

# Driftwood

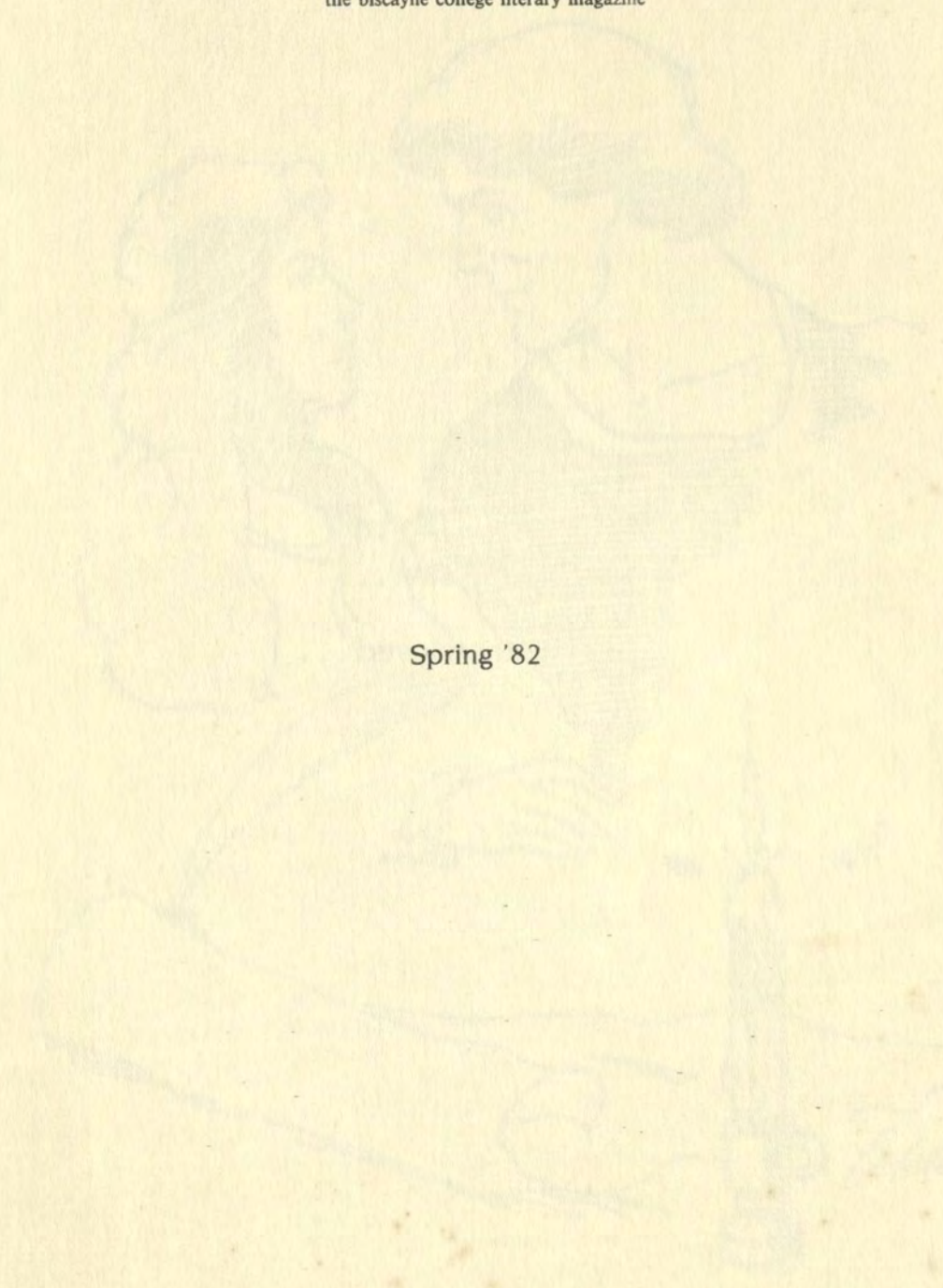


Best  
wishes to a  
Friend and teacher.  
Thank you for all your  
support.  
Jwin

Thank you for your  
insights and contributions.  
Laura

# Driftwood

the biscayne college literary magazine



Spring '82

Biscayne College

Miami, Florida

I saw . . .  
then loved . . .



Poetry

*Stronger than sight . . .*

*Deeper than knowledge . . .*

*A feeling which moves as wind*

*Through the trees*

★ ★ ★

*Down upon the Cities*

★ ★ ★

*Across the nations of humanity.*

*g. w. Schmidt*

ANOTHER REVIEW . . . . . 1981

I'm not sure what's really there.  
Quiet early country and fresh misty movement.  
Annoyed black crows stir with computerized echoes  
The slow, dormant stirrings of nature.

It was always discovery,  
As rich wet leaves nodded and winked,  
And squirrels, sitting upright, applauded visually.  
The wandering, moving black silhouettes  
Pause, then silently retreating to ashen gray quarters.

I absorbed strong truth and much rich oatmeal.  
Playing with serious thought at eighteen,  
We toyed with the Absolute, "speaking wisdom"  
And wanting strongly to grasp the messages parroted.  
Wordless signs and gestures, sprayed with giggles  
Carried the days into calm, quiet nights.

Feelings came like firecrackers,  
Sudden and unrehearsed,  
Shaping together love, loneliness and intimacy.  
(Even when I did it wrong, I always did it right)  
It seemed fun growing but still laced with fear.

So we ran, made noise, chased eternal ideas,  
Studied, searched and tailored so much to fit.  
You winked, chuckled and said, "Life is grand,"  
Patting me gently; I repeated in decided monotone  
"Life is grand."

We knocked many times in different ways  
But the doors became fewer.  
And the tailoring wasn't holding,  
My gentle, natural breathing wasn't free.  
Was it the clothes or had my desire for style changed?

There were constant murmured whisperings and puzzled looks.  
I finally spoke to two of them,  
Accepting my check, left by the side of the door,  
Sliding away effortlessly into traffic.

So I built again slowly and cautiously.  
My quietness is fine,  
It should just go on forever, that's all . . .

Frank McGarry

## BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS

BY

Gregory Wm. Schmidt

Saturday evening, middle of November . . . I'm alone in the house. It's a free, unplanned night. I can occupy my time with the television, I guess. It faces me from the side of the room. Too common, this response of resorting to TV when preferring another diversion, any other.

On it comes, lighting the room like the colored shadow of a Vegas sideshow. 'The Bible', channel three - CBS. Having already seen it in its entirety, I turn to channel six. Routinely I pass over NBC due to poor reception. I arrive on ABC's offering, annoyed at myself for not having fixed the antenna for UHF stations.

