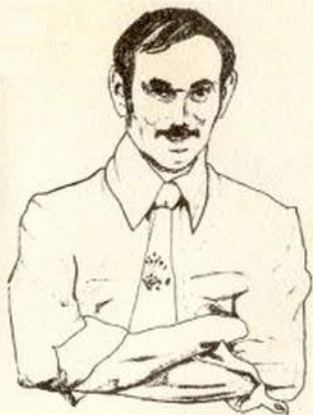


BLUEINK
REWRITES

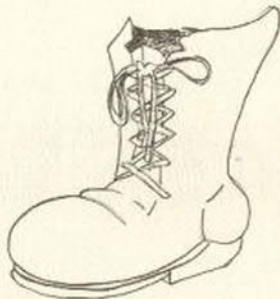




There is an old proverb that says anything successful always has someone behind it kicking it repeatedly. Therefore we feel some credit is due to the two biggest feet in school . . .

Much thanks to Robert Kay and Matt Clark . . . We got a big kick out of working with you.

The Staff



BLUE INK AND REWRITES

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We'd like to extend special thanks to:

Mrs. Sullivan ----- Our typist
Mr. Roach and Tim Mahr -- Our printers
Bruce Dion ----- Our portrait artist

There is a first time for everything and usually that first time is the hardest. A lot of people pitched in to make a difficult job a lot easier for us. We would love to be able to thank each and every one, but our space is limited.

Oh yes, it's also true the first time is the most fun. We hope you get as much enjoyment out of reading Blue Ink and Rewrites as we did putting it together.

The Editors

The Freedom Bible

I'm gonna' write me a book
with singin' lines and shoutin' words
..... and make 'em hear

I'm gonna write me a poem
on smooth, smooth paper with whisperin' letters,
..... and make 'em feel

I'm gonna write me a song
'bout things forgotten
..... and make 'em want

I'm gonna' write me a story
'bout peace and pride and men
..... and make 'em free

Re Sanders



Love

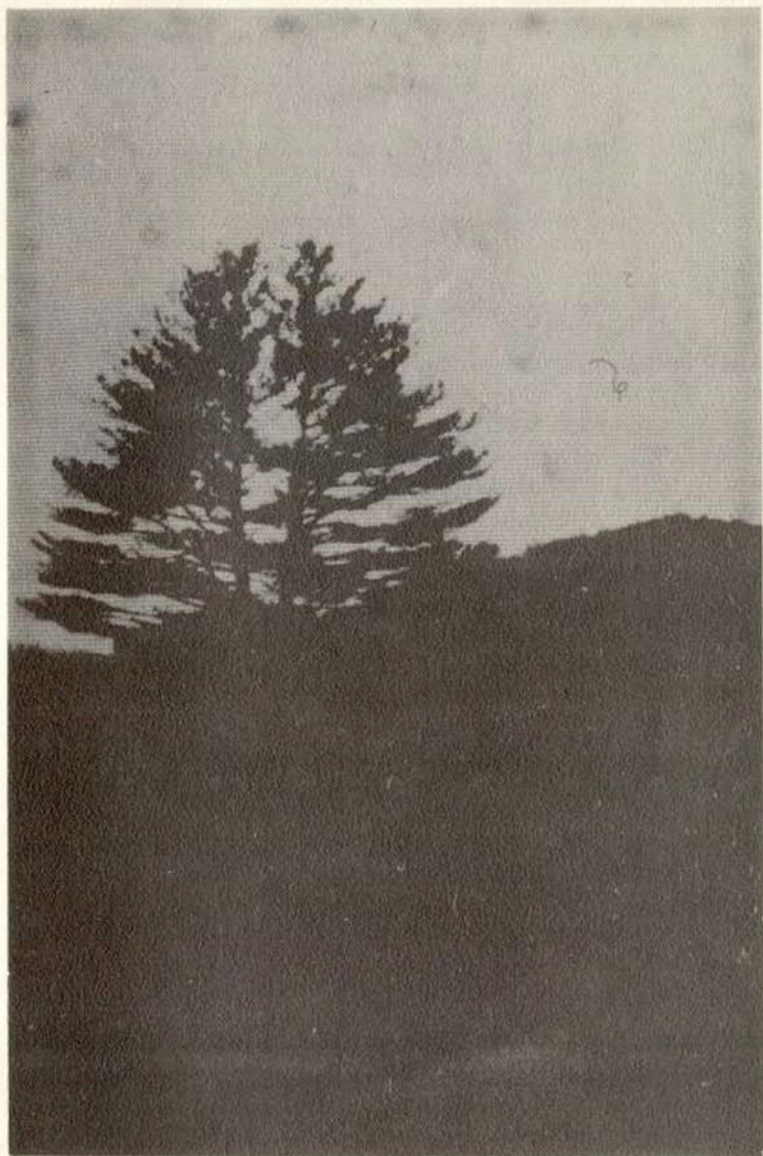
Did you ever love a girl?
And know she didn't love you.
Did you ever feel like crying?
And think "What good would it do"?

Did you ever, look into her eyes, and
Say a little prayer?
Did you ever, look into her heart, and
Wish that you were there?

Did you ever see her walking when the
Sun was down real low?
Did you ever whisper "God I love her?"
"I'll never get her though"

Do you wonder where she is at night?
And wonder if she's true?
Do you wonder what her thoughts are
And wish they were of you?

So, now I say, don't fall in love
You'll be hurt before you're through.
You see my friend. I ought to know
I feel in love once too.



A WALK THROUGH THE FOREST

Cheryl Thomas

It was Saturday morning--or at least the clock said it was. She remembered when every Saturday smelled like doughnuts and Bugs Bunny followed Captain Kangaroo. She wondered if the old men in the Bowery could even remember the warmth of a home. Seven-thirty. Time to feed the horse.

She slid out of bed, dressed slowly, and walked out to the kitchen. First one up again. The damp spring air enveloped her as she walked to the barn; its chilling mist sifted through her clothes. Tahoe was stamping out his impatience again and the barn smelled sweetly of hay and fresh manure as she poured grain into his box. She thought of the ghetto children, skinny and loud-mouthed, and couldn't imagine having only a rat for a pet. She turned her horse out to pasture and she smiled as he tripped over a crumbling block of snow. He was glad winter was over and began to nibble at the new shoots of grass.

Eight o'clock. Her mother was making coffee and waiting for the mail to come. Charley, her three-year old dalmation, rose slowly out of his corner and wagged his good morning.

After breakfast she went about her Saturday morning chores as usual, but her mind drifted back to yesterday and her recent trip to New York. The impression of a day in the big city still burned in her mind.

The trip down was full of the usual ~~an~~icipation; an off-broadway musical, a visit to the United Nations, dinner in the city, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, Wall Street, the Bowery. Each left their mark and raised their unanswered questions.

She looked up from the dusting and gazed out of the living room window. The mountains draped in their dewy mist made the view from one-hundred-and-three stories look like rhinestones next to diamonds. She went back to her dusting.

Two hours later the sun was shining. As she weeded the flower bed she thought immediately of Greenwich Village and the shabbily clad young man who held out a carnation to her, then silently kissed her cheek.

She rose slowly, walked into the house, and drew a glass of water from the kitchen sink. Before she had a chance to finish it her mother handed her a stiff white envelope-- "It finally came," she said.

The letter was from Columbia University. She had been accepted for the fall term. The news was far from unexpected; the letter of acceptance just completed the legal formalities. Scenes of the Bowery and the ghettos flashed through her mind. "Your father will be pleased, dear."

She went into her room and closed the door. Through the bedroom window she could see Tahoe drinking from the water trough. Mechanically she changed her clothes and went out to saddle up.

She rode along her favorite trails and through her favorite fields; revisited for the thousandth time the many places she loved.

The afternoon was warm and tranquil, but there was something missing. The inner peace she usually found at these times was gone.

She loved to be alone--just her and Tahoe. It gave her time to think, and time was what she needed desperately right now. Time to straighten out her mind.

It was getting late. She had to start home for supper. The sun glowed faintly through the trees on top of the mountain, and as she rode toward home it slowly disappeared.

Her father congratulated her between mouthfuls of spare ribs and mashed potatoes. He rambled on making plans about school, finances and her new apartment. She finished without dessert, helped clear the table, then retreated to the solitude of her room.

That night she slept fitfully. She tossed and turned, woke up several times. She couldn't get New York off her mind. What a mess man had made of his world.

