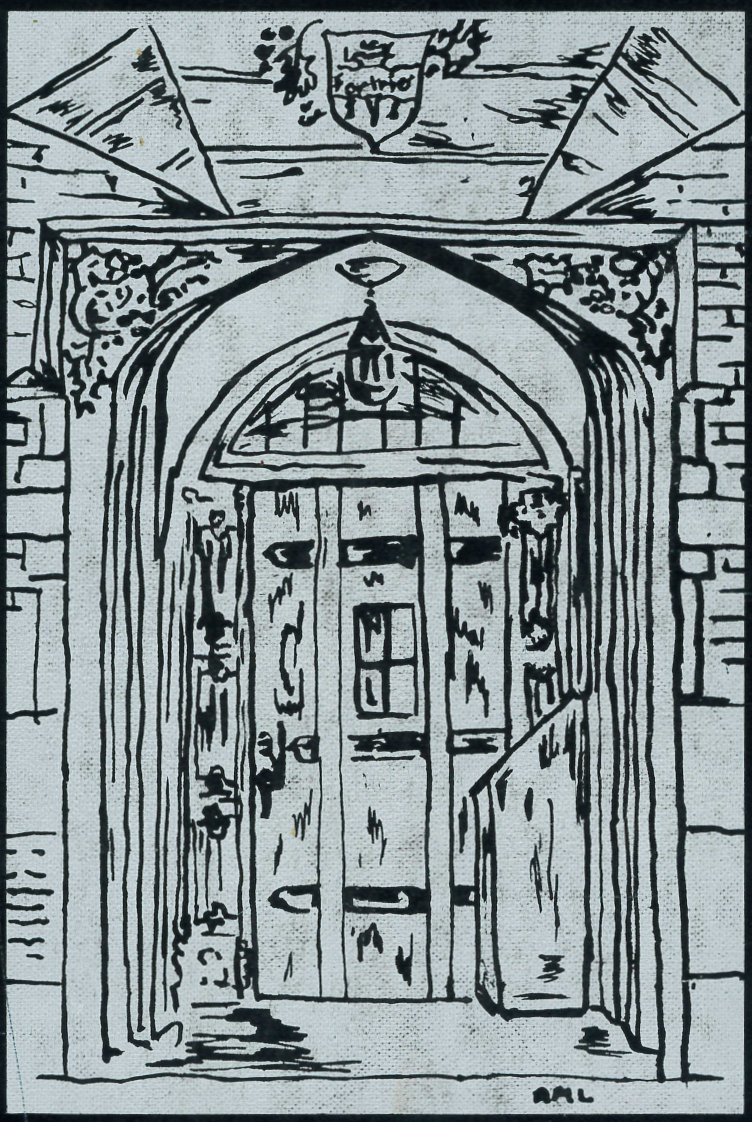
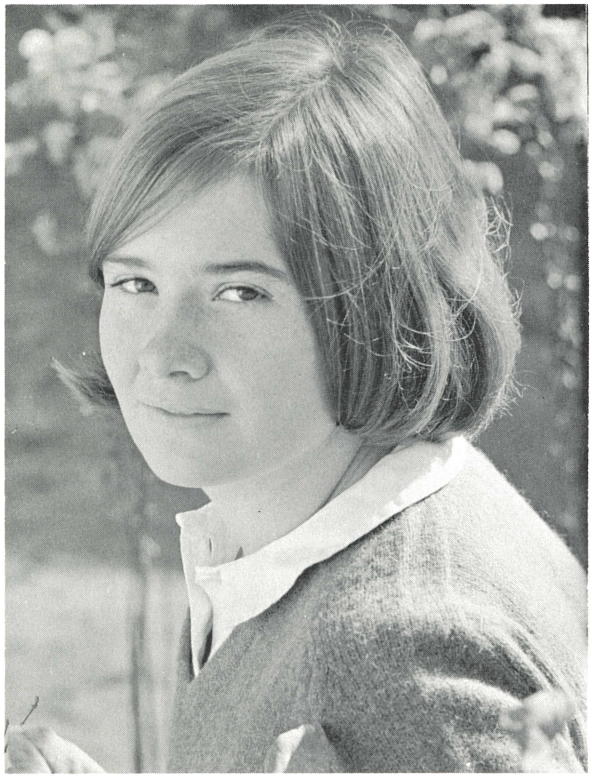
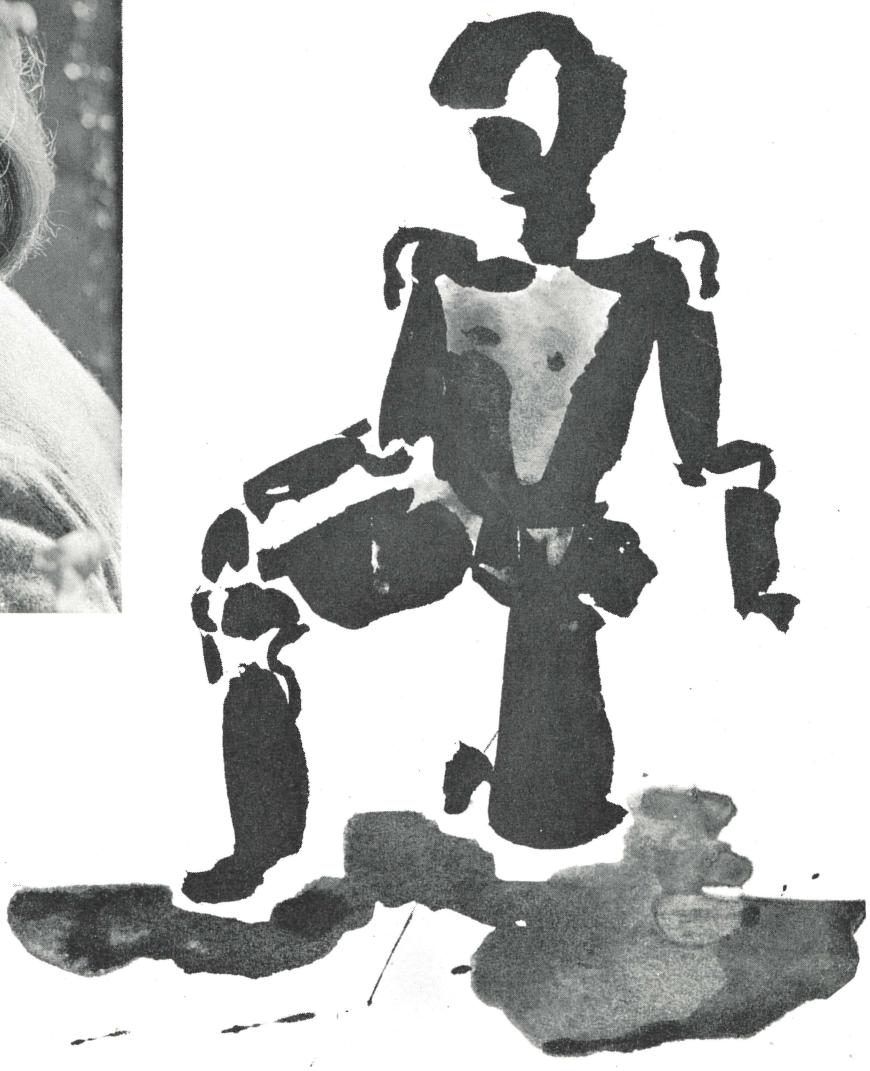