I see the familiar faces washed in smiles and sunshine. What's the special occasion? . . . 'Battle of the Network Stars?' Is that what he said? Thousands in winnings? Must be for charities, like a telethon. They keep the money? These people seem fairly well off . . . I reach out. People do that when they need a change. The screen returns to its normal dark shade. I circle the room, seeing that final image of commercial personalities in competition for money. My coat hangs near the door. I go for it.

The sunny, smile filled image is gone from my mind, now. All I see are the crystal reflections of ice in the trees. All I hear is the frozen slush under my feet. At the corner I realize I have to make a decision, after all. It suddenly hits me . . .

I run through my mind the fact that the television, itself, has actually prompted me out of my own warm house. I'd relied on it, too much.

The lights in the convalescent home are still on. What am I doing? Casually - casually, mind you - I walk up the steps and straight into the lobby. Any other time this would be an uncomfortable effort for someone as reserved as myself. I loosen my coat and enter the lounge. Here they are - so old, so lonely together. Some doze, but most gaze at it. It, the television, gazes back. The sadness of this sight comes like weight to my feet. I sit with them. Maybe they haven't yet seen 'The Bible'. Soon there is a stare from the one next to me. He mouths hello, though I don't here his voice. Another looks. I ask how she is. Before an answer, she's over next to me. Her face brightens; she wants to know my name. Other faces turn - more smiles, more warmth. Whom am I here to visit, one asks. The image on the TV moves far into the background as the room comes alive with conversation. What seems too short an introduction to their thoughts is interrupted by the night nurse. Lights out. Ten more minutes on the television. I take my leave.

Not far, now. The library will save me from the elements. Still open. I'm inside. Bright eyes . . . fresh young faces . . . books to last a lifetime. Children laughing in the side room attract me. A puppet show, a real live puppet show! I study the bouncing characters, then I study the kids. I smile and nod to myself, amazed at how the young people relate to a performance staged in the cabinet of an old television set. As I step quietly from the room, knowing gazes follow me to the exit.

Still unsure if I want to find something to pass the evening hours, I continue along the street. A rhythmic noise falls into my minds pace. I hear its bouncing, slamming. I hear the energy coming from the second story windows of the "Y". I stare remotely through the front door. A healthy red face comes toward me. He holds the door for me as he leaves. Open, huh? A nod here, a glance there. A small television behind the fron desk entertains, itself. The NBC reception is better here, but no one watches. A greeting and a pointed finger direct me toward the courts. I must look the type. After twenty minutes of watching the precision play and feeling the energy, I decide it's for me. On leaving I grab a brochure - the schedule for beginners racquetball.

The return is accompanied by new images and fresh thoughts made more emotional by the chill of the air. I'm back in the house, alone again. The hours were spent more fruitfully than I would have thought. I look down at the TV . . . still dark, still quiet. A sneaking smile emits my little victory over it.

I realize what it was . . . thank you 'Battle of the Network Stars'. You really filled my evening.

end

## EMOTIONAL PARADOX

I cried, but you weren't there.  
I laughed, you only stared.  
I waited for your call, to no avail.

Hoping,  
wanting,  
often fantasizing;  
pouring out my heart to a tantalizing you.  
You took my heart and squeezed it,  
then laughed when you were through.

You're an evil person darling,  
but I need you.

Ervin A. Gonzalez



## DIGNIFIED DEMOLITION

Today a building died.  
Magnificent white giant in it's time,  
turned gray by passing years,  
Stood frozen against the morning sky,  
like a massive old bull elephant,  
At the end of its feeble charge.

At the instant of its death the individually  
placed sticks resounded in a singular report,  
Like some white hunter's high powered gun.  
Culled from the balance of the herd because of  
age and size,  
It stood dead upon its feet in momentary pause  
before dropping straight down,  
Passing its rising dust as it fell into the huge  
pile of its own carcass.

A dignified demise I would suppose,  
quick and painless.  
A far better fate than the countless hours,  
being picked to death  
By a long necked steel monster with ball and  
cable tongue,  
That would have killed it piece by piece . . .  
If it had to die at all.

G.C. Walsh

## I NEED MY SUNSHINE

There is never a fall day that looks the same.  
For today might be warm, tomorrow a change.  
First the progressive difference in leaves,  
The peak of beauty, then skeleton trees.  
The days grow short, the nights grow long,  
The ground gets hard, and the winds grow strong.  
Picture a day of very cold rain,  
It turns the tree bark so black  
And, what does it do to the terrain?  
It turns gray, or almost like that  
This kind of feeling gets anyone down,  
People have nothing to do in this weather  
But it's true with my sunshine around  
We'll have something to do forever . . .

## DISTANCE

You came into my life.  
a long overdue happiness captured my spirits.  
cautious, yet aroused, I pursued the ultimate, love -  
I found it!

Temporarily you have gone.  
Your beautiful self is no longer here to love and  
care for. Oh sure, thoughts of you are constant,  
but a thought cannot compare to the warmth of  
your open arms -  
I miss you!

The effect of distance is quite obscure.  
It is like a dragon that has never been conquered.  
An obstacle, yes, but no match against determination  
and faith. Stay strong and you will endure; grow  
weak and you will perish.  
I am your strength!

I am not aware of what will be, only of what is.  
I am aware of the deep respect felt for you,  
each time you enter my thoughts.  
Most importantly, I am aware that true love  
will always find a way to survive.  
I love you!

Robert Fiore

## Through My Eyes

Through my eyes:  
Our love seems to fly,  
free as a bird in the sky.  
I think about it and want to cry.

Through my eyes:  
Your beauty is great.  
If being apart is our fate,  
it is not something to hate.

Through my eyes:  
Our love seems to fly,  
and as time goes by  
our love will never die.

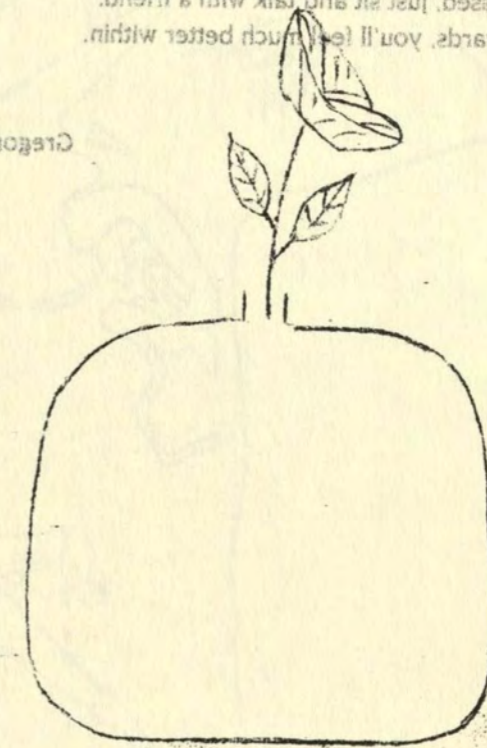
You're everything to me  
through my eyes.