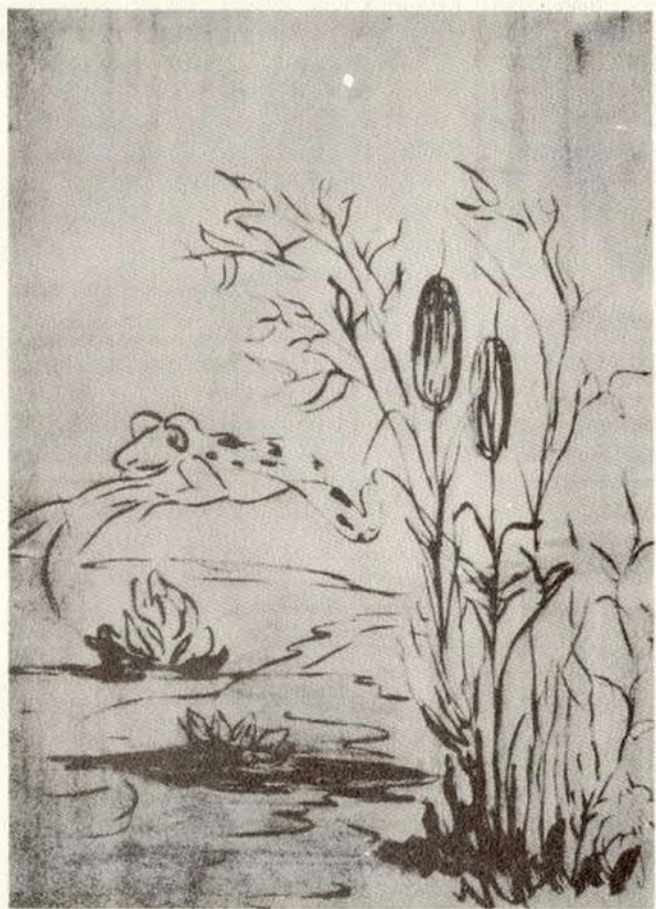
Somehow she made it through the night, but rose at six a.m. There was a faint glow in the east. After releasing Tahoe from the confining walls of his stable she walked up over the back hill. The sun was already casting its early morning shadows among the trees. It shone through the mist giving them an almost holy serenity.

She walked on and came upon the places of her childhood. How many forts and secret hide-outs had she built here? She couldn't remember. On the left was a huge boulder that had been everything from an elephant to a pirate ship.

She followed the old logging road until she could hear the roar of the creek, then quietly slid down over the bank where the water swelled to meet her.

She sat on a tree limb that reached well out over the water and watched it rush beneath her. A warm breeze came up; the branch swayed a little. She began to think about what she knew would be her ultimate decision. She couldn't face school in the city. This was where she belonged and she meant to stay. All she wanted was to make the world a little better in her own special way; to give a little and not take so much.

She scrambled back up the bank and ran until she reached the top of the hill. Tahoe jerked his head up and whinnied. She crashed through the shrubs that covered the hillside, leaped the pasture fence and raced her horse the length of it--he won.



A Midnight Walk In The Woods

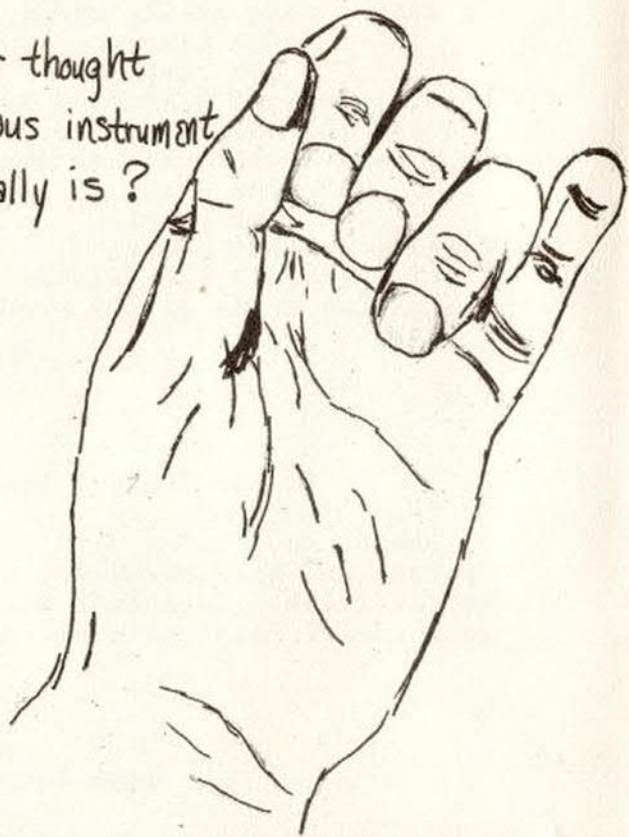
I left the house at midnight,
To take a walk in the woods,
 One step,
 Two steps,
Stop, I thought I heard a noise,
The cat was what scared me at midnight,
As I took a walk through the woods.
 One step,
 Two steps,
I heard another noise.
I think I don't like midnight any more,
For taking walks in the woods.

Do You Think I Dare

O, poetry so flow'ry
Of love and hate and peace and war,
Do you think I dare tell the teacher,
Sometimes I think it's all a bore.

Dawn Tremaine

Have you ever thought
What a precious instrument
The hand really is?



Again

She came upon me, startled me so
But I gave her a smile
And she gave me a glow
We walked together hand in hand
Down the road in the big white land
She said to me, Love me today
For tomorrow I'll be away
And do not fear, my sweet
For you will see, we shall meet

SEVEN DAYS TILL SATURDAY

Kathy Fry

It was the winter of my senior year when my best girl friend announced that her brother would be coming home from college for a semester break. To a casual observer, this would be no big event, but to me, it was the greatest opportunity that had ever landed in my lap. For you see, this was no ordinary brother, but the former captain of our football team, a big tall hunk of guy with the curliest black hair and twinkly eyes that smiled even if his mouth didn't. In my sophomore year I was madly in love with him, but I was awkward and shy, so he spent all his time with Ann Whiteman instead of me. My fluttered heartbeats had marked time until June, when in dignified solemnity, the seniors filed out of the hallowed halls of South High into the cruel world, and my god left for Texas A. and M. It was a crushing blow, but I bore it courageously enough. Then during the summer between Junior and Senior year, I became friends with my idol's sister. Why I didn't think of this trick when he was still around I don't know, but here was the chance again, and I found that even after two years something deep in my soul had been stirred.

Though I had never mentioned to Suzanne that I was interested in her brother, she saw through my glass head and arranged a welcome home party for the brute. Naturally, I was the first one invited and for a day or so my head danced with visions of footballs with black curly hair. Suzanne had insisted that

she make all the arrangements so that I would have plenty of time to get ready. So when she called me Saturday morning, I was prepared for anything, because I knew Suzanne almost as well as she knew me.

"I got the greatest idea yesterday," she panted into the phone. "Why don't we have a swimming party at one of those fancy indoor pools, you know, sort of like the "Y" but more civilized. Dad knows somebody or other who can make the arrangements for us. Besides it would be really different, you know, a beach party in January, and Dave loves swimming almost as much as he loved football."

What could I say? It was a typical Suzanne idea and not a bad one at that. And if Dave liked it, well, his very name was sacred to me, so I gave her a hearty okay. Promising to call me later, she rushed off to get things ready for the next Saturday.

My immediate problem was digging out my old bathing suit, so I pounded upstairs and began rummaging through my summer clothes. About fifteen minutes later I found it, in a lump and faded from last summer's sun. I knew from experience that store clerks don't appreciate customers asking for summer stock in January, and Mom was so swamped with Christmas bills that to ask for more money would be suicide. My old bathing suit would just have to do.

I decided it would be best to survey exactly how much damage the municipal pool had inflicted on the poor thing, so in I struggled. To my horror I discovered that my suit had stood up fine, but that it was me who hadn't done very well. There was so much more of me now than there had been in July that I felt like crying. The man of my dreams would be home in seven days and there I stood spilling out of my bathing suit. I wasn't just pudgy,

or plump, but FAT! Sure I wanted to make a big impression, but not that big.

When he still went to South High, Dave Ellsworth had had the reputation of being the world's most fanatic health nut. He was the idiot who used to race the milkman around the block at five thirty in the morning and win. His tanned face spelled health and his football physique shouted it. My flabby stomach just murmured something about pizza and malts. Next Saturday he'd look at me just because he couldn't help but see me and spend the rest of the party with someone else. My last chance with him seemed to be slipping away through my fingers.

I don't know exactly where my determination sprang from all of a sudden, but I found myself thinking thoughts of starvation. I envisioned starving and stretching and molding my body into the perfect physical specimen that Ann Whiteman had been. Next Saturday I would sweep Dave Ellsworth off his cleated feet and overcome him with such a terrific love that he would drop to his padded knees and beg to stay by my side always. And if I kept this up, I thought abruptly, I would also flap my arms and fly to the moon.

It was worth a try though. I had everything to gain and ten pounds to lose. Seven days was cutting it mighty fine, but greater miracles had been worked by lesser people than me. So I christened my plan by eating a hearty plate of lettuce for dinner that night. My mother said it would ruin my health, my father said it would ruin his health first, and my brother Kevin just ate everything that would have been mine. Though I nobly defended myself in the name of physical fitness, my stomach had already begun to growl its hungry disapproval.

