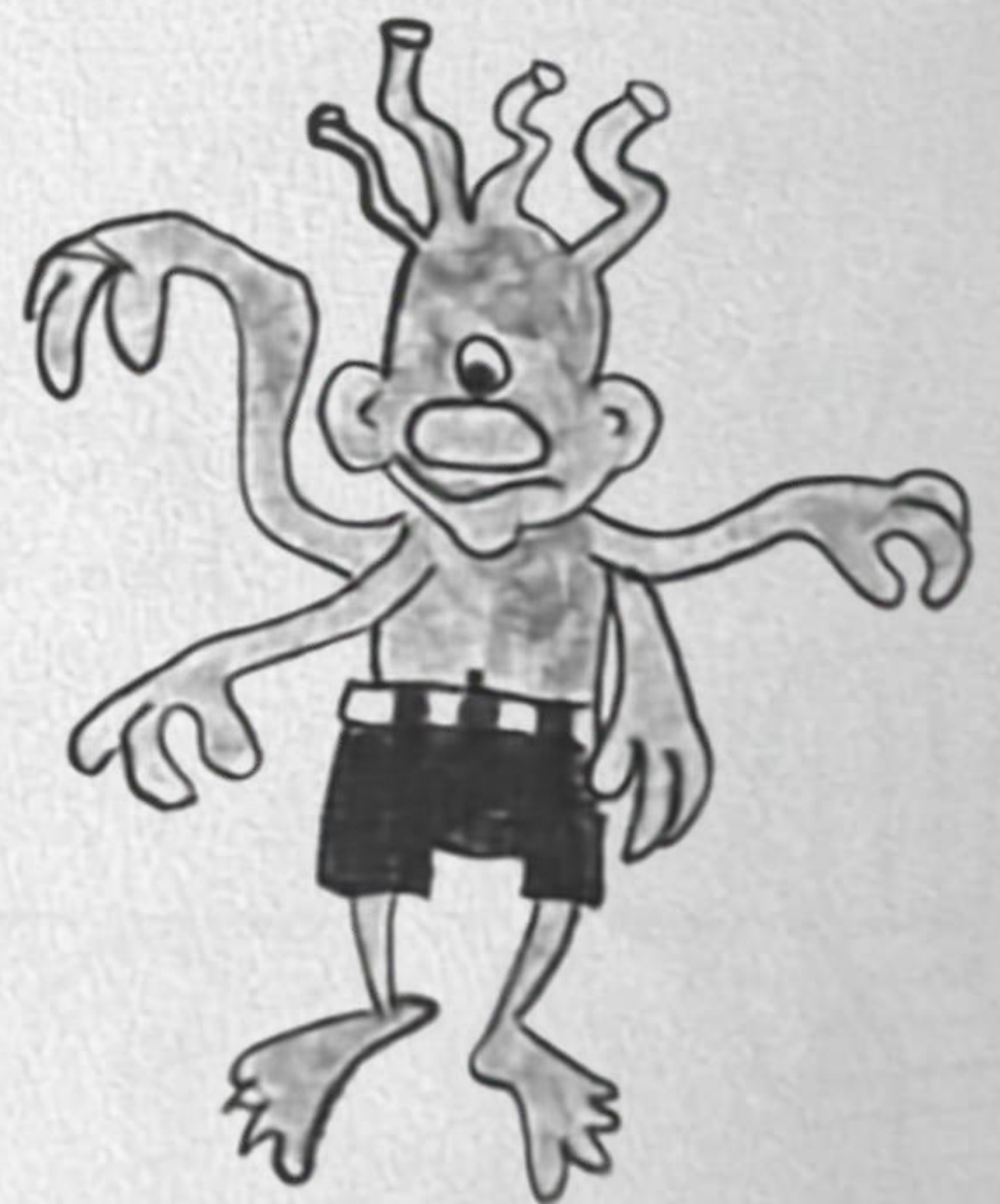
THE TRIP THROUGH OUTER SPACE

The date was March 27, 1983. The spaceship Outer had been traveling through space for exactly one year with a crew of twelve. The purpose of their journey was to find if life existed on other planets. On this day they spotted a foreign planet 10,000 miles away. They decided to land on this planet.

At exactly 8:35:44 PM the spaceship touched down. At exactly this moment an alert went out all over the strange planet. It read as follows: "Attention all the countries of the world; we are being invaded by people from another world."

Yes, the truth was the earth had finally been invaded.

Phil Kaufman





THE LAST WAVE

He felt a tingle of anticipation as he sat on the lush grass above the black sand watching the waves crush the rocks in their watery vise. He felt that today was the day—his wave was coming in. He had been all over at the best spots—Peru, Hawaii, France, Australia, and of course Southern California—but never had he seen waves like these at Piha, New Zealand, nor had he experienced the sensation he felt today. It was a sense of exhilaration and oneness. True, he was alone—no one else would dare the surf today. He stood, picked up his board, and began to walk the length of the grass. At the end, he stopped an instant and started the dash across the burning ebony sands to the water.

Once in the water he paddled out and waited. After an hour of passing up good waves he saw "his" wave. It started out farther than the rest. As it came it swelled higher and higher—a monster, a freak, a once in a life-time wave! No sooner had he paddled into position than it took him to the peak of ecstasy. Oddly enough, it seemed to suck him down into its depths and into its tube. The vortex whirled about him and he laughed as he rode the wave to infinity, infinity, infinity...

Miriam Stermer

M. O. M.!

Oh, how I had waited in anticipation for this moment! I had only a few more miles to walk and I would be there.

As I passed through the streets of Rome, I noticed the little Italian shops, that were parallel to me. The sidewalk cafes greeted me at almost every turn. The obese Italian mommas that were yelling at their children, intrigued me to decipher what was being said. Even the Roman Colosseum gave me a certain thrill that is unexplainable.

With all these interesting sights, though, there was still an air about me that only I knew. Only one more mile and I would be there. I would enter and be the first American in this new country. This country, the smallest in the world, where no American had yet set foot. Only two blocks were now left. I already could see it. It was so different from the others around.

My hand was now on the doorknob. I realized that I had to accomplish no great feat, just to walk in. I did it. I was the first. The first American in M.O.M.—Military Order of Malta—a country in a building!

Heidi Wesibaum

THE PEACE CORPS

I am a member of the Peace Corps of the United States. After my enlisting in the corps, I had to undergo intensive study in courses in American history and democracy, and the history, language, and culture of the country to which I was to be sent. My assignment was as a surveyor in Nigeria, an African country in dire need of the Peace Corps. Although the corps has not been in Nigeria long, we have already constructed roads, bridges, schools, and other public works. Some of my fellow workers are now teaching the Africans English and other related subjects about the United States in Nigerian schools.

One thing that may seem rather odd about my job is that I receive no wages, only living expenses. When my two-year stay is finished, I will receive a small bonus from the government when I return to America. We in the Peace Corps live on a standard comparable to the commonfolk and natives of the countries in which we are stationed, and not like the high-living American diplomats and ambassadors.

The requirements for becoming a corpsman are few. Basically, one must be at least eighteen years of age, must pass a special examination, and must have some skill or knowledge of use to the organization. I enjoy my work, for it is to spread American friendship and freedom, a worthwhile vocation indeed.

Cornelius Golden

OLD MEXICALI

Well, we arrived in Mexicali, Mexico, finally. There we were, in a small foreign town full of dust and dirt.

I saw some people pushing old, ready-to-fall-apart carts right down the middle of the streets! They were poor, very poor. Instead of patching holes in tattered, white shirts, they usually left them visible and exposed.

Then, as we turned a corner with a rusty, chipped-off sign that we supposed meant "stop," we suddenly approached gleaming white mansions, very much to our surprise! There they stood, two stories high usually, surrounded by tall concrete walls decorated with delicate works of black iron grating.

What happened? Were we in the same tiny town or were we suddenly in the ornate residential section of a famous city? We soon found out that we were in both as we kept driving down the street.

There we saw another beautiful home with tall trees and even grass, for we were in the desert. Next to it was in contrast a most appalling sight. It was a dirt-covered shack made of wood collected from around the dump by the canal and some adobe.

An old woman, who had accumulated more wrinkles than I thought possible, sat cooking fragrant tamales and tortillas. About her were a tanned boy, minus clothing, a dark, young girl with long, plain braids, who helped prepare their meager meal, and a tired father just home from the cotton fields working as a bracero.

How could they live such an awesome life?

But the regrettable part of this was that immediately next door was the very elaborate home, of perhaps some wealthy merchant. Something was wrong here. But I could, of course, do nothing about it.

Another poor fact is that too many of us here in our great city feel we are so underprivileged. We think we are loaded down with too much work, and no play or enjoyment, so that we revolt. We refuse to obey authority.

In that town, which happens to be the capital, Mexicali, of Baja California, Mexico, those poor children cannot do anything but work and work hard. There is no time for "revolting," only time for jobs, chores, and if they're lucky, study.

Too bad more of the fortunate can't see Mexicali. Many might deplore it. The more deeply-thinking ones would know it. They would explore it, its people.

I was one of these lucky people for I lived just three or four streets from Mexicali, on the other side of the border, this side, where opportunity is always taken for granted.

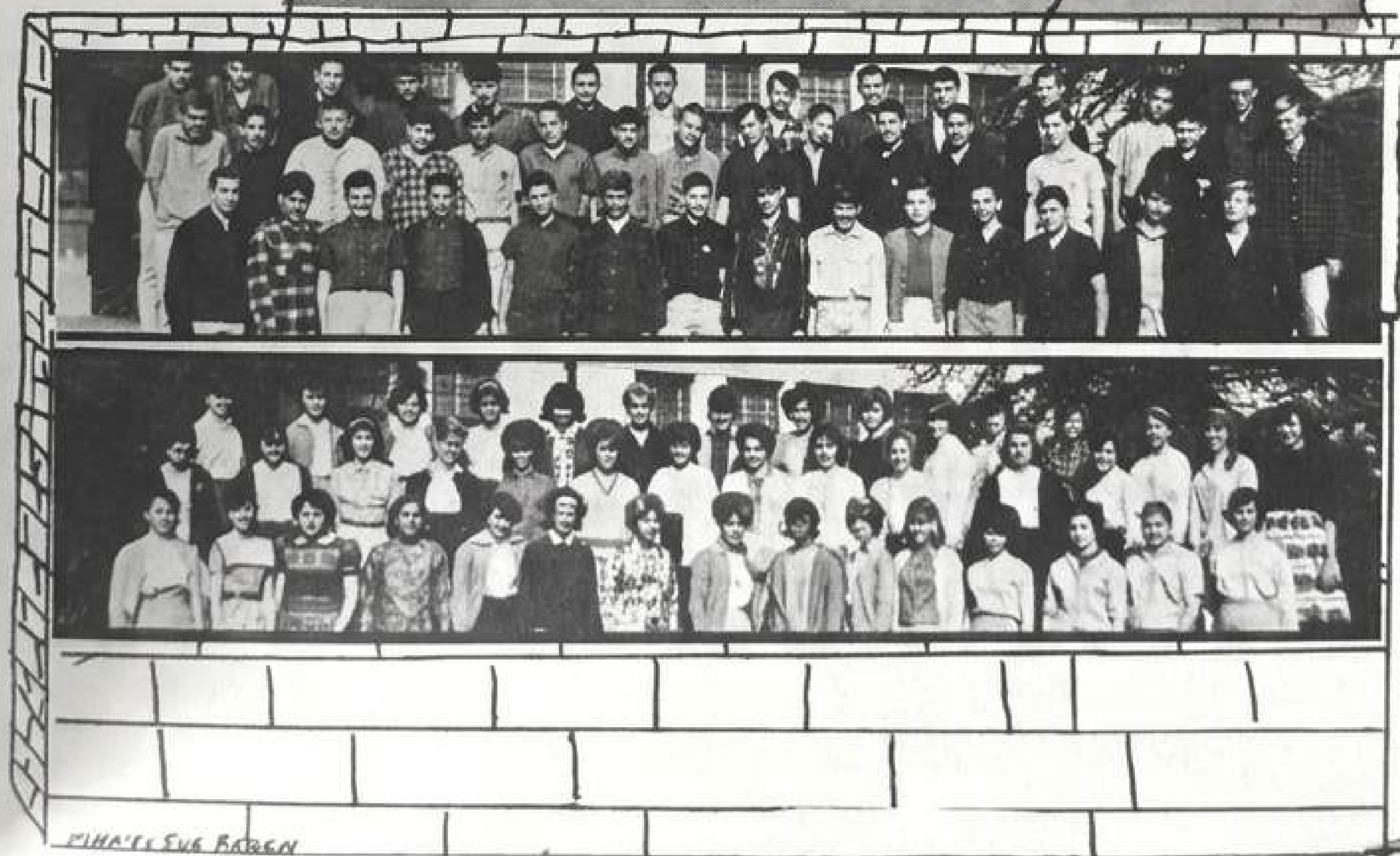
I wish Mexicali were known by everybody, because most people here don't care—they just don't care!

Nancy Chien

BONJOUR.

A-8





A DATE WITH FATE

The night was brisk and cold when I decided to take a walk. I was walking along the familiar street past the old church, enjoying the clear night air when something made me pause to look at the graveyard behind the church. A weird feeling came over me as I noticed the various kinds of headstones casting their eerie shadows as if they were beckoning me. These haunting shapes seemed to act like huge magnets pulling and tugging at my legs, ordering them to bring me in among them. Without even realizing I was moving, I suddenly found myself in the center of these cold monstrous creatures, each one leering at me in its own way. I tried to fight back but just as I was within reach of the gate, a cold icy wind blew the iron gate closed and a loud click fastened it tight. I tried in vain to open it, but some unseen force seemed to hold it secure. I knew then that I was trapped.

My mind told me not to panic, but my feet would not obey. They carried me farther and farther toward the center of the cemetery, far away from safety outside that horrible gate. I felt chilled and suddenly out of the cold, clear stillness a mass of white, frightening fog seeped its way toward me. My feet seemed welded to the ground. As it got closer and closer, suddenly a voice came to my fear numbed brain telling me I was to meet someone here, in this very graveyard, that had always before seemed to be such a quiet peaceful place to me. Who could this person be? I must have been hypnotized by the voice commanding me to look for this someone.

I began to walk, but somehow I felt I was not alone. I stopped and looked around I only saw the jeering faces of the tombstones. Icy fear laid its grasp upon my heart and panic once again took hold. Whatever this was that was following me could not be human.

I began to run. I ran and ran and seemed to be running faster than I ever had run in my life, and yet I seemed to be getting nowhere. Panting and breathless, I stumbled and went on reaching and grasping for some last hope to get me out of this place. Then I tripped on a tombstone. I went down and down and felt like I was falling thousands of feet through an endless vacuum. My fear seemed to leave me and the grinning tombstones seemed to disappear. A feeling of peace came over me.

Now as I ride above the clouds looking below on the peaceful graveyard, I know that my date with fate was set for that night long ago. The voice of death had advised me to keep that date. I did.

Roxie Raymond



BRAZIL

Hello! I'm Eduardo. I live in Santos, Brazil. It is a wonderful city, and in this month of June it is beautiful. Right down the street from my home there are many large hotels, most very new. Also, nearby are railroads that handle the coffee shipping. There is always the aroma of coffee near my home, because it is such a large business. Everything faces our beautiful harbor. The harbor is good for fishing, and my father, who is a doctor, often takes me on fishing trips. I go on many trips. I have even been to the National Library in Rio de Janeiro, about 175 miles north of Santos. Also, we go to nearby Sao Paulo. At school, I am in what is called "colegio," or the tenth through twelfth grade school. My grade is the tenth, and I go to school from 12:30 to 5:00, five days a week. Next month is winter vacation. It sounds odd, but our seasons are different from yours. Next Monday, June 24, is St. John's Day and there is no school and much celebration. I can hardly wait. I must go now, for father, "papai" as said in our language, is home and it is dinner time. "Adeus!"

