

REXLER

REASURES

1975-1976

America

America is many different things,
From bobbie socks to diamond rings.
From Pat Boone to Dick Clark,
Beverly Hills and Central Park.
There's baseball, there's hot dogs, and apple pie,
And let's not forget Trexler Junior High!
We've got Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers,
The Yankees, the Mets, and the Dodgers!
Jeans, and tee-shirts, and 5-inch heels,
Hot-rods, and motorcycles, and souped-up wheels!
The Platters, the Beatles, the Spinners, the Who,
But best of all, America is you!

Julie Mest
7th Grade

"IMAGINE"

Imagine what a poem would be
if it didn't have any words,
Imagine what the world would be
if all the kids were nerds,
Imagine what the world would be
if all people were the same,
Imagine what the world would be
if no one had a name,
Imagine what a clock would be
if it didn't have any hands,
Imagine what a beach would be
if it didn't have any sand,
Imagine what a plane would be
if it didn't have any wings,
Imagine what a throne would be
if it didn't have a king,
Imagine what a car would be
if it didn't have any wheels,
Imagine what a shoe would be
if it didn't have a heel,
Imagine what a knee would be
if it could not bend,
Imagine what this poem would be
if it didn't have an end.

Jeff Downing
9th Grade

IF I HAD ONE GIFT TO GIVE

. . . The gift I would give would be to Mr. Parks. I would give a plaque saying: To the best principal of Trexler Junior High School, the man who made this school one of the best junior high schools in Pennsylvania. All of your students will remember you always.

John Keifer
8th Grade

. . . I would bring prices down.

Karl Laub
8th Grade

. . . I would give myself a shopping bag full of money which would make me very happy (and I like to see myself happy.)

Gwenn Williams
9th Grade

. . . I'd give my talent to Mr. Kotran so he wouldn't be flat on the ski slopes all the time. Then he could laugh at me instead of me laughing at him.

Kevin Mauser
9th Grade

. . . I would give everybody the gift of life. Especially the people who are dying of cancer, t.b., and all other diseases.

Michael Delessandro
8th Grade

. . . I would give to them anything they want, to pay them back for being so great to me.

Jean Erle
9th Grade

. . . I'd give everyone in the world the ability to play sports. Through sports we learn to trust each other and work as a team to accomplish your winning games.

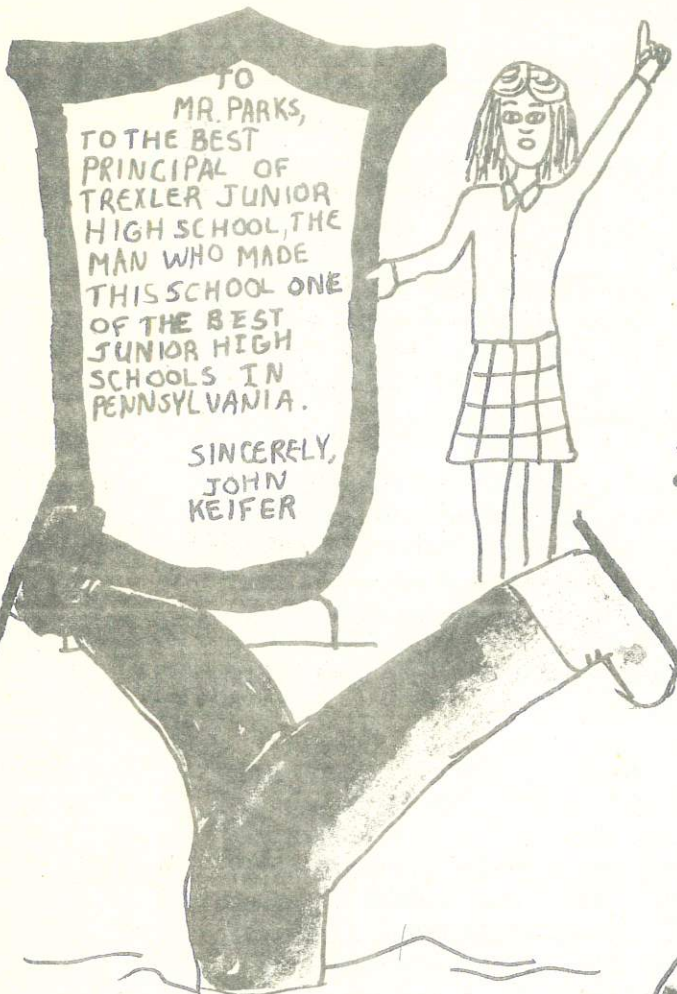
James Schmoyer
8th Grade

. . . I would bring Edgar Allen Poe back to life and make him have a better life.

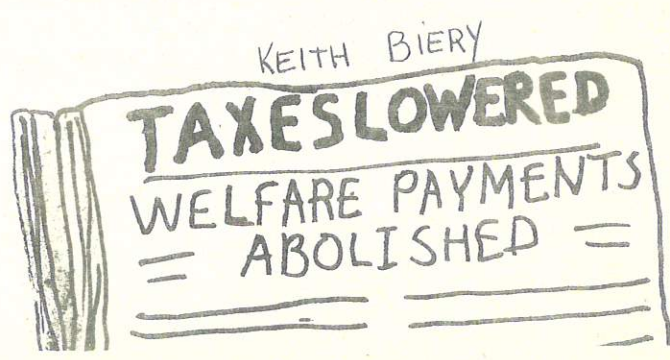
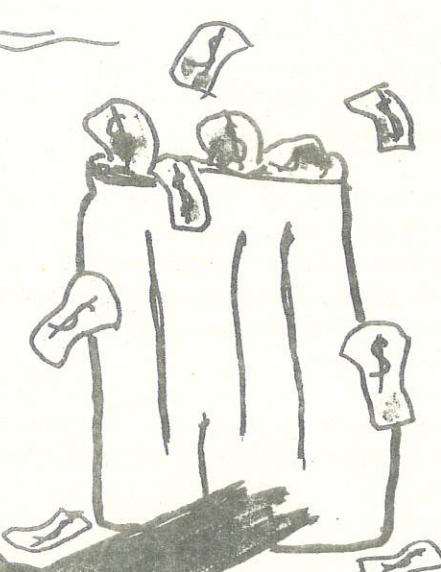
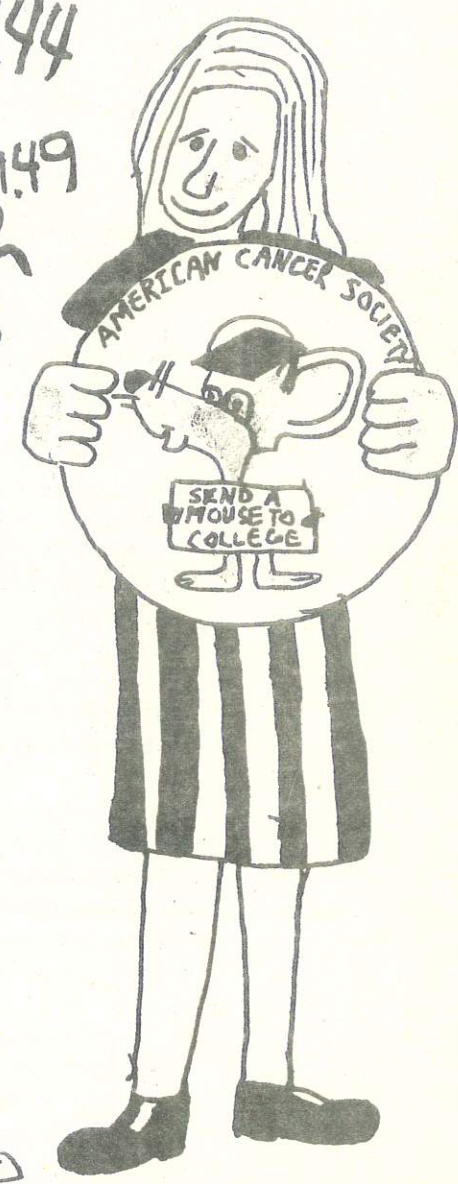
Scott Snyder
8th Grade

