

Medicine Mother

Judy Leonard

When the disease germ finds a victim and confines him to bed, the sweet, loving mother becomes bewitched by a strange power. She becomes a raging dispenser of capsules, aspirin, and penicillin pills.

After phoning the drug store for more medicine, she begins to feed you soup. It doesn't matter to her what kind it is, just as long as it is soup. Also she fills you up to the brim with as many liquids as she can find in the house. If you are perfectly satisfied the way you are, she says you would be more comfortable sitting up. When you are hot, she puts more covers on the bed and turns up the heat. After you begin to feel better, she comes in with more medicine and more soup. A sickly color of green creeps into your complexion and the bright hope of a quick recovery dims.

So take my advice and stay well. Don't give your medicine mother a chance. The life you save may be your own!

I Say No

Jack Neal

Would we have punctuation today if it were not for a philosopher named Gerola I say no you decide for yourself

Gerola was a great Greek philosopher He wrote many documents and important papers of the time It happened that one night while working hard on a very special document he died suddenly of a brain hemorrhage Later when one the papers was examined there were strange marks and figures all over it there was no apparent explanation of these strange shapes but the Greeks being highly educated people thought the marks to be a new improved way of writing.

Actually the real reason behind the marks was that Gerola while writing the paper spilled his ink Quickly he picked it up and began to blot the paper only a few stains remained on the paper these small ink blots are known today as our punctuation system the point is that we're doing extra work only because of Gerola's carelessness So I say do away with punctuation I already have

Classroom Basketball

Bill Davis

Ka-plunk! A shotgun has just hit another set shot from his seat amidst giggles from the girls and smiles from the boys.

In case you are wondering, this refers to boys who are always hitting one-handers or hooks from their nearby seats.

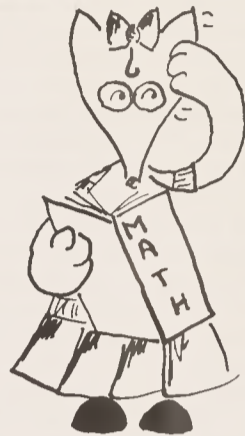
Even a short boy (or girl) can dunk the ball, or paper wad, in the waste basket. And he doesn't have to be a dribble king to get a chance to play. All he has to have is a seat near the waste basket.

From that vantage point, the lucky boy can try all kinds of shots and show the room, especially the girls, something of his basketball skill.

Classroom basketball can be lots of fun provided the teacher likes to play. If she doesn't, it might not be a bad idea to wait and go out for the basketball team or try a skill where you're appreciated. Otherwise you may some day try one of those beautiful hooks or behind-the-back shots and it will come right back with a note beginning, "Dear Mr. Thayer."

The Viewpointer

Page of Creative Writing Edited by Mary Womack, Advised by Mrs. Rogers



Ethel Aardvark Created by Mary Womack

The United States

Claude Cline

The United States is big and great—
From New York City to the Golden Gate.
The land is rugged and the land is smooth,
But the people who live on it are good and true.
There are many cities in the U. S. A.
From New York City to Santa Fe.
There are many people in this land so fair
From the factory worker to the millionaire.
Its mountains are majestic
Its lakes are blue
It's a land of opportunity for me and for you.

Cappy

Frank DeSaix

In a few moments Cappy, my dog, will be gone. I will probably never see him again. As the big, black and white mongrel sits on the floor of our speeding car, I think back to the good and bad times we have had together.

My mind brings back memories of romping and playing through the woods and meadows near our home. It also brings back the grim details of when his right foreleg was broken by a speeding auto. The veterinarian gave him no hope for recovery, but a month later he was running around with the rest of the neighborhood dogs.

But we are there now. Our car pulls up to the gate of the small farm where Cappy is to live the rest of his life. The reason we are giving him up isn't that he is such a bad dog; it's that he is so protective. Everytime anybody comes around to our apartment, he growls at them thinking they are attempting to harm my baby sister Marriane. Finally the apartment officials said it was he or we. Naturally it was he.

Now he is ready to enter his new home. A tear creeps down my cheek, but I don't try to brush it away. I give him a last big hug and leave.