AML



Katherine Ann Biorn



Mary Earl Davis

A deflected reflected mirror

Is yourself against yourself.

An unpassing of a passing impassing.

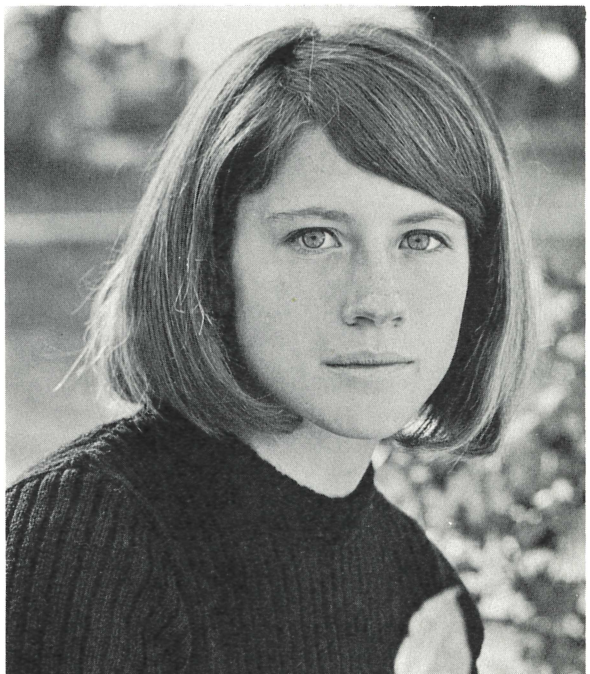
A reflected deflected mirror

Is yourself against yourself.

A realization of an unrealization.

A passing of an unpassing impassing.

Pass through, will you?



A tree—

How beautiful it is,

Tall and slender

Holding its head high.

The weights it must carry—

As do I.

But a tree never weakens,

Never droops with exhaustion,

It faces all—alone.

I hope that I can be a tree.