Kenneth D. Waskiewicz

During this depressing time, we often ask ourselves WHY?  
But I'm sure if we push forward, we can pass this depressing mile by.  
We must be fully determined and also willing to wait.  
If we ourselves want to overcome this frustrating state.  
Depression is something we battle, it is something we must fight.  
So our momentary darkness will be conquered and we will again have the  
renewed light.

So if you are depressed, just sit and talk with a friend.  
And I'm sure afterwards, you'll feel much better within.

Gregory Singleton



paola



## Depression

In a time of depression, it's awfully good to have a friend.  
To help us out of this shell we have somehow lingered in.  
In this emotional state, there is no smile but a mere frown.  
So it's good to have a friend to help lift our spirits, so we don't  
remain down.

Many things can depress us as we live day to day.  
But we need gather our strength and solve or adjust to the depressing  
problems in our very best way.  
Depression can make you fall, Depression can make you slip.  
But you can conquer this depressing time if you don't lose your needed  
grip.

During this depressing time, we often ask ourselves WHY?  
But I'm sure if we push forward, we can pass this depressing mile by.  
We must be fully determined and also willing to wait.  
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So if you are depressed, just sit and talk with a friend.  
And I'm sure afterwards, you'll feel much better within.

Gregory Singleton



## THE DAY OF MY FORTIETH YEAR

If I can stir myself and shave,  
if I can move my finger an inch  
beyond the grip of Poe's Imp  
(my own too long, my chest his empty cave),  
if I can rant and rave to Rita a bit, and move  
out into the daylight world (of which  
I am afraid);

if I can just move  
this finger in time (O Imp) one inch  
toward day, ignoring the threat of new  
grey hairs in my (grizzled?) beard,  
O bitch imagination, Imp's whore  
avaunt (air! air!),

the day CAN be saved!

Henry Logan

## THE CLOWN

A painted smile, bright eyes, flashing colors  
painted on  
Bright costume, big shoes, funny hat  
all part of a giant mask.

Inside...

A straight face, searching eyes, uncertain colors  
natural  
No costume, no shoes, no hat  
no mask.

Phony laughter, acrobatics, jokes  
please laugh.  
Fake falls, other clowns, laughing too  
it's part of the show.

But...

No laughter, walking, seriousness  
please accept me  
No fake falls - real, no other clowns - alone, staring  
there is no show here

It is life.

PGS



LFM

## OVERLOAD

Systems circuits running at  
full blast,  
In-put, out-put, fast! fast!  
Fast!  
To make decision with increasing  
speed,  
Information and decision that a micro  
second would impede.  
And then — and then all  
goes dead,  
A neat notation on his  
chart which read,  
"Computers down"  
Storage in a white-washed room is  
found.  
Another human brain the victim  
of an overload,  
Silent now except for an occasional  
"Does not compute, disrupted mode".

G.C. Walsh

White Boy.  
Black Boy.  
Does it have to say  
Who's on our side, anyway?  
If he's not on yours  
Don't put him on mine  
You have no side  
I think that's fine  
That place  
May be hard to find  
Keep Pace  
You'll probably lose  
But if you win  
I won't know  
I'll be dead  
Your passion met, Your hunger fed.  
Have you won?  
G-d will tell  
When you spend  
Those final days  
In Hell

You Dad,  
Take care.  
Remember, though it may not seem fair  
Life will toll for all.  
Those of good and those of bad  
Will all go.  
Man must take care  
He who does, may go late  
Or perhaps postpone his date  
But for those that live  
The turmoil is fair  
If the man who's good  
Takes very fine care  
To live yet, another year  
Remember Dad it may be fair  
You though  
Take care

Alan Leon

## MORE CLOUDS OF UNKNOWNING

Sensing a spiritual monotony  
In my quiet, quest for eternity,  
I still wake up in the morning,  
Wondering is it just today,  
Or has it silently become forever?

A yearn or desire for constant light,  
As each age and wrinkling become steps  
Towards a greater, smoother process,  
Aren't we all beating and huffing,  
Sleeping and aging to prepare for always?

Part of me screams at routine aging,  
Part of me sees it as a metaphysical struggle.  
Perhaps eternal law says we all do it.  
(At least I like the fairness of that)

But I can't wait for endless silver time,  
A peace not subject to change or wind.  
A wine that stimulates, and not depresses  
A new morning that has always been there.

You fool me by killing my body,  
Slow, wearing, sometimes sweet but constantly less.  
But I won't believe I die, although,  
God knows, I'll probably surrender.

Agitated, my romantic ascetism bursts,  
Screaming words, "You will not take my life".  
It is too precious, too beautiful  
Too religious, too personal, too sacred.

The people in the cemeteries are only pictures,  
Playing at death and posing in coffins.  
I know they are flirting everywhere,  
Buoyed by love, while still caressing

