

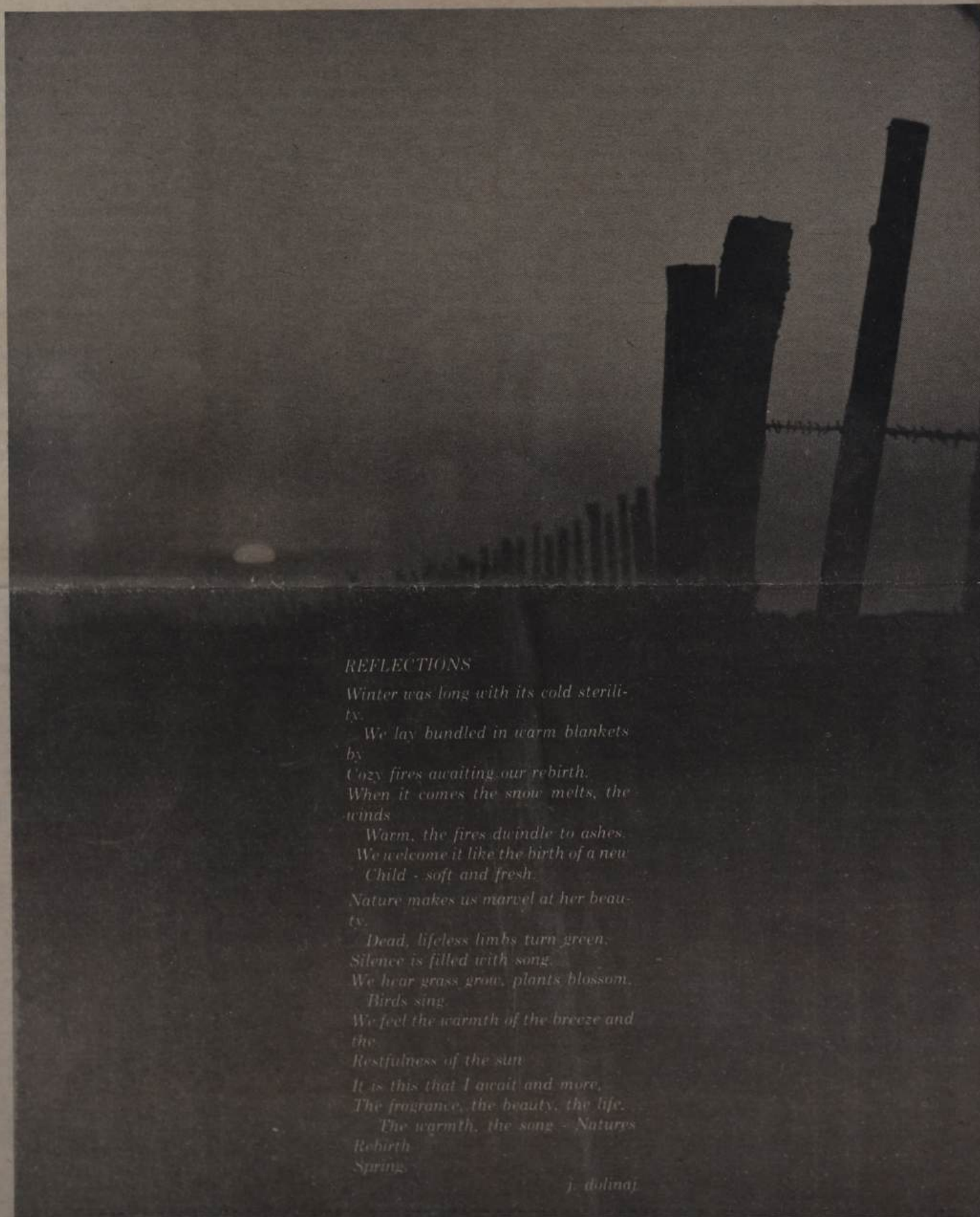
Marion High School
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SIGNAL

CS
COLUMBIA
SCHOLASTIC
PRESS ASSOCIATION

Vol. 2 No. 4

February 26, 1982



REFLECTIONS

Winter was long with its cold sterility.