Hail to Fritos

Roger Strickland

On these crisp morsels I insist;
Who cares if nightmares do persist?
Through dreams of monsters having fits?
I still will love those golden bits.
Don't take away my fried delight,
Sensational in every bite.
They may give braces a tough time,
But still a Frito gourmet I'm.

Quick Money

Larry Kilby

Children are always asked the question: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" In these days, however, Junior isn't interested in becoming a fireman or a policeman. He had rather make some quick money and plenty of it. No, he won't be another Jesse James. Junior has learned from the Lone Ranger that crime does not pay.

He's just going to make a profession of being a quiz show contestant.

When this chance finally comes, what subject will he choose? Our Junior must know ahead of time, so he can study and win. He doesn't want a common '56 Cadillac or a few measly thousand dollars as a consolation prize. The subject will have to be something unusual. Maybe the stockmarket or classi-

Awakening

Barbara Hemric

Heaven and earth are joined to see
The coming of the spring;
The time when decked will be each tree
And robust robins sing.

The sun, it dawns upon each day
With glowing golden spires
And sets in that same lovely way
In many awesome fires.

And God up in his great domains
Looks down with pleased pride
To see the land o'er which he reigns
In beauty now abide.

Passing Time

Mary Womack

*I walked down an old street,
But it wasn't an old street
For my thoughts were new
And my dreams were young,
And underneath the old trees,
Beside the old houses,
My heart sang a song
That had not yet been sung.*

*I went into an old house,
A house that I visited
Once, long ago,
On a rainy day,
But I saw it in a new light
For the rain was long ago,
Memory is short
And the past is far away.*

*I tried to play the old games,
The games I played yesterday,
But Time had locked the door
And hidden the key.
The old things are new
And filled with hope and joy
A new door is open
And my new soul is free.*

Baby-Sitting Nowadays

Ann Cook

In our enlightened age of progress and inventions even baby-sitting has changed. When correcting a child, you no longer spank him. You must use psychology. While you are meditating on what tactics to use, he'll probably be hacking away on the dining room table with his Junior-Do-It-Yourself-Kit.

Children are no longer satisfied to spend a quiet evening at home. The TV set must be going full blast. The children sit entranced as the Masked Rider single-handedly captures twelve outlaws, stops a runaway stage coach, and saves the heroine from drowning.

Most children like to be read to before going to sleep. But you wouldn't think of reading a simple story like "The Three Bears," "Captain Video versus the Green Men of Mars" would be more appropriate.

Today's children won't touch an ordinary bowl of oatmeal. They must have a multi-colored cereal that pops, cracks, snaps, or explodes. Also, the box must contain at least one "prize". This "prize" may be anything from a small balloon to an atomic-powered submarine.

And, now, what is needed in the way of inventions is a new definition of the word sitting.

The First Date

Sandra Hussey

I had wanted him to call me for a long time. Then on Friday night he asked me for a date Saturday night. It was to be my first date.

The next morning I was washing and rolling my hair at eight o'clock. I felt like waxing the floors, washing the windows, mowing the lawn and baking a cake. At nine o'clock I began the waxing. I waxed a whole room and looked at the clock. It was 9:15. After waxing all the floors and washing all the windows, I discovered it was just lunch time. Gosh, would that short hand ever get around to seven?

After lunch I wondered if playing tennis would make the time go any faster. I played until I thought I would keel over. I kept looking at the sky. It was beginning to get dark! I ran home to see the clock. It was three o'clock. The day had only grown cloudy.

I thought I'd take a beauty nap, but I couldn't sleep. Mom called me from town and asked me to go get the groceries. Fine—that would take a lot of time. I sauntered around the super-market for ages and got behind the longest checking line. When I opened our front door, the coo-coo shot out of the clock and chirped four o'clock. Smart aleck!

I always like to be punctual in my plans, so I begin dressing for my date around 4:30. I tried on everything I had. After I decided on the dress I'd wear, I was putting a dab of perfume on and spilled the whole bottle on my dress. I took another bath and went through the deciding process again.

At 7:15 I walked down the steps. Mom and Dad were sitting there looking so sympathetic. I sat down and looked at Mom. Mom looked at Dad and Dad looked at me.

A ring broke the silence. I shot to the door. There was no one there. I looked at the telephone and slowly walked over to pick up the receiver. He had just broken his foot coming down his front steps.