. . . To the United States I would give every person a chance to work thus abolishing welfare payments and lowering taxes.

David Jarrett
8th Grade



3.99
259 15.00
3.95 1.44
250 PRICES 1.49
6.50
12.50
7.99



Beth's Fate

"Why!? Why me!?" cried Beth, as she beat her fists into the pillow! She had always been the ugly twin, with her frizzy, dirty-blond hair, narrow hazel eyes and short chubby middle. Beth could never compete with her twin, Holly. Beth would often wonder why she couldn't be tall, slender, intelligent and witty like Holly. "Even her name is more elegant!" she exclaimed with a blubber. Holly was so popular, she was even voted "Miss Apple". (The title given to the girl who was the prettiest, and most intelligent at Appleton Junior High.)

The only thing Beth could ever do better than her twin was play the piano. Now, even that was being threatened. The new house her parents were buying just wasn't big enough for her lovely maple piano! "It's just not fair!" she screamed, "The only dream I have is being destroyed! Without my piano I'm nothing!" She beat her fists harder and harder on her tear-stained pillow.

The next week was the worst for Beth. Holly made many new friends in the neighborhood, but Beth sat all alone by the window, wishing for her piano. She was lonely at the new house especially with her fifteenth birthday just two days away. The days seemed to pass too quickly for Beth as her dreaded birthday arrived. "I don't have any friends to invite to my party, so I'll just have to put up with all my old aunts and uncles as usual." Beth sighed out loud, as she prepared herself for another hum-drum party.

Beth hurriedly slipped on an old tee-shirt as she heard her mother calling from Holly's room. Beth walked slowly down the hall, dragging her feet. When she reached her sister's room, Beth saw the whole family waiting there for her. "Why were they standing in front of Holly's room?" she wondered.

"Close your eyes and don't open them until you're inside!" Holly exclaimed, pushing Beth toward the door.

When Beth opened her eyes she saw a beautiful, huge, baby grand setting where Holly's bed used to be. Holly had sacrificed her own room so Beth could have a new piano. Now Beth knew just how much her twin loved her, and she also knew how much she loved Holly.

Lynn Souders
9th Grade

The Sacrifice

It was snowing for twenty-four hours straight. The relentless driving snow was punctuated regularly by strong gusts that scooped big dips of the white snow like a giant crane, and deposited it along the mountain face, carefully and purposely molding, building an immense white wall. Mother Nature had dropped a white curtain over the entire panorama. From all appearances she had wiped the slate clean.

Barely audible above the howling of the angry winds, a silver bird gave a distress call. Crippled, losing power the small bird flew blindly into the white wall camouflaging the mountain - a brief flash and silence.

Another day passes. The shower of white continues uninterrupted. Everything seems to be in a state of suspended animation, waiting... Then, slowly a form appears. The shadow of a figure moves along the base of the huge snowy fortress, seeking a deserted trappers' lodge which he knows is there. Blinded by the snow and near complete exhaustion, an inner spirit drives him onward. Catching sight of a silvery flash directly ahead, he races to the spot. Instead of the expected haven, his unbelieving eyes survey the wreckage of a small airplane. Reaching the tail section whose beacon had drawn him to the awesome scene, he hears a faint cry. Lifting a mutilated metal flap, he discovers a young boy badly cut and bruised with a broken leg. With a deep sigh the traveler looks around. Over the rise he suddenly sees the object of his relentless quest. Momentarily forgetting the most recent development, he strikes out for the cabin like a man who being without water for two days sees an oasis. Flinging the door open, the stranger collapses.

After a couple hours of deep sleep he was jolted back to reality. He, John Devers, was free, now a part of the world, living, breathing, being. To look at a door knowing it wasn't locked, to peer out a window with no bars, was it real?

That silvery reflection, the injured boy, it was a dream. No! Rushing outside John gathered the limp body in his arms and carried the boy into the cabin. Fully stocked with provisions by his contact on the outside, it wasn't long before John had built a fire and wrapped the boy in warm blankets.

Twelve hours passed without any encouraging signs of life from the boy. He had not regained consciousness, yet he was clutching a toy car tightly in his hand. Thinking and remembering how he had treasured a similar car given to him by his father, John realized he had a decision to make. Was he going to get help for the boy which was definitely needed? If he were to go for help, all his dreams and hopes would be shattered. He had succeeded in gaining his freedom, Was he going to throw it all away, knowing he would most likely never get another chance? What did his life, freedom, mean? Would he ever be free knowing that another life was his to spare or take? Perhaps this was meant to be, a chance to replace a life for the one he had taken twelve years ago. John had made his decision. In this boy he was going to find his true freedom.

Joe Altieri
8th Grade

Friendship

Count a friendship by the laughter
that you've gained while on the way, never
by the falling teardrops that you've shed
along the way.

Count the pleasant happy moments,
never count the plans that failed, for even
the brightest flower saw the time when colors
paled. Little things make friendships last
mightier than gold, little things will hold
you fast.

Count the dreams you shared while
scheming, and the days when skies were fair.
You'll have a memory of a friendship that
was rare.

Jackie Wagner
9th Grade



KAREN MILLS

Friends?

Does anyone really know what a friend is? Do you know what it is to be a friend? I don't know about you, but enough experiences have proven to me that in a lifetime a person will only have a few good friends. To me, a friend is someone who I can talk to when I'm down; one who will help me when things get rough, and most important, stick with me and accept me for what I am. "Sure, I want to be your friend," says someone. But do they really mean it? Do they know what they're saying? Maybe they do, but most of the time, no! How about those who become friends with you when you first meet, but then drop you months later. Is that someone you'll be friends with later in life? I find that if you can't be a true friend, don't expect to have very many friends yourself!