We lay bundled in warm blankets by

Cozy fires awaiting our rebirth.

When it comes the snow melts, the winds

Warm, the fires dwindle to ashes.
We welcome it like the birth of a new
Child - soft and fresh.

Nature makes us marvel at her beauty.

Dead, lifeless limbs turn green.

Silence is filled with song.

We hear grass grow, plants blossom.

Birds sing.

We feel the warmth of the breeze and the

Restfulness of the sun

It is this that I await and more.

The fragrance, the beauty, the life.

The warmth, the song - Nature's
Rebirth
Spring

j. dolinaj

photo by j. dolinaj

Inside:

We, the Signal Staff, wish to extend a special thank you to Mr. Bates' Creative Writing class, the students and faculty of Marion High School for submitting creative pieces for the paper.

Bed time for America

"This was the first time he ever deserved an Oscar."

"Fantastic, if we just make it work."

"The only thing I missed was Bonzo"

By Becky Barth

"The only thing I missed was Bonzo." "This was the first time he ever deserved an Oscar." "Never have so many done so much for so few." "We'd be far worse off without it." These were some of the things I heard people saying on the afternoon of February 9. If you were asleep or unconscious that day, you may ask what were they talking about? For you I will answer that question.

On Monday, the 8th, President Reagan signed his 1983 fiscal budget. He left Washington D.C. to try to sell his budget and federalism plan. The president proposes a \$757.6 billion fiscal plan. This carries with it a \$91.5 billion deficit. In his budget, Reagan plans to give the military \$250 billion. This, along with his "New Federalism" plan, are the two major things that people are thinking and talking about.

Why did the president come to Iowa to sell his ideas? First; during time in office, it is important for a president to get out with the people. Unfortunately, Mr. Reagan was so gun-shy that he was kept hidden from the average people. But, by going to the capital and speaking to the legislature, he was able to cover people from all areas of the state. Everyone at the capital was very excited about the visit. (The last time anyone else got even half as much attention was last year when Kathryn Koob visited.)

This was only half the reason Reagan came to Iowa. The other part

is that Iowa is strongly Republican and we usually support him. Mr. Reagan needed a place to go where his budget and federalism plan would meet with acceptance. Iowans have liked Reagan since, well since he was a broadcaster on WHO radio out of Des Moines.

A few of his programs will drastically hurt the farmers and he needed to console them and curb their fears. His presence did this. His speech, on the other hand, said nothing to the farmers on how they will be effected.

The effect farmers will be feeling will be caused by the president's "New Federalism" program. Mr. Reagan's goal is to give control of about forty programs, now controlled by the federal government, to the states.

Republican representatives Jim Johnson, from Elma, feels this program is, "fantastic, if we just make it work." He stated that now the money channeled through two administrations, federal and state. If the money was just kept in Iowa, it could be handled by just one administration, ending in a lower cost to tax payers.

Another view was stated by democrat, Hurley Hall of Marion. A large price tag is attached to this idea. The cost is to reinstate federal programs at a state level. More money will be needed to get these programs helping as much as the federal programs now are.

One of the major programs that

Reagan wants to give states is the area of soil conservation. Iowa supplies most of the country and parts of the world with food and food products. Soil conservation is a costly and important measure. It is extremely important to protect our largest source of income. With the rate our soil is eroding, it is immensely important that we put programs into effect that will save this resource for future generations. Since so many people benefit from our agriculture, the question is, "Should Iowans pay for something that everyone benefits from?" To pay for these programs Iowans would bear a burden of higher taxes. If we were to pay for these programs ourselves, we would in turn have to increase our prices and everyone would end up paying more in the long run.

Two other areas that will be hurting are education and welfare. Reagan's cuts in educational money will effect many college and college bound students. College can still be a part of our futures but it will take more work to find the funds to pay the large cost of post high school education.