The next day was Sunday. I was still afire with enthusiasm and I hadn't grown tired of lettuce yet, so it wasn't too great a task to pass up dinner. Then I began phase two of my regimen, exercise. In the two hours I usually devoted to reading, I did a total of four push-ups, eleven sit-ups, sixteen touching toes, and a four block jog. In those same two hours I also learned a very important rule regarding exercises. Don't ever, ever do them on an empty stomach. If there had been anything in mine, I would have thrown it up, but just feeling green was unpleasant enough. My mother put on her "I warned you look," and proceeded to force some bread down my throat. I was a little too weak to protest.

By Monday morning I was once again fit to live with people so I went to school with one lonely hard boiled egg to keep me going. That's one place where it's easy to diet because when lunch finally does come around, it looks and smells like it's not fit for human consumption. By two o'clock, I had begun to feel as though I was actually losing weight. That night my scale proved me out. I had dropped a pound and a half since Saturday. I mentally pinned a skinny gold star next to my name.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed without any drastic incidents. In exasperation mother had finally stopped her fretting and Kevin managed to keep his remarks to himself. Even my stomach had grumpily resigned itself to a state of emptiness. I was ecstatic. My plan seemed to be working, for I had dropped another two pounds. For the first time since Saturday morning, I spied a little gleam of hope.

Suzanne tagged me as soon as I had walked into school Thursday morning.

"Dave called last night," she bubbled, and suddenly I forgot the throb in my stomach. "I told him about the party and he's all sorts of enthused." Then she said, very much like a Jewish mother, "I also casually mentioned that you'd be there." I groaned. Suzanne was about as casual as a boy scout in the ladies lingerie department. She looked hurt. "Now listen, I didn't make you out to be boy crazy or anything like that. I just said that you remembered him and you were looking forward to seeing him. He said he'd be counting on you." I could imagine the picture he had of me now. I wore my hair in a knot on my head, my horn rims were always slipping down my nose, and I drooled after anything in pants. He'd be counting on me all right, for a good bellylaugh.

Thursday night was my gang's night to go to the movies, and this week I felt as though I deserved it. In six days I had lost eight pounds and a lot of sleep, but my bathing suit was fitting better all the time. It's a great feeling to be thin; it's just unfortunate that that feeling has to be tinged with hunger pangs.

At intermission we all crowded into the lobby for some fresh air and a good cry (the flic was a real tear-jerker). We milled around for a while and about five minutes later as we were on our way back to our seats, Suzanne jerked my arm and said, "Treat you to some popcorn." I was stunned. My best friend, my matchmaker, my lifeline to Dave, had turned traitor. My face must have looked as though she just sold out the country because she seemed sort of annoyed. "That isn't a crime, is it?" I mumbled something about losing weight and she relaxed. "Oh is that all. You should have told me. Wait here while I get some for myself." I should have told her, I thought, but because she was Dave's sister,

and because she was Suzanne, the information might casually leak out to Dave and I would be mortified, even though it wouldn't be deliberate on Suzanne's part. However the damage was done. The smell of popcorn drove my will power crazy for the rest of the night.

Friday dawned bright and beautiful for me though it snowed outside. I now weighed nine and a half pounds less than I did a week ago and Dave Ellsworth would be here tomorrow just in time to see the new me. The sleepless nights and the cramps in Physics all seemed to bear fruit now. The week itself had been hell, but I thought, with a flutter in my heart, nothing was too great for the man I loved. I felt like a long suffering martyr who had finally made it to the gates of heaven.

Then came Saturday morning. I was the first one up and the last one out of the bathroom. For twenty minutes I combed my hair this way and that, which was really sort of silly, because as soon as I was thrown into the pool it would look like everyone else's anyway, but I got a certain satisfaction out of trying. I didn't eat a thing, partly from habit and partly from excitement; I just counted the minutes until it was time to go. When we finally arrived Suzanne met me at the door and dragged me into the girls locker room for a pep talk. "He's sitting in the last chair on the right," she said. I think she was almost as nervous as I was. Just go up to him and say hi, you know, like he was the meat man or somebody like that. He'll take it from there. Good luck!" And with that she pushed me unceremoniously through the door.

There weren't too many people around yet, so I was pretty sure I could find him. Suzanne had said the last chair on right but the

guy sitting there sure wasn't big. In fact nobody there had a tan and a football physique. He had probably gone out for a soda or something, and would be right back, at least I certainly hoped so. Maybe the guy in the chair was saving the seat for him. No harm in asking, I said to myself, so I started uncertainly toward that end of the pool.

"Have you seen Dave Ellsworth around anywhere?" I asked the dumpy looking guy when I was within earshot. He looked up sort of surprised and I suddenly noticed that he had twinkly eyes that smiled at me though his mouth hadn't gotten to it yet. His hair was black, but cropped short, and his tan had turned a deathly pale.

My next statement was direct and to the point. "My god, Dave, what happened to you?" I was in shock and I must have sounded a little hysterical because he rose as if to catch me and realizing that I wasn't going to faint, smiled broadly and started to chuckle a little.

"How do you like my disguise," he laughed. I stood there gaping. That's exactly what it was, fifty pounds of lard that disguised a football hero's waistline and a young girl's dreams of a Prince Charming. For a week I remembered, with a little pain, I had tortured, starved, and driven myself to body breaking exercise for a health nut who turned out to be just plain nuts.

"What happened to the rippling muscles," I sort of half asked. The initial shock was being replaced by something more settling.

"They got pushed aside when I found more important things to take up my time with like studying and friends." And beer, I added

mentally, surveying the vast extent of his paunch. You've managed to stay healthy looking though. He could see through my head as well as Suzanne could.

"Yeah, I guess so," I replied thoughtfully. He was smiling warmly now. Well, even if I had lost a football physique, I had a feeling I had gained a friend in its place.

Just then Suzanne poked her head in the door to announce the food.

"Lets get a pizza or something," I said.

"Aren't you afraid it will ruin that girlish shape of yours?" His eyes were all twinkly. He knew.

I sighed. "With loads of pepperoni. I'm starved."

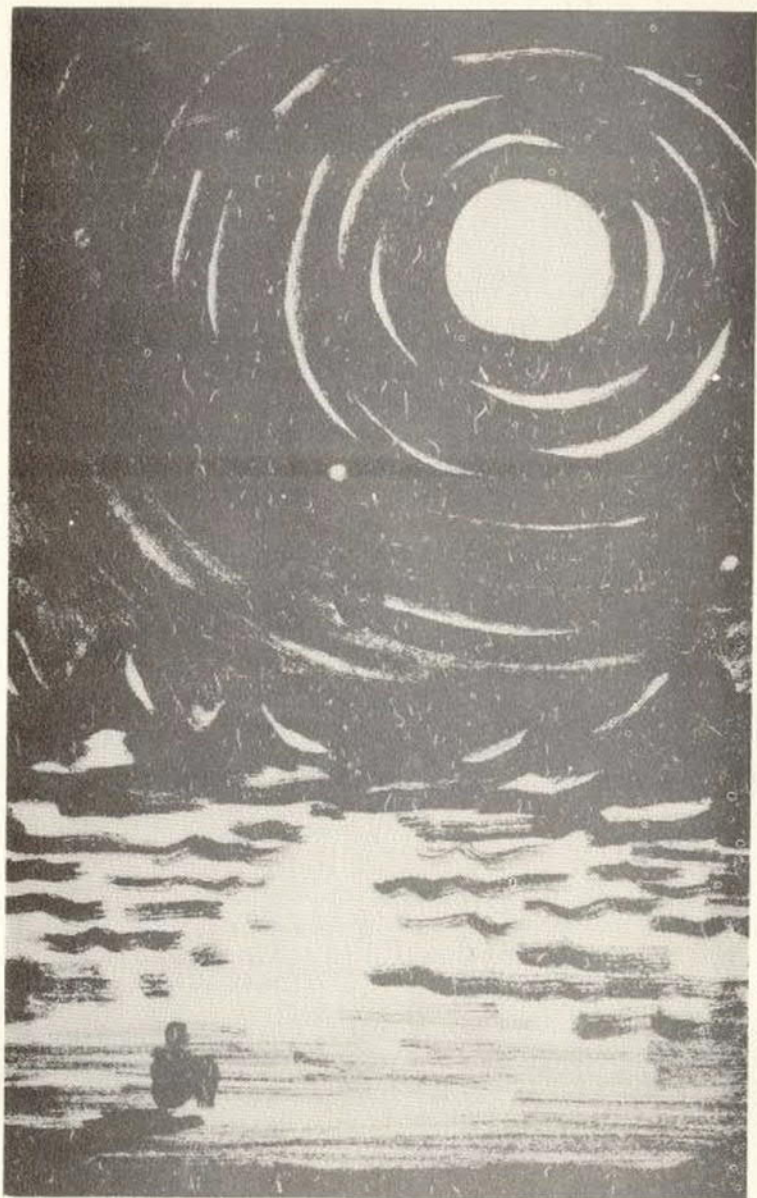
Getting Along Without You

Getting along without you is like going
on without the moon.
The nights are all darkened without you.
No more your lovely face gazing at me
every day...
Is this the terrible price I have to pay?