Mary Kathleen Doar

Ellen Catlin Donnelly



Stranger

The fire crackled

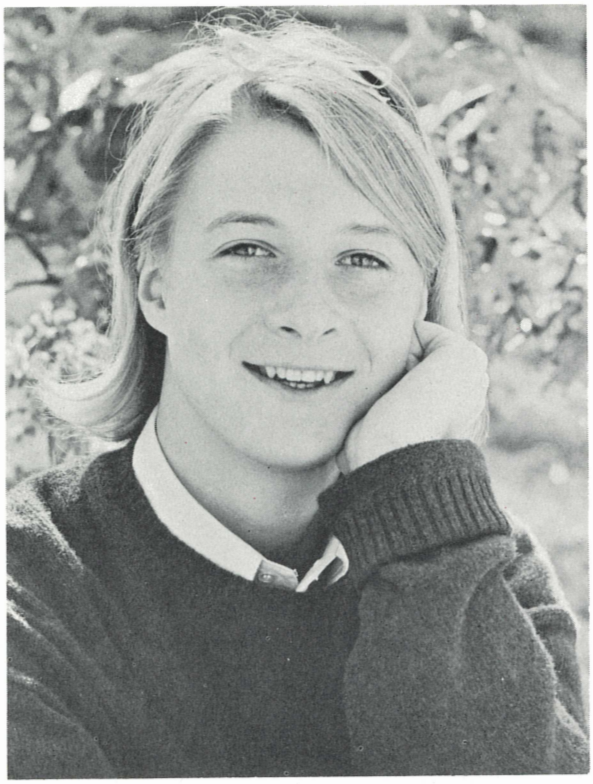
Casting its glow about.

Our eyes looked; they held.

We smiled.

We were alone in a crowd

And, still we were strangers.



Andrea Tinsley Field

The War in Viet Nam

Many will die and be injured too
But sacrifice for their country.
They keep their heads held high
But their spirit is low and lonely.
Everyday the battle roars loudly
And the brave, bold men grow weaker.
Many hearts are blistered by the
Impregnable fact that some will die,
Will it be me?

"We won't withdraw, we can't withdraw."
But why are we the committed ones,
The ones which will always save
The forgotten and forlorned?
There is no one else.
We must help those in need, support those in want,
For freedom is a blessing in our land,
A desire in many,
And an impossibility for the destitute.

One may ask why we fight this long hard battle.
Tell him, "So that everyone,
No matter what race, creed, or belief,
May have the privilege to actuate such things."
Maybe the chance will be lost, maybe forever.

Constance June Fuller

Experience

River running your course brave and bold,
What things you have seen to tell us of old;
Many streams of knowledge must make you serene.
Oh! If you could teach us the lessons you've seen.

River! If you could relate what you've learned,
Maybe then, through your experiences we could try to find
Ourselves before we're entrenched in mistakes
Which will overcome us . . .
Too soon . . .
Too late . . .

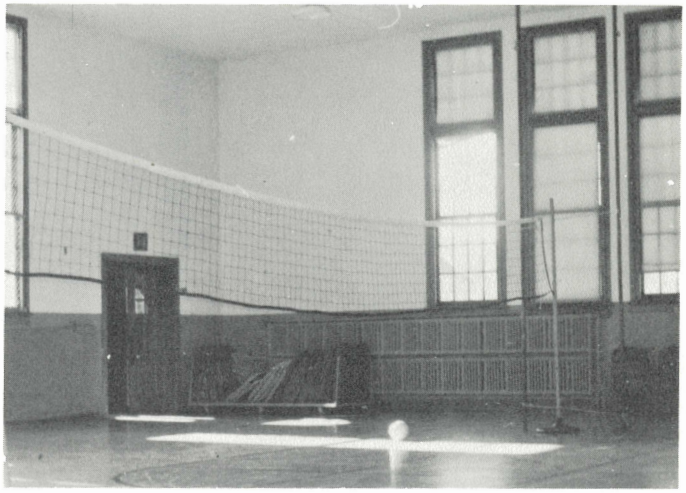


Journey of a Past Era

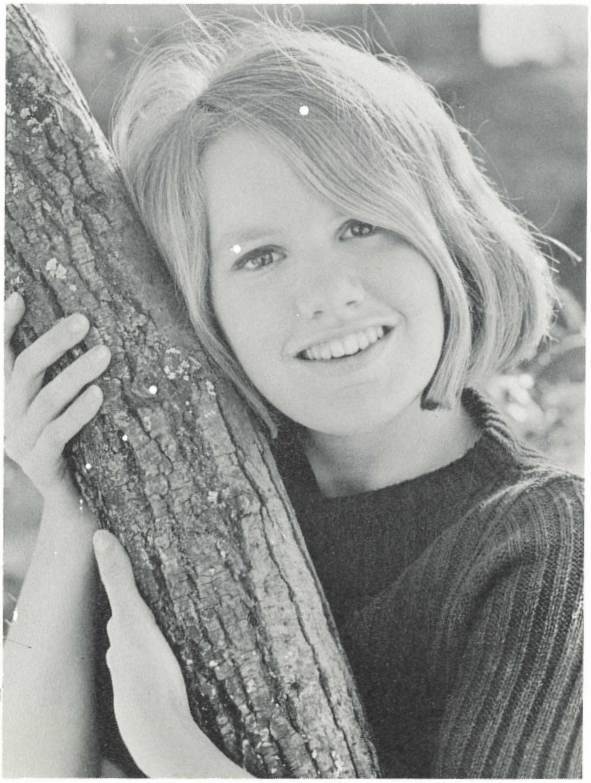
I am awakened by the cessation of movement. Hailing a porter, the conductor orders my luggage, two carpet bags, to be lowered to the ground. There are several people on the wooden platform, but none look even vaguely familiar in the dim way-station light. In a room jutting out from the brick building, a telegrapher can be seen slumped over the key. An old trestle is used as a step to the platform adjacent to the station house. Another set of tracks, narrow gauge, runs parallel to the platform. And the order board, with the signal arm extended, appears as a skeleton, a stark antagonist to the puffing train. Firemen are stoking the boiler for a continued journey, while the water tower waits patiently, its snout pointed downward. When the pressure's up and the tracks are clear, my only line with home chugs mechanically away.