Richard Barnett

SECOND-HAND BOOKS

Joe was walking home from school today. He isn't a very studious boy, nor a bookworm, but he still had that book report to do for English. When he arrived at his home, he decided that since there wasn't anything to eat in the house, and that he didn't have anything else to do at the moment, that he would start reading the paper-back that he bought at the second-hand store on the way to school the other day.

Joe thinks that he has the good habit of buying the things he needs at the second-hand store, which saves him money.

With the radio on in his room, Joe read the first twenty-five pages and found only two of them with scribbling on them. He didn't mind that much because the two pages were in the first two chapters which were just boring and introductory. Then he became buried in the book in the next fifty pages. After dinner, still with the radio on, he came to the plot, the climax. This was the place where Detective Tom says, "I found out who the murderer is," to Police Lieutenant Parker. Detective Tom continues—Joe looks on the next page. "Oh, no!" Joe exclaimed, "The page has been torn out!"

Jeff Drobman

THE PAINT-BRUSH

The gentle skillful hands of a cultured man grasped the paint-brush. He carefully allowed just enough water to be absorbed by the brush. Meticulously, he mixed the perfect color, with his brush. Then, using nature's painted sunset as his model, he began...

The meeting of the paint-brush and the clean white canvas began a masterpiece. Many similar beginning scenes have brought us our world's culture through these paintings.

Judy Davidson

A NEW LIFE

I am leaving my family. As we row away, I look back upon the quaint, well-kept house surrounded by lush green fields. Sheep are feeding in the field nearest the canal.

The boat is left behind, and a kind-faced man takes me to the airport and puts me on the plane. As we fly through the clear, blue sky, I look down upon the patterns of criss-crossed fields made by the drainage canals.

I sadly bid a silent good-by forever to my beloved homeland, Holland. We're now above the clouds. I put my head down to rest.

Upon awakening, I realize we are flying over churning blue waters. And there is the Statue of Liberty, the lovely Lady I've heard so much about.

A young man helps me off the airplane. I soon find myself in the home of a gracious woman.

I am still sad about leaving Holland, but I know that this land is a good land. Here I will bring happiness and beauty to others as I grow, for I am a little tulip bulb.

Dana Johnson

THE FIRST MOUNTAIN

The day dawned clear and bright. It was a beautiful day for Peter Baumann's first mountain climb. His father was Johann Baumann, the best climber in all Switzerland.

By five in the morning they were out of their small home near the foot of the mountain they would be climbing. It was not a very high one, only some 3,452 feet, and every rocky inch was covered with ice and snow. Yes, it was a good mountain for a first climb.

Peter smiled anxiously and excitedly at Johann and then at the mountain.

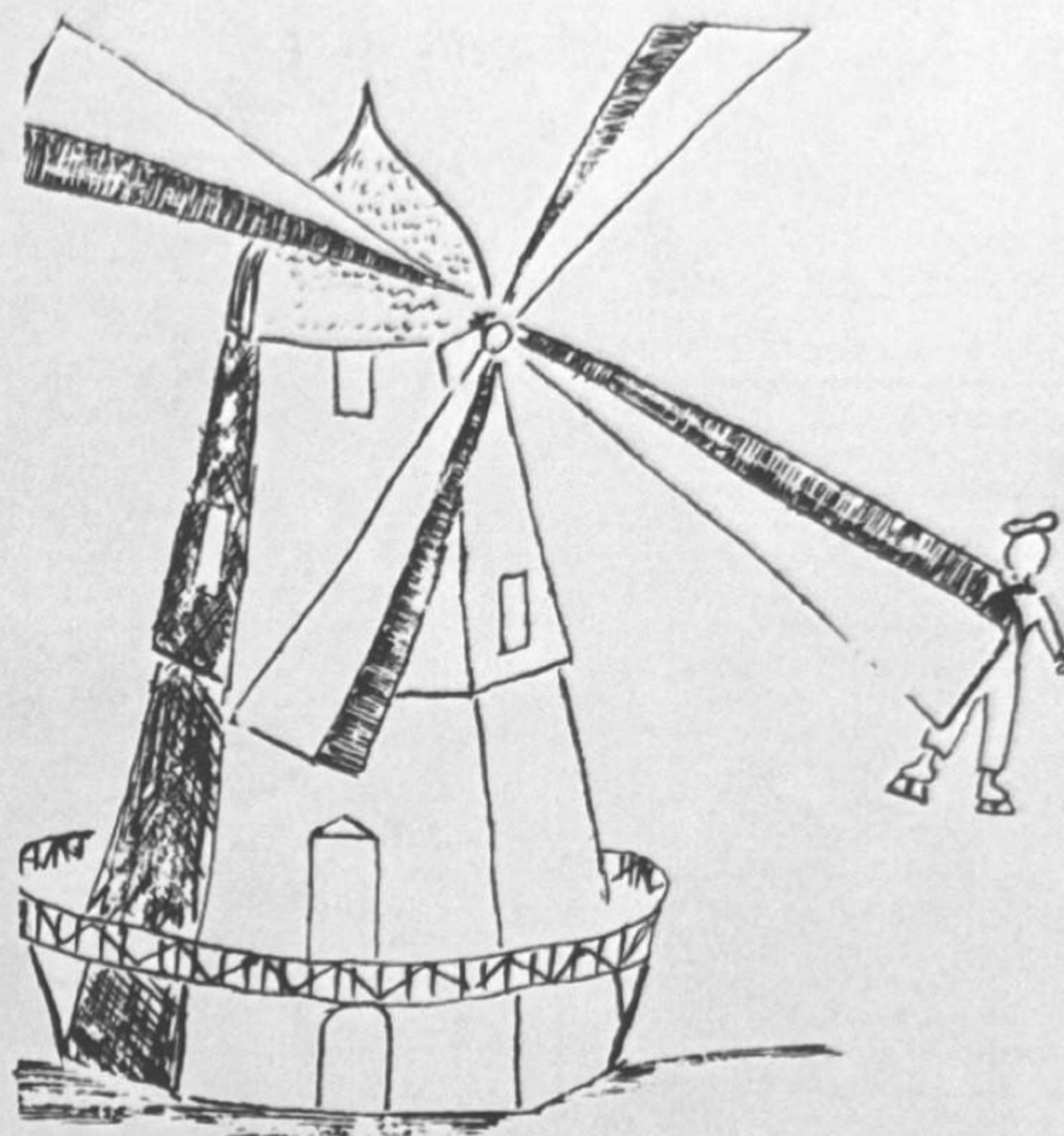
"I will conquer you, Mountain. I shall do it today, as I have always dreamed someday I should," said Peter in defiance of the mountain, so gigantic next to the thirteen-year-old boy with his pick, rope, and axe.

They started the climb, Johann leading the way, instructing his son to follow his motions and to use his tools as he had been taught.

Time wore on slowly for the climb was long and hard for inexperienced Peter. They climbed up and up, for what seemed like days, but which was, in reality, a very few hours.

At one o'clock that afternoon, Peter Baumann's fondest dream, had come true; he had climbed the first mountain. As he stood there at the summit, a new sensation came over him. Looking down, into the valley far below them, Johann looked with new pride at his son. He knew, they both knew, that this was not the last mountain Peter would challenge successfully.

Janine Larson



ANNA
STERN

HANS BLINKER AND HIS SILVER SPECS

Hans Blinker had a problem, he blinked too fast. In order to see he had to wear a special pair of specs to hold open his eyelids.

One day while skating on a neighboring pond, he tripped, fell, and broke his silver specs. He got up and after stumbling around for a while he started for home. Unfortunately, he was headed in the wrong direction. Because he was blinking so fast, Hans didn't see a large windmill right in front of him. He walked straight into it and an arm of the windmill caught his suspenders. The last we saw of Hans Blinker he was hanging on a windmill arm going round and round, minus his silver specs.

Carol Heichel

THE LEADER

All night, I had thought of what I was going to say. Mr. Hanson, YOUR Service Club is unjust, unfair, and nothing but a social club. That was what I was going to say. Here it comes. The summons. Yep, that's my name all right. And I'm off. As I walked down the hall, I thought of my opinion, what I was going to tell him.

I walked in and sat down. Right away, my name was called. Suddenly, he did all the talkin'.

"You look like a nice boy. Now, how did this come about?"

I told him my story. He listened and nodded.

"I think you are a victim of misjudgment. You can go back to class."

As I started, I thought, he isn't such a bad guy, for a teacher!