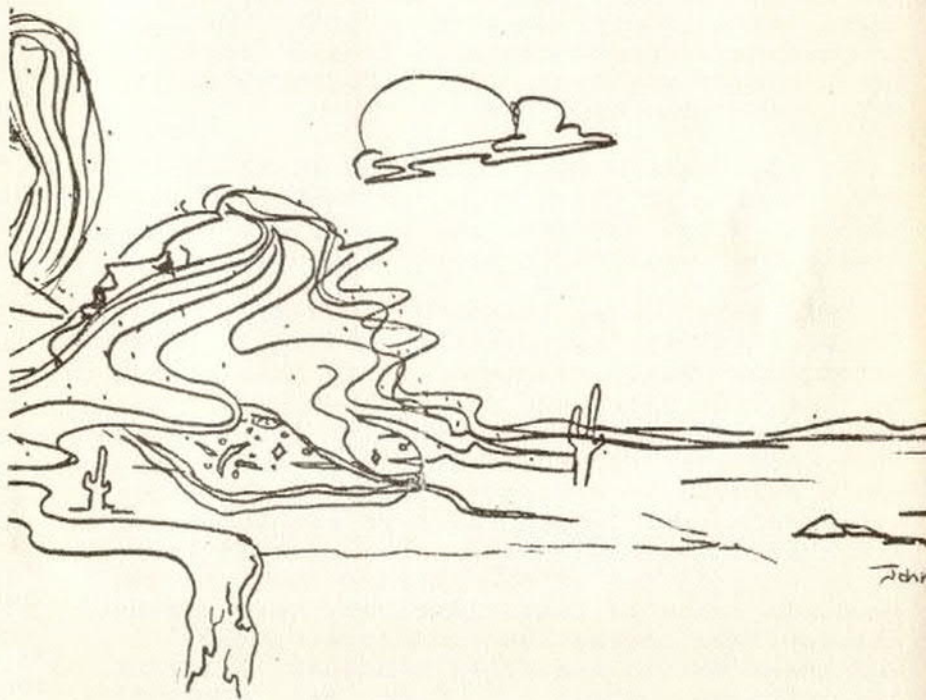
Getting along without you, no more
peaceful days.
Getting along without you, life is
becoming a haze.
Getting along without you is like living
without the sun.
And if I can't have you -
I don't want anyone...

No more warm summer nights, just the
cold winter bites.
Getting along without you, no more
peaceful days.
Getting along without you, life is
becoming a haze.
Getting along without you...

Lee







HER NAME WAS GYPSY

Jeri Magliulo

Her name was Gypsy. Her eyes were brown. Her legs were long. Her mane and tail were black. She stood fifteen hands high with a long neck. But Susie Morris was as proud of her as if she were a Kentucky Derby winner and loved her ten times as much. And Gypsy loved Susie equally as much. Until the day it happened. Gypsy could no longer love or feel. Gypsy was dead. The date, December 12, 1971. The time 6:26 P.M.

It all started with John, one of the roomers, running in the horse. As Susie followed him out to the pasture, the words "broken leg, really bad" swirled around in her head.

The whole thing happened quickly. Her friend Kitty coming over to share in her grief, the veterinarian confirming the broken leg and that Gypsy had to be "put away," and Susie crying into Gypsy's neck. Her mind; body, and soul cried out to God to make this whole episode be a dream. Susie listened to everyone's consolation speeches but she never even heard what they said. She watched Gypsy being dragged out of the pasture and into the gunman's range of fire. She had been crying all day, was crying then and cries still. It surprised her to see Kitty's mother crying for although she was a kind and generous woman, to Susie she was the rock of Gibraltar.

That night, Kitty and her mother took Susie out to a movie which was supposed to cheer

her up but only gave her more time to think about Gypsy--how much she loved her and memories. Susie used to think about what it'd be like if Gypsy ever died but she never thought it'd be like this.

Her eyes were brown. Her mane and tail were black. Her legs were long. She stood fifteen hands high and had a long neck. And her name was Gypsy. Those were the thoughts she thought.

She got up quickly with the alarm buzzing in her ear. The sun was in her eyes and fear in her heart. To her it was just another day full of regret and bitterness. Bitterness towards life, towards the world. Her friends, family, and even pets became symbols of the past. When she looked at Shelley, she looked at the beginning of her new life, new home in Lake Luzerne and she looked at the leaving of her old life. She saw devotion and understanding. When she looked at Kitty, she saw the things she'd like to be but could not. She saw everything that was better than herself which she saw to be a great number. Possibly greater than in reality. When she looked at her dog Pepi, she looked, saw and felt the death of her dearest possession, Gypsy, the horse and pet which meant to her more than life itself. This pet was to her the only stable and continuous love and affection she'd ever gotten. Gypsy to Susie was sweet, loving, and considerate and the kind of pet you felt you could talk to and know she'd understand and talk back. You could never hear her unless you wanted to but Gypsy could talk.

So...the death of Gypsy left a scar on this girl. A scar for all to see and examine. It left a look full of resent, hate, bewilderment, and even hurt in this girl's eyes. Yet

this girl walks among you now and unless you looked into her eyes and her heart, you'd never know it was her.

"Her eyes were brown, Her legs were long. Her tail and mane were black. She stood fifteen hands high and had a long neck. And her name was Gypsy."

I know he didn't mean it -
Why do I cry about it?
He didn't mean to hurt me.
Those words now, don't matter.
He's got to understand.
I didn't want to get back at him
It's just that I was afraid
I thought if I cried, he'd feel bad.
Let's stop fighting
Stop saying mean things to me, I won't cry anymore.
I want to be his friend.

Jill White

Would you please try to reach me?
I have a heart and soul, like you.
I have feelings and emotions, like you.
I have dreams, and hopes and aims,
So what if my skin is black?

Jill White

Boredom is
just about the worst feeling in the world
Worse than seeing things you care for
being destroyed.
Worse than being laughed at
by people you respect.
Worse than finding that your love
is a one-way street.
Worse than growing away from
old friends.
Boredom is
not caring
not feeling
not living
But most of all, boredom is
ver-r-r-r-y boring.

K. Fry

Comments On The End Of A Relationship

It's gone,
I'm sure of that.
Sometimes I say to myself
"There was nothing there to begin with
And you can't lose something that never was."
But I'm empty
And hollow
Which must mean that whatever I was filled with
Has left, or been misplaced for a time.
Well mustn't it?

I can sit here and say this,
Say everything without batting an eyelash
I can view it as a bystander
Looking, appraising, then walking 'on
Totally uninvolved
But really I am involved
I am the situation
And when my thoughts take this road
I blink too rapidly,
Trying to keep up with the tears

Oh, I'll pull out of it,
Look at all the others who have
I'm not alone
But I feel alone
Someday I'll forget it all.

Someday is so very far away.

Keswick



A Time to Destroy ...

A Time
to Create

THE FRONT DOOR

Andy Sanders

As the final curtain of the last act fell, the applause was tremendous. This was the final week of the production, before the famous old theater was torn down, which caused many of the more prominent people to attend. There was one person however, who was not enthused in the least. To Joan Hampton it was only more cleaning for her after the theatergoers had left, and getting home long after midnight.

Joan walked to the supply room and took the key out of the pocket of her faded blue Cotton dress. Kelly and John arrived at about the same time; they were the two men who also worked in the theater cleaning. Neither of them were able to understand Joan. They watched her as she pushed her graying hair out of her eyes and thought of how she would all the time be mumbling angrily to herself and seem to be lost in a cloud of thought.

Kelly pushed the cleaning cart out onto the stage, and from there they would take their supplies to wherever they happened to be working. Tonight was especially bad, because of the large crowd. Joan immediately took a pail of water and a cloth to the long rows of simulated leather seats to begin cleaning them so as not to have to arrive home too late. She worked a bit too fast this night and knew she was missing a lot of noticeable spots. But she didn't care, it would be her last week on the job anyway. Her mind started to wander as she thought of the richly dress-

• • •

ed people who had attended the play and began to wish herself able to attend a play someday.

Joan was never a person to socialize. As a child she would go to school and sit alone drawing in the sand, or watch the other children playing and wish them dead. "The children are just like the people who came here she said aloud. "Too busy having fun with their friends to notice me. They think I'm just a machine who buzzes in during the night to clean. Well, I'm not, I am a person and I hate anyone who thinks I'm anything else but that." She looked down onto the floor and saw a card which looked interesting and put it in her pocket. She did this with any paper she happened to find amusing. Then during her break to eat, she would read them. She found this more exciting than listening to John and Kelly talk.