Switch in welfare programs is what is thought to be an even trade, food stamps and aid to dependent children to the states and Medicaid to the federal government. As the unemployment rate increases so will the

need for welfare. Since no new money will be put in, there will be less to be given out to more. These families won't be the ones you hear about cheating the government out of money, they just are average families, maybe you and me, whose parents have lost their jobs because of the recession and other cuts already made by the president.

The major problem in Reagan's 1983 fiscal budget is his \$250 billion for the military. It is true that the U.S. is low in mobility, readiness and sustainability. This should be corrected, but not with one swift blow. The only reason we'd need to spend this much money is if a major military conflict is expected within the next 18 months. Since no one feels we will be faced with this, it seems only logical to inflate our defense in a slower plan.

It is doubtful that Reagan's plan won't pass, but Reagan is well known for his ability to convince people to see things his way. No matter what, if the budget is passed, it will take a few years for it to start making any effect. We've taken a few years to get into this mess, so we need to wait a few years for any results, positive or negative.

On one last point, I'd like to question Governor Ray. When introducing the president, he said, "Once an Iowan, always an Iowan." I'd like to know how is Mr. Reagan an Iowan and Harold Hughs isn't?

"Never have so many

done so much for so few."

"We'd be far worse off without it."

Childrens' Theatre Comes to Town

by Todd Daves and Michelle Tibodeau

"Get with a partner and pretend you're a Rubik's Cube," commanded Mark Lynch, to a group of eager young actors and actresses.

The tryouts for the acting classes, conducted by representatives of the Children's Theatre Company, were held on February 1. They were entirely different from conventional tryouts. There was no reading of scripts involved, only improvisational acting.

Five girls and boys were chosen from both Marion and Linn Mar to attend the one-week session of that started at 3:00. They had a normal crowd and a lot of actors were Todd Daves, Paul Sillman, Hal Hapgood, Jason Taylor, and John Drew. The five girls from Marion were Laura McComas, Sue Bennett, Jane Balster, Michelle Tibodeau, and Melanie Lewis. Each class was two and a half hours long, and alternated

every other day.

Greg Thisen, a professional musician, played the piano for the group while they were warming up for the classes each day. Then, led by Julie Powell, they learned various dance steps and were accompanied by Greg on the piano.

After that the rest of the class was spent on improvisational acting, learning to be comfortable in front of the group.

Some of the things they did were to build machines, imitate things, learn dance steps, do a script, learn to put feeling into your words, how you say yes or no, and how to trust people.

The last day they did a little skit fromed what they had done earlier in the week. They looked like they were having a lot of fun.

If you would like to get information about their summer school, contact one of the students who were in it and they can give you the address.

Signal

Editorial Policy:

The Marion High School SIGNAL will accurately and fairly inform the student body, administration, and community of Marion on relevant matters and occurrences in the world in which we live, and will stand as a forum for student expression.

As the SIGNAL is a student publication, the student body is encouraged to write letters to the editor on matters of concern to them. Faculty letters are welcome also. The Editorial Board of the SIGNAL reserves the right to edit for clarity, length, and libelous content. All letters must be signed or they will not be published.

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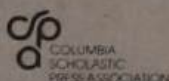
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35 tired speech contestants are planning to do something different this Saturday morning - sleep. For the last three Saturdays in a row, Large Group and Individual Speech contestants have clambered out of bed at ungodly hours to go to a speech contest. It all started three Saturdays ago with District Large Group speech. The next weekend was State Large Group, and the weekend after that was WaMaC speech competition. The following groups and individuals braved freezing buses and junk food diets to receive the following ratings.

Choral Reading. They received a I at District, a I, II, and III at State, and were 4th in WaMaC. They are: Jane Balster, Deron Larson, Todd Tharp, Karla Jackson, Heidi Twachtman, Pam Miller, Dan Costello, Karen Regal, Jim Berns, Kelly Sondag.

Reader's Theatre. They received a I at District, a I, II and II at State, and placed first in WaMaC. They are: Coleen DeWees, Paul Sillman, Todd Daves, Tim Adams, Michelle Klopfenstein, David Folkers, Heidi Helgens, Hal Hapgood, Dawn Thompson.