Ilene Tannen
9th Grade

If I Had Three Wishes

If I had three wishes this is what I'd wish. First, I would wish that the whole world was free to do as they pleased, without hurting others of course. Second, I would wish that every man and woman would live a long happy life. My third wish would be that people would love and care about each other. Through our love we could overcome prejudice forever. I know some people won't agree with me, but that's what I would do if I had three wishes.

Cathy Santos
8th Grade

Gray birds flit through waterfalls
In the grayness of my mind.
Memories of times gone by
No longer are defined.
Gray, the color of the sun,
Just before it falls.
Gray, the shadows of myself
Sketched upon the walls.

Becky Carr
9th Grade

SOME UNKNOWN FORCE

"You know why we are all here, don't you? I questioned, as I sat at the head of the long conference table. The subdued light outlined the plump, crimson face of Charlie Apple.

"Of course, We are being abused, and . . ."

"And we simply have to do something about it!" gasped Pamela Plum in her unbelievably shrill voice. "If we plums don't watch it, we will turn into prunes!" Her face turned a rich mauve.

"Oh, that's nothing," bragged Christopher Corn. "My family has been popped for generations, which can be quite painful, but my father Colonel Christopher Corn, Sr. tried to stop that . . ."

"I say chaps, let us get to work," interrupted William Randolph Cucumber, who was quite irritated with Christopher's conceit. "We cannot continue to dilly dally any longer. I have a more serious matter. My relatives are being pickled."

My friends didn't realize the predicament that I, Gregory von Grape was in.

"I'm sure that all of you are abused, but not as much as we grapes. We have been crushed and fermented since the time of Bacchus. I cannot bear watching the Raisin Bran commercial- it reminds me of my dear old Uncle Alfred. I am the most abused one here."

"No you aren't, Greg." Christopher Corn said, rather hotly.

"I am so!" I retorted. Charlie Apple rose from his chair and pounded on the table.

"Come now, this will get us nowhere. Does anyone suggest what kind of action we should take?"

"I do." I suggested that we have demonstrations against fruit abuse at the university. "We can make posters and give speeches. "After all," I shouted with sudden enthusiasm, "we have to make fellow students aware of what will happen to all of us if we are not careful. We must protest!" Everyone began to shout approvingly. Pam Plum and William Randolph Cucumber danced on the table, which was quite a sight. Christopher Corn turned somersaults, and I could see Charlie Apple's shiny red body bobbing up and down. Soon we were all exhausted. After bidding each other good night, we set out in the brisk evening air of spring to reach our dormitories.

Fruits and vegetables have much shorter lives than humans, Therefore, we attend colleges and universities for only two months, which is a great amount of time for us. We were young then, freshly picked, and it was only natural that we would want to change the world.

Other students had become interested in our fruit abuse meetings. Posters were made and placed throughout the campus. Pamela thought of such slogans as "Don't be dumb: save the plum." These slogans were broadcast on local radio stations. One day, over one hundred students popped the tires of a fruit truck, and blocked the road. After two hours, the truck started to move. Luckily, nobody was injured -- only minor bruises. More important, we had done something towards the welfare of our fellow vegetables.

During the past two weeks, the grape population had lowered drastically. I immediately wrote a letter to Post Cereals, pleading with them to reduce the amount of raisins to one scoop per package. I never received a reply.

One week, Pamela Plum brought her grandfather's friend, Dr. Robert Wrinkle, to speak at the university. Thousands of students attended. The aged person revealed how he changed from a plum to a prune. It was a sad story that left a deep impression on all of us. The thing that most perturbed us was the way he looked. His nicely pressed suit oddly contrasted his creased skin.

Many other events were scheduled throughout the months. Even after graduating from the university, we were still involved in the fruit abuse program. William, Pam, Chris, Charlie and I did not gather quite as often, but we held our meetings outside because it was pleasant. Midsummer, which is middle-age in a fruit or vegetable's life, was when ghastly things started occurring. Week by week, Pamela Plum gradually turned brown. Large creases started forming in her face. Charlie Apple had become bruised. His skin wrinkled, and his body became liquid-like. Christopher Corn had become toasted to a cornflake. William Randolph Cucumber had shrunken considerably. Much to my horror, I too was shrinking. My once greenish skin had become a dull brown. I could not imagine what kind of force was destroying us. Our lives had become miserable. It was at our last meeting that my friends and I discovered and fully understood what had happened. It was the sun. That gigantic ball of fire. I still often think of Dr. Robert Wrinkle and his melancholy expressions. He had been through the same thing as we had; what we were fighting most in life. I now sadly realized that our attempts at changing nature had been in vain.

Judy Harris
9th Grade

PAROLE

A long time ago, I committed a crime,
But I was caught, sentenced and had to serve time.

Inside a bleak prison, I had to be,
Working for what seemed like eternity.

Four years I served for my escapade,
But my debt to society now has been paid.

And today I'm out on parole, you see,
But before I left they told these things to me.

"Within twenty-four hours, you must report,
To your parole officer, Mr. Short.

He'll tell you that you can't change your address unless
he says so,
You must obey the laws and of any arrests he must know.

You can't possess any weapons, guns or a knife,
For this offense could affect the rest of your life.

Hence a parolee can go back to jail,
Even for receiving a gun in the mail.

You must make a decent effort to keep a job.
There will be no joining the unemployment mob.

You can't travel for a vacation or other cause,
Unless he agrees to sign you a written clause.

Now don't you forget, he has the right,
To add any rules to ease your fight.

He can keep you from seeing your corrupt friend, Dirty Dan,
Or restrict your use of any loans or a credit plan.

Even make you go to see Dr. Ball,
If he feels it will help you lick alcohol.

If you need some help to try to straighten you out,
Psychiatric treatment will be ordered, no doubt.

Marriage counseling can be ordered for you,
If that's what he thinks would be helpful, too."

Although this may sound rough to you,
These are the things that I must do.

It's not quite as hard as being in jail,
So I'll do right and will not fail.

I'll beat the odds and I'll stay free,
It will take work, but it can be.