Jane Ellen Hastings



Carily Todd Hugus



I look out—

The skies are dark with light,

The trees are naked with leaves,

My life is empty with people,

Everything is nothing—

Someone is no one

No one is gone

Yet, I look out

And cry.



Cecily Ann Johnson



Sheila Marie Kenyon

The Rain

The rain makes solemn tree guards limp
And, like some wicked, childish imp,
Plays horrid games upon the grass
With wet and slippery molten glass.

The rain twists clammy fingers o'er
The wind harp, choking its brave roar
To sickly spurts of damp unease
That barely stir the mourning trees.

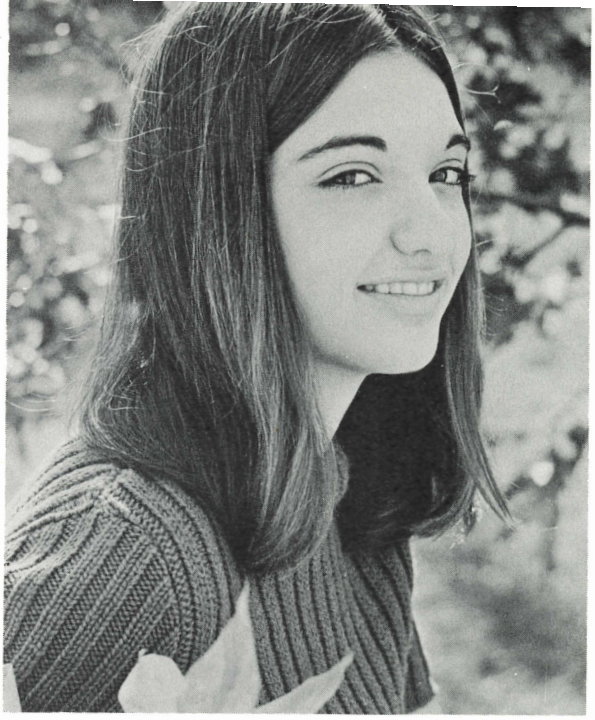
The rain soaks through the mortal skin
And lets the misty vapors in
That enervate the body's kind . . .
Rain is the weeping of the mind.



Each leaf in a pile of leaves,
Each child in a group of children,
Each adult in a group of men and women.

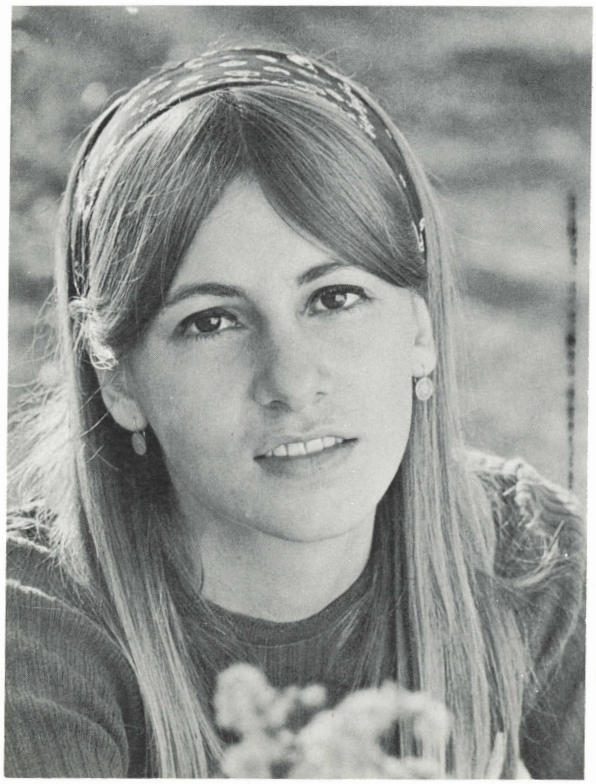
One leaf separate from the rest,
One child by himself,
One man pursuing truth.

It is the separate leaf—the child—the man
They represent what those combined
Are unable to:
They are what the others
Cannot be.



Angela Krawetz

Wendy Hughes Krueger



ONE IN THE SAME

Raindrops . . . gumdrops
Wicked WITCH

ONE IN THE SAME

Raindrops . . . gumdrops
Wicked Witch . . . Mother Goose
Scarlet . . . pink
Sniffle, sniff . . . ho, ho, hee
Willowy Sarah Sorrow and plump Jenny Joy
Are one and the same in the sandbox.