Vernon Fagin



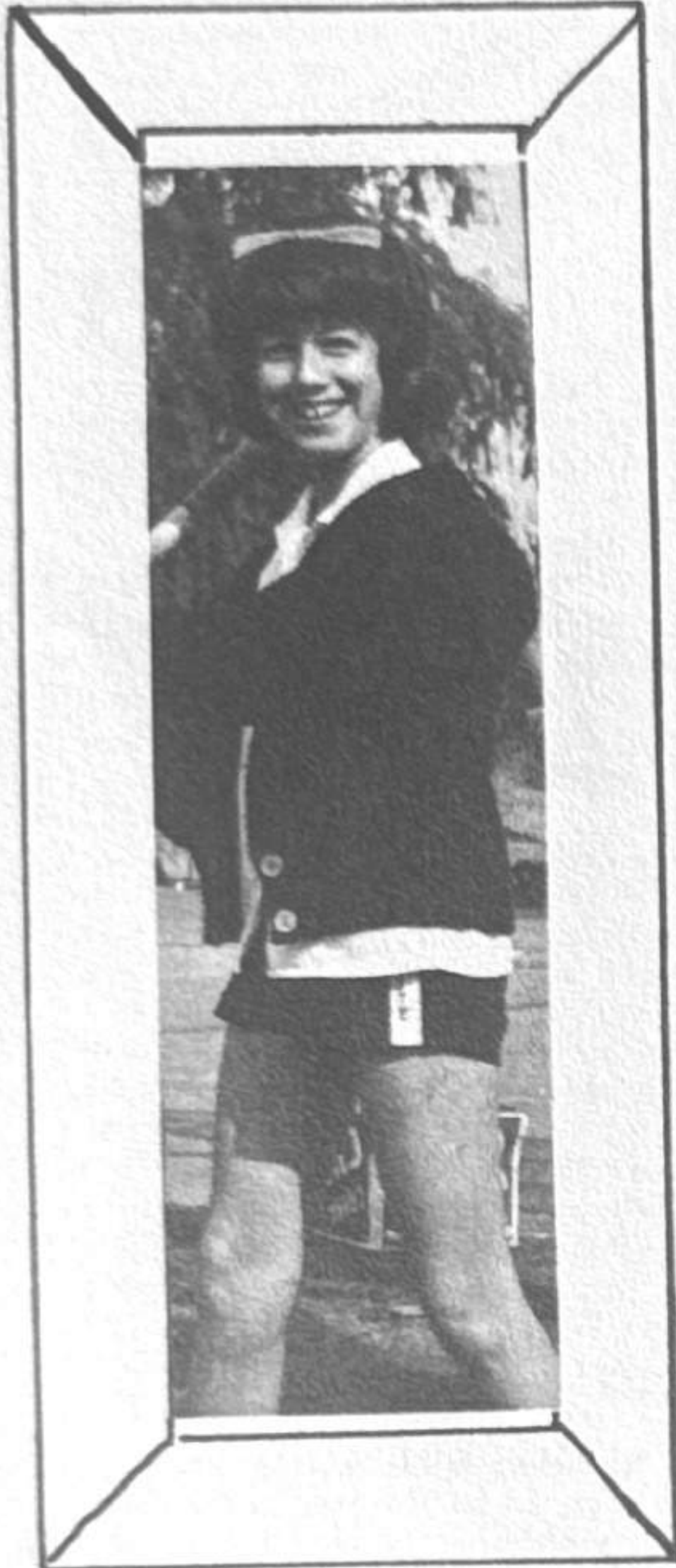
MARLEE SUE REGEN

LIMITED DELIGHT

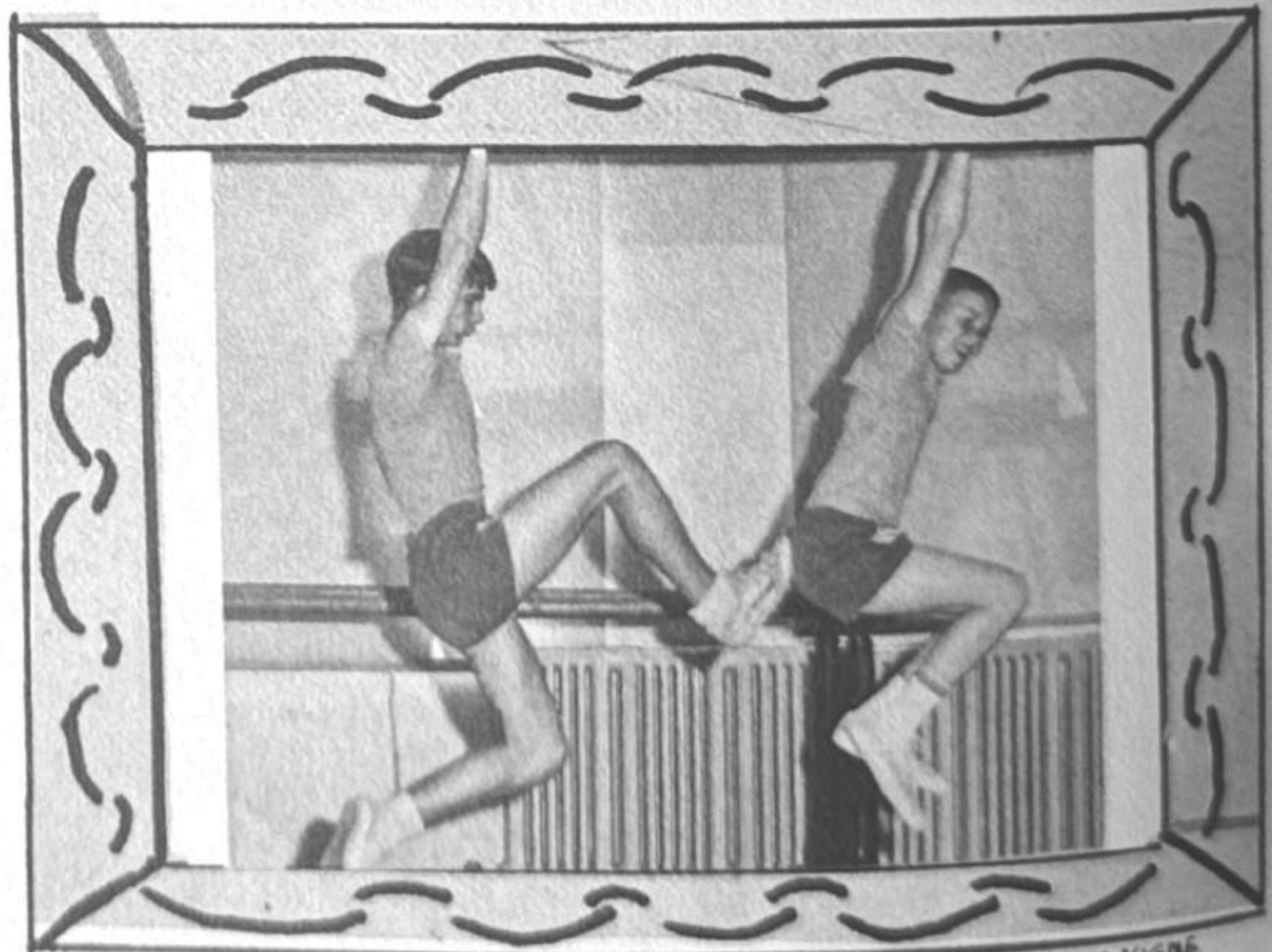
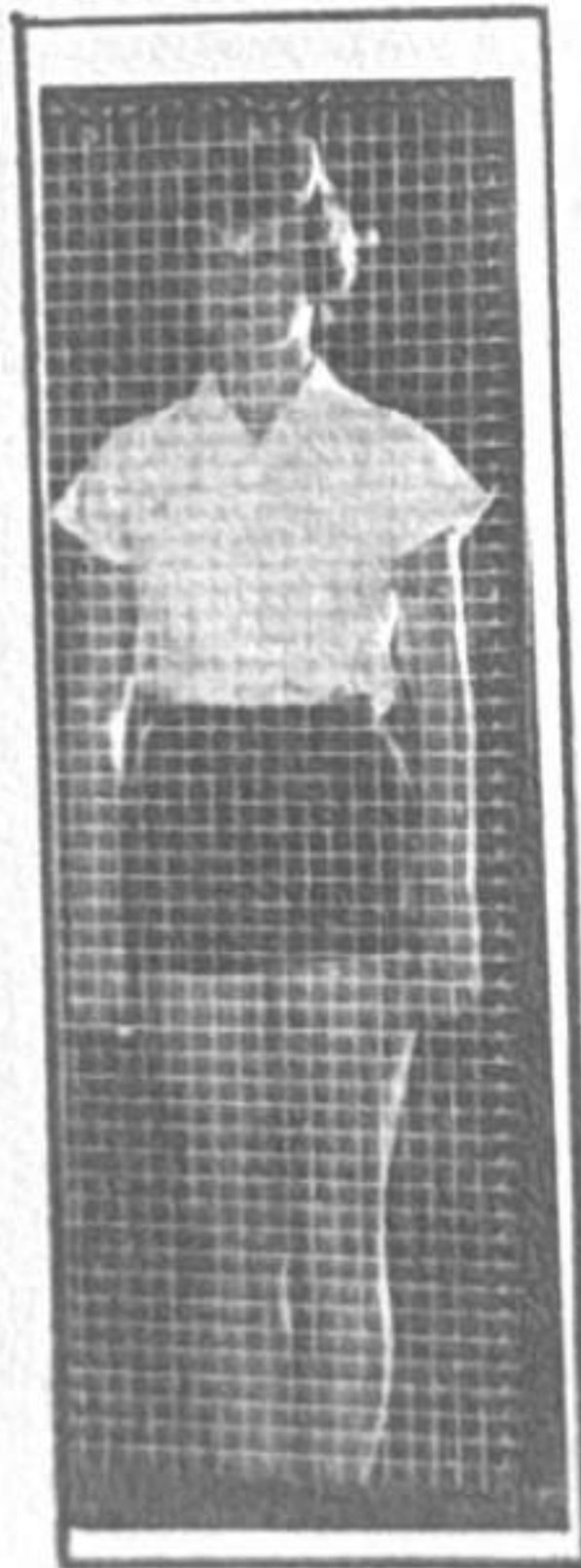
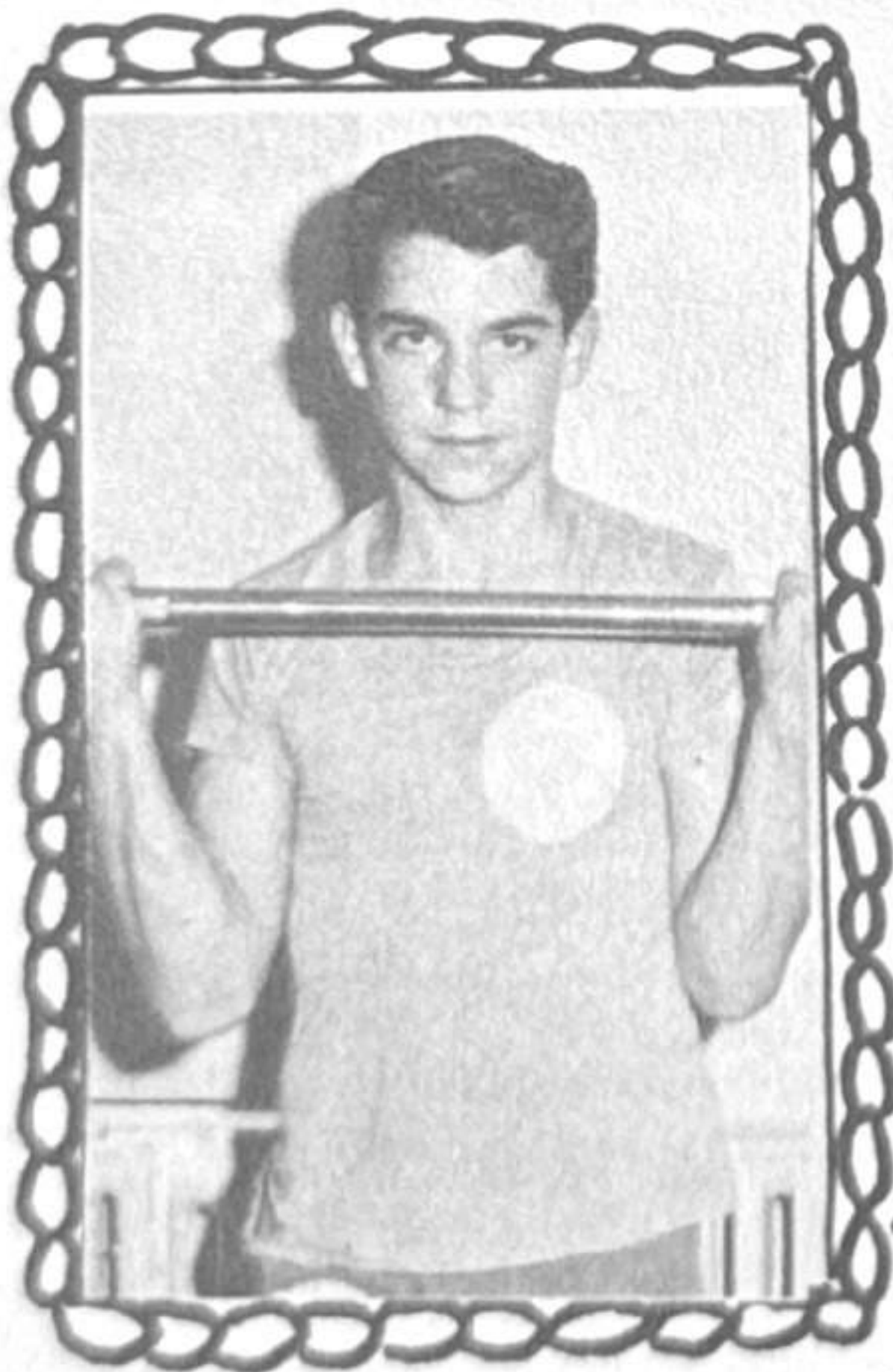
Spring is limited delight. Spring is the bristling, startling color of budding blossoms, the gurgling and playful whirlpools in a bubbling, icy stream melted from a past season, and the whispering murmurs of soft, wintry winds strolling through sunlit, curved paths of cool, lush air.

Spring ends thus, but spring is *not* life.

Nancy Chien

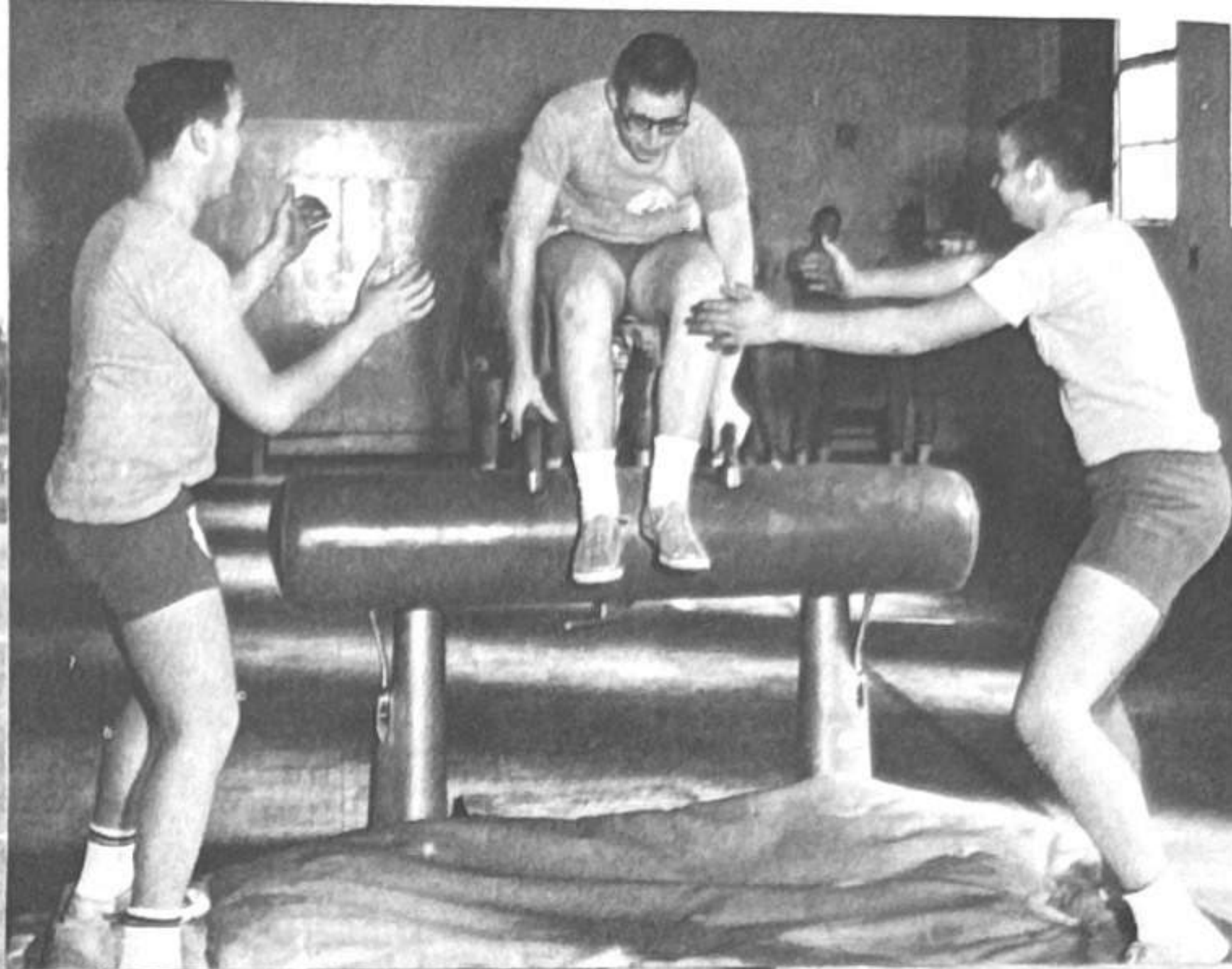


PHYSICAL FITNESS



ROBIN LA VIGNE

Em



A DAY WITH FIGARO

Hi. My name is Figaro. I am the happy, playful sort. Often I am accused of being rambunctious, but I'm really not. My life is extremely hard and difficult.

Every morning I get up at ten o'clock, eat breakfast, and go to school. No, not an ordinary school, but an obedience class.

When I get back, I do my homework, under pressure, of course. After my afternoon stroll and nap, I dine. On what? Anything that happens to be around—hamburgers, chicken, steak.

When the old clock finally rolls around to nine-thirty, I get put to bed, but not before my bedtime snack, two scoops of chocolate ice cream.

Oh, me! Isn't it a dog's life?

Wendy Kaufman



MINE

No one thought it could happen. Everyone thought he would continue forever, always victorious. But that didn't happen. He lost one. He lost mine.

"Do just as I say," he said. He was so confident.

What could I do? I didn't do it! They didn't believe me. No matter what I said.

We lost.

It was first degree murder, guilty, and I didn't do it.

No one thought it could happen. Perry Mason lost a case. Mine.

Wendy Beller

THE SHELL

She was alone; she couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep. All she could do was think. Her mind would not stop working. She would never stop reliving that nightmare.

She stiffened. She heard that last scream over and over again. Her eyelids widened as she again saw his body being stuffed into the freight car. Her heart beat wildly, again her body held immovable by a force stronger than her will to stop them.

She would never be able to forget the day the Gestapo found him. The last day she saw him.

She clutched the bars and stared without seeing her small white room. She was alone; she couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep...

Danielle Rosenman

100 TONS OF ROCK

Just one hundred more stones to attach and it would be completed! The slaves had been working for the past six months on this great structure. A great number had collapsed because of the sweltering heat, but still the work continued. Others had been crushed to death beneath the appalling weight of the carved stones. Only yesterday a group of men had been killed, by a rather ignorant action. They had been transferring stones over to the edifice, and had stopped for a rest. They all sat against the stones, thinking they could prevent them from rolling off the cart. They were wrong. Their horrified screams were quickly drowned out, by the smashing sounds of the stones. Only their mutilated bodies were left after the dust cleared. Their bones and skin were left unnoticed to rot away in the burning sands of the Egyptian desert.

The sun was directly overhead and the intense heat made the working almost unbearable. The men could not quit, though. They had been working, for it seems an eternity, and now the end was near. Just one more stone and they were done. There! It was finished. The great Sphinx of Egypt stood in its entirety.

Heidi Weisbaum

THAT NIGHT IN RED DOG

If I recall correctly, it was the middle of March, and there was a fierce wind blowing in Red Dog, the town that I was visiting.

I was on my way home from a party at about two in the morning. As I walked, I noticed the eerie way the clouds were passing under the moon.

All of a sudden there was a dog's bark, which was abruptly stopped with an ear splitting yelp, which came from the general direction of the dog's bark; after that silence.

All of a sudden a hideous creature loomed in my path. It seemed to be an animal but stood and walked on two feet. It had hair all over its body, and teeth and claws which could tear a person apart with one grab, and over its shoulder was the completely mutilated body of a dog.

I turned and ran as fast as I could, but presently I felt a claw rip my shoulder.

After that everything went blank. I must go now, I have to find out who's blowing that trumpet.

Dave Clark



Capla
Choo!

INDIA

In the United States we are indeed very fortunate. For in India, twice as many people are crammed in a country only one-third our size. Most of them have no place to stay, and go to bed hungry.

But wait, let's start where most of the population is located, the country. There are three main problems that confront these people. The first is they can't grow enough food, secondly, they don't have enough water, and thirdly, their land is almost farmed out. Consequently, because of these conditions they don't live a very long life.

The government is trying to make these conditions better by building dams and making new factories, but until these factories and dams are completed, the conditions under which these people live could grow worse.

In the cities, things look more promising in the way of food, but not in housing. For in the cities some of the people go to bed with a full stomach, but many people have no home, and therefore sleep on the streets.

Despite these problems, the people of India are very gay and have many holidays, in which most people participate. For example, the Dashahara Festival is a ten day holiday. This holiday is to celebrate King Rama's defeat over the evil King Ravan.

What kind of people will the Indian children be? This all depends upon help from friendly countries. Part of the answer depends on you.

Dave Clark

THIS DAY I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE

It was a cool day in the middle of autumn. A warm breeze was blowing and the brownish-red leaves fluttered softly to the ground. The only problem was I couldn't enjoy the day for I had an unexplainable eerie feeling haunting me.

Just then a sharp, piercing sound was heard. It was being broadcast through loudspeakers at the end of the block. I began running—faster, faster not knowing why or where. Finally I stopped. I recognized my house, and the bomb-shelter in the backyard. I scrambled down the ladder and yelled for any people who hadn't found cover. There were none. I closed the top behind me and figured how lucky I was to live through this raid—or to have a chance of living.

Then I heard a whistle, a crash, an explosion, and a rumble. Then all was still. I made it! I made it! I'm still alive. With an air of gayness, I opened the top and glanced around. In horror I slunk back into the shelter, as I realized that the only thing left to keep me company was a dead silence. Nothing was moving. No breeze was blowing—no sounds to be heard. At a glance, all one could see was a community of burnt corpses, trees, and houses. No company but the dead silence!

Joel Lester

A BIRD?