One Act Play. They received a I at District, a I, II, II at State, and were second in WaMaC. Laura McComas, Rachael Grant, Teri Smith, Wendy Vigness, Sue Bliss, Joyce Esch, Michelle Tibodeau, Carolyn Peters.

Solo Mime. Michele Mehlburger received a II at Districts.

Duet Actings. Dave Luzum and Wendy Stuelke received a I at District, II at State, and I at WaMaC. Cathy McLaughlin and Ron Livingston and Districts received a I, a I, I, II, at State, and I at WaMaC. Sue Bennett and Jane Esch received a I at Districts, a I, II, II at State and placed 4th in WaMaC.

Individual speech has not yet had the individual district contest, so the following people will brave the early mornings later:

Wendy Stuelke (Dramatic Acting)

Marion Succeeds In Speech

by Sue Bennett

Jane Esch (Dramatic Acting)

Coleen DeWees (Dramatic Acting, Literary Program-she placed 2nd in WaMaC with Literary Program.)

Pual Sillman (Humorous Acting)

Todd Daves (Humorous Acting)

Michelle Tibodeau (Humorous Acting)

Cathy McLaughlin (Improvisation, Poetry)

Sue Bennett (Improvisation, Literary Program, placed 3rd at WaMaC)

Hal Hapgood (After Dinner)

Deron Larson (Prose)

Carolyn Peters (Prose)

Karla Jackson (Prose)

Joyce Esch (Public Address)

Teri Smith (Public Address)

Ron Livingston (Public Address, Extemporaneous)

Laura McComas (Literary Program)

Sue Bliss (Storytelling)

Michelle Klopfenstein (Storytelling)

Jane Balster (Storytelling)

Jim Berns (Radio News)

Todd Tharp (Radio News, 3rd at WaMaC)

Tim Adams (Radio News)

Karen Regal (Original Oratory)

Todd Andrew (Original Oratory)

Dawn Thompson (Poetry)

Jason Taylor (Poetry)

David Folkers (After Dinner, Extemporaneous)

Pam Miller (Expository)

Dan Costello (Expository)

YFU Program Offers Overseas Families

Over 2,000 American students will live with a family overseas for a summer or a year through the Youth For Understanding High School Exchange Program. The response from students who have returned from recent programs has been unanimous. "I never in my life had such a rewarding experience. I grew up a lot over the summer and made me realize I was not the only human living. I learned that Sweden was caring towards the U.S. and I'd do it many times again! Thanks!", said one girl from Casey, Iowa. Another girl from Glencoe, Minnesota, commented, "My experience overseas is one thing I will not forget. My family was super. We still keep in contact either by letters or phone. I learned a lot and hope to return sometime. If I did one thing in life that was right, it was going overseas."

The eight-week and summer programs are available to students between the ages of 14 and 18. The young people, selected from communities across the United States, live with families in Europe, Asia, and Latin American - a total of 24 different nations. Students in the YFU program can choose the country in which they want to live. Program fees range from \$1,750 to \$2,350 for the summer and \$3,550 to \$4,450 for the year program. Although limited scholarship assistance is offered, the program fees do cover travel and all other major program costs except personal and incidental expenses. Host families overseas provide room and board voluntarily.

The summer program lasts from about mid-June to mid-August. Students live with a family for the eight-week stay, but do not attend school. One student from Burlington,