Jane Ellen Leavitt

A Burden For The Young

War takes only the young,

The pride of the nation

Leaving the old embittered who shaped the fight,

To question and do little else.

Is is fair that new lives must be sacrificed

For quarrels shaped before their time?

Yes, with their treasured inheritance

Comes the burden which must always

Be put first if it is to be preserved.

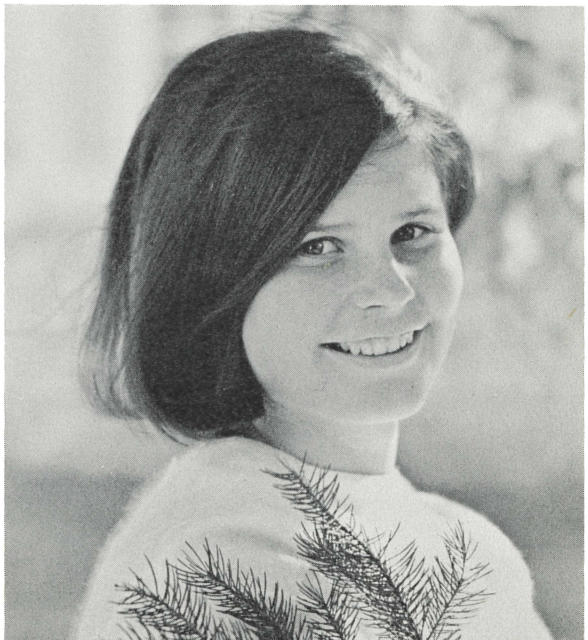
Yes, it is that important.

The weeds sprouted from the cracks of the sidewalk and made it nearly impossible to discern what was path and what was lawn. As one approached the steps, it was obvious that no one cared. The corners of one step were chipped off and little boys had scribbled on them.

I opened the screen door which was banging from only one hinge and was being batted about by the wind. Upon entering the house I saw that there were cobwebs covering the ceiling and the furniture was covered with dust. The fireplace seemed to be choking with ashes. I started upstairs to my parents' bedroom only to find the stairs filled with huge holes. I wondered how anyone could have done this to the house I loved. I saw that in my mother's room the floor was at a slant. In the closets hung the clothes of a vanished age, the long dresses and stuffed shirts of my parents' time.

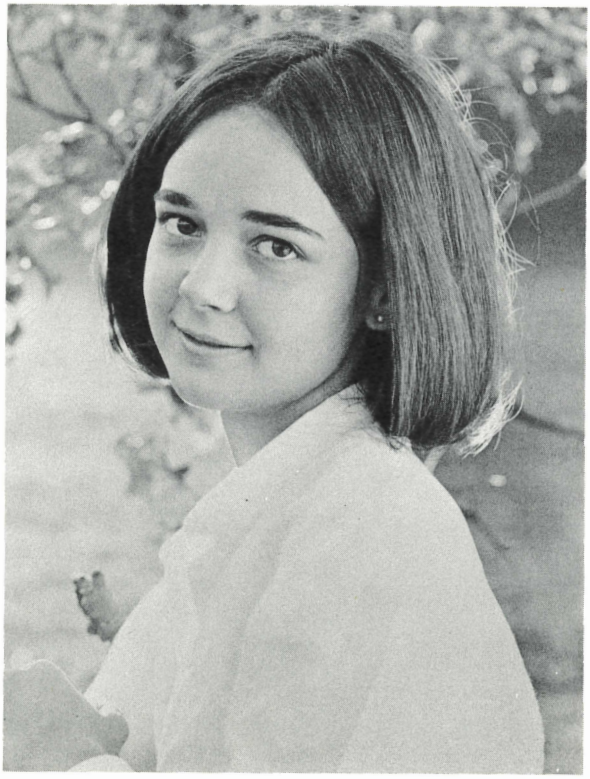
Suddenly I had to go. I walked slowly down the stairs trying to remember the house as it had been. I went outside, stopped for my last look, and left.

Judith Corning Leslie





Randi Tangen Loftsgaarden





Ann Murchie Lockhart

Some Literary Work

"Hand in some literary work for the *Flame* by Monday," the girl said. Obviously the girl was Binky Wood—who else could be so funny?

Nevertheless, in full light of the ridiculousness of this task, I, like most of the senior class, plunged deeply into piles of old school papers. But all I could come up with were dramatic poems, heavy with earth-shaking philosophy, and amateur descriptions of the wonders of nature. By then it was Monday.

It is now the following Sunday. Strewn all around my room are bits of ill-fated odes and scribbles of potential masterpieces. I have even tried

the modern bit
with a word here

or here

rather incoherent
to all but me
to all but me.

And a conclusion:
Those years at
"Summit Glorious"

were
won der full
But I couldn't spell "wonderfull".

Nothing seemed characteristic of me. Then inspiration struck: a page of babbling should fill the bill quite nicely.



Pamela Elizabeth Mahood

A man lacking faith will also be
lacking understanding.

A man lacking understanding will also be
lacking courage.

