

SOPHOMORES SOUND-OFF

DESTINATION

Whisking over silver threads
Through ice and sleet we travel,
Over mountains rough and steep
Down in valleys full of snow,
Onward like a black ghost striding
We travel silhouetted against the snow,
Through tunnels we travel
Through villages we streak,
Till on the morrow we reach
Our destination.

John Carter

ATLANTIS

As I stood upon the coral, peering through the blue green mist,
I saw off in the distance, a large and ghostly city.
This sepulcher for many years, has lain beneath the deep.
It is encrusted now with coral, and houses fish untold.
These houses once familiar with the sound of human voices,
Listen only to the fishes, and the feelings of the sea.
The once great city of Atlantis, has been swallowed by the sea.
It never more shall hear the voices of mankind.

Bob Beachler

NEW ORLEANS

Like a heart that ended a mighty vein,
A vein that served a nation,
Lay the settlement that began
The city of New Orleans.
There have been some proud, patriotic days
In the history of the city, one a
Thousand to seventy slaughter near
The city of New Orleans.
There have also been sad and sinister days.
Once the river flooded the city with a
Flood so big that it half-destroyed
The city of New Orleans.
Soon the city will be worried by floods no more.
Its vein threatens to change its course in a
Way that will cause new generations to say,
"Where was the city of New Orleans?"

John McCarthy

COURAGE

One Tuesday evening my friend and I were playing tennis.
At the Recreation Building, which is about twenty yards from
the tennis courts, approximately one hundred Cub Scouts
were racing wildly around the lawn, waiting for their pack
meeting to begin.

My friend and I soon became accustomed to their shrieks,
but we were somewhat startled when we heard the squeal of
brakes, and the dull thud that results when two objects collide.
We stopped our game and looked down the street, but we saw
nothing of any importance, so we resumed playing. A few
moments later our curiosity got the best of us, so we ended our
game and headed toward the Recreation Building. On the
sidewalk lay a Cub Scout, surrounded by a large gathering of
people. The boy's face was white, his cheeks were puffed, and
his legs were propped up. The car was still in the middle of
the road, as the driver was frightened and wondered if the
boy was going to be all right. A few minutes later the wailing
siren of the ambulance was heard, and soon the boy was on
his way to the hospital. Yet from the time he was hit until the
time when he was put into the ambulance, a look of courage
never left the boy's face.

Which one caused the accident, I do not know. I also do not
know what happened to the boy. What affected me so deeply
was the fact that although the boy who had been hit by an
automobile did not know what he faced, he still had courage.

Karen Kleine

HUNTED

Crouched in the cold murky boxcar,
Shrouded in a rotten blanket,
Clutching a money pouch spotted
With blood stains that told a mute tale
Of fight to the death,
Softly he breathed and listened,
Hoping not to be taken.
For clearly his fate was revealed
In his mind—picture of terror,
Death in the "chair."

John Grier

THE CONCOURSE

There below me lies the Concourse
Its naked vines and barren winter
Surroundings stripped of summer.
The cold evening wind like chills of terror
Sweeps down on the soulless granite and
Browned wood, aware, but not concerned with
The present.
The concrete—pebbled walk, knowing the
Stories of a teenager learning to park in the
Gravel, and the disobeyed "NO PARKING AFTER
9 P.M." sign.
The soulless granite and browned wood, aware,
But not concerned with the present.

Wayne Perkins

THE AUTUMN WIND

The wind is an unsmelled, unseen giant,
Whistling through the trees like a singing bird.
It plucks the leaves with a gigantic hand,
And leaves them naked as the winter's ground.
The morning is grey as a storm laden sky.
The wind is a messenger of the on-coming storm,
And blows like the fan in the summer air,
Only cold and bleak as a winter's dawn.
The storm passes like a turbulent brook,
And leaves the day fresh as the breath of spring,
And the wind dies down like a smouldering fire,
And makes the day bright as a new sunrise.

Don Mileham

THE AUCTION BARN

Tucked away in the soft green folds of the rolling Pennsylvania hills, the old barn crouches and calmly watches the years go by. Once intended to be a proud stable or dairy barn, perhaps, the structure has long since been converted into the familiar old auction barn.

Now it dozes in the late September sunshine, all alone, but loving every quiet moment. Desolate it is, and yet not lonesome, prizing every tranquil, golden day; for with night time comes a distasteful kind of life. Up the gravel road charge cars and trucks, closely accompanied by huge billows of limestone dust. The coal miners, farmers, and "curious city folks" from nearby Pittsburgh, push through its open doors, changing it into a rowdy, rollicking fair. Inside, the barn smells of cigar smoke, popcorn, and animals. Above the noise of the crowd the auctioneer shouts until he is too hoarse to shout anymore. Then the throng leaves the old building just as daylight is breaking into the cool, damp dawn.

Like some great nocturnal fowl, the barn sleeps away the daylight hours. Swinging in an evening breeze, the doors squeak upon their rusty hinges, and above the wooden rafters answer with muffled wails. The blank walls are almost bare of paint now, and the bit of white wash that still remains is peeling off. From the eaves, the cobwebs hang and flutter, and window panes are broken and masked with dust. So the old auction barn, scornful of its frivolous night life, dwells on during the day in staid contentment.

Janie Ralston