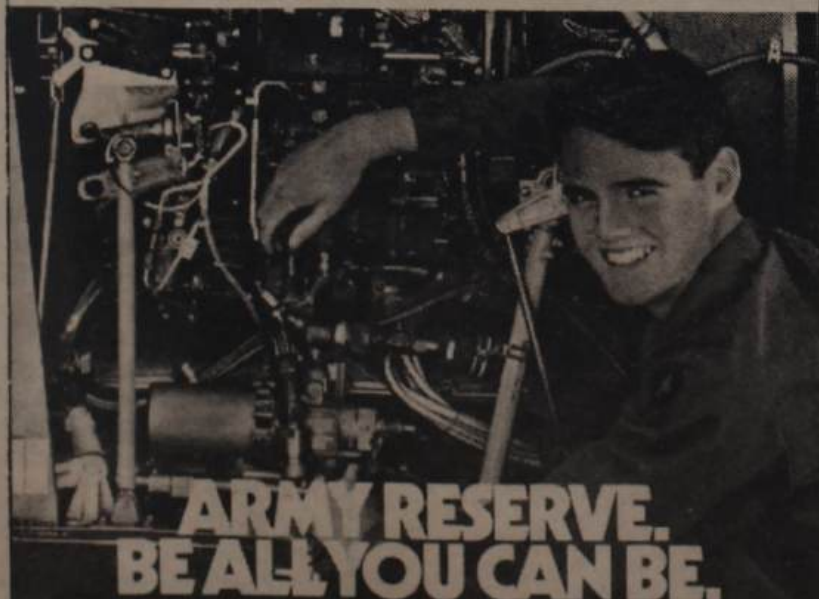
Iowa, commented, "Overall, I had a wonderful experience. The summer went so quickly, though, that it all seems like a dream. I wish I would have stayed for a year. But at the time I thought there were too many things I'd miss out on back home. If only I could have seen into the future!" Over 500 students elect to take the challenging year experience. Students attend regular classes at school, participate actively in community and family life, and make the difficult effort required to learn a new language.

YFU, a non-profit organization, celebrating its thirtieth year, was founded in 1951 to promote international understanding. Family living is the emphasis of its exchange programs and the organization places approximately 5,000 international students with American host families each year.

YFU encourages students to inquire about its overseas programs soon before available country spaces become committed. The application deadline for the summer program is March 15, 1982, and for the year program it is April 5, 1982. Interested students can get information by calling YFU at 515-276-6301; Iowa students can call toll free at 1-800-342-7118. The regional office address is 8450 Hickman Road, Suite C, Des Moines, Ia. 50322. The best advice is from a student from Grand Island, Nebraska: "Overall fantastic experience. Educational and enlightening. Terrific family situation in host family. I would recommend the program to any student wishing to have a better understanding of our neighbors abroad and to improve relations with our neighbors at home."

MAKE \$12,200 FOR COLLEGE WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE.

Give your local Army Reserve unit a weekend a month and a couple of summers during college, and they'll give you over \$12,000 for college. Up to \$4,000 in college aid is yours just for joining most units. Plus over \$2,200 for two summer training periods. And another \$6,000 for serving a weekend a month plus two weeks a year. Interested? Call your local Army Reserve recruiter.



SFC KEN RYDEN '373-1555

"My Sony portable stereos. You can take 'em or leave 'em."



You think I'm kidding?
My Sonys sound big
enough to enjoy anywhere in
your home.

Yet they're compact enough
to take on a picnic, or to a beach,
or wherever you're going. They
feature AM/FM stereo, of course,
and a built-in cassette-corder.

But that's only the beginning. Some have shortwave. Others
feature metal tape capability. Still others offer dual voltage.

And one is really something else. It's called Studio 99. And
it's got features like Mic/line mixing and echo, so you can
record live music like a pro wherever it's being played!

But all have one very important feature in common:
Sound that is truly rich, clear, and dynamic.



So come into my store and see my Sony portable stereos.
You can take 'em or leave 'em. But first you have to buy 'em.

Sony Music

SONY
AUTHORIZED DEALER

I'll Miss

I'll miss
your touch
your warm embrace
I'll miss
your laughter
and your tears
I'll miss
our plans
of future years
I'll miss
the special
way you walk
I'll miss
the words said
when you talk
I'll miss
the way you
held me tight
I'll miss
making up
after a fight
I'll miss
the comfort
you gave me
I'll miss
your voice so
sweet yet carefree
I'll miss
the joking
and fooling around
I'll miss
the best life
I thought I'd found
I'll miss
leaning on
someone like you
I'll miss
the trust
and being true
I'll miss
the times
we spent alone
I'll miss
the long talks
on the phone
I'll miss
the love we
used to share
I'll miss
knowing you
once did care
I'll miss
the happiness
you brought me
I'll miss
those blue eyes
I wish to see
I'll miss
the little
notes we wrote
I'll miss
that time
out on the boat
I'll miss
the songs
we listened to
I'll miss
the troubles
we went through
I'll miss
the holidays
spent together
I'll miss
you saying
we'd be one forever
I'll miss
the special
"I love you's"
But most of all,
I'll miss you.
Lora 2-5-82