Stuart Trager
8th Grade

Stamp
out
PICKLES

Save
the
PEAK

CINDY BEHRENS

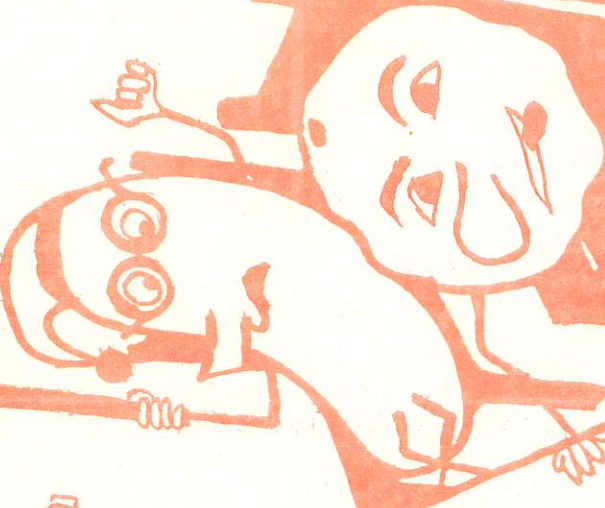
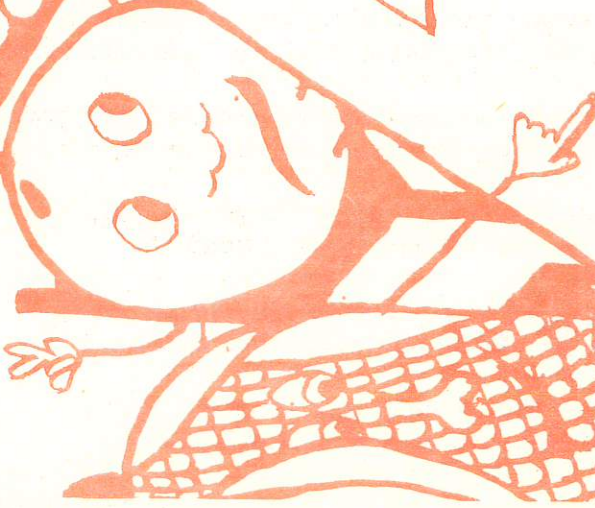
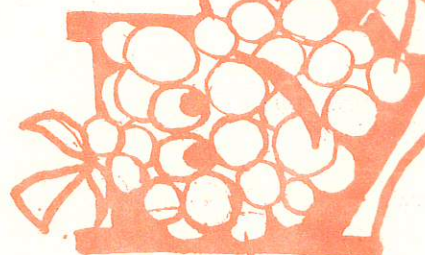
Save
the
Plum

Boycott
Applesauce

Down
with
Popcorn

EAT MEAT

Down
with
Bears



THE IMBROGLIO

"Good evening, Reverend Grant, I'm Mr. Thomas, the president of the consistory," the man who answered the door said, shaking hands with my father. "But call me Bill," he added quickly. Mr. Thomas was a chubby little man with a pink face the same color as the pink in his tie. He seemed nervous, fluttering his dove-white hands in all directions, and gasping for air every few words as if he had just run up and down a set of stairs. His mouth opened in an extremely fishlike round "o" when he spoke.

My father winked at my mother and started to interrupt, but Mr. Thomas was continuing. "And this is your lovely wife? Of course! I'm very glad to meet you! And such lovely girls! I'm very glad to meet you, too! Where did they get that beautiful hair? Probably from their mother," he said, answering his own questions. I shook my head no, but he went right on without even noticing.

My sister and I looked at each other and then at my mother to see what she would do. She just stood there, smiling calmly, and waiting for this little toy man to wind down. It seemed to me that she might have to wait a long time; but, fortunately, she was known for her patience. Meanwhile, Mr. Thomas was saying something about the weather to my father, who smiled knowingly and nodded his head in agreement. "Oh, what an idiot I must be! Why, I haven't even asked you in! Come on in! Oh, do come in!" he said, beckoning us inside with his hands.

We walked into the small hallway of the church and watched Mr. Thomas wave his hands about as if directing a nonexistent choir. "Over there is the sanctuary, and that stairway leads to the Sunday School rooms, and that door leads to the office, Reverend Grant, and that door leads to the nursery, and ...," he gasped for breath. "Well, you'll see all that when we take the grand tour! Ha! Heh! Hm. Well, a.... There's a ladies' room down the hall and to your right, Mrs. Grant. If you'd like to freshen up a bit, Mrs. Grant."

"No, thank you. I, a....," my mother started. Mr. Thomas, however, seemed inclined to pursue his soliloquy further, and she finished with a somewhat noncommittal, "Oh, well."

"Well, then let's all go downstairs to the Field Hall! The ladies have made some refreshments, and my wife made her famous spice cake. You must have her give you the recipe! It's absolutely delicious! I'm sure you'll want to try it!" he said beaming fondly at my mother. She smiled back at him. He had struck a pleasant chord in my mother with his talk of spice cake. She already had some twenty different recipes for spice cake.

Mr. Thomas led us gaily down the stairs, chattering aimlessly and praising his wife's culinary prowess, among other things. We followed him into a drab brown room with a stage and rows and rows of folding chairs. Assorted women were scurrying back and forth between the kitchen and a large table in the back of the room. Several men were sampling the enormous array of food. Mr. Thomas instructed a boy, obviously his son, to entertain the girls. The girls, however, did not particularly wish to be entertained at this juncture. We had no trouble persuading the recalcitrant young man that his services were not presently needed.

Mr. Thomas indicated my father with a wave of his hand. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Reverend Grant!" he announced, "and this is his lovely wife!" he added, putting a fatherly arm around my mother. The lovely wife turned to him in the space provided and said, "Mr. Thomas, I don't believe you quite understand. You see, I'm the one who applied for a position as pastor of this church."

"But I don't, I mean I thought ... You mean you're..." the flustered Mr. Thomas stuttered.

"My husband is a guidance counselor," my mother said as Mr. Thomas's face flushed a bright crimson.

"Oh, dear. I, ... I just don't know what to say! I wish I could just start over again," he said, wiping the beads of sweat from his forehead with his handkerchief.

"That might be a good idea," my mother interjected, "...Hello, I'm Reverend Grant, and this is my husband, Jim, and our two daughters, Mary and Beth."

"Well, a ...oh! I'm Mr. Thomas, the president of the consistory. It is my duty, I mean pleasure, to welcome you to St. Paul's!"

Becky Carr
9th Grade

The Shadow

Quietly, in the still light
A dappled shadow ripples bright,
Flaming muscles, scared with fight
Crouching, waiting, cramped uptight
Watching with such keen eyesight
Patiently waiting for dim light.
Suddenly, with its great might
Springs out uselessly to smight
The black bars that hold it tight
Screaming out in rage and fright
Stilling all who are in sight
Smashing into the bars with fight --
Never to regain its right
Never again
To Fight.

Cathy Jennings
8th Grade

The Meaning of the Liberty Bell

Twelve o'clock midnight, 1976
Man delivered the Liberty Bell to its new home,
So we, the people of the United States,
Can touch the bell,
And feel freedom.

Lisa Calhoun
8th Grade

My America

You are beautiful America. You have hills, mountains, oceans, and plains. You are scientific, because you put the first man in space, and prevented many diseases to take over the country. You are political, because you have one of the strongest governments in the world. You are religious, the Bible is a best seller in this country. America, you have many hard working people supporting your future, which will last forever.

Nancy Lane
8th Grade

Adventures

Despite the weather being dismal and cloudy,
We were very excited and equally rowdy.

After arriving, we explored the hotel,
And tomorrow would be lots of fun, we could tell.