Look at that bird!
My word!
That's a bird?
He has wings but no flight,
He eats only at night,
And is frightened by anything
That comes in his sight.
This bird has a beak
Which is anything but weak!
With it, worms, insects, and
Berries it seeks.
Now can you tell me
What this odd thing could be?
Well, let me see . . .
It's a Kiwi!
This strange bird is rare
And is found only where?
Oh! Way down there,
In New Zealand.
In that country where one
Can have all sorts of fun.
From fun in the snow to fun in
The sun!

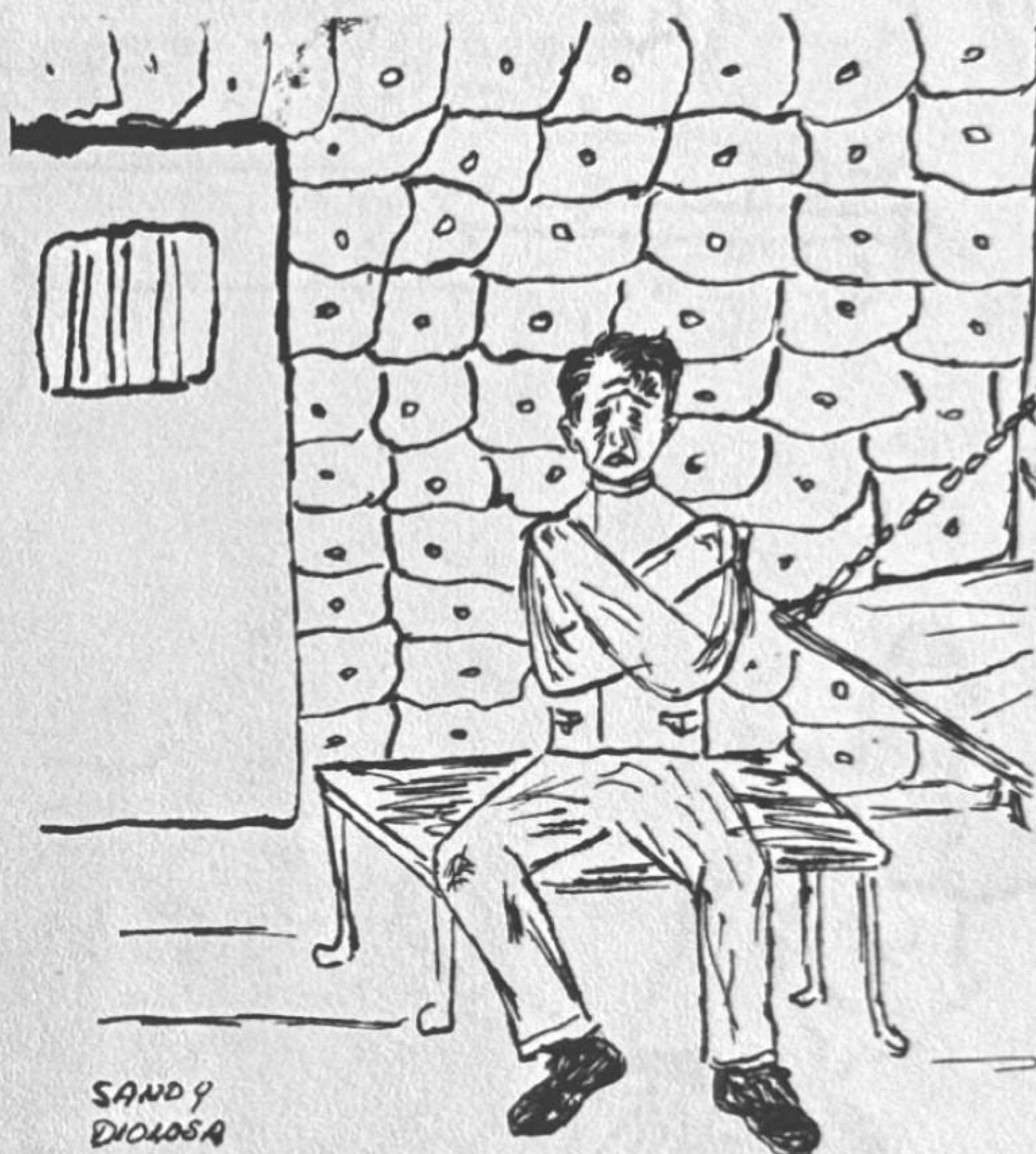
Gale Brock

UNTITLED STORY

As I stumbled down the dark deserted alley I could almost sense that something sinister was about to occur. There was just something about the still black night which led me to possess this dreadful premonition. Then my vitals petrified as it suddenly came into view. It was a huge, opaque object and when it looked at me my blood froze. Then, like a flash, it was tearing at my throat. I tried to scream but no sound would come from my mouth. Suddenly, everything went blank.

"Where am I?" I screamed out wildly, as I tried to get out of the straightjacket into which I had been put. All around me men in white were staring at me incredulously.

Barry Caraco



I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND

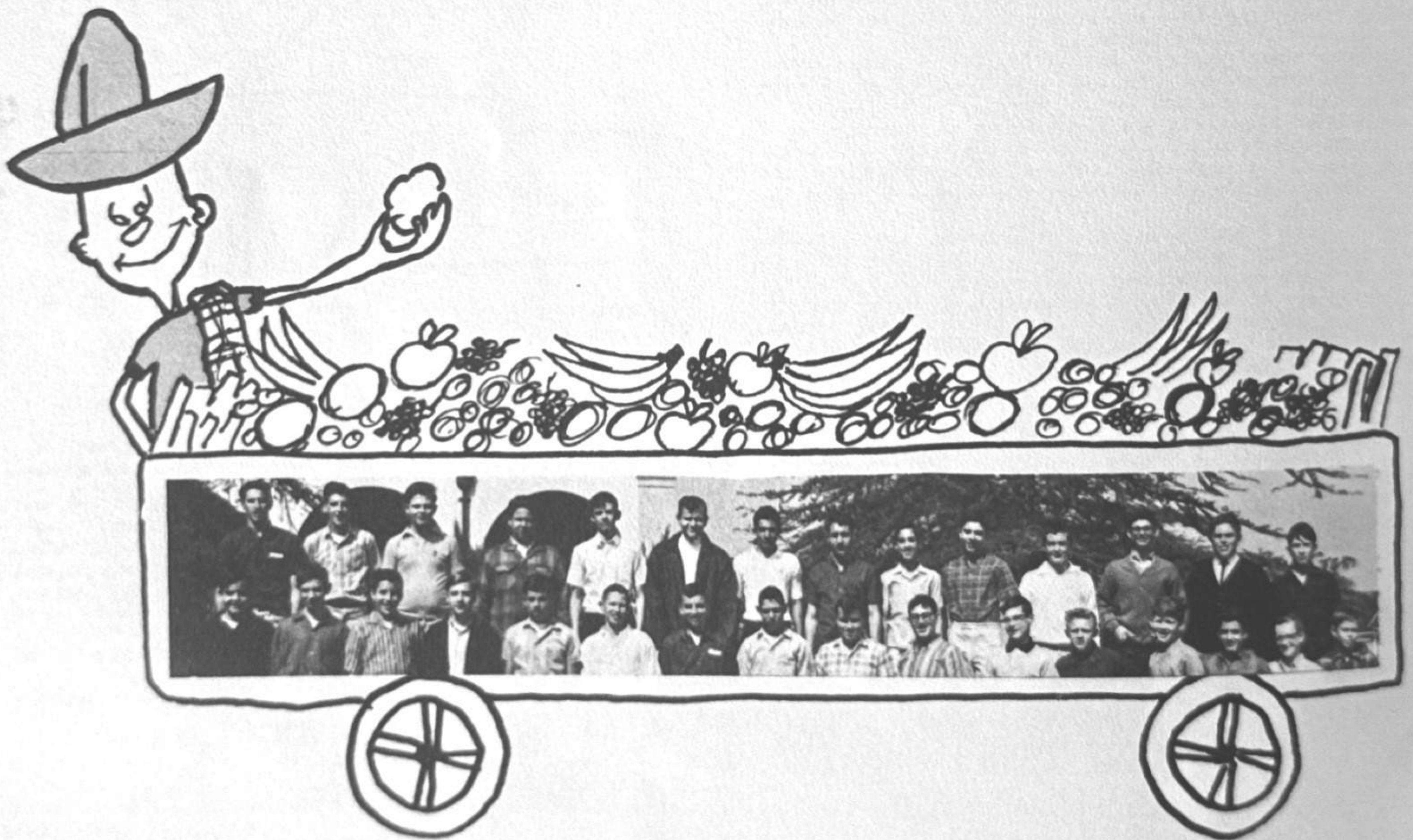
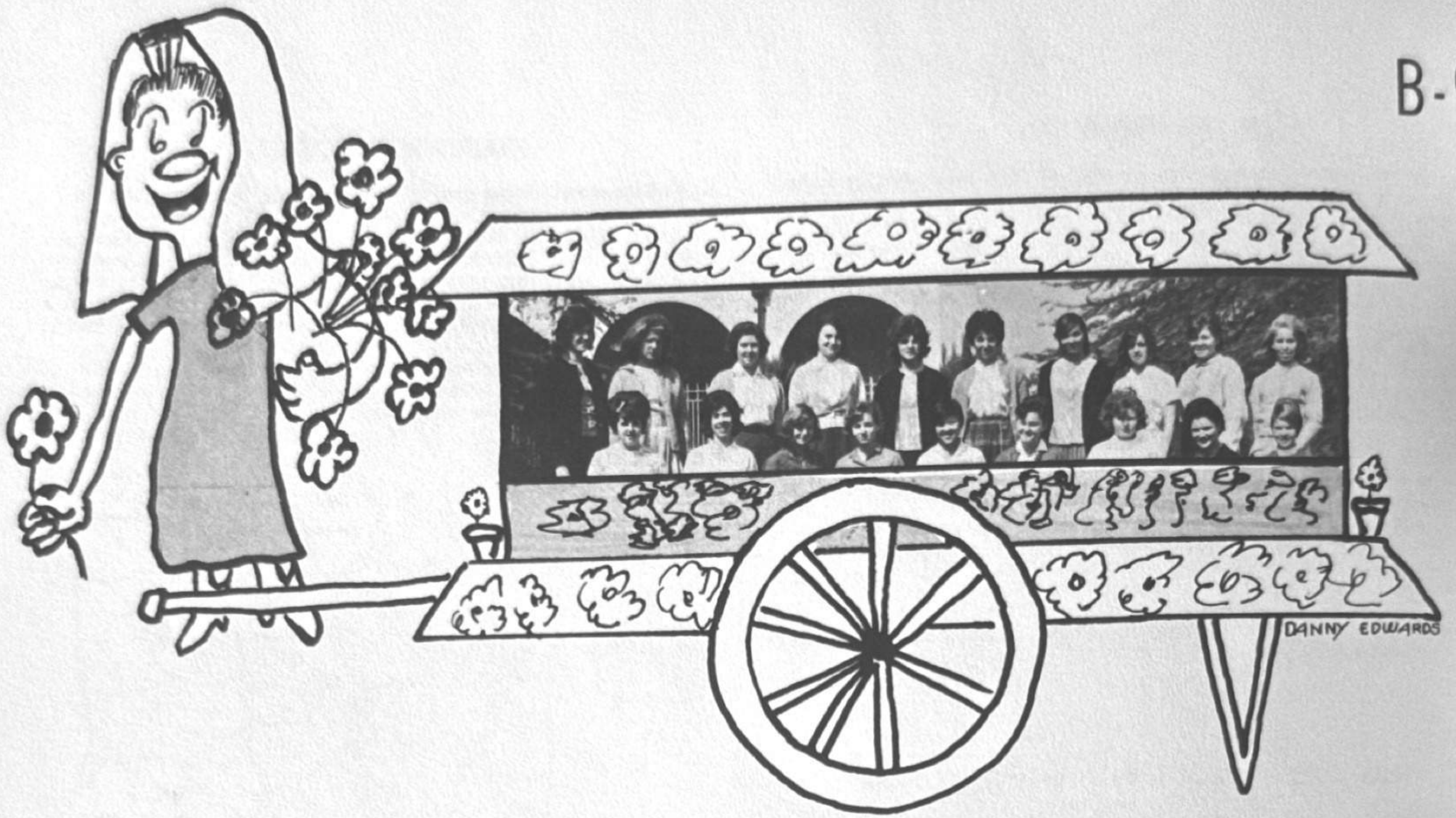
Gee! It's so stuffy! I wish all those books would get off me! My life was so peaceful until I came here. In my first home I would sit on the comfortable leather bookcases, to be admired and handled gently by my owner. Why did he bring me here? The sign said "Snooks Books!" Oh, Well, I still don't understand. Many strange hands feel me over and throw me down. They pile other books on me. My pages are torn, my cover is bent, and my binding is broken. No wonder people pick me up and are disgusted with me. But why must they judge a book by its cover!

Judy Davidson

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE

Oh, no! There he goes playing that dumb thing again. Up I go into the hot sun for about the fifty millionth time today. Up and down, up and down, it's enough to make one have a nervous breakdown. At least I'm getting some attention. Now for a little action to stir up the crowd. I'll give that man in the blue suit something to be scared about. If I just sort of edge over closer to him. There, he'll never be the same again. What, they're all leaving, the show is over. Darn, I was just getting started. I feel sorry for myself, it is surely tough to be a cobra.