A man lacking courage will also be
lacking individualism.

A man lacking individualism will also be
lacking character.

A man lacking character . . . . . .
has nothing.



Victoria Ann Mahood



To be, or to seem to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to pretend an unknown but desired identity, or to be thyself in an existence of untouched but uncoveted reality. For pretense then creates false merits, held both in universal admiration and self-satisfaction.

And whether 'tis wiser to uphold the recognized results of the decision with a steadfast confidence, or to find an excuse for the shortcomings of the resolved plan.

But to live from day to day, in the manner chosen, as the happenings of life present themselves—that is the nobler and wiser course.



Lyn DeCoster Olson

Elizabeth Mary O'Reilly



Ants arching one by one
Nothing stops the Arch of Ime.

Hoses spray, a gap in the line
Water can't stop the Arch of Ime
They arch right over the guts.

Hold that line! Hold that line!

Fire takes nine,
The Arch of Ime laughs

Arch, arch, arch, arch.

Stupid ants . . . stop!
Stop stupid ants . . . escalate.

Lizards lap at the lip of lime
Even they can't halt the Arch of Ime.

Ants arching one by inane
Nothing can stop the Arch of Ime.

An arch in ime saves ine.



Margaret Elizabeth Owen

Light
Flash
Bright
Lucid
Black . . . white
Knowledge
Picketers from
A plane flies overhead
DARKNESS



Bonnie Brooks Owen



Loneliness

Loneliness is an endless, dark sky,
With a lone bird soaring high above.
Loneliness is a dark, deserted lighthouse
Against an empty sea.
Loneliness is having no one who cares or
Worries about you.

"No Graven Image"

The faithful are gathered in reverent file,
Blue-uniformed wardens solemnly watching,
The high priests count collections pile on pile.
Within hallowed walls their rites preparing,
The lords, in dazzling splendor, await their call
To celebrate anti-communication
With all their minions who shout and bawl,
Not for them the realm of contemplation.
Now tension is mounting, expectancy high:
All vacant seats are filled by vacant minds:
The rising veil is rent by thunderous cry:
New songs of praise the congregation finds.
Twist and shout; rave and scream; bay like beagles;
Taste the honey; love them do; worship the Beatles.

Susan Park



Susan Marjorie Park

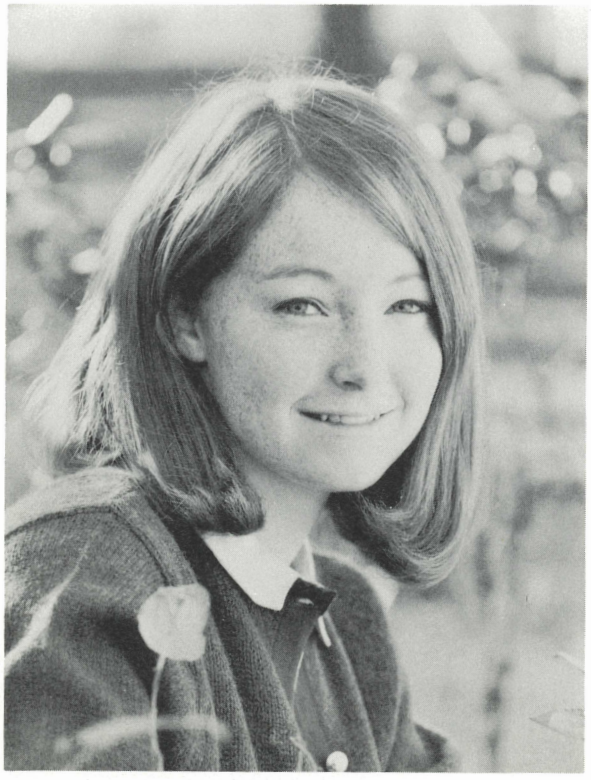
People

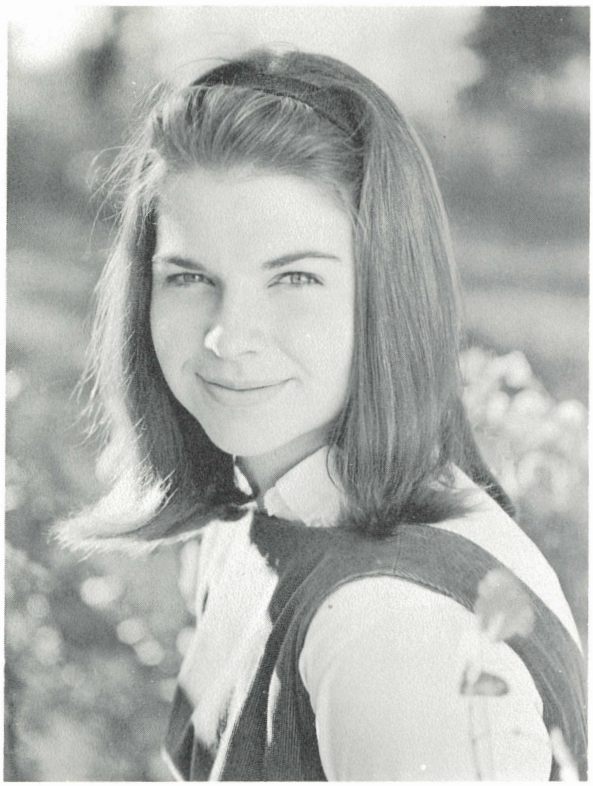
Are you a "people"?
Do you belong to the
Bungling society
Made up of "people"?
Do you pass every minute
Planning for the next?
If so . . .
You are a "people".