The bus ride had been long, we all slept like a log,
Followed next morning by a colonial jog.

We jogged through the town, before the sun's dawning,
And still very sleepy, we couldn't stop yawning.

Taking full advantage of the pillary and stocks,
We put Lisa Visnar in chains and padlocks.

From a bubbling caldron we dipped candles of wax,
And tried our hands at combing flax.

Christiana Campbell's Tavern was under repair,
So we went to Chowning's and had our meal there.

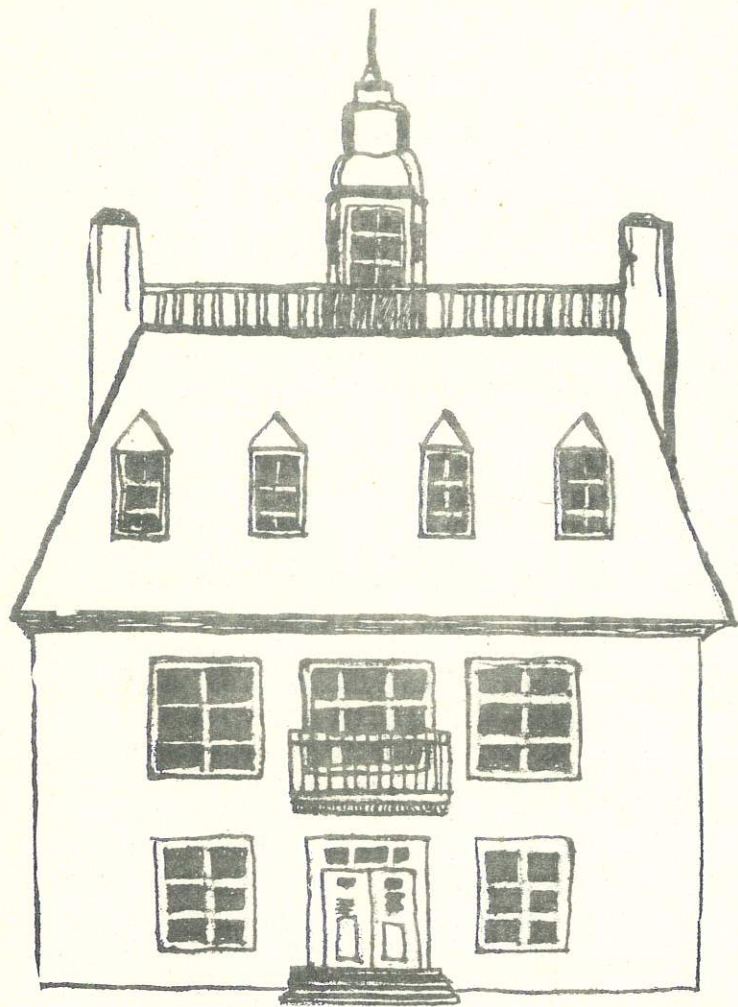
After eating a truly sumptuous meal,
We gathered and danced the Virginia Reel.

On Sunday morning we took one final roam,
Then boarded the bus and headed for home.

The ride back left us tired but still jolly,
Entertained by Schankowitz's toy alligator "Wally".

We arrived back at Trexler, all needing some rest,
But no doubt about it, this trip was the best!

Judy Harris
9th Grade



Williamsburg Va.



SUE SVADLENKA

THE GREAT RIP-OFF

The sun's face slowly peeked over the horizon, shining illuminating rays that pierced the thick smog, making their way to the dismal, dirty, awakening city below. The blaring of horns, wailing of sirens, screeching of brakes, and the eerie pounding of a million hearts all began another day of hustling and bustling. Among the jammed, multishaped, multi-colored conglomeration of people there walked a tall, slim, fair skinned, dignified, businesslike man clinging to an old, weatherworn, attache case. As his blue eyes traveled to the top of one immense building of glass, across the skyline, fixing themselves on the distant, huge, greenish symbol of liberty, others in that mass of humanity knew that here was another newcomer to their fair city, seeking fame and fortune.

The sights were difficult to see, for most of the people were in a mad and frantic rush like hunting dogs chasing a weakened fox. In the midst of being joggled around, Lester Hopeful, feeling what seemed to be something reaching inside his rear cordoroy pocket, quickly turned around, and forcefully grabbed the culprit's tender hand. He then shoved and pushed until they finally reached Cosaliqimos Cafe. After being violently kicked three times and bitten once on the wrist, Lester managed with extreme pain to settle her hysteria, and order two bowls of chile con carne. Over the murmuring of other customers and in a dreary atmosphere (for the cafe was small, cold, and dimly lit) Lester inquired who she was and the nature of her profession. Between her sniffles Lester surprisingly discovered that he had captured a 22 year old pick-pocket named Sally Smoothfingers, who, if lucky, collected an average of 550 dollars a day not including numerous amounts of checks and jewelry. Lester's face hardened with growing curiosity as Sally continued to explain the various devilish techniques over a small lemon meringue pie topped with a mountain of whipped cream.

Day slowly sank into night, bringing hundreds of neon lights flickering and flooding the city with color and night club advertisements. The hot, distasteful, lunch between Lester and Sally now grew into a romantic candlelight dinner in the Bandladish Night Club. Their once harsh tone of voice towards each other slowly grew into a sensitive whisper, causing Lester's emotions to completely override his unusually good judgment. Lester, overwhelmed by Sally's sensuous body as well as the fantasy of making a cool 550 dollars a day, agreed to team up and learn the trade of pick-pocketing. A sudden mystical trance came between Sally and Lester as they silently sat staring into each others face, motivating Lester into gradually bending across the wooden table, and gently pressing his dried, chapped lips firmly against her smooth, soft, glossy red ones. The remainder of the night they spent cuddled closely together, sleeping in the small, damp, filthy backroom of Uncle Joe's Bar and Grill, for neither one had enough money to afford a hotel room.

The rough, frog-like voice of Joe echoed through the backroom, waking both Sally and Lester. They were quick to dress for they felt their day would be one of laughter and fortune. Plans were quietly discussed over a large bowl of oatmeal, scrambled eggs, and two slices of dried bacon. The need for money drove them eagerly onto the already crowded streets, searching for people with bulky backpockets. The bitter wind chilled their hands as they casually strolled down 5th Avenue, carefully eyeing every immaculately dressed man, heading towards Time Square which was known in the pick-pocket profession and The Pickpockets Dreamland. Their morning was drier than the Sahara Desert, for neither one could spot a person fitting enough to be ripped off in style.