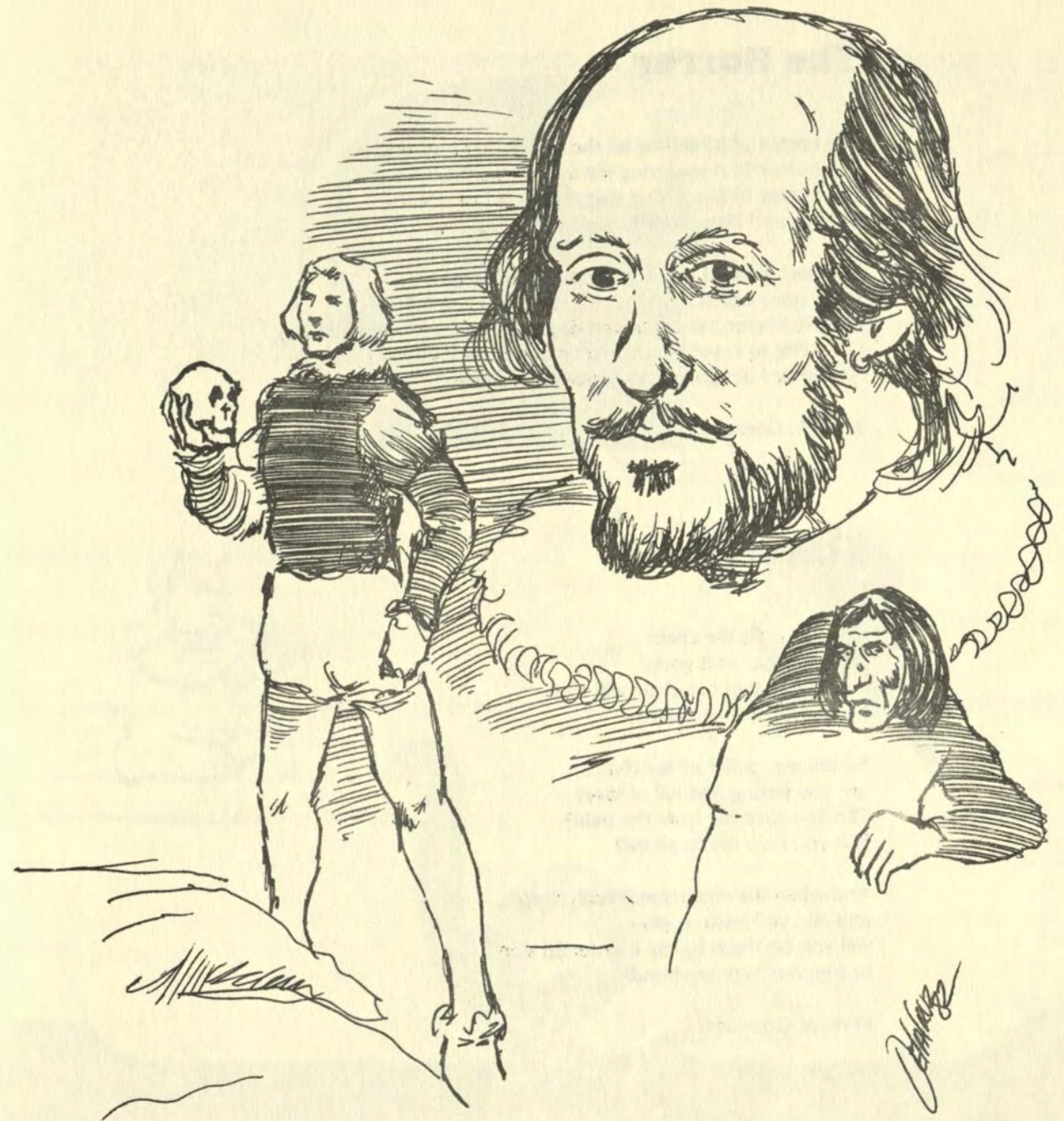
Those of us with our squat noses  
Pressed against the cloudy glass.  
Can you this once take back the curtain,  
Unveil the joy of constant, free, open,  
Always, wordless, burning intimacy?

Will you at least hear my words  
And sense my unnatural desire?  
I am to be as You,  
I am to have Your only Life!

Are my loves here below a part?  
Are sharing and closeness some of Your crumbs?

I'm angry I'm in the dark,  
Open the damn windows!

Frank McGarry



## The Horror

The horror of forgetting all the things that I once knew.  
The horror of discovering my fantasies untrue.  
The horror of perceiving that my life is just a waste.  
All this, and little more has led me to this state.

The horror that I live in is simply a disgrace,  
some have called it frightening, others called it fate.  
But the horror has continued day and night and night and day.  
I'm going to crawl into my room and blow my brains away.  
And after I am gone- the horror will remain...

Ervin A. Gonzalez

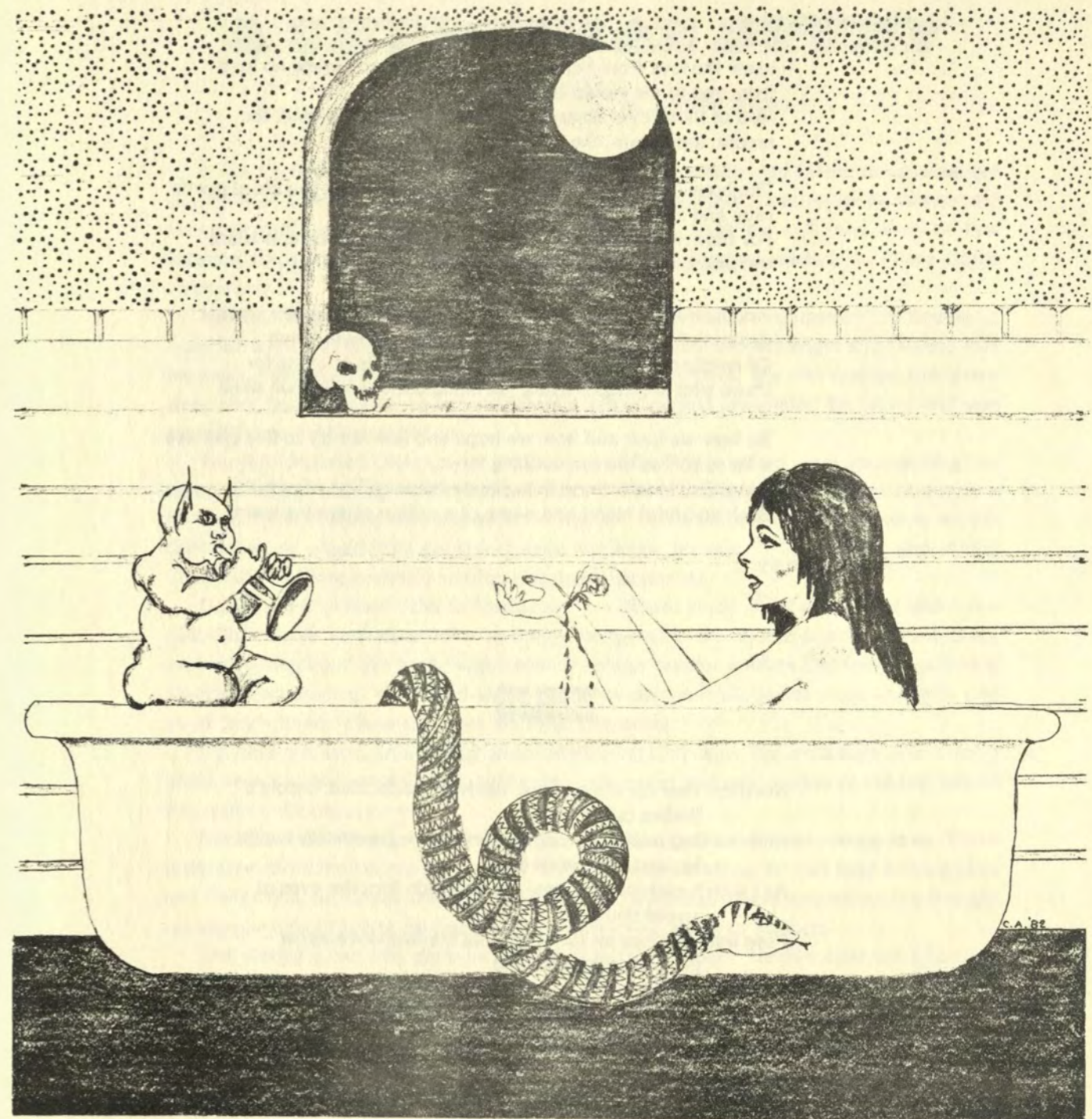
## Slavery?