How cruel!
You could have been a "person".
Time is precious . . .
When you're a "person".
Time is not an illusion.
When you're a "person",
Time is life.
Life is present.
Now you can think
Of a minute . . .
As Life.

How cruel!
You poor "people".

Lynda Patterson





Betsy Ann Smith

And she thought to herself, "Why do I have to stand on this stupid pedestal every day of my life? If the manager of the assembly plant had breathed life into me, I could be one of them this very minute.

If they would let me have every piece of clothing I have ever worn in this store, why, I'll bet I could be one of the world's ten best-dressed women.

Those stupid humans down there—always gazing up at me and looking for something in my glass eyes, or else touching my dresses and looking at my price tags. How I hate the way they stand and watch when the floor manager changes my clothes!

If I were human, I'd show them. I'd show them . . . .

Virginia Leigh Stees

The following is the introduction to a speech I made in tenth grade. I selected it because it is an excellent example of my true personality (if one can call it a personality).

> In the past few years, many people have come up to me and said, "Stees, why are you so crazy?" What am I supposed to say if I don't even know the answer myself? So, at this moment, I would like to tell you about myself. Now don't get me wrong—I'm not going to go into the obvious facts of how ugly, stupid and uncoordinated I am. Instead, by means of relating several childhood experiences, I will enable you to gain a more fruitful and more knowledgeable understanding of me.

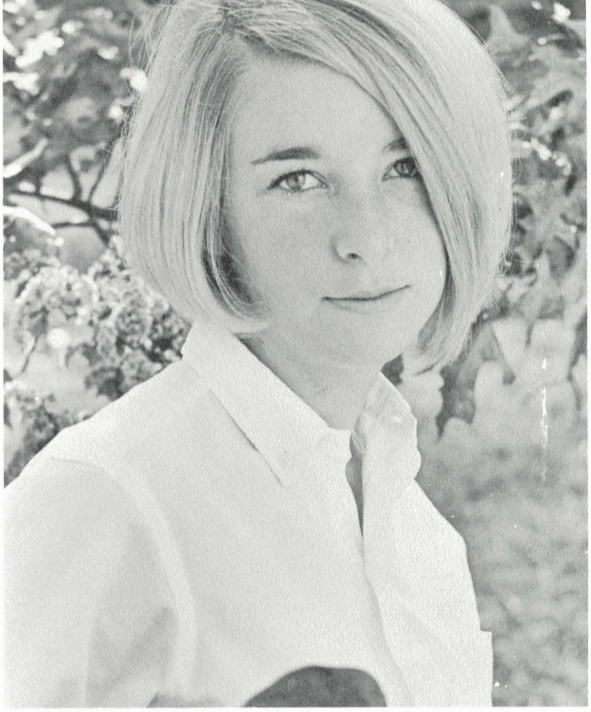
However I'm afraid that, after reading this, people will come up to me and say, "Stees, that is so typical." The question is—do I thank them or belt 'em one?



A Statement by the Father

This face is Joan's. This golden hair
Is kept by artifice so fair.
These cheeks are Joan's; their sun and roses
Cooked by Science, one supposes.
Smooth lips are Joan's when daubed each day
With something called *Cafe au Lait.*

But art and swab and daub alone
Shall not reveal mysterious Joan.



Joan Ellen Trenerry

Barbara Washburn Wood



Once I thought that the roof of my garage was the sky's limit. Now, of course, I'm wise beyond my years . . : my success could reign in any field. Then someone said that the roof of the garage was still my limit. It will all change next year, however, according to Dr. Spock.



