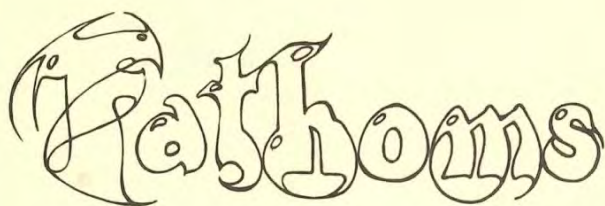


Fathoms



***Clearwater Senior
High School***

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PEGASUS

He is so shiny and so bright.
He soars like an eagle in mid-flight.
What propels this dazzling creature to fly?
Sleek flesh and strong muscle catapults him to the sky.
Skimming the clouds with dainty feet;
He and I shall never meet.
And as he stands on a mountain peak
And looks over the land he knows so well,
Tears fill his eyes..
He cannot speak.
For if he could, I'm sure he would say
That immortality is fine for a day.
But living the life of silent serenity
Is not as wonderful as it seems to be.
This creature is lonely and miserably sad.
He wants the life you and I have.

Mary Perrine, grade 10

facing page:

Jim Haines, grade 12





Jim Haines, grade 12

BRAIN WAVES

The waves of my mind splash up
against the rocks of reality.

Susan Olds, grade 12

The wind is howling and bullets of rain are pounding on my skin as I run toward the restaurant. My feet splash in puddles of water and I shiver and clench my teeth. God, the rain is cold, like ice melting on flesh. I grip the door of the restaurant and yank it open, hearing the sharp jingle of a bell over the roar of the rainfall.

The place is crowded. For a moment, I stand beside the doorway absorbing the soothing heat of the room, then I remove my jacket and walk to a table near the window. A waitress struts towards me and I tell her I want a chef's salad and coffee. She smiles, jotting down my order, and disappears into the kitchen.

I sit there, listening. The restaurant is filled with waves of chatter. I glance around and watch as the people talk, engulfed in their dialogue while my ears tune into one conversation after another. They talk about the weather or the news or their nosy neighbors or even about the future. But never the past.

The entrance door opens and again I hear the howling wind. Instinctively, I glance over my shoulder. It is then I see him. After all these years.

He walks to a table on the other side of the dining room. My eyes follow him and for a moment I'm not sure; after twenty years, it's hard to remember. His hair is a little darker and he wears a moustache, but the scar over his left eye gives him away. It is him. After all this time.

I start to rise--then I stop. What

if he doesn't remember me? It has been a long time and he may have forgotten me. I close my eyes and laugh, remembering the pacts we had made in high school. Best friends forever, we used to say, no matter what the hell happened. It seems like such a long time ago.

As I begin to rise, my food comes and I decide to eat before I visit. After all, I need to contemplate what I'm going to say to Michael. Perhaps he has ended up like me: married, two kids, a two story house with a dishwasher, and a station wagon. I wonder as I watch him finger over the menu if he had become a sportswriter like he had always dreamed. God, how he used to love talking about sports, always saying to me that someday he'd get to meet all the great pros and learn everything about them. I fork through my salad, trying to ignore the feeling in my gut that he probably never made it, that he probably never got the chance to chase his dreams.

A waitress stops at his table and smiles. Not just a friendly smile, but a revealing smile; the kind that Michael always got from pretty girls, at least in high school. But he doesn't smile back now. He points to his menu and mouths something, without expression, his eyes cold, as if he were angry at the world. I guess times have changed. In high school, he could never resist a pretty face, even when he was going steady. We used to laugh and say that we would never get married, that we would stay single all our lives. But, if I remember correctly, we were always a little drunk when we said such things; trying and succeeding in escaping from reality. Yet, we did

9

have fun. God, did we have fun. Knocking over garbage cans, burning tire marks in people's lawns, racing other cars and on and on and on.

I look at Mike and smile. The waitress brings him a hamburger and I can't help but laugh inside. God, how he used to love hamburgers. Always stopping at the nearest burger stand after school to eat and flirt with the waitresses. And of course they always flirted back. That Mike, a real lady killer. I used to envy his charm and how he used to be able to pick up girls with a smile.

I really want to talk to him. God, the things we could talk about. After he finishes eating, I tell myself, then we'll talk.

Yes, we'll talk. About the fight we had over Marcia White. I loved her, or so I claimed, and then Michael smiled and she was his. I hated him for stealing her and even screamed at him and punched him in the mouth. He reeled back and put his hand to his torn lip, looked at me, and walked away. I wanted him to fight back so badly that I could've gone wild, but I didn't, not after the look he had given me, as though he were a wounded animal. I knew then that the battle over Marcia White was not with him, but within me. After the fight, Michael ignored Marcia, and I dropped her as well. We seemed to grow closer after that.

I finish the last morsels of my lunch, still staring at the memory across the dining room. There's so much to remember about Michael and our friendship that my mind is flooded with images, but one image becomes more vivid than the others.

The night of graduation, our fantastic initiation into society. More like being thrown in. Mike graduated at the head of the class and I was so damn proud to be his best friend. The ceremony was scary, but afterwards we shook hands and embraced one another. The world was ours. His parents swarmed around us and we hugged and kissed and

made everyone cry. We rushed off after that since Melanie Walters was having a party at her house. Mike and I started drinking as soon as we were inside his car; a bottle of scotch that I had taken from my parent's liquor cabinet. It tasted so good, especially that night.

The world was spinning as we roared down side street after side street. Mike was hitting 80 and I was loving every minute of it. Everything felt great. My body was numb and my head was floating and I was free. I smiled at Mike and he turned and smiled at me when something rammed the front of the car. Mike slammed on the brakes, jolting us forward, and jamming him into the steering wheel. Blood trickled down from his left eyebrow as he wrenched the car door open and disappeared into the darkness. I giggled and closed my eyes.

The world was still spinning, and it was what seemed like hours when Michael came back to the car. Water was dripping down his face and his shirt and pants were soaked. He mouthed something to me and I said something back, but I didn't know what. He slammed the car door and ran. I tried to look out the window but everything was blurred. Water was everywhere. It must've been raining for a long time and I hadn't even noticed.