The water in the pail had begun to get dirty, so she walked over to a side exit door and threw it into the street. The cold December air caused the warm water to form a mist which floated away through the air. Joan watched it fade past an all night bar next door, and heard music from a band inside being overshadowed by the voices of half drunken people. Their noise made her wish herself back in the theater cleaning seats. "Friends" she said "I have never had any, and don't think I ever will." No, she never did have friends, as a child it began, and growing up hardened it into hate. Reality seemed to have lost its hold in her mind, and served only as a place for her to work. With the money she'd buy food or an occasional work dress, but never had she spent a cent for fun or entertainment. Her entertainment came from her mind. She could turn a rainy day, into a beautiful spring day or a meal by herself into a dinner party, hosting anyone she wished to find out about. She judged them on what they thought of her, and worked up a

conversation between herself and her 'guest' in her mind. It was totally real to her, and since it had been like this since childhood, she knew of no way to be able to grasp back onto reality. She was slipping deeper and deeper into her rut, and beginning to be suspicious of all who came into contact with her.

Suddenly a voice seemed to be calling from far away, and seemed to get louder each time. "Joan" called Mr. Lark, "Joan, can't you answer me, I've been looking all over the place for you, and shut that door, you know we can't heat the outside." Joan let the door fly shut and walked over near Mr. Lark "Well" he said "the other help has already started eating, so I guess you might as well go too." After a minute he called to her as she was up the hall a bit, "and don't take all night, there's a lot of work to be done." Joan nodded and walked to the cart, with the cleaning pail in her hand and took out her lunch.

John and Kelly were just finishing and were throwing their papers away and getting ready to go back to work. "Good," she thought "Now I can eat in peace, without listening to them tell how they have just bought new lamps and a carpet, which made their apartments look like one of those expensive ones in the Washington building, or some other 'trash.'" "

She reached into her pocket and took out a whole handful of papers that she had picked up while cleaning the seats. "Well," she said "What have we got tonight." The first one was a business card. "J.R.MOLE, Hobby Supplies Hartford, Conn." "Hmmm, Mr. Mole? that's a strange name. I think I'd like to meet him, he sounds like one of the salesmen who could sell a ham to a Moslem. I know I wouldn't like him." She took this card and every other one she felt was of those people whom

she couldn't trust, and put them into the barrel that was sent to be burnt. The next few were only shopping lists of meaningless names, all of which she didn't like, and put in the same barrel as the business card.

Joan had just begun to take out the last few, when Mr. Lark came up and so she hurriedly finished her lunch and went back to work, saving the other papers for later that night at home.

The remainder of the cleaning went very quickly and soon, Kelly was turning off the last of the lights and locking all the doors. Joan wheeled the supply cart back to its closet, and got her coat. She left not saying a word and walked down the street about eight blocks to her apartment. As she stepped in, she looked at the clock and it was two-twenty. The next day she could sleep since it was her day off, so she decided to stay up awhile and listen to the three o'clock news on the radio. Her apartment was small, but quite sufficient for her needs. She kept it spotless, and made sure nothing was out of place. Her doors and windows all had locks and she pulled all the shades, she didn't trust the neighbors, and felt that they were watching her lately and she didn't like it. "I can't trust anyone any more" she thought "I have to live alone, while they are next door with their families laughing at me living alone. Well, I should not care, I can have friends if I want them, but I simply don't." She sat down in a big gray chair and decided to pass the time by finishing looking at the papers she found at the theater. To her surprise, the first thing she brought out looked like a ticket of some kind. Then, after closer inspection, she realized it was a ticket for the next nights play at the theater she worked in. Her heart stepped up in its pace "At last" she said out loud, "I can't believe it, after three years of coming through the back door, I'll be able

to go through the front one." She hid the ticket under the jewelry box on her dresser, for fear that her neighbors would see it and take it. It was shown by this, she had slipped a little farther from reality when the shock of the ticket hit her. She sat on the edge of the bed, and began to picture herself among the other people. For the first time in her life, she would sit among other people, at an equal level with them. After a minute, she ran over to the dresser and took the ticket back out, she figured it wouldn't be safe from anyone who may have been watching her hide it. Then she placed it under her pillow, where she was going to sleep on it.

At 3:00 she was all ready to go to bed, and did so without hearing the news, which she had forgotten about in her excitement. That night she rolled in her sleep a great deal and had dreams of herself falling from the tops of buildings, and then being laughed at as she was dying in the street. Scenes of beauty were soon turned to ruin, as she dreamed on. The night went very slowly for her and the dreams seemed to continue ceaselessly.

The next day, Joan woke up, and looked up at the ceiling, its white and empty look seemed to go with the feeling in her head. The night before she was eager to go to the play, but now felt unsure, for fear of the people was overtaking her desire to finally show them that she was capable of many things they considered impossible.

She got out of bed, and walked into the small bathroom and switched on the light. In the mirror, her face looked different, after many years of being alone and at times lonely, she now had the chance to go and do something, she seemed to need, but was considering turning it down. "No," she said, turning away from the reflection in the mirror "you can't stop me, I'll go and you won't, I have to go." Trying to convince herself to go, she tried

to believe the reflection was holding her back. Soon after a little more talking to herself, she felt it would be best to go.

She ate a small breakfast and drank a cup of coffee, before straightening up her apartment. Being immaculate as she was, it took her two hours to suitably clean what needed and didn't need cleaning.

Finally, she went over to her closet and opened it. In the back, on a second hanging rack, was a blue dress with small pearl like beads on it. She hadn't worn this dress since she had attended the one wedding she had ever seen, that of her sister. Joan felt this dress was fine, seeing it was the only one she owned anywhere near suitable for the play. She laid it over a chair and went to fix her hair. By the time she had finished her hair, it was nearly noon. She ate lunch, and decided to pass the time by examining an old program from the play that she had picked up in her three years of working in the theater.

By the time five o'clock came, Joan was very excited, and her enthusiasm had built up to be equal to that of the previous night. She put on her dress, and restraightened her hair. The pearls glowing in the pale light, were no match for the half happy, half insane glow in her eyes. She looked very refined in the outfit, and seemed to be completely different from the woman who worked cleaning in the theater.

She walked out of her apartment, and gave it one last look over before she clicked off the light. Her mind was deep in thought and wonder. She casually walked down the steps to the sidewalk, pretending to be a queen who was just entering the court. Many of her neighbors who knew her only by sight, since she never spoke, stared at her as she walked up the street, talking quietly to herself and

laughing at different scenes which flashed through her mind.

Near the theater, she started to cross the street, now more lost from reality than ever, a big smile was on her face and her hand clutched the yellow ticket tightly. Suddenly, came the scream that Joan never heard, a truck's tires screeched, but it was too late. Joan was buried a few days later in the blue and pearl dress. No one attended the funeral, or even noticed she was gone. Her smile stayed with her, even after death, and the ticket, possibly by fate or mistake, was buried with her. The old theater came down a short while after, and all that was known of Joan Hampton was lost, her dream to come in "The Front Door," was cut short, before she even had time to be able to see it.

Have you ever been hurt
By words people say
Or is it the looks that hurt ...
Or both

Can you ever call it pain?
Yes, I think so.
I remember the pain
When he said he wished I would go

But what do I do?
For this mental pain and hurt
Should I fight back?
I think I'll walk away.

Jill White

Oh God, how it hurt to see him go
But I hope the clouds, don't let it show.
So I'll just walk out in the rain
So the clouds, will hide the pain.
I just hope, when my time comes near
Someone will love me enough, to shed a tear.

Sharon Magliulo

A morning stillness
With the freshness of spring
Casting out the hopelessness of winter
Like a riding out of a storm at sea
It gave promise of new life
With the passing of the old
As a caterpillar becomes a butterfly;
And if this day is made for laughing,
Why don't I laugh;
And if this day is made for love
Why don't I?

H. Medici



SUDDENLY AWAKENED

Patti Bourdeau

It was a typical winter evening. The brisk air penetrated the bystanders on the street and the snow innocently touched the ground causing the steady traffic to barely move. Ada Truffle called a taxi with a shrill voice that could direct one's attention. She had taken the same route for three weeks, fifty fourth street to the Memorial Hospital where her husband was recuperating from a slight heart attack.

She had met her husband, Harold, during a dinner party. Ada had known other men who were dear friends, but Harold's money attracted her more because of her lust for adventure and social climbing which she lacked earlier in her life during the depression era. Now that she was sixty years old, the yearning for adventure and noisy gaiety had disappeared. The mere task of going to the hospital was not a manifestation of love for her husband but an act that would bring her a mink stole and caviar.

The taxi reluctantly approached the snow covered hospital steps. Although visiting hours commenced at six p.m. and ended at eight p.m. Ada was an hour late but that did not make any difference. She felt a half an hour was sufficient to say hello to her husband, comment on the weather, and falsely state she had missed him, while the extra half hour was spent talking to her friend, Hilda.