Lester's face gradually began to fill with total despair as they hastily crossed the busy intersection. They entered a little, dainty coffee shop, hoping to renew their seemingly lost vim and vigor with a cup of steaming hot cocoa. Sally, sipping the cocoa, glanced out the large, steamed-up bay window of the shop. To her surprise, she discovered not one, but three, immaculately dressed business men approaching the shop, clinging to their hats as a violent gust of October wind hurled everything it could grasp with its invisible, awesome force. The three men seated themselves at the bar, ordered six hotcakes, and began to discuss business matters. Both Lester's and Sally's body tingled with the excitement of becoming rich, and without any hesitancy Sally nonchalantly seated herself beside the intended victims. Her feminine voice immediately caught their attention as she asked for a match. Simultaneously they all energetically replied, "My sincere pleasure madam." Meanwhile, Lester had managed to quietly maneuver himself behind the unsuspecting gentlemen, and gently lift three bulky, alligator-skinned, imported, wallets from their multicolored, flannel slacks. Realizing her acting role had been successfully performed, Sally smiled delightfully, bid the now poor businessmen farewell, and gaily walked out to the corner to meet Lester with a huge hug and numerous loving kisses.

With over 1,250 dollars now haphazardly shoved in the back pocket of Lester's corduroy pants, they worked their way through the crowded sidewalks of the mad five o'clock rush hour, searching for a rather lavish hotel. Glancing upward, Sally marveled at the beauty and magnificence of a 35 story Hilton Hotel, and suddenly with an outburst of joy dashed through the heavy glass doors into the spacious lobby, dragging Lester behind her. "Quick, the money," she exclaimed to Lester, with visions of waterbeds floating through her mind. Lester half dazed, slowly reached into his backpocket only to discover.....NOTHING!!!

Realizing there are some things in life that money cannot buy, Lester and Sally walked hand in hand out into the milling crowds of New York City...the strong love between them being their only hope of success in life.

The chasm is widening,
People are becoming clumsy.
If you collapse,
No one will help you.
The turmoil is contagious
In the air.
The foul smell of corruption
The only solution would be isolation
That is impossible
Draw your conclusions.

Diana Murtaugh
9th Grade

"Fads"

Saddle shoes, baggy pants,
Eating chocolate covered ants,
Piercing ears and wearing contacts,
Playing guitars, driving compacts.

Boys toting purses, girls wearing slacks,
Can't tell the difference by the clothes
on their backs.

Platform shoes, squared off toes,
What's the fad next? Nobody knows.

Lisa Reno
8th Grade

Long rivers and valleys of starch
Embedded in thick red sauce.
They seem endless.
When you finally come to the end,
You find it is gone.
What is it?
Noodles!

Gloria Krupa
7th Grade

The Bell

When we ring in 1976 we should remember a bell that tolled 200 years ago to proclaim liberty to a new nation. The "Spirit of '76" should be rekindled in the hearts of all Americans. Basic truths that all men are created equal and have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness should be rung again, and again, and again. A time to reflect on our nation's accomplishments and its ideals can only result in stronger more dedicated Americans.

Joseph Altieri
8th Grade

So This Is What Happened

So this is what happened to our country,
When people started thinking only of money.
We once believed in neighbors and friends,
And now we distrust them to the end.

Men and women are all the same,
We look for who to point the blame.
Instead of standing for our rights,
We cut them down in civil fights.

We want just certain social classes,
So we work and play like human masses.
To find out that we were wrong,
To put the other people on.

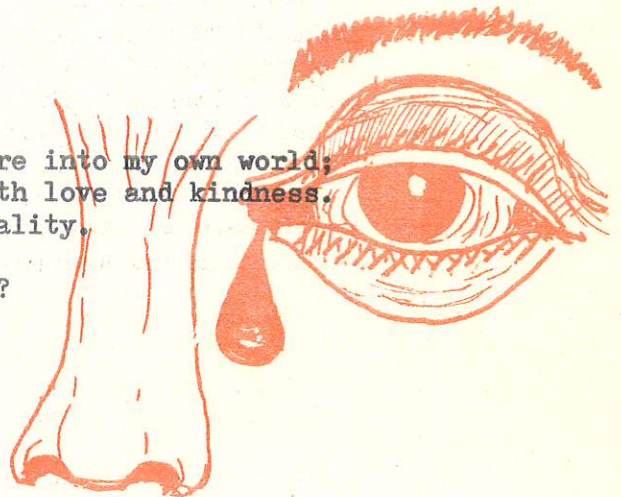
We need more laws in this country,
So that more people can now see,
What this country used to be

Bob Swaney
9th Grade

They've known my name,
Recognized my face
Heard my past
Assumed my future
And know nothing about
Me.

I'm retreating more and more into my own world;
A carefree place filled with love and kindness.
People say I'm escaping reality.
But who is to say reality
Isn't the ultimate fantasy?

All the sadness
Inside of me
Condensed
And emerged
As a tear.



Diana Murtaugh
9th Grade



Dear Editor:

I believe that honesty is the best policy, do you? Don't you agree that if we were all honest, the world would be better off? I wish there was some way, but I realize that no one can really enforce my belief. Some people just don't think that honesty is an important characteristic. I wish there was some way to make everyone at least a little bit more honest. Well, I'm going to try by talking to my family, friends, and neighbors. I wish you all would help me.

Lisa Reno
8th Grade

A Day on the Courts

Over the net
My opponent stood,
I must beat him
Or I'm finished for good.

The ball whizzed over
The sun shone bright,
I turned my racket
And swung with might.

My eyes were tense
My muscles were stiff
My arm was cramped
Only if ...

The ball came back
I turned to swing
The crowd was silent,
My eyes did sting.

The match continued
My spirits were low
But when leaving the court
I had beaten my foe.

Today I reign
In the world of sports
But I'll always remember
That day on the courts.

Diana Goodman
9th Grade

Sunrise

Bright and Beautiful,
So early in the Morning,
Never Ending Peace.