I leaned back and closed my eyes. Then, I heard the scream of sirens and I could see flashing lights and police officers. And blood. I stumbled out of the car. The world was clearer now and I saw Mike and a police officer standing over something. I walked closer and stared at the sprawled out body on the pavement. A little boy. He couldn't have been ten. Blood was oozing from his mouth.

I stepped back into reality in that ugly moment. I looked around, saw a twisted bicycle about 50 feet away, and realized what had happened.

I watched two men in white jackets place

the body on a stretcher and cover the face with a sheet. After that, the world became a blur of terror and confusion. Everyone was asking questions and I was explaining things and then more questions and more explanations and even more questions and even more explanations.

Then, I was in the back of a police car with Mike. Alone. He looked at me, that same look of a hurt animal, and asked me what he was going to do. How was he going to tell his parents? How was he ever going to live with himself? His face remained expressionless, but the tears were flowing down his cheeks and dripping from his chin. I shivered and told him things were going to work out. I embraced him as the tears flowed from my eyes, and promised him things would work out.

God, that was long ago. Now I'm sitting no more than twenty feet away from him, watching him pay the waitress for his almost untouched meal, and wonder if things ever did work out. He begins to rise and places a dollar under his plate. I tell myself that now is the perfect time to go over. He begins to stride toward the door. I want to move, but my feet are lead weights. He walks out the door and into the howling wind. I stand there and watch him struggle toward his car. If I run now, I'll still have a chance to stop him. But I just stand there and watch as he climbs into his car. I continue staring while he drives away from the restaurant and speeds onto the highway.

God. How people change.

Carl Mayes, grade 12

following pages:

Tim Borowicz, grade 11



WHERE THE SEA WAS

Once the ocean dwelt here;
 Pulsing with life,
 It caressed the shore with wet kisses,
 And cried salty tears upon the sandy
 shoulders of the land.

Then, it retreated;
 Driven from its home by time and
 circumstance,
 The sea departed from its early residence
 Leaving it desolate and alone.

Time passed;
 The once-deserted land abounded with life,
 Loose soil became hard-packed by gigantic
 reptilian feet,
 Barren earth was enriched with Dinosaur
 bones.

Then these massive monarchs, too, dis-
 appeared,
 Leaving Time to deal with their remains.
 Rock formed, relentlessly crushing with its
 weight;
 Transforming old substances into something
 new.

More years lapsed;
 A new ruler arose--
 A merciless, metallic monster,
 Erasing eons of Nature's patient work.

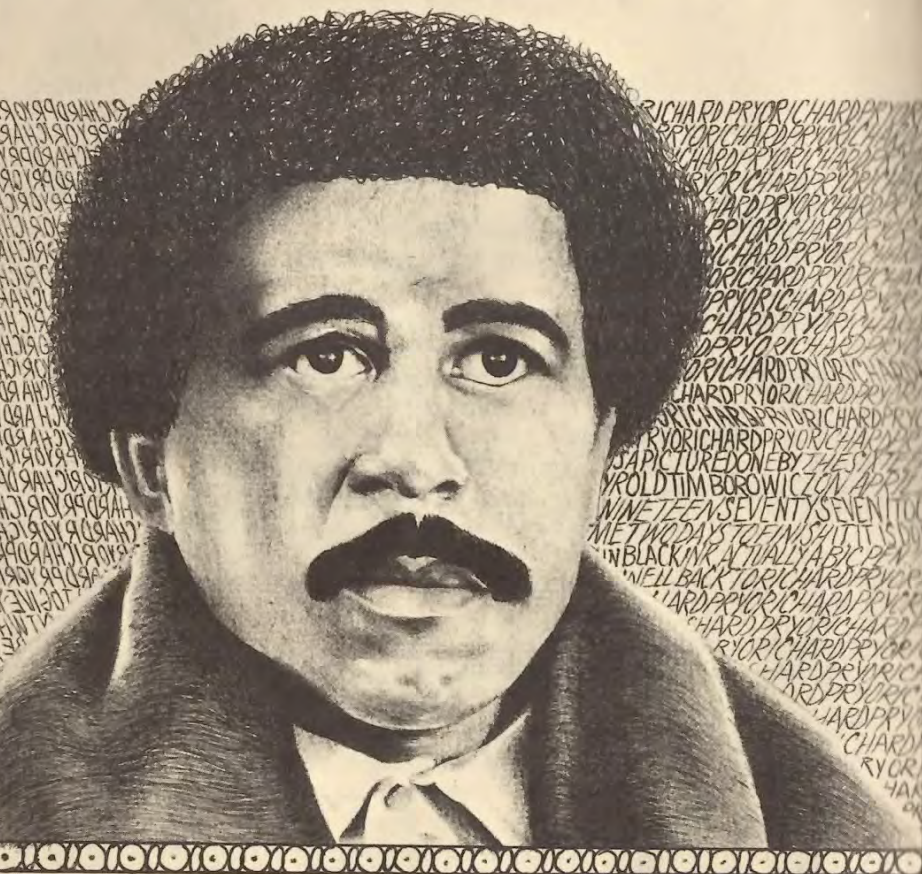
Maliciously, it tore the ground with
 gleaming claws.
 Cruelly, its inhuman jaws gouged great
 wounds in the Earth's crust,
 Thirstily, like some savage vampire, it
 sucked up the Earth's lifeblood;
 Casually spitting it into growling machines,
 which belched smoke most uncouthly.

When the land was completely devastated,
 The fiendish monster left.
 Raw cuts gaped open to the sky,
 Malodorous fumes choked the wind.

No living creature remained,
 Only bits of broken rock, and here and there,
 an occasional scrap of metal
 A lonely seashell lay broken where it had
 been unearthed,
 Still voicing the sound of the surf.

Here, where the sea once was.

Debbie Levine, grade 11



PRYOR

ON WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING BLACK

What is it like being black?
Does our past history not
explain this fact

We as blacks are very proud
So proud that we can say it loud
For the color of our skin
are we so often discriminated
But of our fine lifestyle are
we by others so proudly imitated
We as blacks are superior and great
Though the opposing race defines us
as hate

We realize the Constitution
is color blind
Neglecting our equality for
are we too, a part of
mankind?

Have we as blacks not been
deceived
Fighting for a justice we have
not received.