Hilda and Ada had been close friends since their days in high school. Both had led different lives. Hilda was a dedicated wife who helped her husband, Jack, maintain his business, Rhodes' Insurance. She was not dominated by money and egoism, but during her

forty years of marriage she had sought love and understanding which both shared. Ada asked, "Have you seen Jack yet?" "Yes but I was only allowed ten minutes, he seemed to be having difficulty breathing again, so the nurse connected him with an oxygen tank," Hilda replied. "How long has he been here?" "Three days." "Jack was working late Wednesday night, when suddenly he was gasping for breath." "Immediately I called for the ambulance and his doctor said it was serious, that he should have had a check-up a month ago." Hilda asked, "How is Harold?" "Well I guess he's all right, he's on a light diet, Harold's not use to that." "I hope he gets discharged before Christmas." "He expects me to come everyday, when the weather is bad, and I have shopping to do."

Hilda said, "Well I suppose it is hard, but I enjoy coming, it lets Jack know that someone cares and I tell him about the business, so he doesn't get worried." "Tonight Jack didn't look like himself, maybe because he was tired." "I talked with his doctor and he said Jack's condition was quite dangerous." "I suppose I'd better go Ada, it's almost eight o'clock." "Goodnight Hilda, and be careful driving home."

Ten minutes after Hilda had left, Ada called a taxi and was on her way home. Peering through the steamed window, the shadows of night haunted Ada's mind. She was aware of something missing in her life but did not know how to fill in the gap. It was Hilda's attitude toward her husband, devotion and kindness, and the disturbing neglected look that reflected in Harold's eyes. Approaching the gate that guarded the quaint mansion, Ada tipped the cab driver three dollars, closed the door and started scuffing through the snow.

The room was cold and empty. Harold had many a time spent hours at his desk working on business designs. A pipe clutched between his teeth, gave him a magical glow, a dignified look, concentrated in thought. Sitting at his desk, Ada realized the loneliness of the room. The painting opposite his desk reminded her of the time they had spent two weeks in Chicago in search of an exquisite one. At times

Harold's presence had been taken for granted but tonight she needed the reassurance of his soft voice,

It was Saturday morning, The sun modestly shown through the window reflecting the crystal chandelier. Ada had awakened with the notion of inviting Hilda for tea as an excuse to gossip. Usually on Saturday she would report to the police station, to issue complaints and visit her sister two miles away. Ada was the kind of person who made sure the police served their purpose.

On one occasion or maybe I should say many times Ada would be seen staring out of her front window. One Friday night around ten o'clock a blue convertible parked in front of the house. Ada's eyes attached to the window, saw two men get out of the car and repeatedly throw empty beer bottles at the gate. Two managed to land ten feet from where the svelte and oldish figure was standing. Ada turned off the lights and diligently sought to find out the license plate number and the faces of the men. She was afraid of being alone. Harold was visiting his brother in New York and would not be home for a week yet. She could have called Hilda, but she was surging with fright. This kind of disturbance Ada was not accustomed to. Other times she had witnessed accidents in front of the house and a murder, but they did not have anything to do with her. Although the faces of the men were unknown to her, Ada was determined to have them executed because she believed them to be Communists.

Sunday afternoon Ada had thought about not going to the hospital, but as long as Hilda had insisted on taking her, the visit would not be quite so boring. It was five o'clock when they arrived. On Sunday visiting hours were from four o'clock to seven.

Hilda had been an hour late because of an unexpected call from one of Jack's clients. She assured Mr. Pazo that Jack would be told about the minor disagreement in his insurance format. Mr. Pazo was concerned about Jack's health. Robert would make an appointment to see him if possible, because Jack had

been transferred to the intensive care unit two days ago. Robert would have chatted about his coin collection, his dream of buying a renowned theatre in the Bronx, and separation from his wife. Jack had always been an attentive listener, that was Robert's bliss, to make himself be known.

There was an eerie feeling that surged through Hilda as she approached the elevator to the fifth floor. The day before Alex Mesener, Jack's doctor, had told her that her husband had a slim chance of living. Her first reactions were why had such an agonizing situation happened to her, Jack did not deserve to lose his life, he had so much to live for. He had not been seriously ill since he returned from England in thirty nine, when he was critically wounded. Jack had once told her that if he should die before she had an opportunity to see him alive, he would remember her gentle blue eyes, the soft touch of her hands and that God would keep her safe and happy. Hilda had prayed silently to herself in the elevator, trying to find a way to preserve the tears that would eventually come. Each step leading to Room 426 was poignant. Never before had she experienced the sorrow of losing someone, but this someone was the reason she had maintained her fifty two years. She could see Dr. Mesener, and a couple of nurses reluctantly appear, their faces saddened. She knew she had to face this moment, but was uncertain as to how she would react emotionally, only the effluent tears. "Mrs. Rhodes, I don't know how to tell you this, but your husband passed away twenty minutes ago." Alex' eyes remained calm, but he was trembling inside. He wished he had never spoken those words. He wished he had the power to strengthen the weak, but this was an unfortunate state for him, that he had to face as a doctor.

Ada had been by Hilda's side. She did not realize the tribulation Hilda had gone through. She didn't realize anything except herself. Standing in back of Hilda, she was lost for words. She didn't know what to say or do. All that kept going through her mind was why had this happened to Hilda. She did not deserve this, she was entitled to a lasting, happy marriage. She had devoted her life to this man. She had

never done anything to hurt anyone's feelings. Ada
could not find an answer.

She returned to the first floor after making sure
Harold deserved the understanding, love and attention
he had long been waiting for. She could not help
thinking about how fortunate she was to have someone
understanding to talk to, come home to, and share a
life with. Maybe she had suddenly awakened.

I can't see good in good-bye
I can't see the good in good-bye
I want to live on the bright side of life
To bask in the sunshine, I've planned;
Sometimes there are problems that often
trouble me.
And sometimes that I just don't understand.

I see all the good in the flowers
So there must be some good in the rain
There's good in each end
There's is no one so bad
That he can't do the right thing again

There is good in all eyes filled with
gladness
But sometimes it's good just to cry
Good in most things I can see
But when you leave me
I can't see the good in good-bye

I see all the good in a kiss or a smile
They make life worth living all day
But sometimes I wonder if life is
"worthwhile"
When someone you love goes away.

Jo-Ann Richardson



MEOWCH!

Dawn C. Tremaine

I think I'll start out. I am a cat. The long haired fuzzy kind. I have gold colored fur. I also have a problem. I have somehow ended up with human-like intelligence and the ability of speech. My friend, the professor, insists that he experimentally gave me brains. My old granny cat, at the same time, tells me I get my brains from her. I prefer to believe the professor. First of all; don't start thinking that I don't like the professor because he's a kind of nice guy. He takes care of me very well and feeds me tuna fish. (yummy) Oh, yes I was supposed to be telling about my problem.

The professor always has me help with his experiments. That is, he uses me for part of his experiments as if I were just part of his lab equipment and sometimes he makes "little mistakes." Take last week for an example. He spilled some kind of acid on my tail and the fur is still green. After that he burned my whiskers, one by one, to see if there was any pattern to the way they would curl. You probably don't understand what agony this is to a cat. Haven't you ever watched a cat preening itself in the sun and making itself perfectly beautiful. Just imagine going through all of that work having a dumb human do those sort of things to you. I tell you it's enough to make a grown Tom cat cry.

As if those things are not enough, the professor has now invented a time travel machine. It's his pride and joy. It certainly isn't my pride or joy. The professor wants me to travel to the far distant future in this contraption. He says it's a "great moment for science" and that I'll become "famous." Just imagine that! If he ever told anyone that his talking cat

just went to the future and back in a time machine he just invented, they wouldn't even investigate. They would just hint around about "working too much" and "psychiatrists." Don't worry though, I'll never get near that machine.

Well I'll write more later

The preceding was written the day before yesterday. It is now useless except that it gives some of what were my problems and opinions. I ended up riding the time machine after all. I should have known I would end up doing that, like everything else. I didn't get lost in time like I thought I would either. Here's how it all happened.

After having a long discussion with the professor, in which I refused to get in the time machine, I went outside to take a cat-nap on a nice sunny rock. It couldn't have been five minutes later when the professor called me into his shop. It was for lunch. "How would you like sardines for a treat instead of tuna?" asked the professor. "Love it," I replied. (I have a weakness for sardines) I never suspected anything, after all why should I over a simple thing like that? I ate the sardines and they tasted delicious. Afterwards the professor gave me some cream and scratched behind my ear. I started wondering then why he was being so friendly. I remembered that the last time the professor was so friendly was the time he talked me into letting him have ONE of my whiskers. He did that all right. He burnt EVERY one. I jumped back and screamed, "No! I absolutely will not get near that time machine!" "Nobody was asking you to," replied the professor. "Here, would you like some catnip?" I cried "For catnip I would get into your time machine and go anywhere...oops." Suddenly my enthusiasm died. I knew I had goofed it. "Trapped again," I thought.

