



LITERARY MAGAZINE

KILMER

'68-'69



A MODERN FABLE

Once upon a time or two, or three, or maybe even four, there was a little boy, well, not really little, but he wasn't big. And his dear, rich and resourceful daddy bought him a Lincoln Continental.

About a week after he got it, everything started to go wrong with it. First the battery wouldn't batt and the transmission wouldn't trans and then the carburetor wouldn't carb. So one day he decided to fix his carburetor. He got it fixed and it was carbing like mad. It carbed more than any carburetor I ever saw. It carbed up and down and backward and forward and over and under and sideways and upside down and downside up and inside out and outside in. Then he fixed his battery. It was battin' left and right. After he got it fixed his carburetor pooped out again. He got pretty mad about that and threw his carburetor clear across the yard.

Then he cooled down a little and started workin' on his transmission until he got it transing real good. It transed more than the carburetor would carb and the battery would batt put together. But then the battery quit battin'. So he got mad and told his daddy to take it back. So his daddy took the car to the used car lot.

About a year and a half went by and this big little boy came home with a new used car. He said to his daddy, "Hey, man! Dig my new car. Only two things wrong: needs a new carburetor and a battery."

The End.

Mark Conrad

Another writer with a humorous point of view was inspired by her experiences as an eighth grade teacher-for-a-day.

DAY OF TERROR

May the thirteenth was filled with gloom
(I got locked in the instrument room)
All in all I had three classes
(In actuality they're riotous masses.)

What could I do to make them obey?
If I could only hold them at bay.
I tried to make them play the tunes,
But, alas, they left the room in ruins.

I was sure fourth period would
be a brreeze,
But found it necessary to beg
on my knees.
I now have sympathy for those
who dare.
Students have no mercy--they just
don't care!

A horror story I write with this pen,
I'll never try to teach again!

Mary Cole

THE REVOLUTIONISTS

by

Ann Gimmi

They came from England seeking a fortune. Man! What a fortune they made!

Parents wondered what the ttnagers saw in these now, strange creatures, and the teenagers were completely baffled as to why the parents deplored them.

They were THE thing and they planned to stay.

Everywhere you went their pictures were plastered all over God's green earth.

Their ear-jarring music could be heard a mile away, and it was heard constantly.

If you were a teenager and you didn't idolize them...brother, you just weren't with it.

Not having one of their records or some other memento was like not having a bathtub. They were becoming a necessary household item.

Teenagers formed thousands of fan clubs. Everywhere they went a swarm of screaming fans followed.

They were the ones who started the whole new breed in fashion...long, flying hair, boots, and bell bottoms. The greased-back hair and skin-tight pants went out with the Elvis Presley sound.

Their movies were being viewed by thousands of movie-goers and they were making the concert tour circuit.

They were the ones who revolutionized music...big, wild guitars and amplifiers. But the soul of the music came from the gut, not electrical instruments. The result was a whole new solid concept in sound. All the sounds of the groups of today originated with them.

They are not dead yet either. Oh, no! Quite the contrary. Their records are still coming on strong and their movies won the best of the critics acclaim.

Who are they? Why, the Beatles, of course! And they are going to be heralded as the greatest heavy sound in music ever.

The following authors present two very different pictures of the teenage world. First, Mary Cole spoofs the high school institution, the football hero. Steve Davis writes about the dark side of that world, when you've lost a friend.

OUR HERO

There he is. The greatest high school football player in the county, Archibald Krupp. His mighty muscles protrude from his handsome uniform on which is lettered "Good Luck, Poopsie." Ah, the handiwork of his faithful girlfriend, Jezzabell Slunker. She shows up at every game to cheer him on.

He goes out on the field with such self-confidence in his own nonchalant manner. Such bravery! There he goes now, plowing mightily through their whole team. He's on the fifty yard line. . . the forty. . . the thirty. . . the twenty. . . the ten and he's made it! But wait. Is there a sign of chagrin on his ruddy-complexioned face? Could that possibly be a blush creeping up around his bushy eyebrow? Why? Ah, yes—now he realizes he has forgotten the ball.

Cheer up, hero! You'll only be benched for the next six years you'll spend in New Flopsnick High with your incredible straight "F" average.

Mary Cole

DAY OF MOURNING

Black is the night that covers me,
For I am mourning for a friend,
Now I'm enveloped in a sheath,
A darkness that will never end.

The person I mourn is not dead,
But simply has rejected me,
So here I sit, in darkness now,
Mourning under this ancient tree.

The person I mourn is a composite,
Made of the people I have known,
So here I sit, mourning now,
Writing in this mournful tone.

Black is the night that covers me,
For I am mourning for a friend,
Now I'm enveloped in a sheath,
A darkness that will never end.

Steve Davis

THREE EXAMPLES OF HAIKU

A tree stands tall, strong
During winter and summer
A gift of nature.

Emily Hackney

Hear the pretty bombs,
Singing their sweet song to you,
Song of blood and death.