Onward pulls the chain  
pulling faster as it goes.  
I wonder when the chain will stop,  
I guess this no one knows.

So tell me, puller of my chain,  
are you strong and full of love?  
Can you save me from the pain?  
Will you help me to go on?

And when the chain does finally stop,  
and all I've known is gone,  
will you be there by my frightened side  
to free me from my bond?

Ervin A. Gonzalez



## To Sharon

How we cry -

I saw the love from her for him in her eyes and knew no love  
from you to me would be akin  
And of those eyes so green, and cool, her hair so long, the  
cream, the dream, the peachen skin.

The hope, the love, the rhythmic tambourine and sounds of gentle  
rain, and a lizard hiding slyly by  
For burning eyes of lonely men whose hope and care to share  
the unknown reaches if ever they can cry

And lustful dreams of those unknown and mindless few whose  
dreams of love are clouded by the smoke of dying men  
Of empty minds and heartless souls and fears of dying for  
those who are eagles flying yet being but one unknown wren

So how we look and how we hope and how we try to live and love  
a lie as soft as the surrounding ferns  
Yet we still know these living laughs soon will be of putrid  
flesh and fetid blend and home of a million squirming worm

And yet we try.

## NEEDLESS

Needless time for the undead, unloved, undecided, uncola'd  
Bodies called man  
And yet God made another needless day - greeted by nights  
fog and new morn mist  
As I watch each sunrise from the roadside thru the eyes of  
an old dead dog  
I see that life goes on for those that die from love as for  
those that die unloved.

Mike Koshock

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

by Stephen Nunes

It was Christmas Eve, 1968 and Bob Starrett, my roommate, and I were on a passenger ship on the Pacific Ocean off the coast of the central Philippines, heading for Mindanao and eventually Malasia. This was our first Christmas away from the U.S. and also our first vacation since we had arrived in the Philippines four months earlier, as Peace Corps volunteers.

Needless to say we were very excited about our first major "exploration" of Southeast Asia. We were only slightly disappointed when we boarded the passenger ship, seeing that we would have to sleep on cots which were on the upper deck. We also realized that there were very few people on board. Apparently everyone had completed his travel and was already home for Christmas Eve.

The ship departed Cebu City at 3:00 p.m. and by 6:00 p.m. we were approaching our first port of call, Dumaguete City. We had been informed that we would be in Dumaguete for about five hours and then depart for Mindanao. Bob and I decided, even before we left Cebu, that we would stay on board since we knew no one in Dumaguete and during Christmas Eve there probably wouldn't be much happening.

During our trip from Cebu to Dumaguete we played cards, read and talked about our past Christmases. Both of us felt very lonely, being out in the middle of a sea, in a country we knew little about. We spoke about how Christmas was for families and friends gathering together and sharing. We talked about the snow and real Christmas trees and gifts and good cheer; turkey dinners, ah, yes, that was Christmas.

But here we were, in a foreign land celebrating Christmas Eve on a ship bound for a place we never even heard of. Suddenly the excitement and anticipation of the trip turned into a maudelin depression.

During our conversation we noticed that a Filipino gentleman kept staring at us. There were only about ten people on the deck so it was rather obvious. He just kept looking at us and then would turn away when our eyes met his. We became very suspicious. We thought he was planning to rob us or that something worse was going to happen.

This staring game had gone on for about twenty minutes. Neither Bob nor I had the courage to approach this man to find out his intentions; our suspicions had turned to outright fear. Then suddenly he began to approach us. We were ready for him, after all there were two of us.

When he reached us he asked if we were Americans. We said that we were and that we were in the Peace Corps. He then asked if this was our first Christmas away from the U.S. When we said it was he responded by saying, "You must be very lonely." Being still very suspicious of his intentions we said that we really weren't too lonely. Our responses were short and clipped whereas his inquiries seemed to express a very sincere concern.

He then asked if we had any plans upon arrival in Dumaguete City. When we responded in the negative he suggested that since this was his home he would like to show us the city; just to give us something to do. At first we were reticent but then agreed figuring that it would be better than sitting on a ship for five hours. There was also something very reassuring about this man and our suspicions began to subside.

When we docked he left and returned with his jeep. He showed us around the city, pointing out its highlights and giving us a brief history during our tour. After about an hour he mentioned that we still had three hours before our ship left and that he would like to take us to the university where he taught; we could relax and talk. By this time our fears had been forgotten so we readily agreed.

We arrived at the university and he began to show us around the campus. As we were going through one of the buildings he opened a door and announced, ". . . and this is our dining room." When we stepped inside the room Bob and I were flabbergasted. In front of us were two tables filled with food, everything from American to Filipino delights. There was also a record player playing Christmas carols and the room was bedecked with Christmas decorations. Four women and three small children were standing at the end of the table wishing us a merry Christmas. The man turned to us and said, ". . . I know you are lonely on this Christmas Eve but maybe this will help." We realized after that he had arranged this entire affair from the time he left the ship to the time he returned to pick us up.

After eating and really enjoying ourselves, we had to leave. We thanked everyone profusely for what they had done for us. When our benefactor dropped us off at the pier we thanked and embraced him. I said to him, "We will definitely come back and see you again and we must repay you for what you have done for us." He looked at me very seriously and said, "First of all I neither expect nor want repayment and secondly you will not come back and see me. We will probably never see each other again." With that Bob and I boarded our ship and continued on our Christmas vacation trip, both knowing that we had just experienced one of the few real Christmases of our lives. I have not seen our friend since that night.

Two years later someone asked me when I had met Christ in my life. I responded by saying, "I met Christ on Christmas Eve, 1968."