The professor gave me a little training and off I went, to the year 3500 A.D. and whatever was there.

The trip seemed instantaneous. One second I was with the professor and suddenly I found myself in the midst of a group of screaming ladies. I don't know what was the matter with them. I guess I scared them as much as they scared me. They kept staring at me and screaming. (Some way to treat a visitor who has just traveled 1529 years to get there). Finally a person with a little sense walked into the room. (He looked a bit like the professor.) "What is the matter?" he asked. Then he saw me in my time machine. I thought he was going into a state of shock. "I-it's true then," he said, "Just like the sketch. My distant ancestor really did have a time machine and his papers really aren't a pile of ancient fiction." He walked toward me as one in a daze. "A cat?" he said. "Everything is exactly as his papers say...it seems impossible."

Then he made a cynical face. "At least I know the part about the cat being capable of speech is wrong."

"Well," I thought. "What an insult to the professor and myself." I opened the machine and swaggered out (as well as a cat can swagger). "Well," I said aloud, "How can you insult your great, great, great,..... grandfather by suggesting, and believing, that his papers and friendly little, polite, modest, intelligent little talking little, uh...cat are all a phoney."

"Oh well," he said laughingly, "I have no choice but to believe it now" he said. The man picked up and asked me if I'd like to go home with him and tell him about my time and the professor. I told him I would like to. All the way home he kept making references to the old papers he mentioned before.

We travelled in a horse and wagon. As I looked around me I saw more vehicles such as the one I was riding. I ever saw a few carts which were pulled by some sort of cow-like creature.

I was surprised by this because I had expected to see all sorts of fancy flying cars like you read about in science fiction. After noting the type of transportation I studied the architecture. The buildings

seemed to have an oriental influence. Every so often there were temple-like buildings, I hadn't taken any notice of the people's clothing (remember I never worry about clothes) earlier but now I realized that they all wore very simple robes, I thought I had noted everything of peculiarity but in the back of my mind something still seemed amiss. Finally I pinned it down. It was the animals. Cats, dogs, horses, cows, donkeys all wandered freely among the people without being bothered. Even birds were undisturbed. The people walked around the animals if they wanted to to get somewhere. "Well," I thought, "This is the place for me." Then I wondered about the animals pulling the carts. How were they treated? My wondering stopped when one of the horses refused to pull the cart. The descendant of the professor, whatever his name was got out and unhitched the horse. The horse walked over to some sort of water trough and the man just waited. When the horse was through drinking he came back to the wagon and let himself be reharnessed.

We finally stopped in front of a small building. The man undid the horses and let them join the other animals in the street. I followed him into the house and he asked me if I'd like something to eat. "Yes, I'm famished," I told him. "What do you like?" "Tuna-fish, do you have any?" He looked completely horrified by my answer. So horrified in fact, that he just sat motionless for a few seconds. "You really would eat that, wouldn't you?" he said. "Yes I guess so. I forgot that in your time creatures were very unadvanced." "Unadvanced?" I shouted. "In my time there are...er were cars that go by motors, airplanes, rocket ships and there was very advanced technology. Here you have horses and cows to pull your vehicles." The man laughed. "I don't mean unadvanced that way," he said. "I mean spiritually unadvanced. In your time you ate flesh of other animals and thought nothing of it. Now it is a terrible thing to do. In your time people ran all sorts of machines that made all sorts of noises and made the air and water dirty. You had machines that made you get places fast. They were dirty too. Here we don't hurry; we take our time and advance spiritually.

Don't underestimate our technology though. We have machines that have been cleaning the pollution of your time out of the air and water for six centuries. We also have heating and air conditioning all run by crystals. We don't believe in other machines."

"Now I will give you some of our kind of food and we will talk more later."

As I was eating the horrible pasty stuff he gave me I thought about what he told me. "I might like staying here," I thought. "I would never have to worry about being bothered. The professor couldn't turn my tail green or burn my whiskers anymore. Dogs wouldn't chase me, people wouldn't kick me out of their way, and boys wouldn't throw rocks at me because everyone was too holy for that."

"But I'll hate eating this stuff," I thought,

I stayed overnight and the next morning I was awakened early by my host. "Meditation time," he said. "Not for me," I replied. "I'm only an animal." I tried going back to sleep. "No," he said. "You have human awareness so you must work for spiritual advancement." I didn't like the idea because, being a cat, it was my natural tendency to be lazy. After the meditation period I was given some of that horrid pasty stuff to eat again. I decided I didn't like it here any more until after breakfast I was given all attention a cat ever wanted. All of the people of this time believed that if they were good to animals they would have a fast enlightenment. They gave me a soft rug to lay on and they put it in a nice sunny corner. They kept a fresh bowl of water near me at all times. They also let me have that pasty stuff whenever I wanted it (which was practically never). They pet me and had me chase strings. I decided to stay forever.

I stayed for a few days enjoying my pleasant treatment and everyday my urge for tuna and mice was growing. I decided after having the pasty stuff for three days even a bird would look good. I somehow managed to restrain myself for two more days but on the sixth day I couldn't hold myself any longer. I left the

building to find a place where none of the people would see me and started looking for small game. There it was! Twenty feet in front of me was the plumpiest tastiest looking mouse you ever saw! I crouched down ready to spring and gradually zeroed in on my goal.... ulp! Something picked me up by the neck and started shaking me. It was my host with a very shocked and angry look. "How dare you prey upon innocent mice? I now declare you the year's temple sacrifice!" he shouted. "Well!" I thought. "I understood everything was sweet and peaceful around here. How will I ever get out of this?" He carried me to one of the temple buildings and threw me roughly in a cage.

One of my guards who seemed friendly informed me that next week would be an annual ceremony in which there would be a sacrifice in every temple and the people could be as mean as they wanted. "Oh, how nice" was my sarcastic reply. "Well, it might seem awful," he said but everyone looks forward to it as a chance to do all of the things they hold back all year. From the sounds of it, in your time you did bad things now and then all of the time.⁴ Night fell and I was left along in my prison.

I didn't go to sleep that night. I just paced my cage. (I share that trait with cousin lion). After a while I heard a rustling near the door. I looked up. It was my former host. "Shh," he hissed. "I'm going to let you go and I will take you to your machine. I have been thinking about good and bad, came to the realization that our culture is almost as bad as yours. We are very stuck-up about our righteousness and then on our special day we do almost as much evil in one day as your culture did in a year. He picked me up and put me in a basket so I would be hidden and carried me to the time machine.

"Goodbye my friend," he said. "I am sorry you must take such an unpleasant leave. I feel I must thank you on behalf of my civilization for teaching us we aren't perfect." "I didn't do anything except a bad thing," I said. "Still you brought us an awareness," he said. "If we were perfect we wouldn't be here."

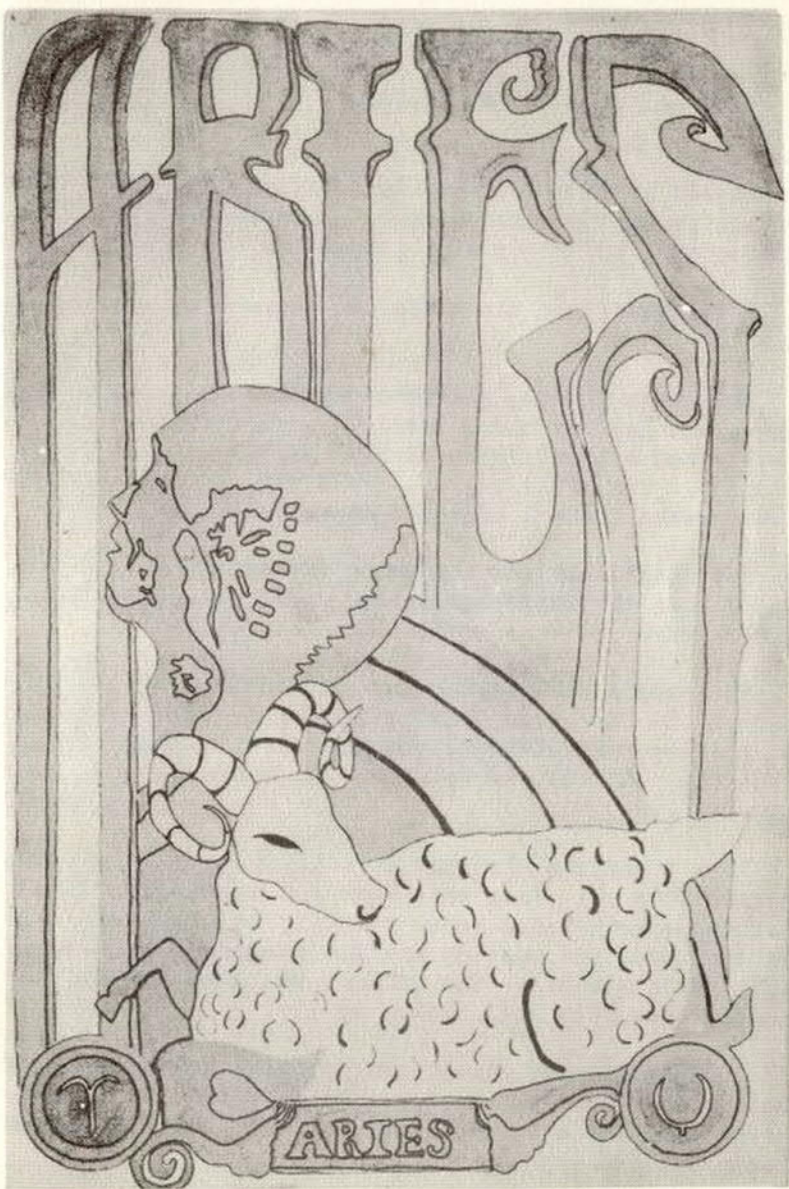
Suddenly he seemed to glow. His body collapsed and it seemed the heavens were opening to receive him. The room vibrated with awareness and suddenly it was over as quickly as it started. I was alone in a dark room with a time machine. My friend's body was dead in front of me but I knew that he was part of everything and all time and that he had attained perfection.