"Mangled"

(to the tune of Passion by Rod Stewart)

Somebody somewhere is skiing again
Looking pretty dangerous
Running out of talent
Today on the ski slopes
You won't find any standing
Legs are being twisted
Never kick your skis off
On the bunnyhills and gunbarrels
(Mangled)
On the lifts and the tow ropes
(Mangled)
Lots of big bruises
(Mangled)
Everybody's screaming
(Mangled)
Once you're down, you'll never get untangled
One feeble try, getting on a ski lift
All you wanted was someone to grab your ski
Mangled-Mangled
Amateurs, professionals
(Mangled)
Instructors, students
(Mangled)
Igmar Stenmark
(Mangled)
Lotta' people got problems
See 'um on the ski lifts
(Mangled)
Hanging off the cliff edge
(Mangled)
Dragging on the rope tows
(Mangled)
See 'um in the ski lodge
(Mangled)
Once you're down, you'll never get untangled
One feeble try, getting on a ski lift
All you wanted, was somebody to grab your ski
Alone with your wrists wrung
(Mangled)
Somebody just fell by
(Mangled)
Ohh - something just broke
We're all mangled
We're all mangled
We're all mangled
Everybody's getting mangled
I am mangled
Oh, so mangled
Can't stop getting mangled
I'm oh so mangled
Even professionals get mangled
Everybody that skis gets mangled
People that ski and fall get mangled
Nobody admits that they get mangled
Everybody's getting mangled.

Shelia Driscoll

When night is here and sky is bleak,
Young children, from their windows peek
And watch the trees play scary tricks
Creating ghosts from branches, sticks,
And when the parents hear young cries,
They rush upstairs to crying eyes,
And comfort them; "Just look" they say,
"The wind makes branches move that way!"
"Just close your eyes and go to bed."
Then they douse the lights and shake their head.
Yet deep inside they feel a chill,
For they believe in goblins still
And thoughts seep out which they can't kill:
(there must be others out there)
Now I for one am one of these
Who cannot stop their thoughts with ease,
But I have seen a chilling sight;
And now I know the Monster's bite.

by Ron Livingston

Time's Ebbing Tide

You left me,
where was I to go?
Alone,
once again,
what was I to do?
I'm trying,
now,
to start out new,
God knows it's been
Pure Hell.
I thought I was never
again
to experience that
kind of hurt.
I was wrong;
I was
in love-
I made a mistake;
I fell
in love.
Elated in love's
blissful cloud,
Softened by raindrops
of romance
But
Seasons change
and
so does love.
Your feelings changed
with time's
ebbing tide
But
I'm still deeply
in love
with you.
Shoemaker

Lonely
like the only
grain
of sand
in the grass
Lonely
like a solitaire
needle
in a haystack
Lonely
like one
person
yearning
for love
in a world
of hate
Lonely
like nobody
should
ever
feel.

Cheryl Port

Super Teacher

by j. dol

Sitting and reminiscing about being a
deed. Just keeping your head clear to be
of laughs and frowns is enough by itself.
Anyway, my thoughts keep drifting t
when Super Teacher was being born.
educating pointed heads has had aspirat
tell you otherwise they're lying. Yes, tha
didn't lie.

Super Teacher: Tall, dark, always in
spoken. Never has to yell. Can leap a sin
the back of his head. Can also kill with
fidence of all students, even the druggie

Doesn't this sound like your perfect
Well, I was well on my way to achiev
fateful day in October, eight years ago
year in the profession. What an accom
Truly remarkable indeed. Big city boy d
aren't kids from rural America easy to

Only two months into my first teachin
top shattered. Boy, I never even got sta

Sixth hour class. You guys out there rem
classes. The last one of the day. Dump
hood and druggie in the whole school. To
junior high! A person has to be a little
junior high school. Especially for seven

Well, if there was a class to stop Sup
timate success, sixth hour was the one.
happened it was sixth hour that made
clown.