Living in a world of
mere unjust
Judged by our color,
longing for trust.

Wayne Mack, grade 11

facing page:
Tim Borowicz, grade 11

A PLEA

Let me be free and have no rules.
 Let me lead my life my way.
 Let me make my own decisions.
 Let me establish my own values.
 Let me see the world as it is, as a free person.
 Not as one being sheltered from all bad.

Help me, I'm lost and confused.
 Help me, I don't know what to do.
 Help me, I don't know what to choose.
 Help me, I'm scared of growing up.
 Help me, I've seen too much bitterness.
 Help me, I'm not ready for the world.

I ask to be left alone, to think for myself,
 But I want to know what you think, too.
 I ask to see the world on my own,
 But I need someone to show me around.
 I ask to make my own decisions,
 But I still need your guidance.

I wanted to be myself on my own,
 But I can't be without your love.
 I wanted to tackle the world by myself,
 But I need support and confidence from you.
 Come, join me, and we shall explore life as a team,
 But yet as two unique people.

Patty Yingling, grade 9

PROPHET'S CHILDREN

Separate children
 born under one.
 Each must turn
 to find their
 sun.
 Stars are their
 shepherds,
 the guiding lights.
 Walk along a
 sandy shore,
 follow a gull's
 flight.
 In the sky shines
 a crystalline moon.
 As fate calls,
 they will be there
 soon.

These are the prophet's
 children.
 They follow his hand
 only they understand,
 though, others claim,
 they travel farther away,
 the prophet's children know
 they get closer day by day.

Geodie Baxter, grade 11

Alone
cannot be
Uttered
in the same
Breath
as...
Friends

Phil Hatlem, grade 10

Suddenly...
A perfect crystal thought enters my mind,
Capturing my imagination.
My mind bends 'round it, holding fast.

Wonder...
A misty, warm feeling washes over me,
Bearing me up, it takes me to a land beyond the sky.
There everything is new, untouched by human mind.

Then...
An everyday sound,
Like the ticking of a clock,
Or the buzzing of a fly,
Intrudes.
It pulls my mind up short,
Jerking me from my reverie
With the abrupt finality of the hangman's noose.
Sadly...
I ponder the lost moment,
As I watch the thought-balloon rise,
Up, up until it bursts.

Nothing...
Remains.

Debbie Levine, grade 11

DUST

Sundust golden and warm,
like fields of ripened wheat,

Raindust fresh from a storm,
in pools beneath our feet,

Moondust pale and cold,
sways the ocean's tides,

Stardust which wishes hold,
for a dreamer whose hope never subsides.

Maria Shiell, grade 11

I saw him smile
then laugh, then roar
for the excitement was too immense.

He reached out
for my oversized hand
and my nose (much like a ball).

I sensed in him
an amazement of me
and it warmed my heart to know
that it was me;
my stumbling old antics
that made that smile so dear.

Ray Nugent, grade 12



Our bodies are young,
But our souls are ancient.

We are the adults of tomorrow;
Grown up too soon--today.

Our feelings should be young
But our hearts are ancient.

We were forced into your world;
Grown up too soon--today.

Our thoughts should be young,
But our minds are ancient.

Why are we like this, like you;
Grown up too soon--today.

Our life should be young,
But our childhood is ancient.

Kathie Hayes, grade 12

from ORIGINAL GRAFFITI

What we are is better than what we were,
but not quite as good as what we will
become.

Shari Moore, grade 11

facing page:
Joe Damers, grade 10

The sun sets on me, alone
 Where we once used to walk, together.
 The waves splash one pair of feet, not two.
 The wind whips my hair
 Bringing your voice to me
 And I turn but you're not there.
 One pair of eyes gazes seaward, not two
 The waves thunder out your laugh
 And I turn but you're not there
 One set of footprints in the sand, not two
 One person walks the beach at sunset
 Where once there were two
 One me, the other you
 But now the sun sets on me, alone.

Suzanne Schaffer, grade 11

MY SILENT FRIEND

The clock said it was late, and in the inner darkness of the house, all was silent. I decided to go for a walk on the beach and find my friend. So I put on my bathing suit and went to say hello to a new kind of silence.

I sat on the beach in the middle of thought, lit up a cigarette, and watched the water. Now there was no horizon, for the

evening hours had encased the very distant in a wall of cold evenness. I called out for my silent friend but received no return. So I waited and searched the open sea for an answer to my needs.

There in silence, where the fading sandcastles ran to meet the waves, I found him and even though there was a silence between us, we still talked in our own way.

I stood to meet this new friend of mine and with compassion, looked into his eyes. He stood beside me and together we walked into the stillness of the night. We stood there for a minute, staring into each other's eyes and with every passing moment, I longed to say to him, "I love you." But I knew if the silence was broken then our game would end and my silent friend would be gone.

But the feeling grew stronger with every passing moment and I was so overwhelmed with the feeling of love that I spoke and broke the silence for the first time since we had been together. He turned towards the sea and started to leave and as he did, I put out my hand to stop him. But somehow my hand passed right through him. With the next wave he was gone.

I called out to him but he was gone. So I sat there, more alone than before. I decided to find my friend. I dove into the next wave and descended into the depths as I called his name.

(A body was found this morning. The body of a young man. There was a smile on his face. In the sand beside him, was etched, "I found my silent friend. He was inside." A strange exchange for happiness.)

John Adkison, grade 10

I wish
 sometimes
 I could go
 on a boat
 not anywhere
 just someplace
 with no name
 and people
 who know nothing.
 And no
 questions
 would be asked.
 I'd
 live
 carefree and
 easy.

Carol Culkar, grade 11

Turn over
 gray stone. Tell
 me what you
 hold
 beneath you.
 What secrets have
 you kept?
 What wonders
 are trapped beneath
 you?
 Perhaps you are
 a grave stone
 under which I
 was earthed in
 a past life!
 I could be lying
 under you.
 Yet, I would never
 know!
 Yet, more than
 likely--you are
 just a gray stone,
 LARGER THAN A
 PEBBLE,
 Smaller than a
 boulder.

Geodie Baxter, grade 11

To sail
 on seven seas
 is seven pleasures of
 life I've sailed & seven good times
 I've met.