# A WILL

To my mother  
I leave  
my sisters my brothers  
my love  
my friend  
John  
To my father  
I leave  
me  
All that  
I am  
He  
was  
and is  
my source  
and so I leave  
my thanks  
To my brothers and sisters  
I leave  
myself  
my memory  
my love  
my Spirit  
They supported me  
loved me  
abandoned me  
I also leave them  
knowledge  
to know  
I am  
still  
with them  
To those who did not  
and do not  
know me  
I leave  
hope  
that things might work out  
that the world will be repaired  
that they might find me  
To all  
I leave  
my life  
my love  
Take it  
use it  
Know that  
I am  
with you  
Love,  
Jesus

PGS

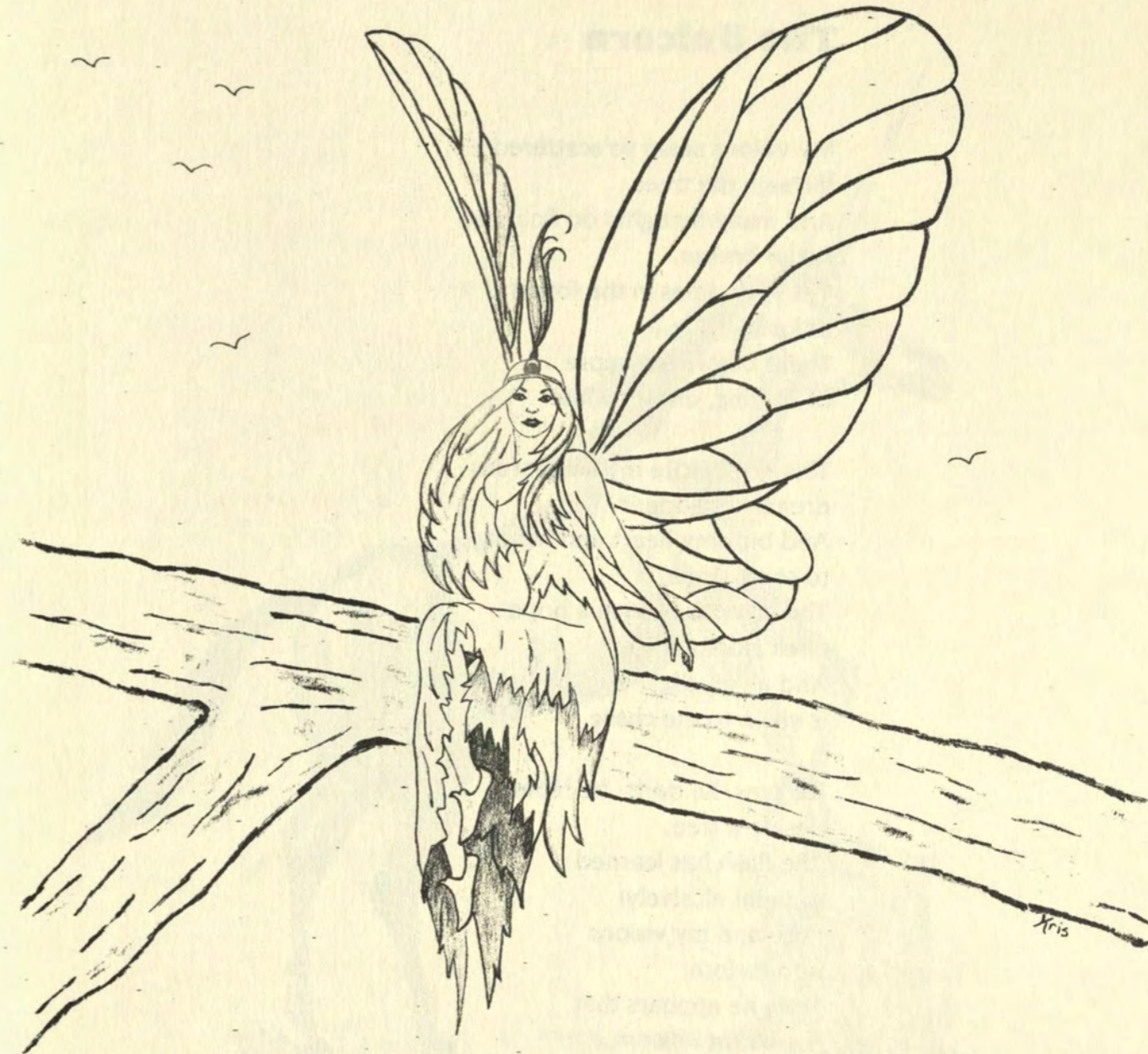




## Boundless

Hey!  
Here I am, just beyond the twilight's  
first star.  
But in the twinkling of an eye,  
I'm right beside you.  
For I've escaped the passage of my body  
into dust,  
To look upon God's face.  
The very universe is my playground now,  
to romp amid eternity as a child in a field of flowers  
I am limited only in my inability to touch or talk to you.  
I have crossed the invisible line which separates the temporal,  
From the eternal.  
My voice is hidden in the wind,  
My smile within a sun beam.  
I am consciousness, set free by death.