Cathy Bernecker
9th Grade

Loneliness

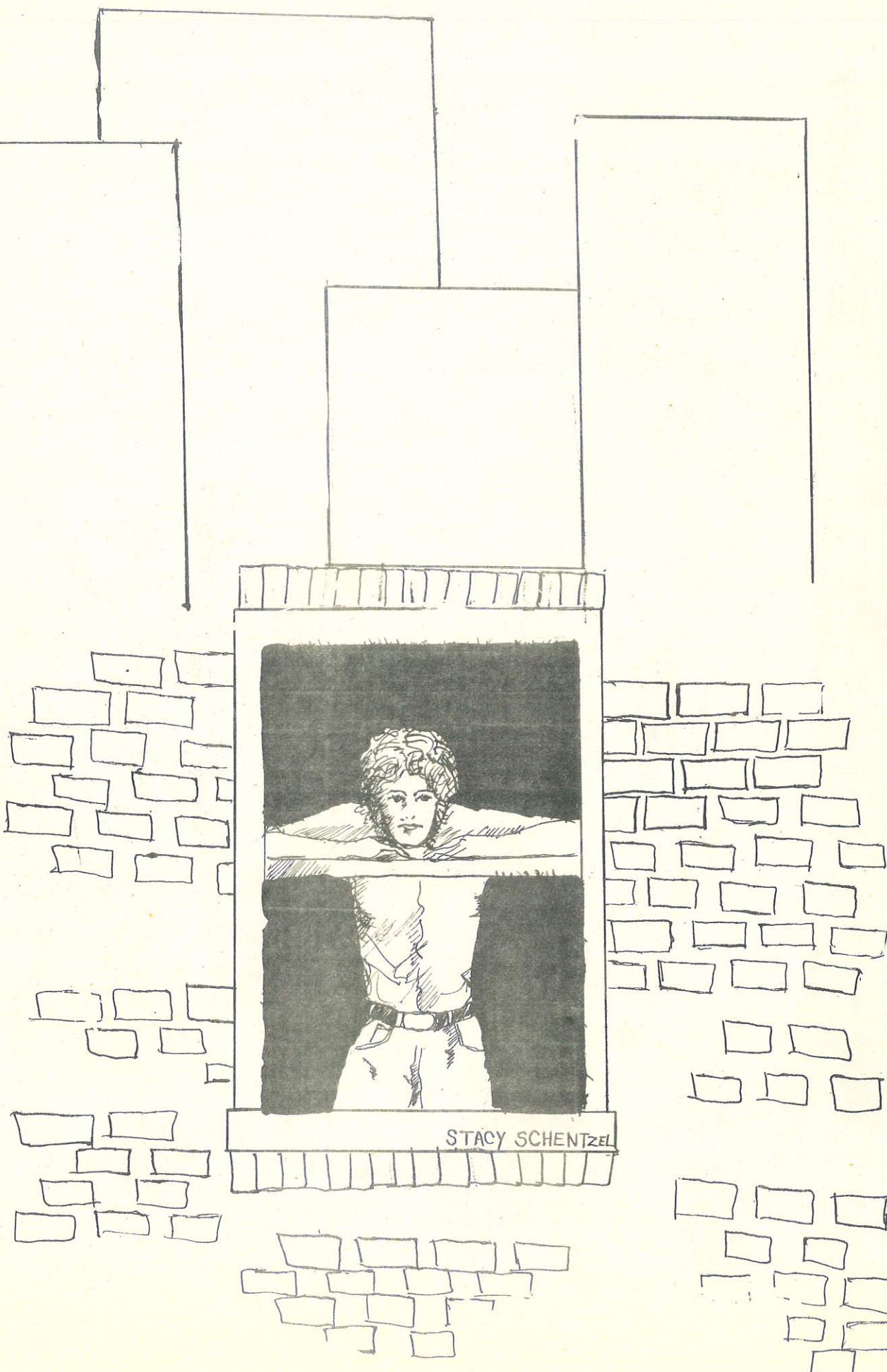
Loneliness.
When all the world turns against you.
Darkness clouds the light.
The world turns black.
Not a friend anywhere.
Not even hidden in a dark corner.
Gone.
The world is together; you are alone.
Secluded deep in your thoughts.
No one bothers you.
You are afraid.
Afraid to be alone.
Loneliness.

Gloria Krupa
7th Grade

Whispers

There's a whisper in the wind on a cold November
night
And a whisper in dry leaves that makes me shake
with fright.
How I dread to walk this way -- in the dark or
pale moonlight
With a little wisp of fear and a whisper in my
ear.
A ghost seems to whisper in a low groaning voice:
"Don't look back, my friend, you really have no
choice!"
And so I run like mad and never look behind
Because there might be more there than a whisper
in my mind.

Eileen Mitchell
7th Grade

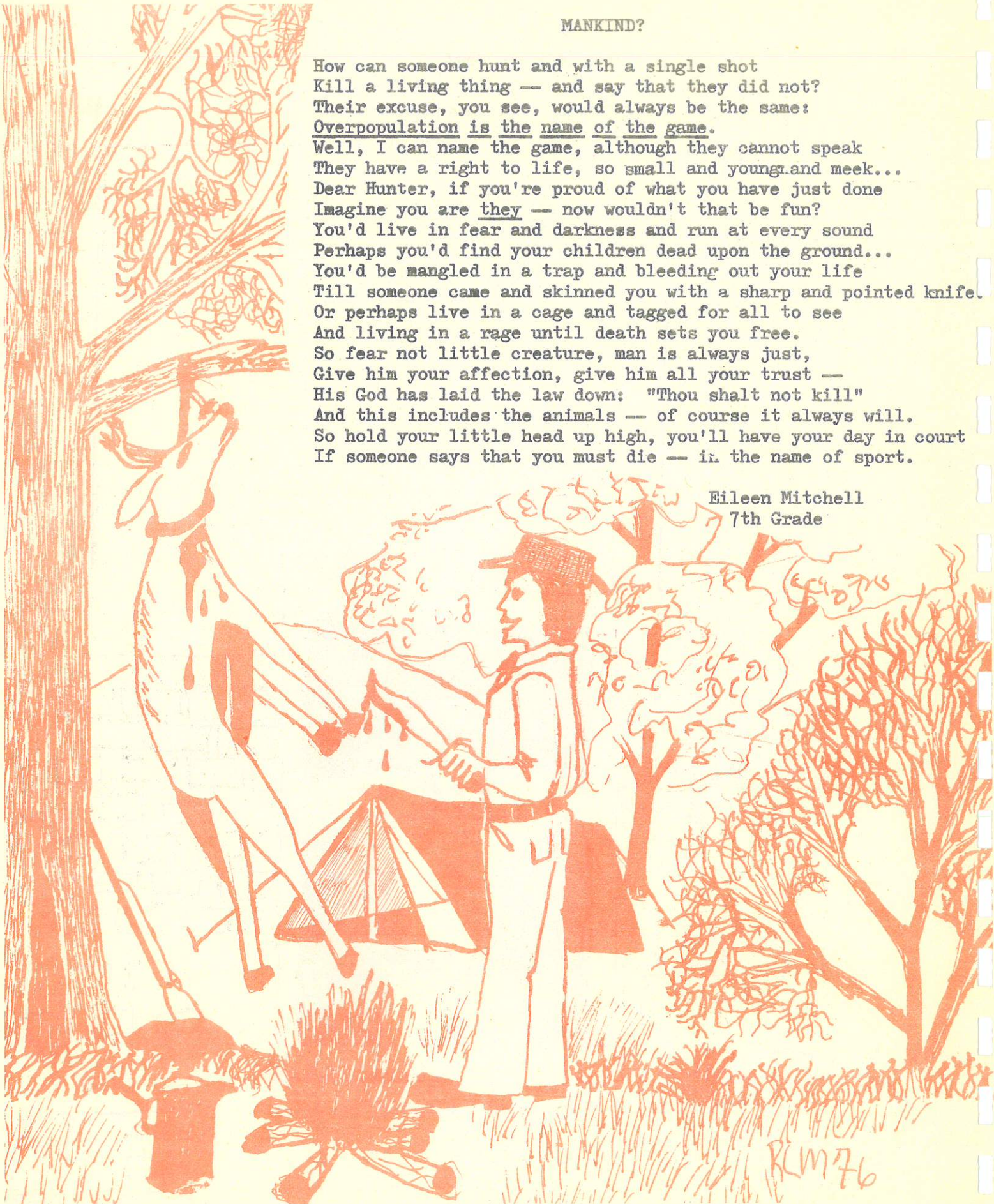


STACY SCHENTZEL

MANKIND?