"Gabe" IV

WHO AM I?

Who am I?

I am a child of God. I am important.
 I am special. I am uniquely different
 from everyone else. I am me!

Who am I?

I am a free person. I have rights
 and freedoms. But I also have a
 responsibility not to abuse my rights
 or restrain the rights of others.

Who am I?

I am a person. Help me, everyone
 needs some help occasionally. Give
 me confidence so I can make the most
 of my talents. Don't condemn me
 because I'm "different," for you are
 "different" also. Just accept me
 as I am.

Patty Yingling, grade 9



Flying high
fantasies.
Drifting away as
...clouds...
over mountains
and valleys
and trees.
Riding winds,
as cowboys
ride horses
in a
rodeo
slowly, slowly,
dis
sol
vin
g.

Geodie Baxter, grade 11

Suzanne Schaffer,
grade 11

I HAVE A BLINDNESS DON'T I?

When I do not allow myself to see, I hate without cause, without reason. My fists clench and my mind goes blank and a numbness hits that hurts others. But I refuse to think I just hit.

I have a blindness don't I? When a conquerable type feeling of defiance comes in and suddenly I feel the urge to hurt, to destroy.

I have a blindness don't I? When people I know and love become nothing, and my hate drives on with no reason except my own immaturity to deal with my problems

And after its over and you've let yourself and your friends down, for a thought you cannot defend, how does it feel to know you have caused more damage then you can account for, how does it feel?

Jim Murdoch, grade 12

facing page:
Wayne Scott, grade 11



BALYHOO

Wind wisps through
 the lagoon of my mind
 lifts me to currents
 circled and lined
 Green fronds spewed
 from volcanic earth
 grape vines grip
 in a tugging girth
 Feathered down
 to ferns below
 lapped by sand
 the golden snow
 Sleep in wakeful
 thoughts of you
 Mind's retreat
 my Balyhoo

Balyhoo dear Summerland
 willowed mountains silent band

Time and distance
 have no place
 feet stand still
 and win the race
 Time, a convenience
 like wind flows
 mills can't tie her
 unchecked she blows
 Miles are close
 as inch to inch
 oceans are drops
 in a Universal trench
 All laps over everything else
 Alone we freeze, together we pulse

Womenfolk in
 the marketplace say
 Poor old What's-his-name
 passed away
 They sniff the melons
 and squeeze the fruit
 and walk on deaf
 to Death's near flute

Sight from Balyhoo is clear
 Relax and listen
 touch and hear
 Surrounding scents
 of hemlock and hay
 Love winters warm
 and colours in May
 Carolina farmers
 work and sweat
 horses plow fields
 their sides are wet
 Bring in the harvest
 before the flood
 Land washes away
 sapped out like blood
 Creek runs high
 and jumps its course
 like a craze-eyed
 glaze-eyed horse
 Sometimes I feel
 like bolting too
 peace waits for me
 in Balyhoo

Love has left from Balyhoo
 God I must now leave you too
 Bask in warmth of island sun
 and think of Balyhoo
 Thinking love for only one
 Loving only thoughts of you
 Take my mind to Balyhoo
 my heart to Paradise
 to heaven where my lover flew

into red and silent skies
 Rake my mind -- must not forget
 all things die but memory
 Impure blood will soon be let
 Balyhoo will come for me

Death is not but life again
 and love is Death, the timeless end

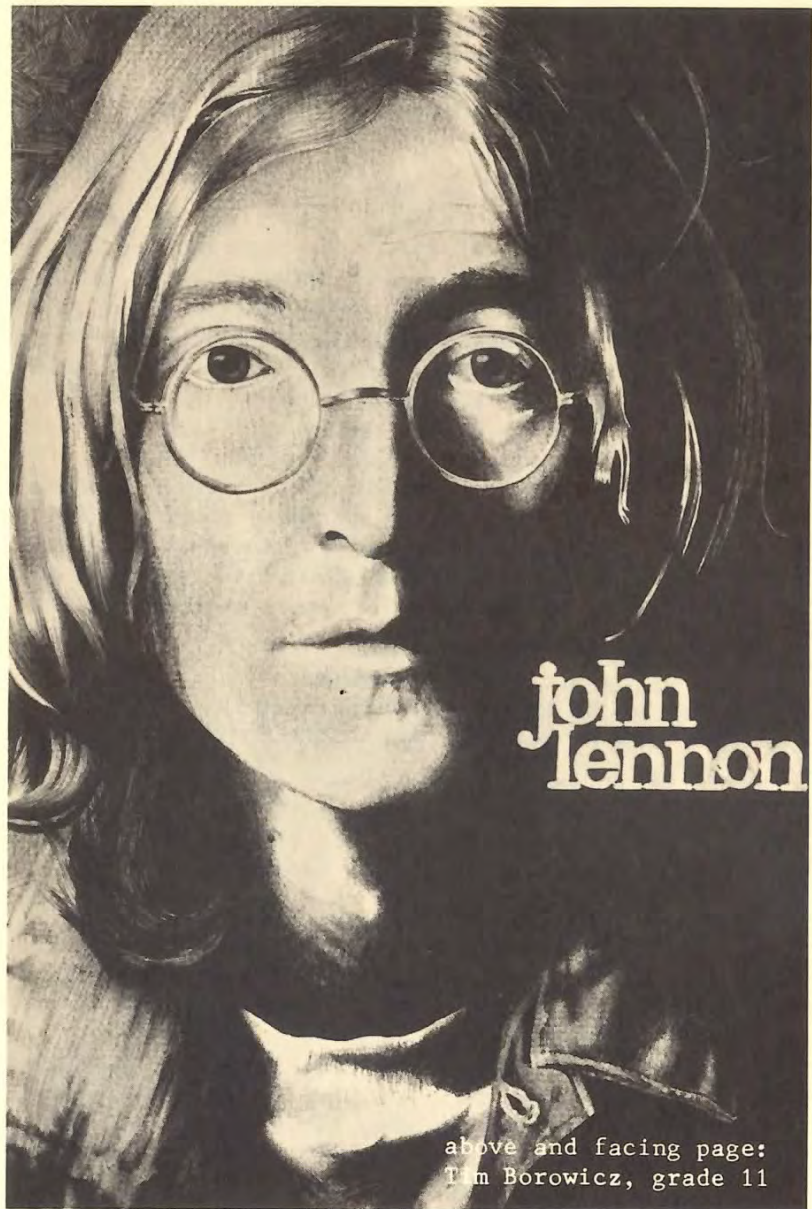
Stone-faced god of Balyhoo
 Mortal medium kangaroo
 with liquid eyes that understand
 more than any mortal man
 Balyhoo the natives cry
 looking to the native sky
 compassed by the woven sea
 island bird will make you free
 Dolphin calls a mourning song
 human did his loved one wrong
 Dolphin stranded alone he bleeds
 whistling song of green stemmed reeds