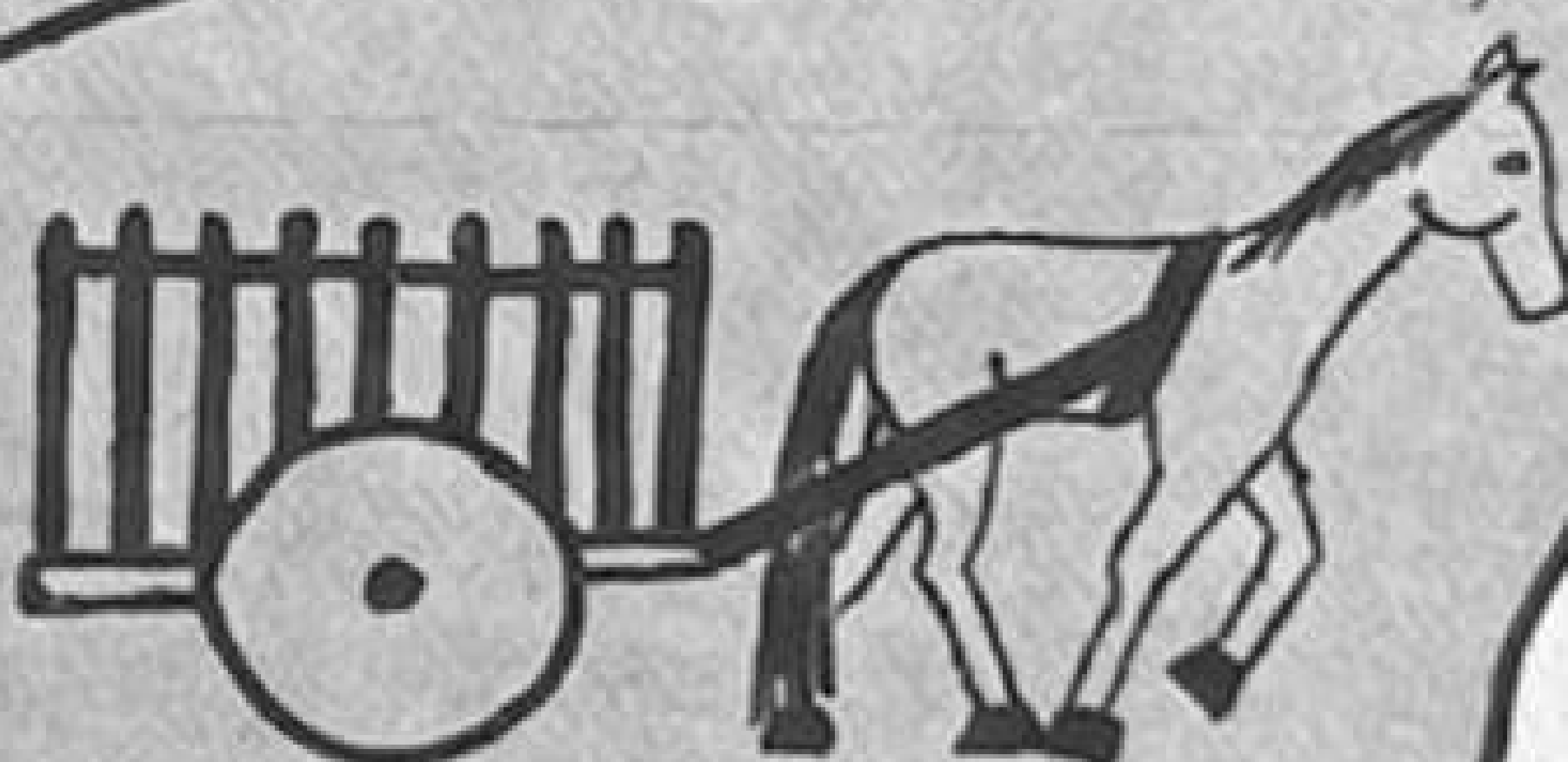
Tom Cummings



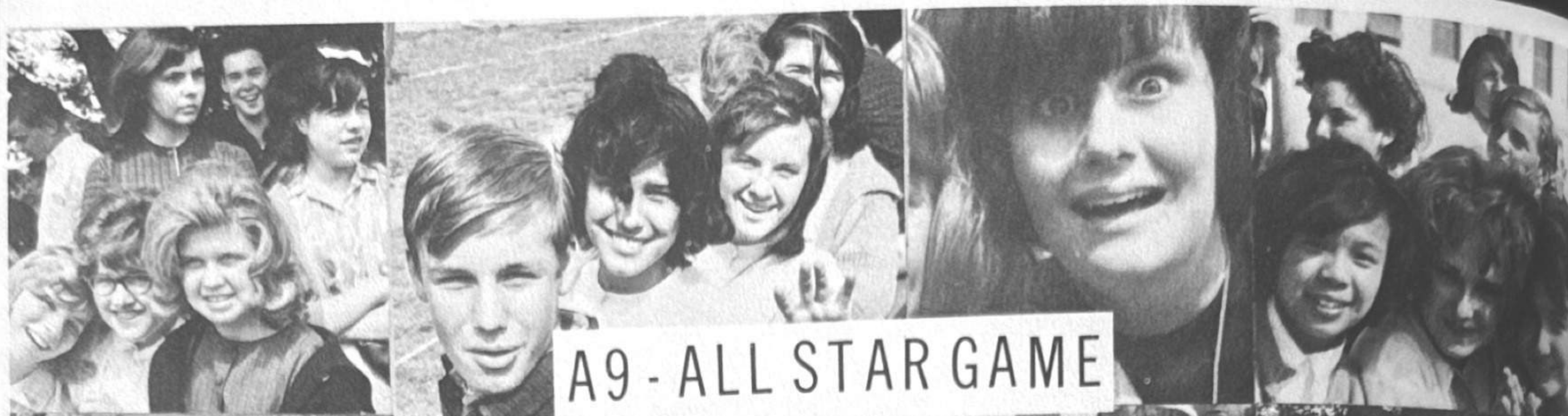


BARCELONA

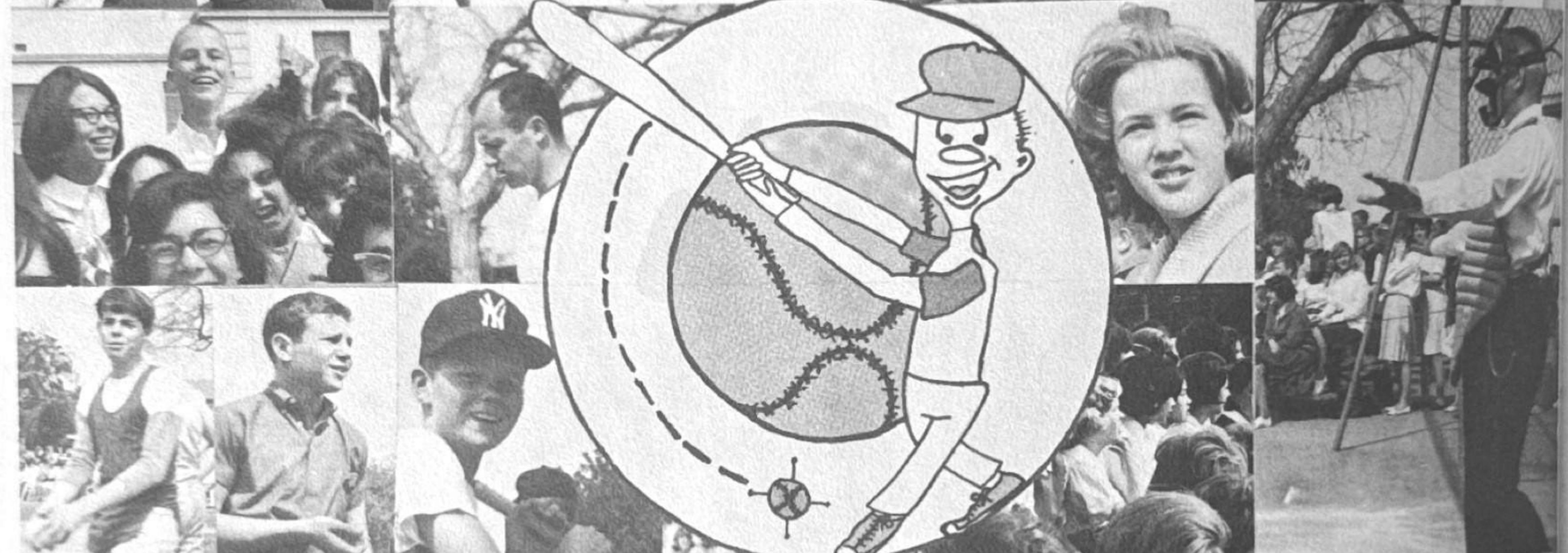
★ MADRID



MALAGA



A9 - ALL STAR GAME





Advanced Print Shop



Stage Crew



Photography Crew



Sound & Projection



Science 4



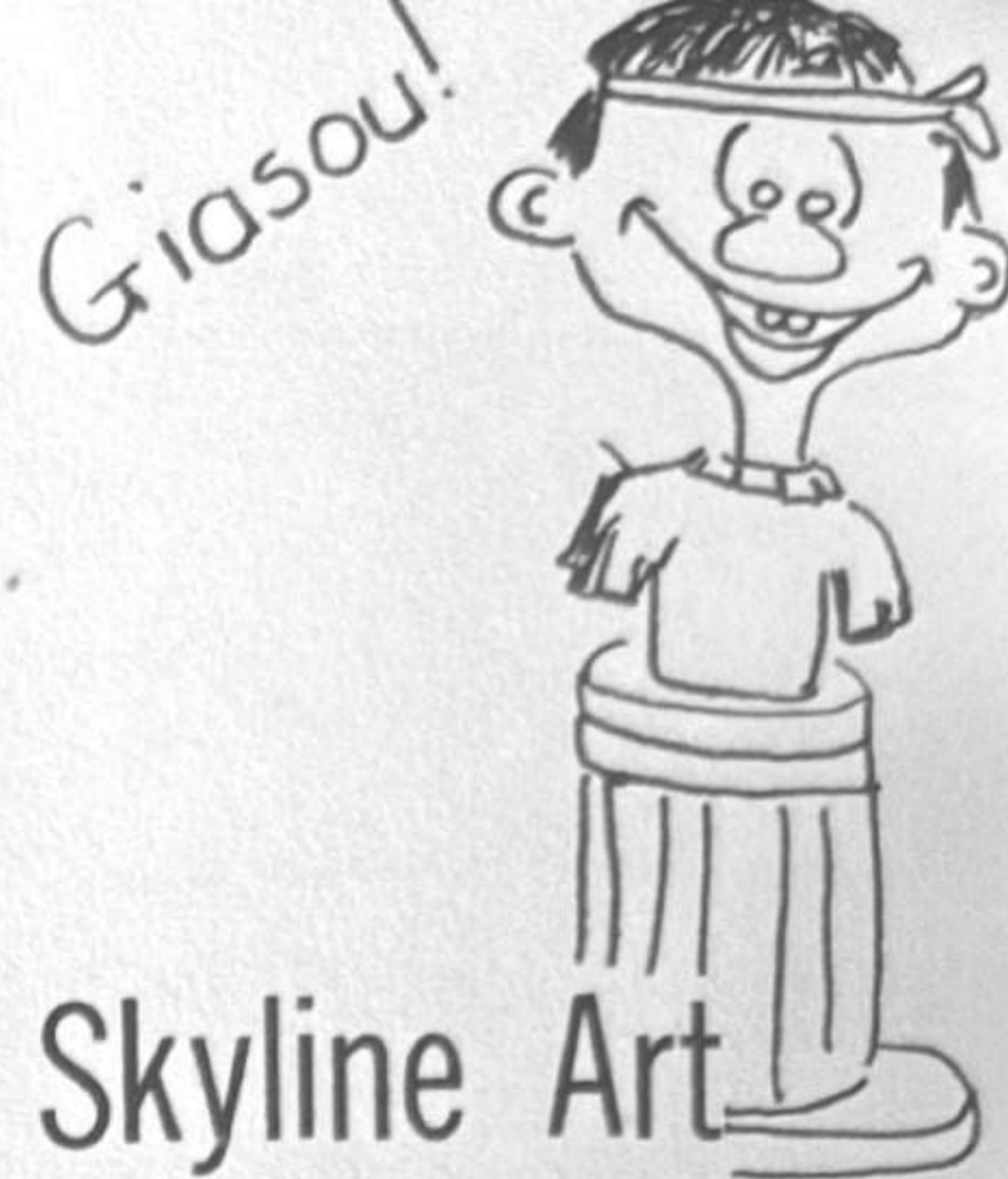
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RO

NAPLES.

ICE



Service Art



Creative Writing



Journalism



Greece

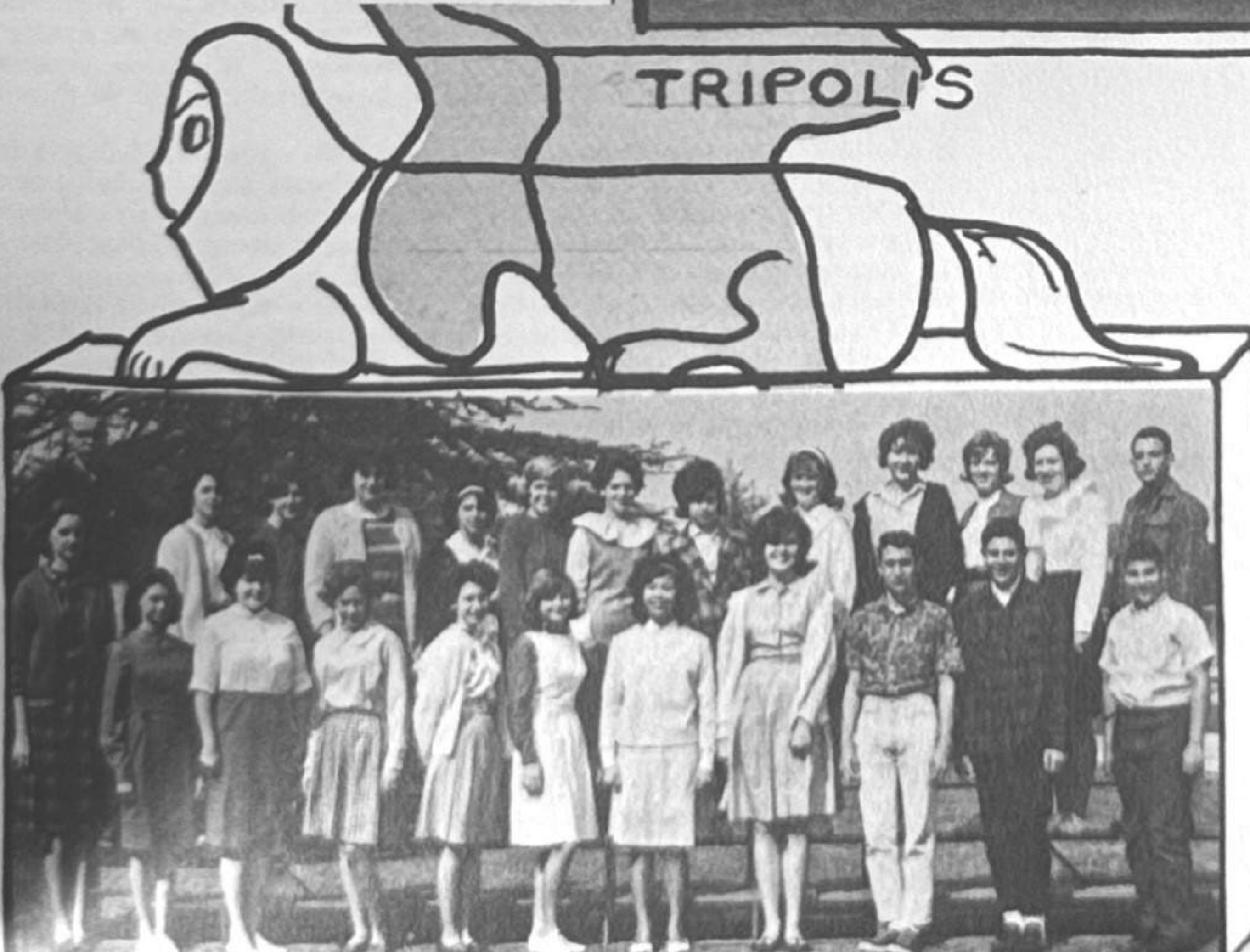


Drama 2

Teaching Assistants



TRIPOLIS



Future Teachers Club

ANNA STERN

RAIN

Rain was upset. She was tired of being blown into a storm by the harsh wind. She wanted to be a gentle pitter-patter that was welcome to farmers. She wanted to be a comforting sound lulling a small boy to sleep. But what was she? An unwelcome source of destruction! She was quite put out. In fact, she decided she was going to visit the wind and give him a piece of her mind. The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

She arrived at the wind's dwelling place and looked about her with distaste.

She thought, "Ugh, what garish taste the wind has. No wonder he's such a horrible thing!"

She spoke to the wind and gave him her bitter complaint.

He said, "I'll try my best to oblige you, but it really isn't so much my fault. I can't help it. This is the fault of the weather men!"

Rain replied, "You mean I'm stuck with it?"

Wind said, "I'm afraid so. Goodby."

Rain walked out the door dejectedly.

Danielle Rosenman

MOMENT OF TRUTH

The only thing above ground, was the now useless air filter, marking the tomb of some poor soul. All around there are nothing but grim reminders of a once prospering civilization. Where once stood bustling cities, at the height of scientific development, there are now crumpled piles of debris. Civilized people, far advanced from the kill or be killed attitude of the caveman, are now gone. Someone, tucked deep underground in a control center, pushed the button to trigger total destruction.

This is the truth, there can be no survival. Maybe in a few centuries, the Lord willing, life can once again begin its slow evolutionary process.