I was at the blackboard writing someth
be" verbs. As I wrote, I heard the voice fo
abruptly and said, "Bob will you please
and resumed my task. Again I was force
to Bob. "Robert, if you don't stop talkin
more.

Seconds later, I felt something hit my l
lying on the floor by my right foot. The
there with a big smile on his face was de
school. I bent over so slowly to pick up the
class. As I rose to a stand, I extended my
apple high above the crazed crowd.

"Who threw the apple?" I asked
Silence.

"Who threw the apple?" I asked for a
Silence.

If there was ever a time for Super Teach
it. But something strange happened. My
every possible place. My eyes became g
grief, what is happening to me?

"Who...threw...the...apple?" I asked a
Once again, silence.

I felt my fingers squeezing the apple h
Juice began to run down my hand and a
glued to the apple, soundless. What wou

The silence was too much for me to han
my desk I noticed an empty waste basket
me, beckoning to me. But for what?

Without warning strange feelings rum
clutching the apple wildly began to sha
doesn't get angry does he? My eyes glazed
empty room. I must be losing my mind.

I feared the end was near. Suddenly, the
quickly as it got started. My eyes gazed in
basket. Now I knew what the waste basket
noiseless motion my arm slashed through
my point. After all, Super Teacher never
unacceptable activities.

Traveling at the speed of sound the a
tremendous thud. The look on my face w
didn't have everyone's attention before I
What a great achievement. For the first t
divided attention. What an incredible feat
was close at hand.

But wait! To my surprise...no...horror
have happened. In a split second I glanced
what had become of the apple. What I sa
coming back out of the can. That's right
was coming after me just as fast as it we
could be done to escape its fury. I stood fir
go. Killed by a maniac apple. Contact w
god, what do I do now? "Try to duck, y

Well, that little sucker hit me right squ
class went crazy as I stood there in utter
shot? The noise brought the principle fro
on in here?" he hollered.

"Um."

"Well."

"I...ahhh..."

What's the use to even try now. Super
years ago.

Strikes Again

educator can be quite a chore in-
e to remember eight years worth

time eight years ago to a time
ean, anyone in the business of
of being Super Teacher. If they
right, lying! I thought teachers

complete control of his senses. Soft
desk in one bound. Can see with
ance of the eye. Gains the con-
and hoods. And the girls, wow!
icator? Mr. Macho for sure.

ing this coveted title until that
ld to think it was only my first
ument that would have been.
osed in rural America. After all,
ch?

assignment was my quest for the
id.

number all those lovely sixth hour
ground for every misfit, idiot,
ake matters even worse it was a
ized to even want to teach in a
as.

Teacher from achieving the ul-
d on that fateful day, it just so
per Teacher look like Bozo the

exciting like "to be" or "not to
e of my prize students. I turned
down and be quiet." I turned
turn and direct my comments
... "I turned to the board once

I turned slowly to find an apple
was crazy with laughter. And
old Bob, the biggest idiot in the
apple, all the while staring at my
to its maximum and held the

cond time.

to move into high gear, this was
nity was exiting my body from
ed, my breathing rapid. Good

ird time.

er as I held it above my head.
The class sat transfixed, eyes
happen next?

e. Moving catlike to the side of
was sitting there just staring at

d through my body. My hand,
My god, anger. Super Teacher
d suddenly, I was staring at an

embling in my hand stopped as
the bottom of the empty waste
was for. In one swift, effortless,
e basket. What a way to make
orts to violence, yelling or other

crashed into the can with a
that of a crazed wild man. If I
tainly did now. Utter silence.
these animals were giving un-
Certainly Super Teacher status

he worst possible thing could
to the bottom of the can to see
was horrifying. The apple was
bounced off the bottom and it
into the waste basket. Nothing
en in my tracks. What a way to
only micro-seconds away. My
jerk!" Too late.

in the face. Unbelievable! The
ock. What do you do now hot
across the hall. "What is going

teacher? Oh, yes, he died eight

All the money in the world
won't buy me happiness.