I returned to my home time and arrived one day after I had left. The professor welcomed me with a bowl of tuna. "No," I said. "I'd prefer oatmeal." The professor was shocked. If you don't understand why I said that I guess I should tell you. I went to join my friends in perfect oneness.



In time the waves may wash away
the footprints in the sand.
The ones we made once upon a time
in a distant fairyland.
The rolling surf will swallow them
and leave not the faintest trace.
But the sea can't touch the memories
I have of your lovely face.

The gulls will wheel in other skies,
Be kissed by other suns,
And time will take its toll of them
As even on it runs...
Time will touch the two of us as well...
And we will different seem,
But I'll always remember you,
 a seascape,
 and a dream...



A TRAIN RIDE

Nancy Ives

It was 10:55 A.M., and I'm boarding the train from Quebec to the Canadian border. This was my first trip alone for I had my friends company on the way up.

I followed down the aisle til I came to an empty cab...

Wow, what a week, all those parties and tours and the great food in those little French restaurants. We really had a great time. I hope she'll ask me to her house for the whole summer. What fun we could have in seven weeks instead of seven days.

Interrupted by the conductor for my ticket, I noticed that the train had filled and started the thirty minute ride.

The people all wearing the same style of clothing and all in their own private little cliches, seemed to be staring and talking about me. What a real freaky feeling! Oh well, maybe it's just because I'm a foreigner.

Then I noticed the two men sitting in the cab across from me. They were with a couple other people sitting over a large paper pointing to different positions. One man wearing a white uniform said something to a man in a blue uniform the same as the conductors and they both looked my way.

By this time my skin began to crawl and I felt like hiding in a corner. I should've accepted my friend's offer when she asked to ride back down to the border with me.

Everyone's talking in their French lingo and staring, especially the two in the uniform, making me wonder if I had gotten on the wrong train. I couldn't ask to go to the lavatory cause I couldn't speak a word of French so there was no way of getting to the outside; and the doors were full of people staring or sitting on the floor.

Twenty minutes had gone by, which seemed like twenty hours and the car was still in a French lull.

One of the car doors opened and another uniformed man came in. He seemed to be looking for someone. He caught sight of the man in the white uniform and got his attention.

The man in white nodded my way, and the man started picking his way over the people toward my direction. There were no exits as my eyes stripped the car walls. The only way was to get out the cab window.

They seemed to be stuck as I tried to pound them open. I stood up to get a better strike and I found a hand on my shoulder. Turning, there was the man in the blue uniform motioning me to the car door.

On the other side, he spoke to a lady behind a counter which was like a small office.

By this time I felt like running in any direction as a flashback of every day I lived soared through my mind. The lady retrieved a small alligator shoulder bag which I did not recognize at first. The man took it, handed it to me and said, "You left this at the ticket counter at the station. The ticket agent tried to call to you but apparently you didn't hear. Many people were asked if they had seen you and if they did to tell you that your purse was at the counter."

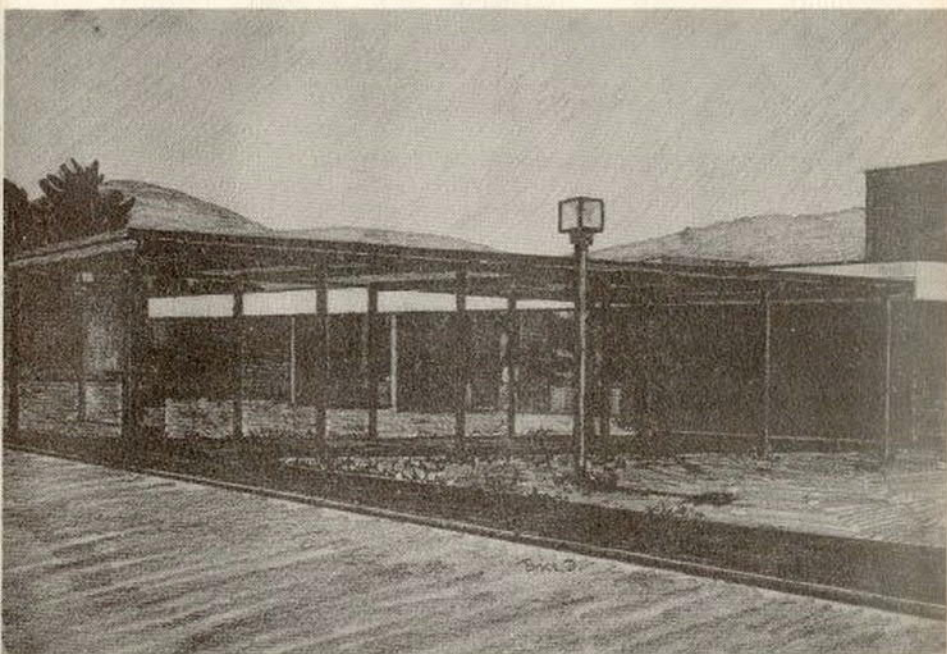
"Then, the head of conductors who remembered you, pointed you out to me in the next car after tracing you to your destination, and the train you were to take."

"Many of the people remembered seeing you and were asked to give you the message, but I see that either they didn't give it to you or you don't understand French."

After thanking the man, I returned to the next car and to the cab. Entering the car with my bag on my shoulder, I got many smiles from the people, and the man in the white uniform tipped his hat.

That was the longest train ride I ever had taken.

DEDICATION



STUART M. TOWNSEND

MIDDLE SCHOOL

LAKE LUZERNE, N. Y.

MAY 20, 1973

HADLEY-LUZERNE CENTRAL SCHOOL DISTRICT

Town of Day

Town of Edinburgh

Town of Hadley

Town of Lake Luzerne

Town of Stony Creek

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Norman F. Powers	President
Roger Thomas	Vice President
Barbara Rollman	Clerk
Madeleine Beattie	Board Member
Walter Maxfield	Board Member
Donald Scribner	Board Member

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Stuart M. Townsend	Supervising Principal
Leonard A. Gereau	High School Principal
Roscoe F. Baker	Middle School Principal
Robert J. Carpenter	Elementary Principal
Thomas J. Hewitt	Business Administrator
John J. Castle	Director of Guidance

DEDICATION

Master of Ceremonies	John J. Castle <i>Director of Guidance</i>
Invocation	Rev. Clayton Pratt <i>Pastor of St. Mary's Episcopal Church Lake Luzerne</i>
Presentation of Flag	Honor Guard <i>Boy Scouts of America</i>
National Anthem	Hadley-Luzerne School Band
Welcome	Stuart M. Townsend <i>Supervising Principal</i>
Presentation	Norman F. Powers <i>President of Board of Education</i>
Remarks	Leonard A. Gereau <i>High School Principal</i>
Remarks	Roscoe F. Baker <i>Middle School Principal</i>
Remarks	Albert W. Zimmermann <i>Faculty Representative</i>
Chorus Selection	Middle School Chorus
Remarks	Lynn F. Perkins <i>Former District Supt. of Schools</i>
Remarks	Clayton A. Brown <i>Former District Supt. of Schools</i>
Address	F. Donald Myers <i>District Supt. of Schools Saratoga-Warren Counties</i>
Benediction	Rev. Ronald Van Schenkof <i>Pastor of Rockwell Falls Presbyterian Church Lake Luzerne</i>

CONTRACTORS

Crandall Associates *Architect*
Adirondack Construction Corp. . . *General Con.*
Monahan & Loughlin, Inc. . . *Heating & Venting*
Sabre Mechanical Co., Inc. *Plumbing*
Rich Electrical Co. *Electrical*
Clerk of Works *Edward Gillman*