Comet glazes Winter sky,
 gentle eye of kangaroo
 Up to Heaven sweet dove fly,
 My one love has flown there too

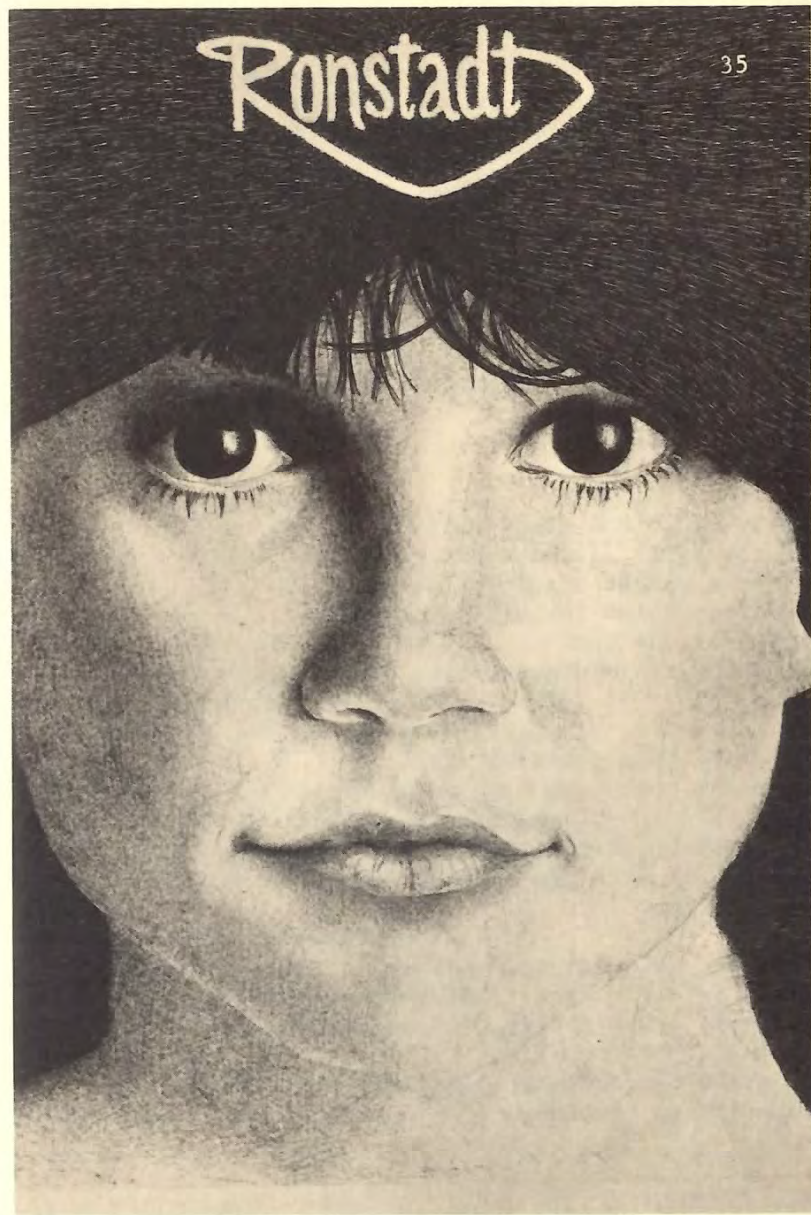
Liquid eye of kangaroo
 Sword cut deep in Balyhoo
 Ocean surf cries to the wind
 Broken heart will never mend

Break the leash and bluegrass rocks,
 Birds fly free from carbon flocks.
 Rock lies heavy like Southern Blues,
 Mason-Dixon divides you in two.
 But the free wind sees no line,
 The birds cross free if you give them time
 I have seen you live and I saw you die,
 The song is sung let the free wind fly.

Mary Ruth Hagler, grade 12



above and facing page:
Tim Borowicz, grade 11



AN EVENING IMAGE

Standing on the sandy white beach,
 In the still of the evening,
 I see a bright orange balloon,
 Sinking behind the pillowy blue and
 white clouds and
 Into the emerald green city of the
 sea.

Watching this glorious sight,
 Makes me think back to a childhood
 Once filled with multi-colored balloons
 and make-believe cities that
 Faded away with the coming of evening
 and bedtime.

Now, and in years to come,
 These balloons are filled with pleasure,
 Bursting into cities of love and joy, and
 sending me along life,
 On great clouds of rolling happiness and
 unrelenting content.

Sally Reinhardt, grade 12

A thick fog covered the earth
 But a bird could still be heard.
 His song so rapturous and delightful
 was echoing blatantly but clear.
 He sang until this wall of mist
 Disappeared without a trace
 But he kept on singing his gleeful song
 It was his inspiration and joy.

For now we see
 a wee songbird
 can pursue such a dubious goal;
 Tenacious mortals as we are
 should take life as simple and smooth.