Richard Bralver



THE DUTCH PUPPET SHOW

John Klassen and Katryn, his wife,
They lead a very happy life.
He calls her honey sweet, 'tis said,
And then he bangs her on the head.
He calls her "Lily White" and "Rose,"
And trips her over on her nose.
The landlord comes to get his rent—
John Klaasen never pays a cent.
Then comes the ghost of Pier-la-la,
With ghastly laughter, ha, ha, ha!
He comes to carry John away,
That he for all his sins may pay.
But Johnny's wise as any fox;
He cries: "Come jump into this box.
And let you carry me away,
I beg that you will show me, pray,
If you can shrink that neck down low,
As well as stretch it high, you know."
A proud old ghost is Pier-la-la,
He'll prove what he can do, ha, ha!
He jumps into the box to show
His awful neck can shrink down low.
Then Johnny bangs the cover to,
And locks it without more ado.
He hears the landlord coming in,
And leaves the boxed-up ghost to him.
Away, runs John, and ah, ah, ah,
In Landlord's face pops Pier-la-la!

Roxie Raymond

A POEM

Little dog,
I've waited for your smile
Since the day you first came
to my house.
Are your wrinkled mouth
and your hungry eyes
Carved as solid on your face
as they are in my memory?
Or are you as troubled and confused,
as the rest of us?

Shelley Zellman

DISCOVERING THE TRUTH

How can we discover the truth? Do we want to discover the truth? What is truth? Every day I read the newspaper and get more and more confused. One country says one thing, another, the opposite. Diplomats make agreements and change them. Everywhere we turn, people in our world today seem to be dealing in double talk. It seems futile and depressing to discuss situations. No one agrees on anything as the basic truth. Can it be there are many truths?

Maybe truth is a standard and can be changed. If it is a fact, it can't be changed. In our world, it always seems to be changing. Our politics and science and our way of life are also changing. Everything in our universe and beyond is changing. Our ideas are changing, so why not the truth?

Then I try to think of how I feel about the truth. I don't think I would feel comfortable with a constantly changing truth. I like to feel at least truth is stable and unchanging. What else can we hang on to so we don't all go mad?

Perhaps there is a middle course. Perhaps people should learn to want the truth and learn to live with it. If people make mistakes but believe they are telling the truth, at least it is the truth to them. If the desire to tell the truth could be a valuable part of people's training, then an open mind to research could make it less likely that the truth and the facts are too different.

Discovering the truth is a very complicated task as I see it. The more we examine the subject, the more different it seems. Truth may seem different to various people. Different people believe differently about various subjects, and what they believe is the truth for them. Who decides it is not the truth? Who has the final word on what is the truth?

Adrien Survol

THE SITTER'S SOB STORY

"Oh, Little Bobby is an angel!"
Said Dear Mrs. Jones of her tot.
Her story was proved later.
He was an excellent shot.
With my little toe barely intact,
I think war before I set.
"I'll get you yet—vith little varmint—
And then I'll make you cry!"
He was out of the room in a second;
His ven much faster than I.
At the end of the match, exhausted,
I slumped down the floor,
Only to find Dear Mrs. Jones
Standing at the door.
At last I got up with an ache in my bones,
Exclaiming, "Oh! Isn't Little Bobby cotz, Mrs. Jones?"

Renee Anspach



KI

The massive enise of the Roman Forum stood cold and silent in the bory, magical hour just before dawn. Soddently, the murk was pierced by lights, the stillness shattered by the shriek of a horn and the screech of brakes. Then the car roared away, and sgrin the prs-dwn sir was said. A ruty shepe stole warily trward the lifeless form on the ground. The kitten, Ki, sensing tragedy, padded on until he stoed over his mother. He ottered one sad, bewildered mew, then darted back to the protection of the crumbling walls.

Dana Johnson

LOCKER BLUES

So, they think I'm off my rocker?
I'm having troubles with my becker.
My English book's falling unto the ground!
Time for my next class is rolling around.
I'll be tardy even if this book won't tall.
My etupid partner did it all!
She's soery nice and aive zys rotten.
Doesn't she know her beeks belong on the bottom?

Renee Anspach

???

The 3:10 passing ball blasted in my ears. I jumped to my leet with my books and ren eagerly from the classroom, stopping only once at my locker and then continuing toward home.

Upon reaching home, I yanked open the door and yelled, "Mom, is it here yet? Has is come?"

In reply she only said, "I don't know, dear. Calm down now. You can check the mail."

I frantically thumbed through the latterr that had arrived, but it warn't among them. Drsappointedly, I cleared my desk and began to do my homework. It was no uss. The excitement was my great and I was too roosz. And then the doorbell rsnd. I hurried to be met with a, "C.O.D. for Mr. Don W. McCall." My mother took care of it. Once more I had met disappointment.

I tried again to do my homework, but it was rotally impossible. I had started my English over seven times, and still it proved useless.

I couldn't take it any longer. I want out of the house, jumped on my rrike, and with all my might pedsted to the post office. I waited to line for what reented hours when suddenly I heard the man say, "Msy I help you?"

"Has a package come for me?" I said and offered proper identification. I waited with snticipation as he checked. He returned in the window with a kind "No, sorry."

I started back for home sadly. I entered the house with my head hanging and ast down moaning.

Mom came into the room and said, "Something came for you while you wers gooz, dear," and she pretented me with a package.

I immediately perked up. There, right in front of my eyes was what I'd long swsited. It was right before me now. I tore off the paper, opened the lars, and 'sorth all the tissue, there it was. I gave a righ of relief. My Osker Myer weenie whistle had finally come.

Sharon McCall

EGYPT

I am a cat. I have no name, because I've never had any owner to give me a name. In Egypt, people can hardly fnd enough food for themselves les slone for us poor cats, so we have to serevage for ours. But many years ago in Ansisnt Egypt the scene was very different. Then, cats were considered geds. They came before the people. There were extreme penslties for abusing cats, for instance, for stealing a cat the penslty was death.

Cets were given very elaborate funerals. They would be entombed in a large crourerr bed, and on either side would be placed four saucers of milk and four mics for their long journey.

But then it happened, the Egyptians become smers and we ended up like the Romzan.

John Goodman

ON MISCELLANEOUS

About miscellaneous—there certainly is a lot of it. In fact, I am writing on miscellaneous, with miscellaneous right now! The dictionary says that miscellaneous roszos many, varied, and mised. Hrors, miscellaneous can be used to decote everything in the world and cnot of it.

People are miscellaneous. They are many, varied, and mixed. There are all kinds of people, bad, good, black, yellow, red, white, tall, short, skiooy, fst.

Dogs are miscellaneous. There are Welsh services, Soetch coffies, German shephrds, English sheep dogs, Russian wulfhzands, Iriah setters, French poodles, and Afghans from Afghanistan. And then there are the ordinary types, the fox terrier, the airdale, the socker spaniel, the retriever, and the pointer. Dogs are many, varied, and mised.

Yes, there are many varied mixed miscellaneous objects. But then, what do you expect? There are miscellaneous objects inside miscellaneous objects and there are more inside them.