Anonymous



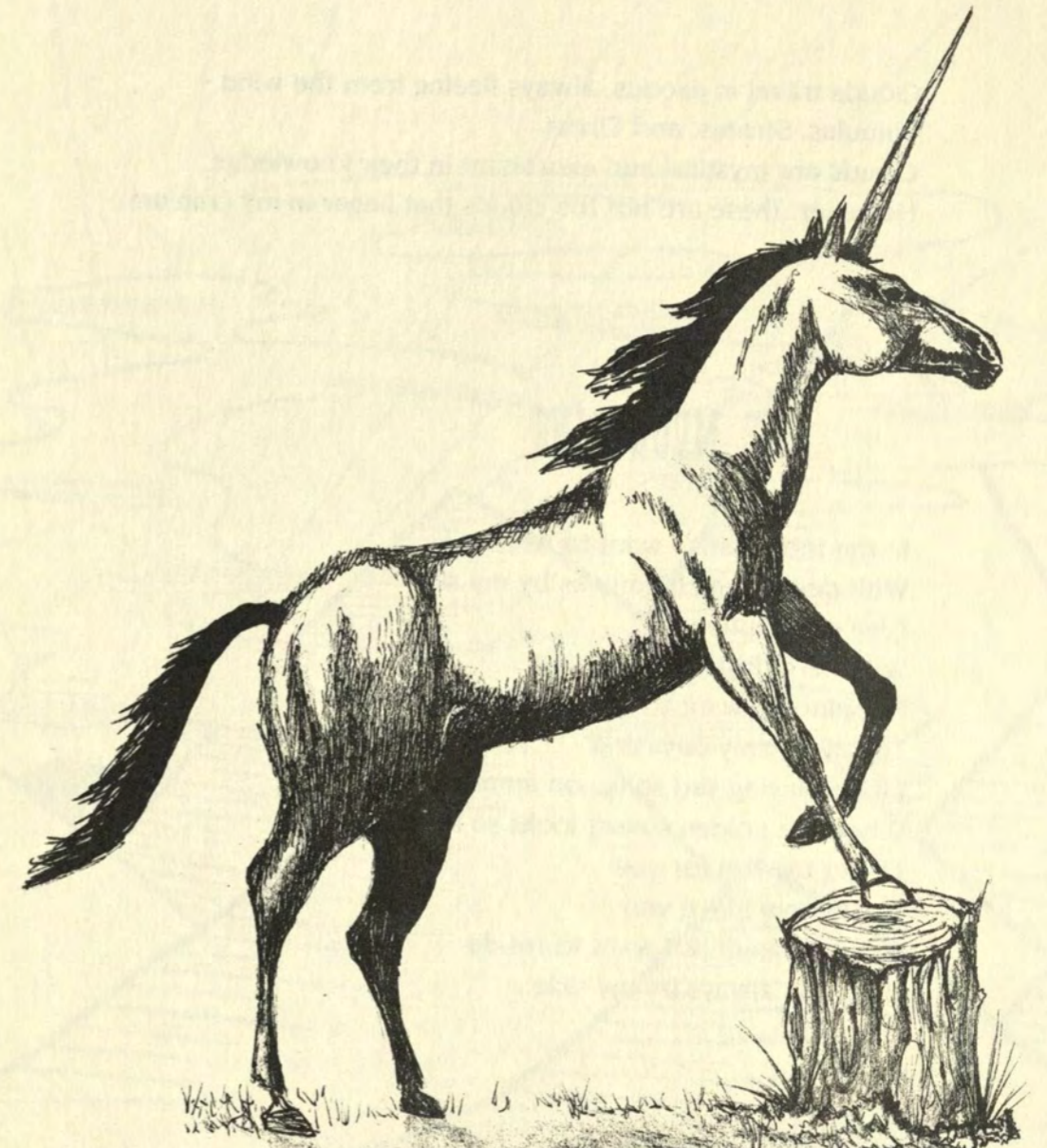
## The Unicorn

My visions seem so scattered  
through the trees,  
And many thoughts do flounder  
in the breeze,  
Yet sometimes in the forest  
of lost light,  
There comes a glimpse  
of fleeting, distant white.

This does incite my languorous  
dreams of hope,  
And bids my heart and head  
to soon elope.  
The glimpse of such a hope  
does gloom erase,  
And all my life  
is given to the chase.

He runs, he darts, he hides  
beside a tree,  
(the flash has learned  
to taunt elusively)  
I tire and my visions  
turn forlorn,  
Then he appears that  
hoped for unicorn.

Laura F. Morgan



(82)  
BARRY D. ARTIZ

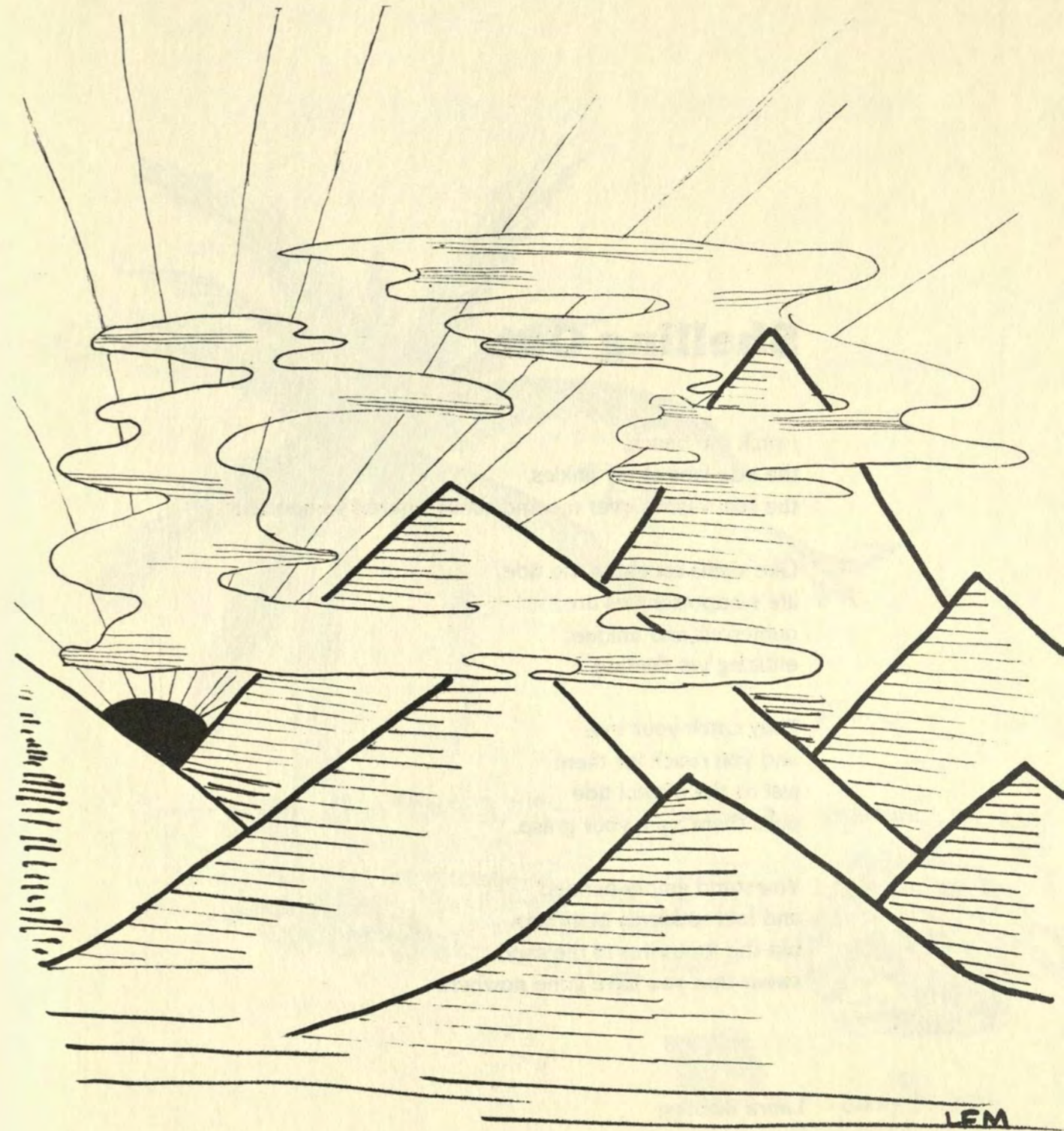
## CLOUDS

Clouds travel in exodus, always fleeing from the wind -  
Cumulus, Stratus, and Cirrus.  
Clouds are mystical and exorbitant in their knowledge;  
However, these are not the clouds that linger in my cranium.

## THE MOUNTAINS

In the mountains I want to reside  
With deers and chipmunks by my side  
Free of pollution  
With no industrial revolution  
Happiness I want to share with a friend  
Till my earthly days end  
I'll be playing sad songs on an old guitar  
When the golden sunset looks so far  
I'll get the sun for you  
For I know I love you  
In the mountains I want to reside  
With you always by my side

Kai Wolter



## Shelling Out

I walk the beach,  
the tide laps at my ankles,  
the sea washes over me and stings where I've been cut.