Ray Nugent, grade 12

NATURE

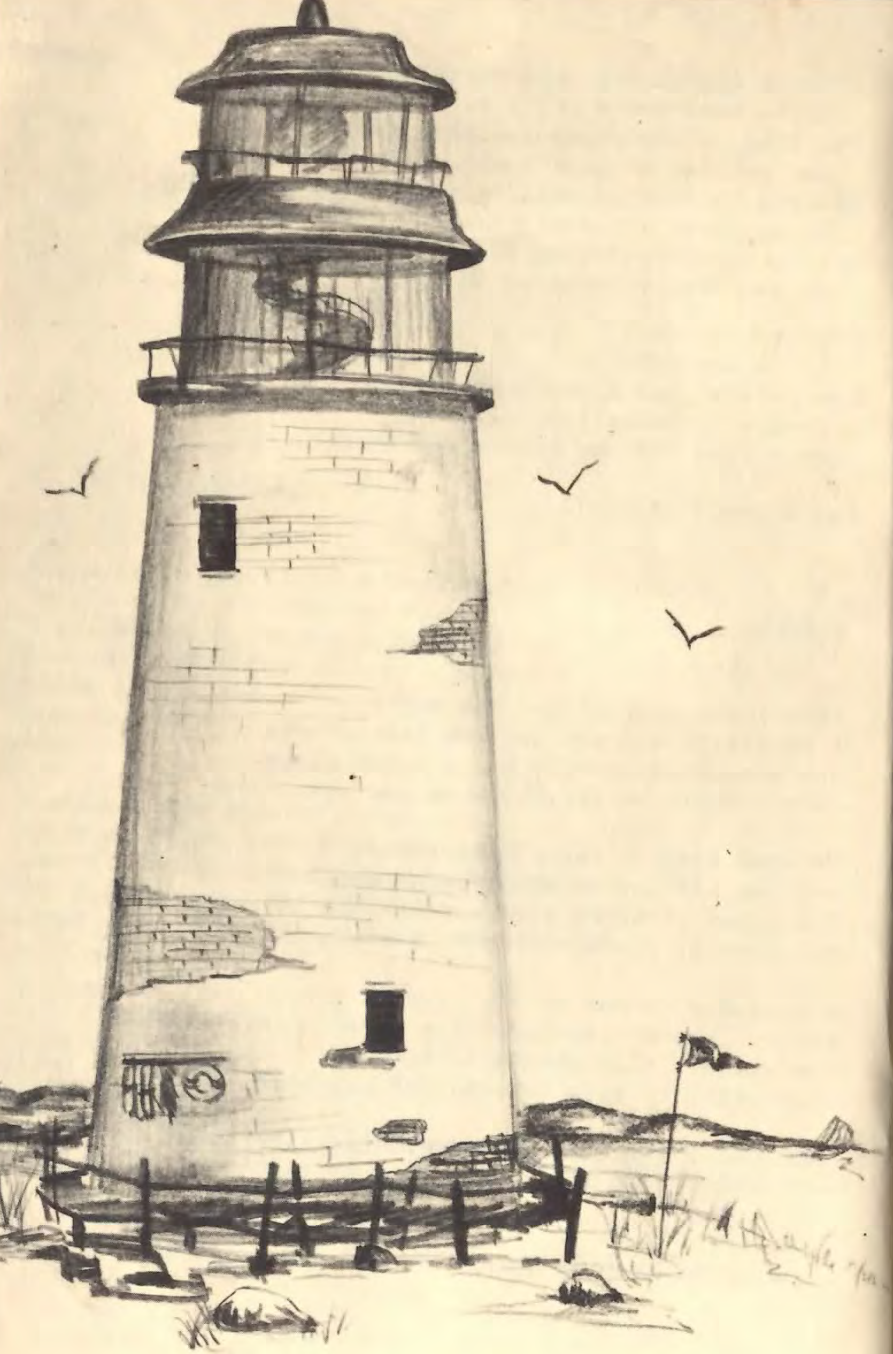
In all her majesty the day begins--
 A brilliant sun and sky are seen above.
 The wind blows softly by; a robin sings.
 We now begin to see His work and love.

We open eyes to beauty all around
 And see the colors brightening the day--
 The green of trees and meadows that surround,
 And hues of flowers colored His own way.

A movement in the bushes signals life;
 Ah yes, there's someone else here on this earth--
 The animals that also must survive,
 Continuing to grow from day of birth.

Just think that all of this is for mankind--
 How often we do not reach out and find.

Annette Montgomery, grade 12



Eastern light
 far
 re
 moved.
 Edging toward
 e
 tern
 it
 y.
 Following through
 on an
 end
 less
 flight.
 Laughter echoes through rain
 though
 pitter
 patter
 tries to
 sup
 press
 it.
 Shine
 on
 eastern
 light.

Geodie Baxter, grade 11

facing page:
 Braulio Parajon, grade 11

TO MY MOTHER

On a bright, sunny morning
 You brought me my birth.
 Leaving my parents on earth.

You taught me as a child, dear Mother,
 Right from wrong; good from bad.
 A perfect example you were
 Of love, light, and understanding.

But now as I'm older
 And am the person I was to be,
 Let me help you
 As you once helped me.

You've loved me, taught me, showed me the way--
 Now let me do the same for you.
 Together we'll walk the way today,
 Mother and daughter, two as one.

Someday I too will bring
 Some child to this earth,
 To love, to teach, to show the way
 As you have done for me since birth.

I will try to be
 The mother you have been to me.

Annette Montgomery, grade 12

THE BALLAD OF THE LONESOME SCHOLAR
 (For my brother, Bill)

There is a point in everyone's life
 where we must face a parting,
 and we decide, through everything
 that our life is just now starting.

Though the road may be hard
 we learn to overcome it.
 We seek out to all mankind
 and grow to be part of it.

We must become independent,
 no mother by our side,
 our decisions we will make ourselves,
 our problems we will ride.

Through everything we shall survive
 and wipe away our tears.
 We'll take mother's picture along
 to comfort all our fears.

When we get settled, we'll work so hard
 to make our mother proud.
 And on our graduation night
 They'll announce our name real loud.

Carol Culkar, grade 11

I was walking down the hallway when I saw him. He was fat with raggedy clothes and pimples clustered on his face. I almost laughed when I saw him waddling by, and I smiled and I thought to myself, "Oh God, I hope I never become like that."

I saw him again the next day, waddling down that same hallway. He was wearing the same clothes he was wearing the first time I saw him, and I laughed inside. He looked at me and smiled weakly. A silent wave of heat crept along my skin and I thought to myself, "Oh God, if I ever do get like that for some reason or other, I at least hope people won't laugh at me."