Danielle Rosenman



Reed Aid



Service Club-Boys



Service Club-Girls



Office Helpers



Student Store Helpers



Cashiers Service

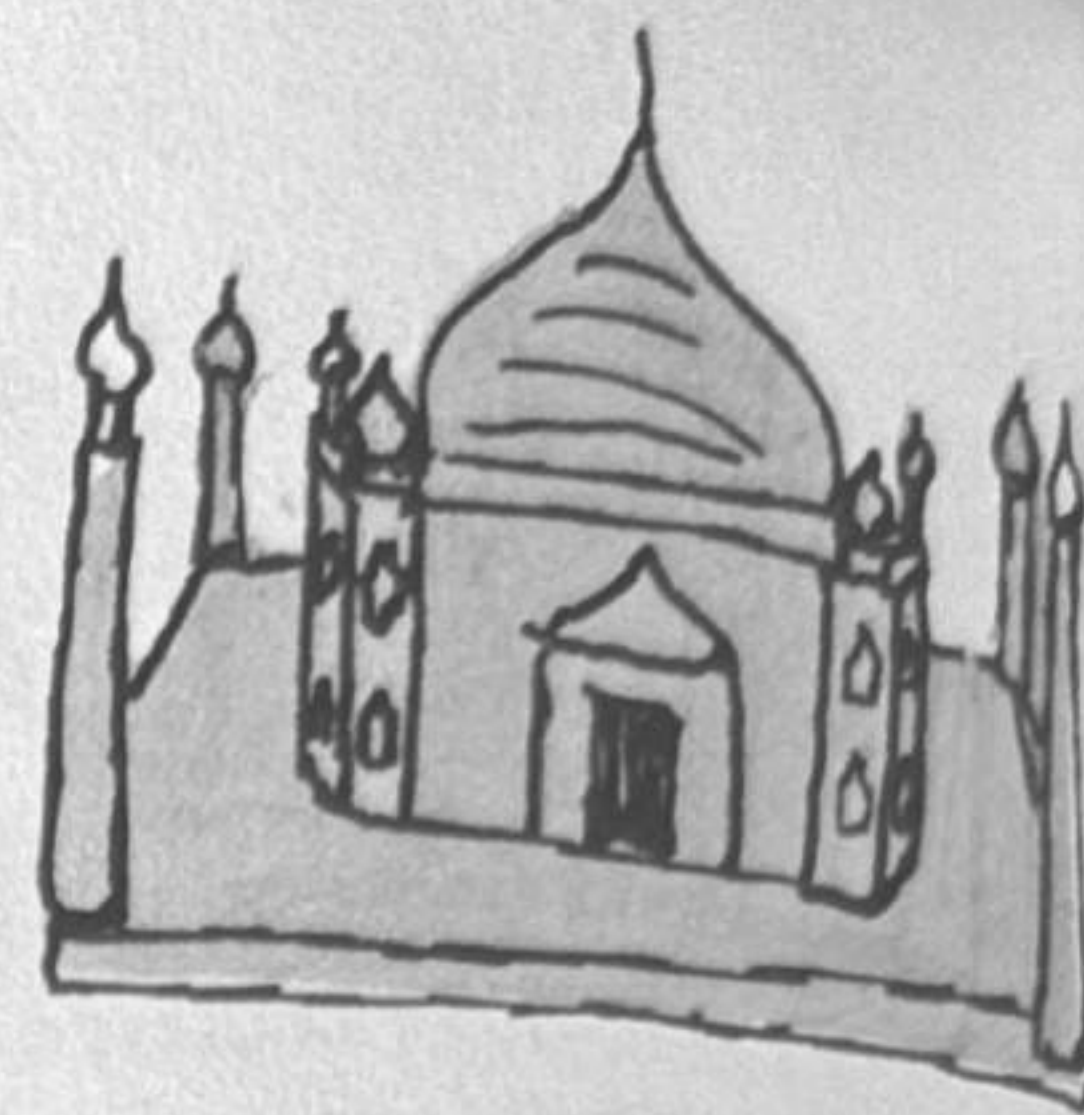


Library Helpers





Madrigal Choir



Advanced Orchestra



Advanced Band



Senior Girls' Glee



DELHI
JAIPUR

Junior Orchestra



Boys' Glee

BOMBAY

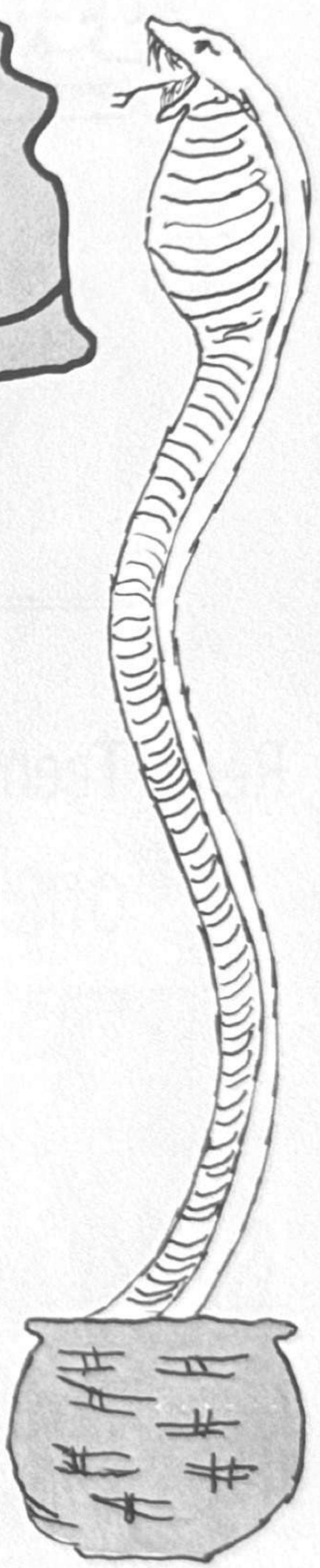


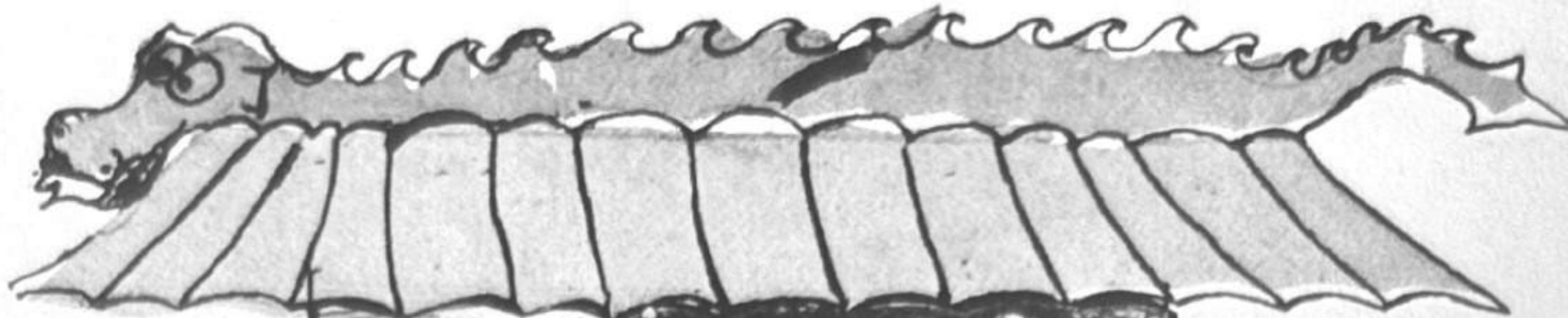
Girls' Junior Glee

MYSORE

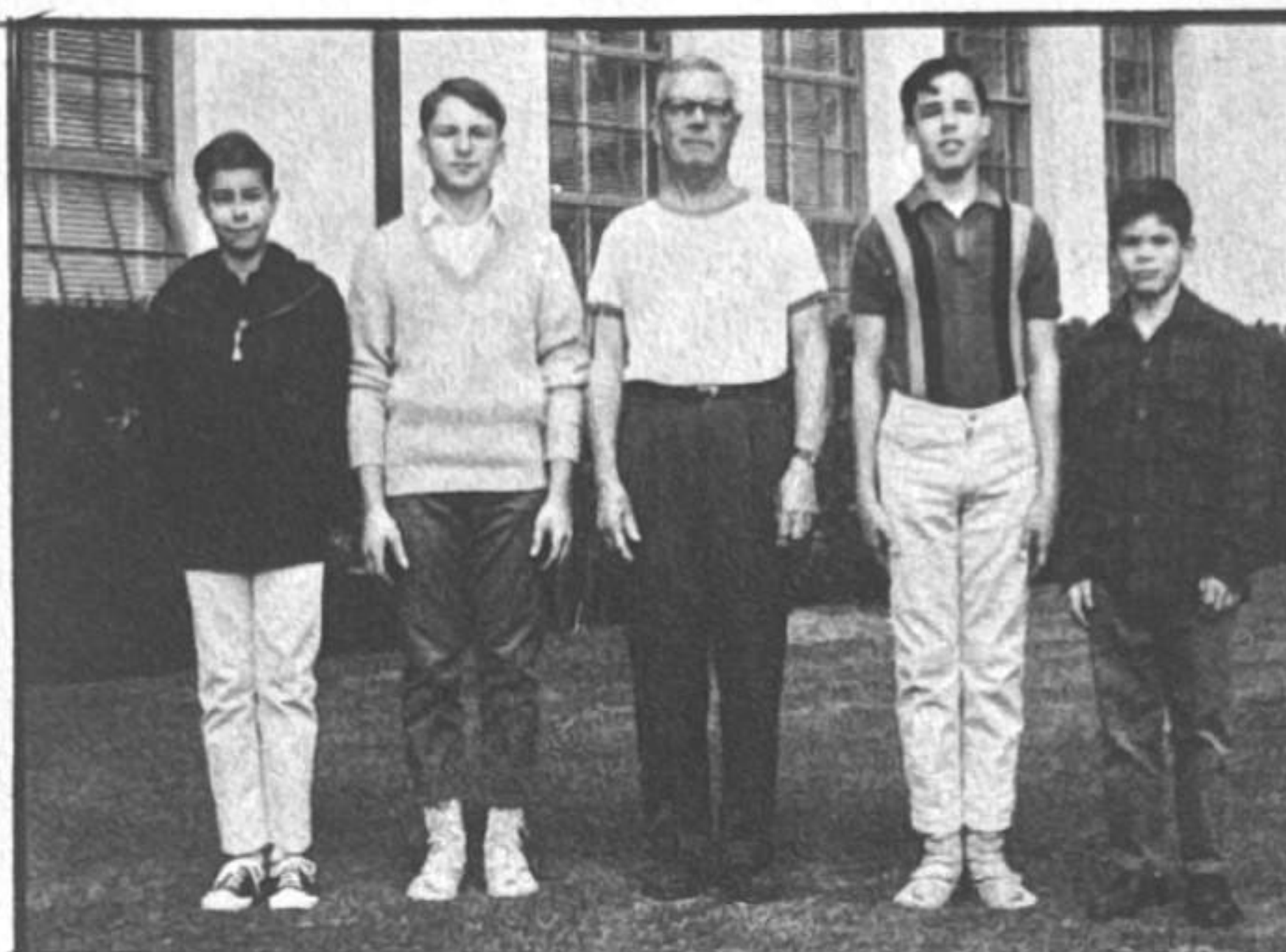


Junior Band



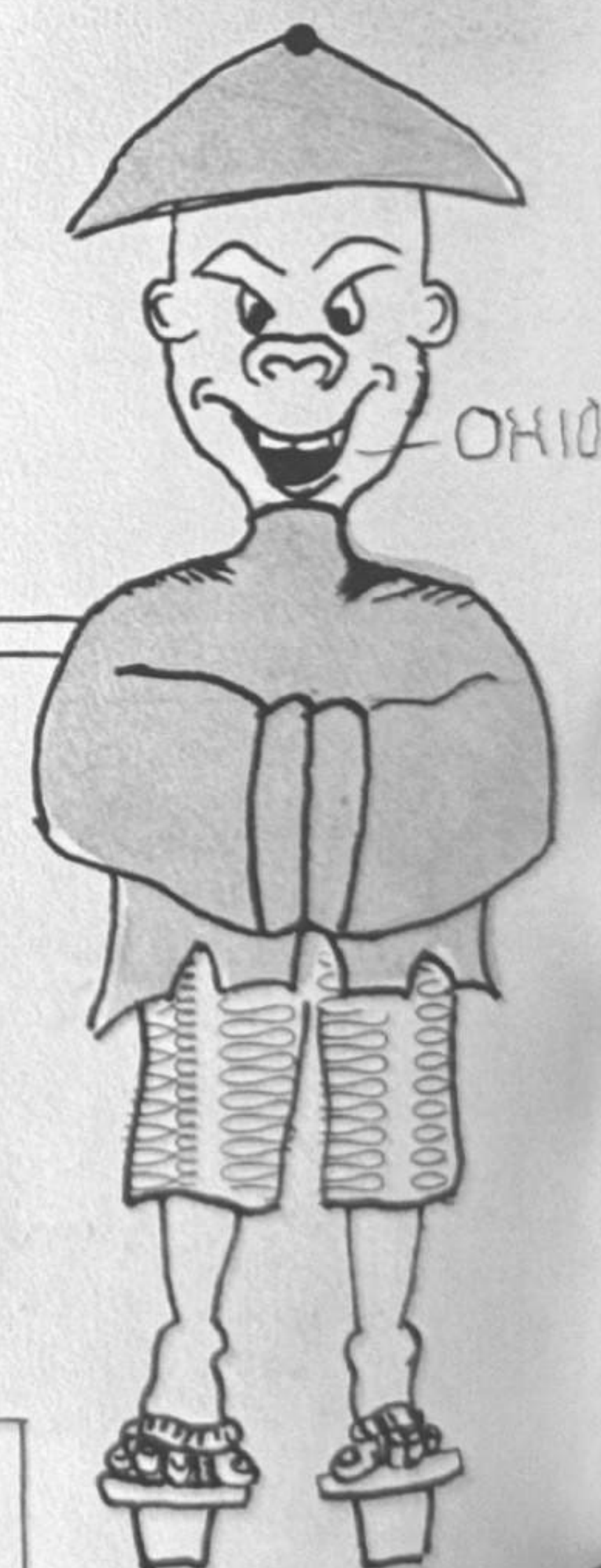


Ushers

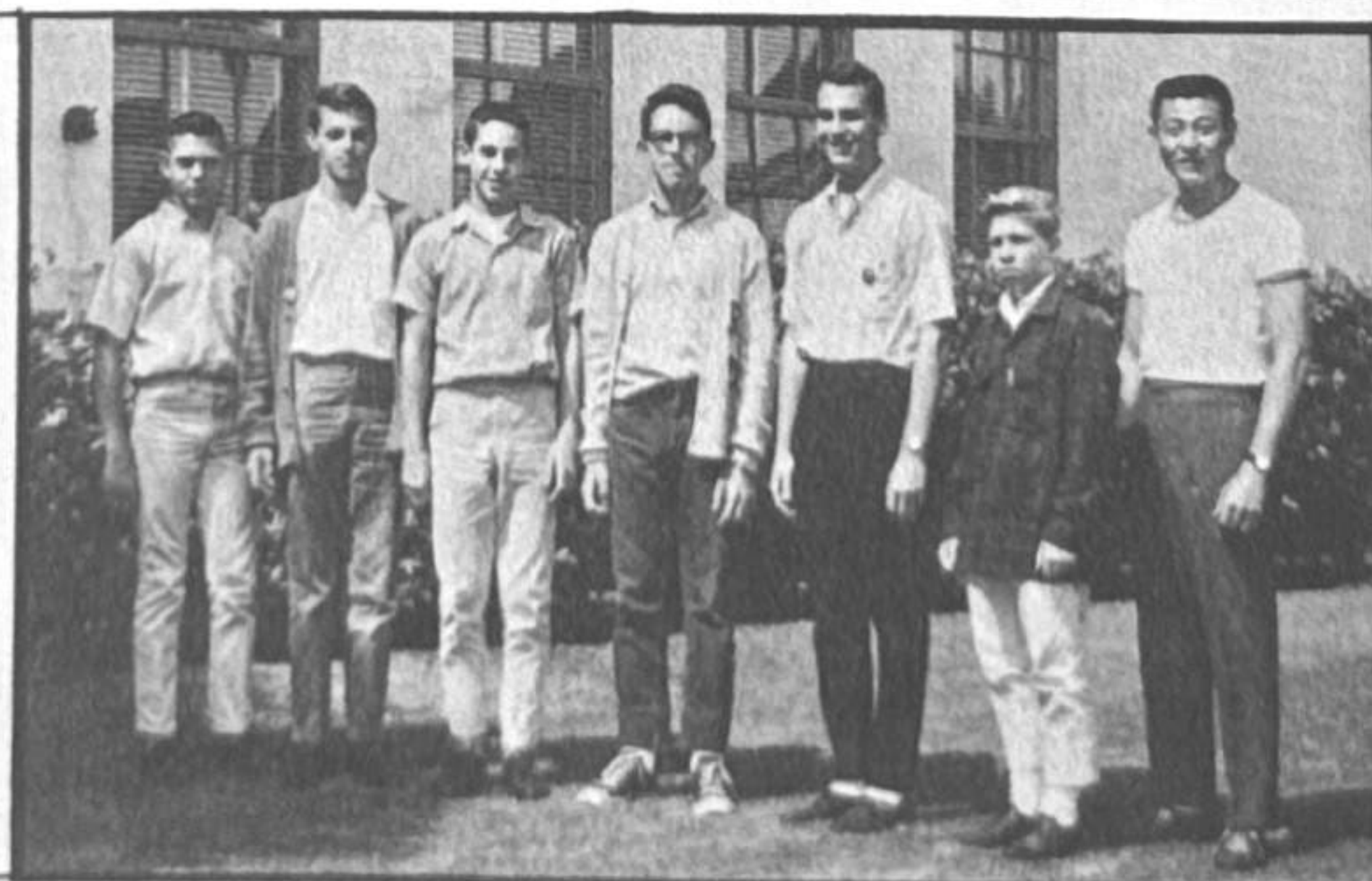