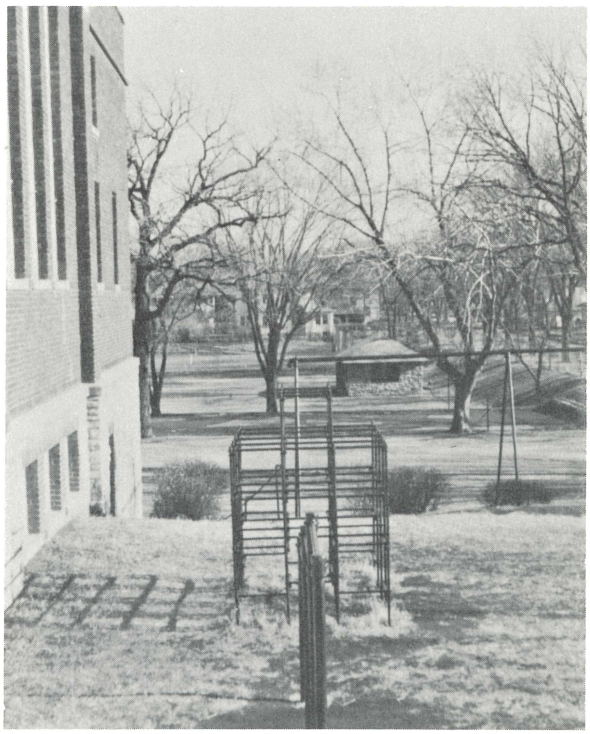
Carmen Lea Zell

O DREARY, DARK, and DISMAL MORN

O dreary, dark, and dismal morn,
Please listen to my sad appeal.
My bed have I just now adorned.
And yet with panther feet you steal
Into my secret room.

Your cold grey light seeps through my shade
To dash away all peaceful thoughts,
And acts for me a vile charade,
In whose upheaval I am caught,
For guessing it is day.

O dreary, dark, and dismal morn,
I seek no place to hide from you.
O, I shall greet you minus scorn,
If you but hold a promise true:
That is to let me turn at dusk
Into my secret room.



The preceding works of art and literature shown with the senior pictures are examples of the students' individual skills. Keep up the good work, girls!

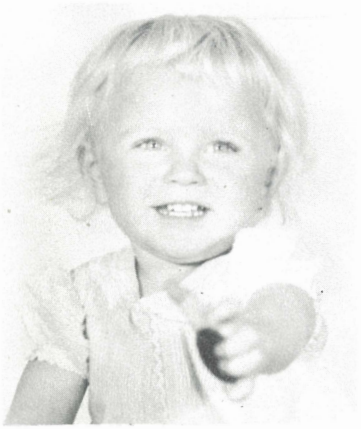


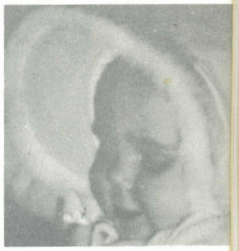






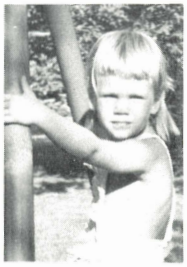
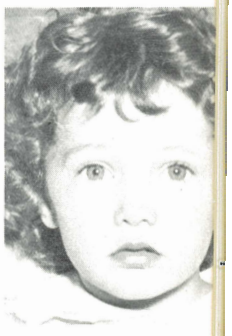













OUR EARLY LIVES



		Can be seen	Destined to be
1.	Biorn	Always performing	Olympic champ
2.	Davis	Doing exercises.	A muscle
3.	Doar.	Being amazed	A lawyer
4.	Donnelly	Doing good deeds	Social worker
5.	Field	Wearing boots & pants	A girl
6.	Fuller	Not speaking	A.F.S. chapter chairman
7.	Hastings	Acting & singing	An agnostic
8.	Hugus.	With Lockhart.	A nun
9.	Johnson.	With Rodmond	A blond
10.	Kenyon	Preaching.	Sorority president
11.	Krueger.	Can't be seen	Head nurse
12.	Leavitt	Talking emtionally on phone	First married
13.	Leslie	Flirting	Jewish missionary
14.	Lockhart	Driving with Hugus	A greaser
15.	Loftsgaarden	Teenie bopping	Without hands
16.	P. Mahood	Forgetting about S.A.C.	In fake leopardskin
17.	V. Mahood	With Benji O	Helpful Mary Ann
18.	Olson	Selling happiness books	A farmer
19.	O'Reilly	*%&!%$!	P.I.T.
20.	Owen	Driving large cars	Serious
21.	Owens.	At Pattersons	Talkative
22.	Park	Skipping French	A teenie bopper
23.	Patterson	Sitting in living room	Sitting in living room
24.	Smith	Eating	Mason's
25.	Stees.	In Girl Scout troop	Den mother
26.	Trenerry	Starving.	Roger's
27.	Wood	Dreaming of grandure	Sweet 99
28.	Zell	Acting.	Relaxed

Key To Baby Pictures

1. Biorn . . . 16
2. Davis . . . 23
3. Doar . . . 20
4. Donnelly . . . 6
5. Field . . . 18
6. Fuller . . . 9
7. Hastings . . . 4
8. Hugus . . . 5
9. Johnson . . . 24
10. Kenyon . . . 19
11. Krueger . . . 26
12. Leavitt . . . 27
13. Leslie . . . 28
14. Lockhart . . . 15
15. Loftsgaarden . . . 14
16. P. Mahood . . . 13
17. V. Mahood . . . 13
18. Olson . . . 11
19. O'Reilly . . . 10
20. Owen . . . 12
21. Owens . . . 21
22. Park . . . 25
23. Patterson . . . 2
24. Smith . . . 8
25. Stees . . . 17
26. Trenerry . . . 3
27. Wood . . . 22

Because I felt so terrible about having to cut the legs off of Ellen's baby picture, I saved a space for them on this page.

Ed.