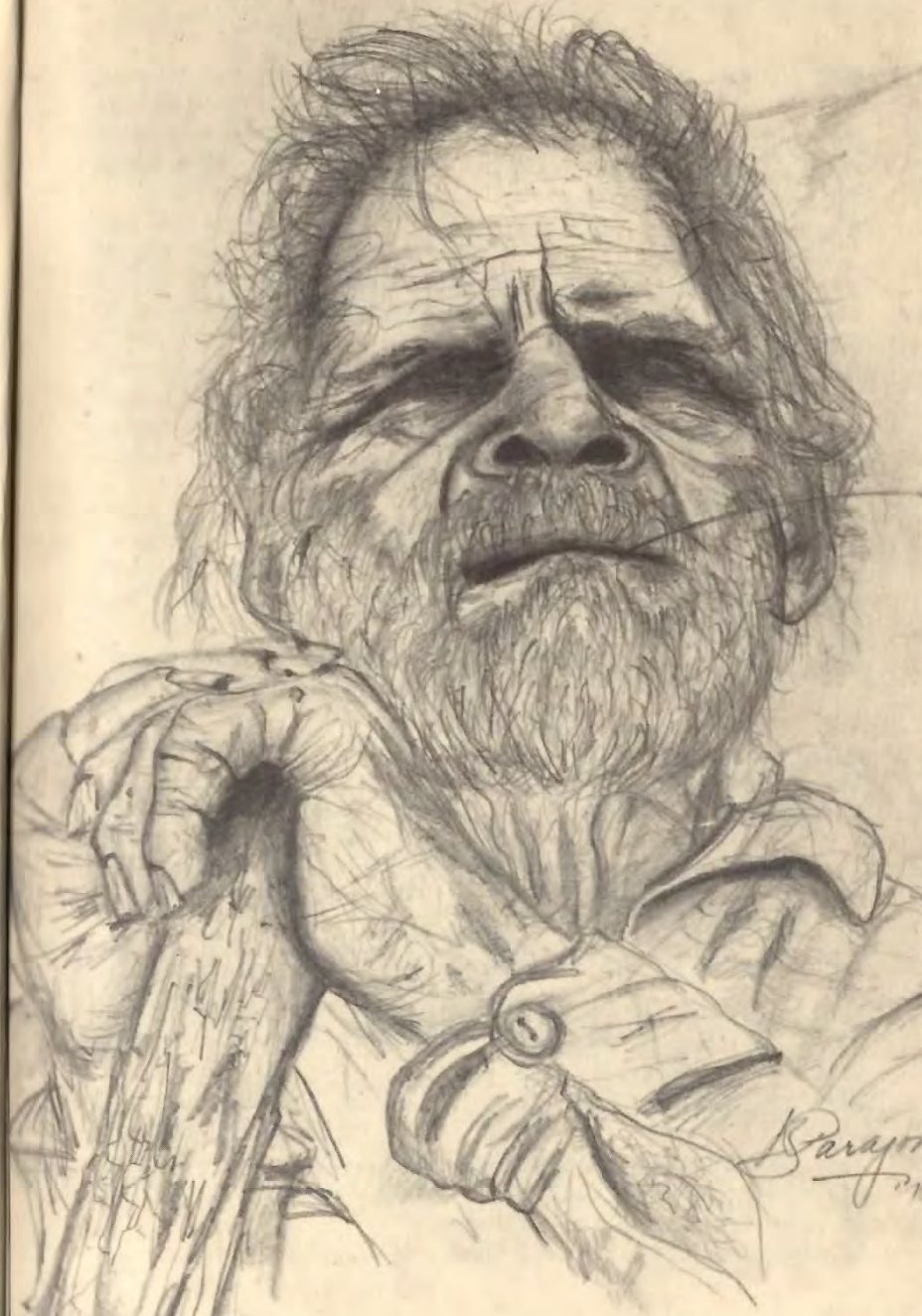
The next day he passed me, still wearing those damn clothes, and he smiled and nodded in my direction. I smiled back and thought to myself, "Oh God, if I do get like that, and people do laugh at me, let them do it behind my back so that I don't have to see them."

The fourth day, I saw him again as he waddled pass me, that same tired smile etched upon his tattered face. He glanced at me and the heat I had been feeling from his eyes were now icy chills, and I thought to myself, "Oh God, if I do get like that, and people do laugh at me to my face, please give me the courage to laugh with them."

After the fourth day, I no longer saw him.

Carl Mayes, grade 12

facing page:
Braulio Parajon, grade 11



THE LEGEND OF CASTIGO

He rode in with the wind
On a lathered grey steed.
No one knew his name,
They didn't pay much heed.

His sundrawn face was hard and tanned.
His back was straight and strong.
His only gun was a trusty Colt.
His shadow fell dark and long.

He called himself Castigo,
And his legend lives on
In the town of Durango,
For some say he's not yet gone.

Durango smelled of evil.
Fear and murder stalked the street.
The law itself was made by thieves.
Survival meant to cheat.

Into this Godless gutter town
Castigo brought his gun.
The silver-barelled Colt 4-5
Was second to none.

He tied his horse in front
Of the Durango Saloon.
He busted through the swinging doors
Into the smoke-filled room.

The shouting and the music stopped.
All eyes were on the man
Whose piercing eyes were iron
With the fire of the land.

The gamblers and their nighttime girls
All knew the time was near
To give up all their evil ways
If they held their lives dear.

Castigo held a mystic gift
Acquired from of old.
He'd found the secret silver
More powerful than gold.

His eyes picked out a dozen
Whose ways would never mend.
He nodded to the swinging doors
That shuddered with the wind.

The people of Durango
Whose destinies were stark
Lined up in the dusty street
Expecting bullets in their hearts.

Then Castigo aimed the Colt 4-5
Toward the shifting sands.
They walked without stopping
Into the desert's hands.

The people of Durango
Whose lives had been spared
Shed their rotting skins of crime
And learned how to care.

The banished folks weren't seen again
And neither was Castigo,
But 'til this day the silent man
Is remembered as a hero.

Many years have aged the tale;
Murky waters have returned.
Some people tend to disregard
The things they should have learned.

But the wise of the city
Know it for a fact
That when Durango fails again,
Castigo will come back.