How can someone hunt and with a single shot
Kill a living thing — and say that they did not?
Their excuse, you see, would always be the same:
Overpopulation is the name of the game.
Well, I can name the game, although they cannot speak
They have a right to life, so small and young and meek...
Dear Hunter, if you're proud of what you have just done
Imagine you are they — now wouldn't that be fun?
You'd live in fear and darkness and run at every sound
Perhaps you'd find your children dead upon the ground...
You'd be mangled in a trap and bleeding out your life
Till someone came and skinned you with a sharp and pointed knife.
Or perhaps live in a cage and tagged for all to see
And living in a rage until death sets you free.
So fear not little creature, man is always just,
Give him your affection, give him all your trust —
His God has laid the law down: "Thou shalt not kill"
And this includes the animals — of course it always will.
So hold your little head up high, you'll have your day in court
If someone says that you must die — in the name of sport.

Eileen Mitchell
7th Grade



7th Grade At Trexler

The funniest and happiest day in the 7th grade year so far was Greaser Day. When I walked into school that day a lot of the girls had their hair up and a lot of the boys had their hair greased back. It looked just like the good old days. Our first period class that day was social studies. Mr. Jenkins, our teacher, was dressed up, too. Wearing jeans, a ripped shirt, a jacket, and his hair greased back, he really looked funny. Mr. Jenkins even gave us extra credit for being dressed like greasers. The rest of the day was also a blast. Near the end everything died down, but it must have been the best day that I had at Trexler so far.

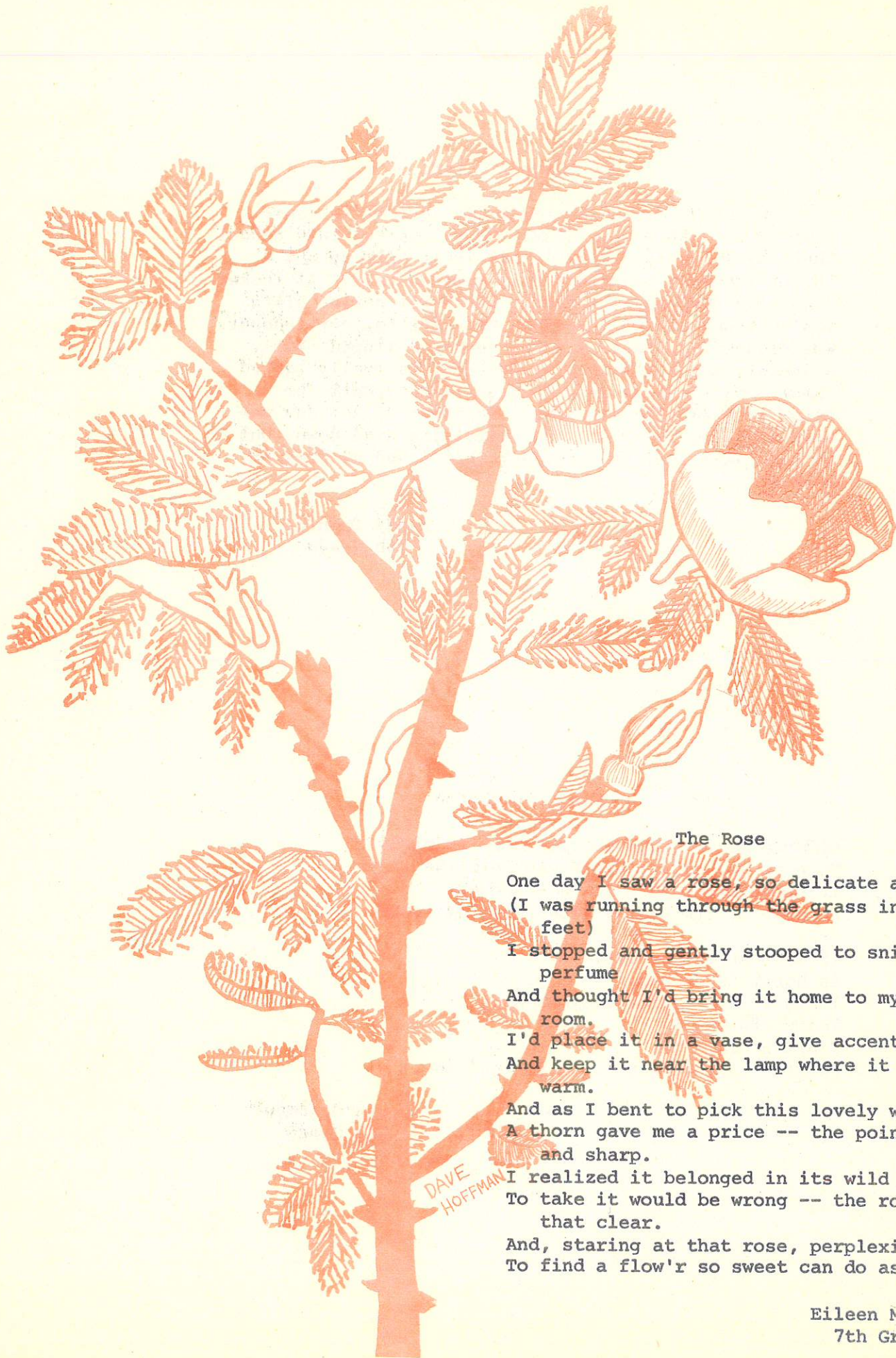
Wendy Downing
7th Grade

Nature's Choice

After a seed struggles with all its might
To push out of the earth and into the light,
It opens its petals for all around,
To gasp at its beauty with admiring sound.

If man were to nature,
As honey is to bee,
It is I think quite easy to see,
The world would
A nicer place be,
For the enjoyment of both you and me.

Diana Goodman
9th Grade



The Rose

One day I saw a rose, so delicate and sweet
(I was running through the grass in my wet bare feet)
I stopped and gently stooped to sniff its sweet perfume
And thought I'd bring it home to my own little room.
I'd place it in a vase, give accent to its form,
And keep it near the lamp where it would be quite warm.
And as I bent to pick this lovely work of art
A thorn gave me a price -- the point was thin and sharp.
I realized it belonged in its wild garden here
To take it would be wrong -- the rose had made that clear.
And, staring at that rose, perplexing as it was
To find a flow'r so sweet can do as this one does.

Eileen Mitchell
7th Grade