Cheryl Origer

Good Native, my horse,
so black -- eyes of love shining
in the sun darkly.

Valjean Clevenger

SNOW, SNOW, SNOW

Look at the beautiful snow,
Falling on the ground,
Gently as a little bird,
Making not a sound.

It covers the trees,
And all around,
Makes a soft blanket,
All over the ground.

Here come the kids,
Throwing snow here and there,
Having a lot of fun,
But leaving the ground bare.

David Linkeman

My Sister

Once upon a time
Someone said to me,
"How neat your sister is."
It was then,
When I began to wonder
If they had ever seen
Inside of her closet.

Linda Johnson

Hair

They stood in complete amazement,
"It wasn't your hair at all."
And as they soon figured out,
It obviously was a 'fall.'

Melinda Thomas

+++++

He

by Lee Ann Kudej

He lives not only with me;
But also with you,
You love him so,
And I do too.

He's by our side day after day
But I'm afraid some day
He will leave
Never to return to you or to me.

First he is here,
Then he is gone,
Never again to sing that song,
Which he sang to you,
And also to me.

PROSE HAS POWER, TOO

WINTER

Have you ever thought of winter as it really is? I mean really thought of it? If I say winter, what is the first thought that comes to your mind? The adults will think of those grueling days when their car will not start, or gets stuck miles from any place to fix it.

Kids will think of fun in the snow if asked this question. But winter is really barren trees leaving their leafless limbs to the tempo of the ever-flowing wind, the stark beauty of the lonely landscape covered with snow, under a harsh but beautiful golden sun. But most of all, winter is our whole world taking a deep breath while waiting for the new year.

Bert Rodier

=====

Teenagers often wonder how much they know. Sherri Lucas has one answer.

PERSPECTIVE

There was once a boy who thought he was very dumb, but one day he met a really pretty girl. Suddenly he started bragging about everything he knew!

=====

Inspiration can be found by some students in their science laboratories. This student has empathy with hydrogen.

Just because it isn't a conformist, just because it doesn't go along with the crowd, Hydrogen is an outcast--hated and scorned by all. It wanders about homeless, friendless, familyless; it is cold and hungry. And why? Because it isn't like everyone else.

anonymous

Jean Chinn, one of Kilmer's poets, has been inspired by history--that which has been recorded in our past, as well as that which is being written today.

The Western Frontier

The halls of darkness and mystery invade
this house.
Misty ceilings cling to walls for hope
and life support.
These ceilings are of the spiritual life
beneath the cloak of darkness.
Yet, a small flame flickers upon the sill
of a lone, west window.
There is life and hope for the spiritual
world and all other life forms.
On this frontier America was found by
Europeans sailing salty seas.
On this frontier pioneers moved to desert
sands by covered wagons.
On this frontier the sun sets confirming
the passage of a day.
This house is full of hope and light as
everything is on the Western Frontier.

Jean Chinn

Modern Elections

Up to strive for the top once more.
Special men seeking the floor
To tell us of his vows and woes.
The elections of history will propose
That men created equally,
Choose any one for the presidency.
This man, they think is best to rule
The nation widely, kind or cruel.
These men competing desperately,
Seek the votes of those who flee
From terror, national problems, more.
Things which must be rejudged.
For people's safety, free from grudge.
Upon the top remains
A new man full of hopes and gains,
To serve to make this nation great.
The elections of history unlock a new gate.

Jean Chinn

Three Poems by Courtney

Children of the Sun

The Past

We are the children of the sun,
Gay and bright;
Our tears bring the rain.

Summer is our life,
Warm are our hearts,
Bright is our soul.

Together,
We are the children of the sun.

The past is an ugly scar,
Although sometimes healing
The heart.

No more will I let it haunt
And marr the humanity of me.
I will walk on into the sun.

Maybe to find only the sun,
Maybe to find a warm someone
With a kind heart.
To heal my scar
To make peace in my soul,
To let my mind lie at rest.

I Am Only a Child, Mother

Don't be disappointed in me,
Don't let my words disillusion you.
I am only a child, Mother;
I am your child.

Don't be bothered by me,
Don't let my soul inflame your mind.
I am only a child, Mother;
I am your child.

Don't be troubled by my changes,
Don't let them pull us apart.
I am only a child, Mother;
I am your child.

Don't be too joyous when I am good,
Don't let me have to bring you down again.
I am only a child, Mother;
I am your child.

Don't let me become something I am not,
Let this bring us closer.
I am only a child, Mother;
I am your child.

Courtney Payne submitted
a book of poetry to the
Literary Magazine staff.

These three poems were
selected as "the best
of Courtney."

Selections were made
from students in both
the seventh and eighth
grades. Keep up the
good work. The Staff

Literary Magazine Staff

Rosalind Bish

Mary Cole

Theresa Daly

Anne Gimmi

Donna Johnston

Lee Ann Kudej

Nancy White

Phil White

Nina Fiore, Cover design

Mrs. Jullien, typist

Mrs. Swanson, sponsor

Mrs. Wrenn, sponsor and typist