Jane Hagler, grade 12

SUNSET

The ever persistent waves
crackling through the silence of the sea

The glistening sand
covered sparsely with the sparkle of color

The blazing orange ball of left-over sunshine
creeping to its destiny for the night

The vast open sky
protecting its creation from disturbance.

Annette Montgomery, grade 12

The moonlight is caressing
your virgin face.
Those sparkling eyes
can explain your thoughts.
Not a word can be spoken
from your soft gentle lips
but every word could be guessed.
Now let me feel
the golden strands of hair.
A teardrop glides
over your shimmering cheek.
I kiss it away
and you smile an ivory white smile.
Still not a word has slipped
through your lips.
Your eyes will tell the story.

Ray Nugent, grade 12

MY BED BENEATH THE STARS

As night pulls his silky black blanket over
the earth--and as the sun sinks into the
sky taking with her the colors of the day,
I walk alone. Listening for the call of
the whippoorwill and the sound of the night
birds in the brush, I know I'm in harmony
with nature. The surf becomes louder with
each step I take as it crashes into the
shore. It is calling me to come closer.
The sand is soft where I lay beneath the
stars. I am so confused. My head is full
of questions that are so rare I cannot
begin to answer them. And yet, when I
come here and lay beneath the stars, my
fears and confusion seem to fade. I am
filled with an inner peace I cannot express
to anyone except to my own soul. When I
die I wish to die here where confusion
doesn't exist. And where peace is
immortal, like my own spirit, as it glides
along the shoreline on a seagull's wing.

Joy Brace, grade 11



REFLECTIONS

Nature's beauty is reflected through lakes--
 Mountains rising high above...majestic.
 Puffs of white floating by...free.
 Shimmering light from the sun dances upon the
 water...unconscious.

But is this what the lake really is--
 Images of nature's beauty?
 A stone thrown into the lake
 Suddenly shatters the images.

A woman's beauty is reflected through mirrors--
 The tall, straight figure...majestic.
 The long and flowing hair...free.
 The slight blush in her cheeks...unconscious.
 But is this what the woman really is--
 Images of beauty?
 Humility thrown into her life
 Suddenly shatters the images.

Look past the reflections
 Look into the heart;
 For that is where the real beauty lies.

Annette Montgomery, grade 12

facing page:
 Kim Ryberg, grade 10



above, and facing page
Michele Dunaway, grade 12

A story enriches the mind
A poem enriches the heart--
Surfacing emotions to find
Feelings that never part.

Annette Montgomery, grade 12

I climb
To where world meets sky.
The sun
Is on my shoulder.

I see
Below, tiny creatures mindlessly pursuing their trivial
tasks;
The fruit of their labors is merely a huge carpet,
Upon which to rest my feet.

I feel-
Invincible!
I am Atlas, holding up the sky!
The clouds seem to part at my very whim.
I am ruler of all-
am...

Late.
I must hasten home,
And return to my insignificance.

Until, once more,
I climb.

Debbie Levine, grade 11



ILLUSIONS AND MAGIC

Illusions and magic
 of what we do.
 Do we decide which
 is true?
 Take the stars
 that glisten in the
 sky.
 Are they real?
 Or painted differently
 each night.
 And what about
 the silvery moon
 that shines?
 Is it a creation
 of our mind?
 Follow the patterns
 of illuminating
 lights
 through time and
 space
 of our mind's endless
 flight.
 Is the answer of our existence
 here to find?
 Or do we create it,
 in our mind?
 Illusions and magic.

Geodie Baxter, grade 11



facing page:
 Rick Dunn, grade 12

I wish
 sometimes
 I could go
 on a boat
 not anywhere
 just someplace
 with no name
 and people
 who know nothing.
 And no questions
 would be asked.
 I'd
 live
 carefree and
 easy.

Carol Culkar, grade 11

MORN

The waking world wet with wine
 Sits sparkling in the sun's soft shine.
 Misty music meanders mellowly around
 Over the graveled, gold-drenched ground.
 Carefully caressing the young country
 grain,
 The rising orb's rays chase off the rain.
 Tiptoeing 'round the clock, Time swings
 her sweeping hand,
 And, in the midst of beauty, it finally
 rouses man.

Tamia, grade 11



Through the ocean spray
 We sailed to far away lands
 Knowing not the end.

Ray Nugent, grade 12

Wayne Scott, grade 11



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TAKE TIME FOR TEN THINGS

1. Take time to worship--it is the high of reverence which cleanses the soul.
2. Take time to work--it is the price of success.
3. Take time to think--it is the source of power.
4. Take time to read--it is the foundation of knowledge.
5. Take time to help and enjoy friends--it is the source of happiness.
6. Take time to play--it is the secret of youth.
7. Take time to love--it is the one sacrament.
8. Take time to dream--it hitches the soul to the stars.
9. Take time to laugh--it is the singing that helps with life's loads.
10. Take time to plan--it is the secret of being able to have time to take time for the first nine things.

author believed to be George Frickel.

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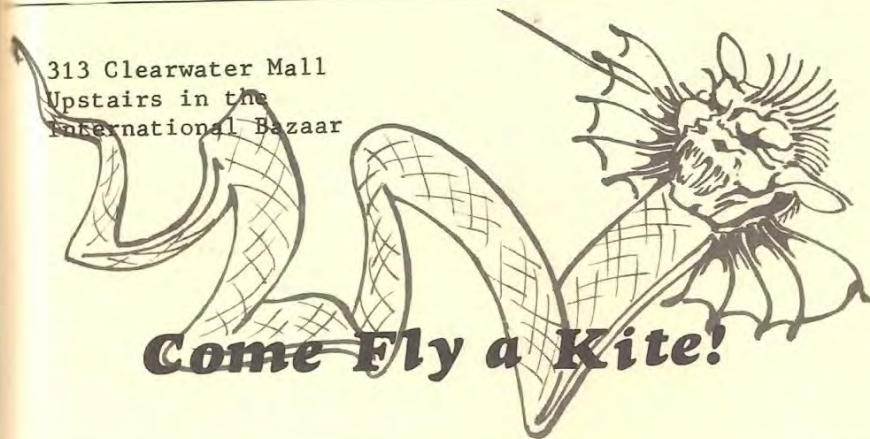
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Joe Damers, grade 10

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