Like shells caught in the tide,  
life's opportunities are  
numerous and unique,  
enticing yet fleeting.

They catch your eye  
and you reach for them  
just as the playful tide  
pulls them from your grasp.

You stand empty handed  
and feel suddenly in motion  
but the footprints in the sand  
swear that you have gone nowhere.

Laura Dooling



## *To Your Feathers*

Weak matador in the ring  
Your hat sits on your head with such grace  
You think the world is yours  
When you see the look on the bull's face  
You antagonize the animal  
To your feathers he lowers himself  
What do you get out of it  
His meat and/or pelt?  
Have you no feelings for the animal kind?  
Money. Is that what your trying to find?  
The bull is much stronger than you  
Yet you keep on playing the game  
Is that all you're looking for, fortune and fame?  
May you come back as a bull in your new life  
What will you think when you see the blood-ridden knife?

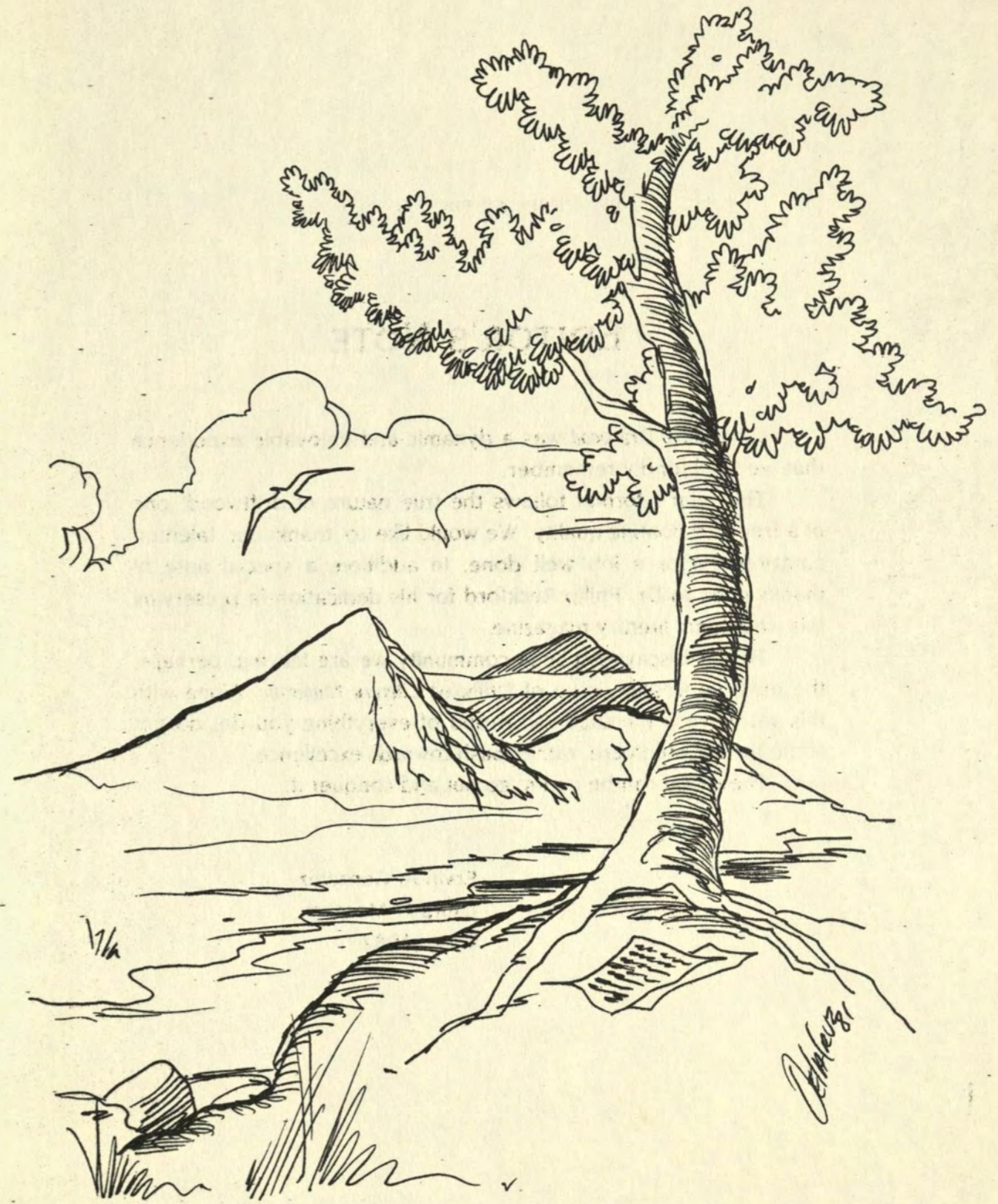
Barby Anderson

## **SKIPPING STONES**

An Autumn walk along a river's edge intent on drinking  
in the color from nature's palette,  
Is abandoned as a youthful reflex action  
takes its hold.  
The body, by the consciousness of time, is caught in genuflection  
with an out stretched arm and searching hand.  
A mid-aged mind rebukes the childish instigation,  
and an upright stance is once again regained.  
But as the stroll resumes the unrelenting urge  
prevails,  
Granting permit to the hand to seize that most suitable  
to satisfy the surge of juvenility.  
The hand and now the nimble fingers feel among  
the river rocks,  
Until is found that particular of size and  
shape.  
Now tucked with comfort in the hand between the finger  
and the thumb,  
The arm is cocked.  
As squinting eye selects the proper place.  
The hand comes round in the side arm fashion,  
as the legs bend slightly in the gauging of the proper angle.  
At the calculated instant of release.  
the stone flies in the direction of mid-stream.  
And at the predetermined destination strikes  
the waiting water,

Leaping in the air again in graceful  
looping arc.  
Then falling back to bounce across the river's  
surface several times,  
Clacking finally to a rest amid those less  
perfect on the other shore.  
Now a moment spent to savor the success  
of that just accomplished feat,  
The stroll continues with a smile of satisfaction,  
knowing that the boyhood skill of skipping stones,  
Has not been lost.

Anonymous



## EDITOR'S NOTE

Compiling *Driftwood* was a dynamic and enjoyable experience that we shall fondly remember.

This year's format follows the true nature of driftwood; one of a free and floating quality. We would like to thank our talented contributors for a job well done. In addition, a special note of thanks goes to Dr. Philip Reckford for his dedication in preserving this traditional literary magazine.

To the Biscayne college community we are leaving, perhaps, the most impressive issue of *Driftwood Literary Magazine*. Along with this we leave a message: Be proud of everything you do; do not settle for the mediocre, rather push towards excellence.

The world can be yours: go out and conquer it.

Ervin A. Gonzalez  
Laura F. Morgan  
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