Campus Committee

Reed Teen
Officers

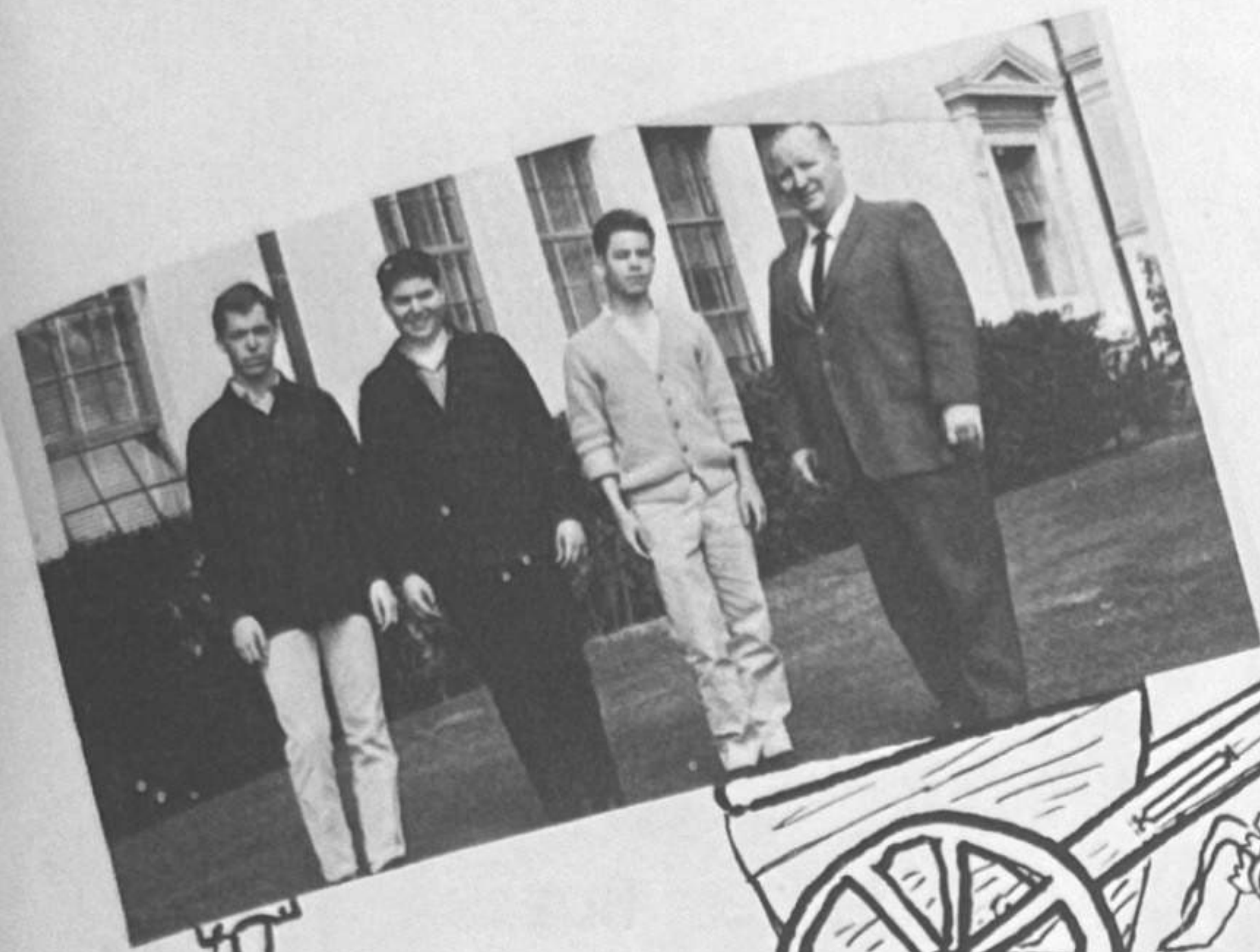


Safety
Committee



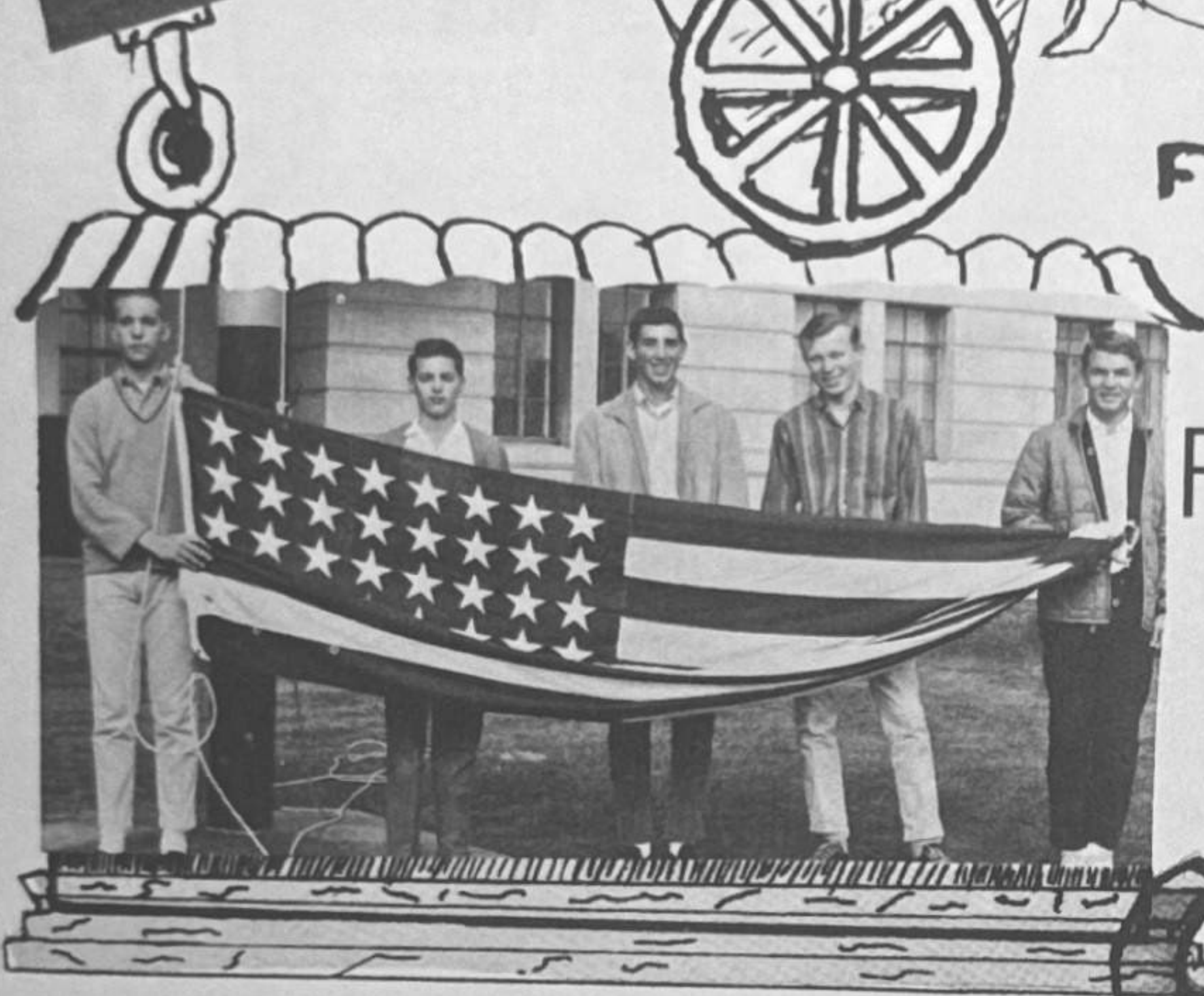
ORGANIZATIONS

Leadership



FUKAURA

Flag Crew



TOKYO

YOKOHAMA

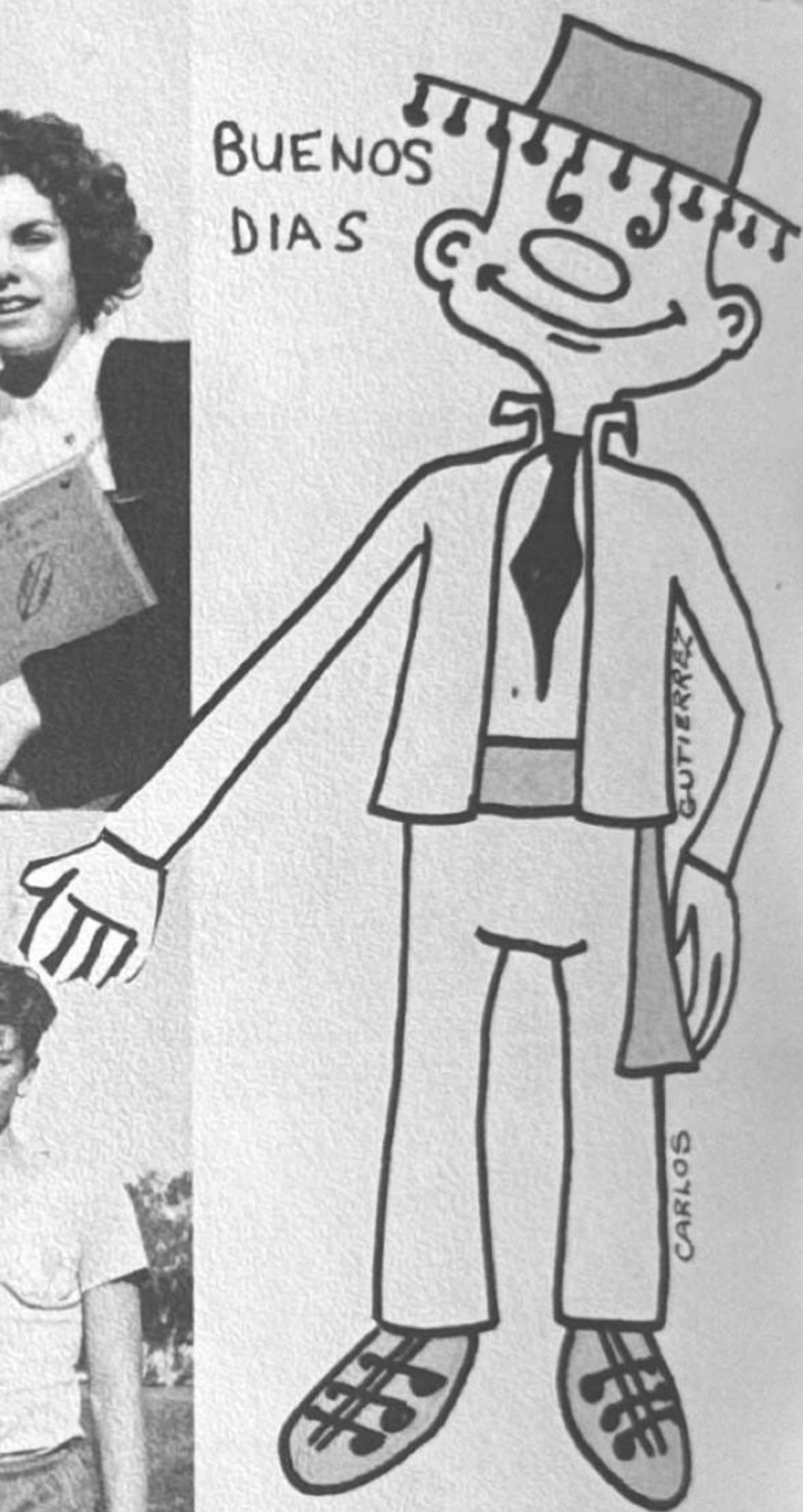
Student
Council



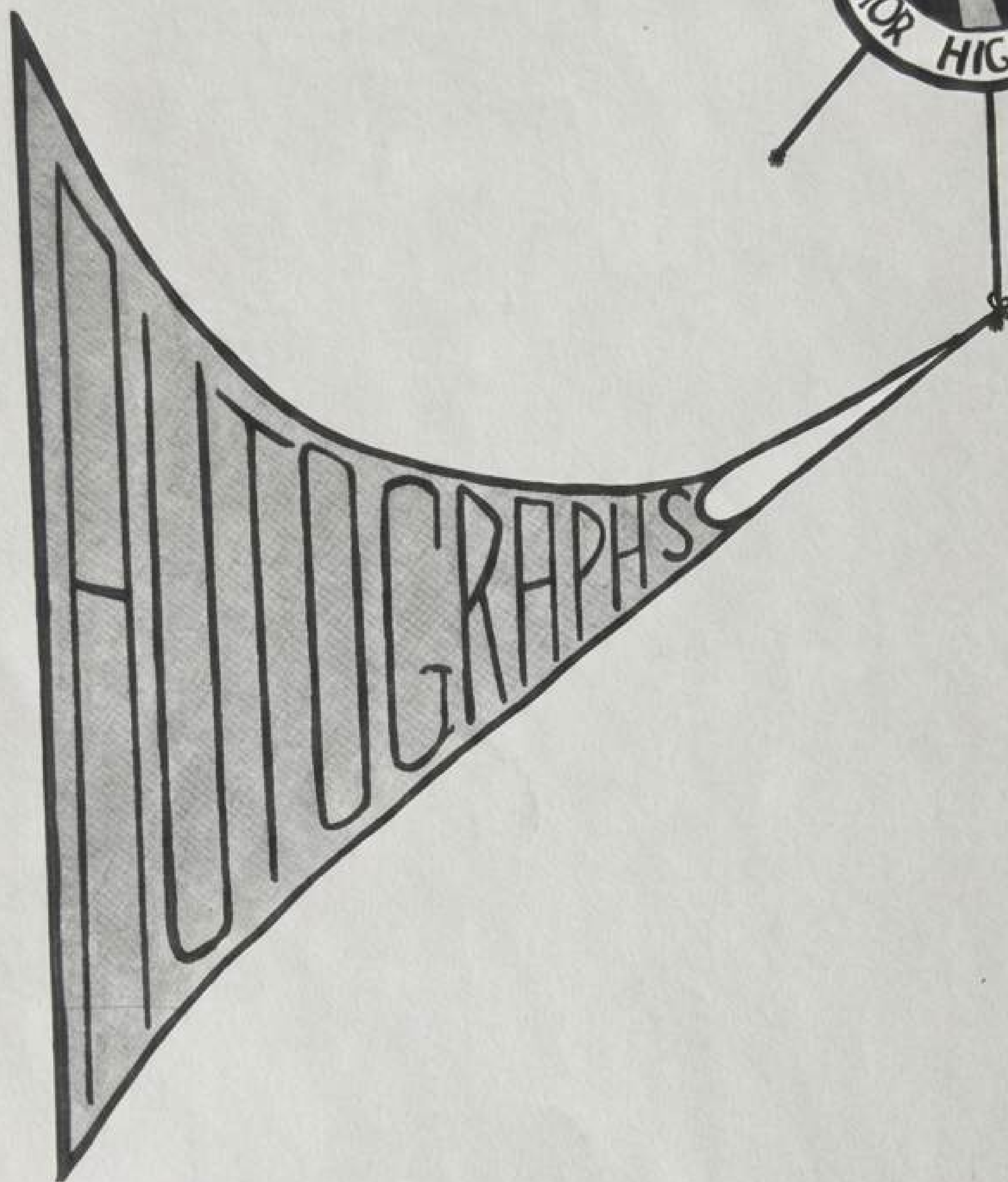
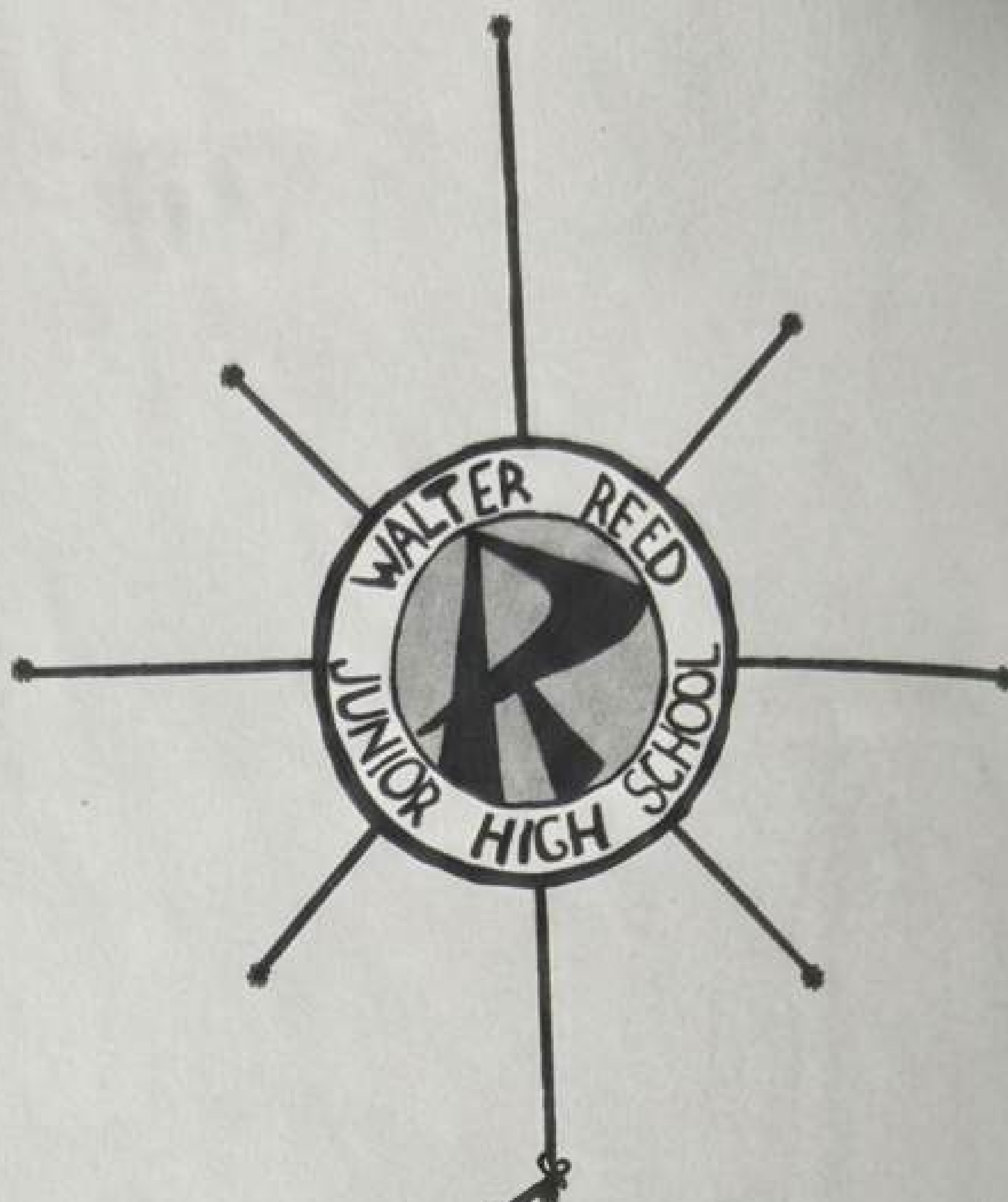
Candidos



BUENOS
DIAS







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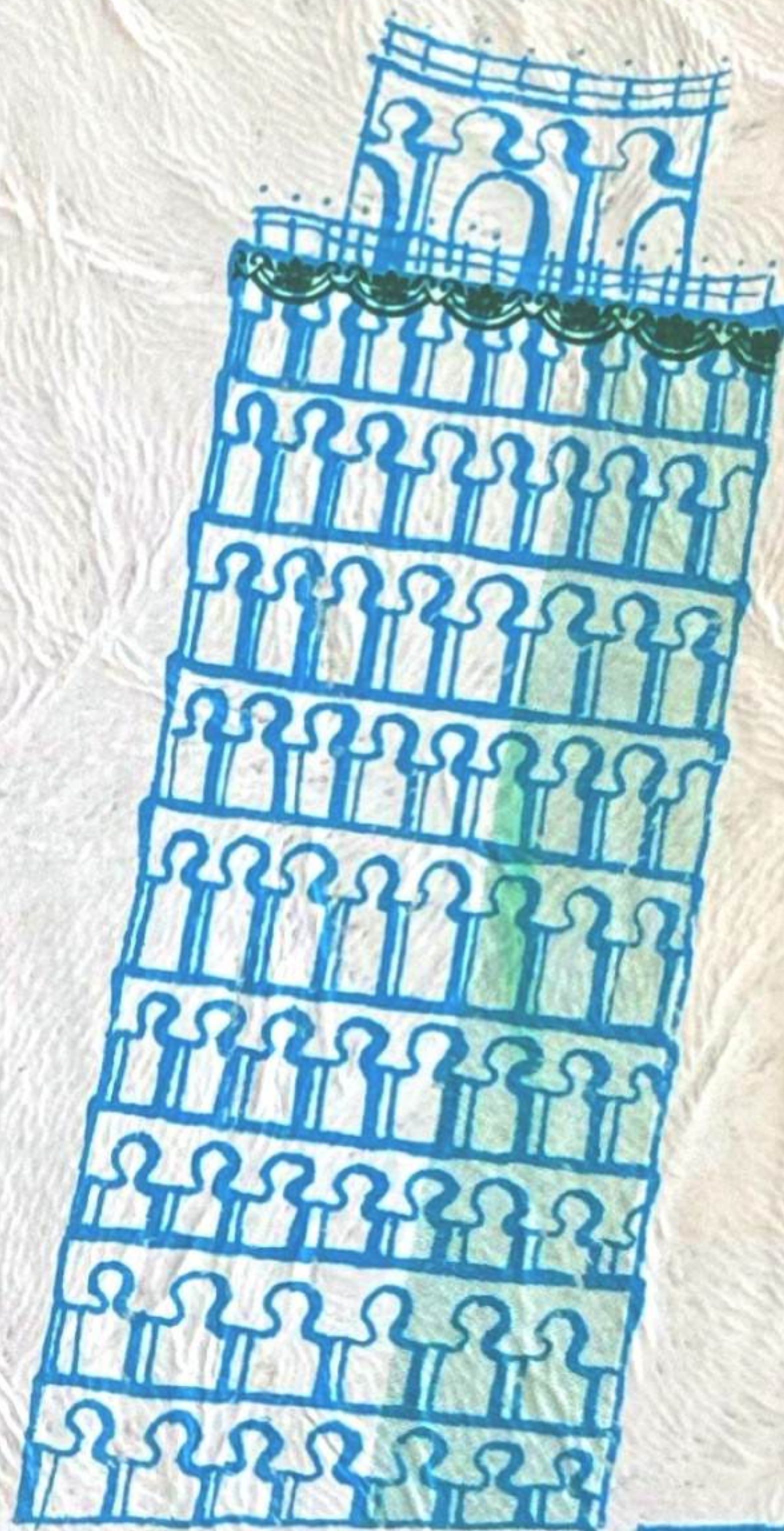
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THE
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