However

a Maserati
a mink coat
a new house in Bel Aire
a pedigreed Afghan
and
free medical check-ups
from a doctor-husband
sure as heck
aren't bad
substitutes.

Why do you
bother to
worry
about time-
when it slips by
too quickly
for anyone
to question
or ponder
or wonder...
Happiness doesn't
take time,
it makes it.

Sue Bennett

Love and summer
go hand in hand
A summer love
will never end
Until the fall.
During the fall
comes a new chance
to find a love
similar to the one
you shared before.
But you find
that summer
is the only time
for love.

Connie Milburn

Why have you done this, Lord?

What have you gained from it?

You have not lost anything as I have.

He was part of me, he was my son.

Why not kill and take all of me, instead of only a part?

That part of you took, still had a lifetime to be faithful to you.

My soul was passed into his while he was in my womb,

why did you wait to take that part of me, until after he was born?

I do not understand why you would do such a thing,

and I am not sure I can forgive you for this action you have performed,
but since my sadness, tears and confusions can't change what fate
has accomplished,

please, dear Lord,

take care of my little boy.

Annie (1981)

Hello

Yes you know this same old face

We knew each other from not too long ago

You say you don't remember

Well, I was the one who believed

All those crazy dreams of yours

And who never let you fall

If you were slipping

I was always there to pick you back up again

No hurt ever touched you

Because it always had to pass through me first

Then

After all that you left me standing

Alone

On that cold winter morning

I begged you to take me back

I pleaded

But you just turned your back on me

I could have cried

But no tears ever passed my eyes

I cry now though

You ask why

Well, I have to confess

I still believe everything you said.

Pam Murphy

Looking up pleasantly

into your eyes

I see all the intangibles

you wish to give me

Looking up shyly

I see the love

you need to share

Looking up boldly

I see the passion

that burns in your soul

Looking up pleasantly

I see the reflection

of all I wish to give you.

Cheryl Port

Here I am

but what's my purpose?

There has to be one - - -

Somewhere

If I look

hard enough

maybe I'll find something

with meaning

to me.

But maybe

I'm not looking

in the right places

Cheryl Port



Here stands the restaurant,

photo by j. dolinaj

Spaghetti Market,

The meter stands alone.

Now the timekeeper has expired,

The crowds have all gone home.

The restaurant has expired.

As the meters all went dead.

And now there are hungry people.

Still waiting to be fed.

"Love doesn't hurt, but falling in love does."

I look at you and wonder why it always hurts
Because I'm looking at you and you're not at me
And I wonder how I can stand it, to watch you
And to know you don't notice me.
I've heard about love and from what I've heard
It's suppose to be all happiness
But what I'm feeling right now isn't joy
Instead it's sorrow and it isn't fun
Only you can fill my heart with your love.
I beg for your attention, just notice me
Then I'll be content and leave you
Unless you'd want me to stay, then I will
No words are spoken, so I leave, maybe forever.
As I watch couples sway past me
I have the longing for your arms to be around me
Even though I know this could never be
I still wish things could be different.
My nights are filled with dreams of you
Dreams that could never be reality
Even though endless months were devoted to you
This helps not my broken heart.
The stars have heard my pleas
Yet night after night I'm still alone
Watching movies where the guy always gets his girl
Why couldn't you be that actor for just one night.
Do you know what pain I'm in
Whenever I see your face
Your eyes never seek me out, like I wish they would
Will I never be able to stare into your eyes?
When you're around, I glow
When you're not, I'm burned out
You light up my life, yet you never noticed
So behind my tears, I hide.
You've made me cry a thousand rivers
Eternity was spent in tears
Yet you'll never know the hidden feelings
My hopes, dreams, and my fears.
My world without you could never be
It's either me, with you, or no one, without you
A place to live, alone, by myself
Would be my world minus you.
I need a memory of you
Whether it be your smile or laugh
Although you may not love me
Please know you'll always have my love.

Roxi Port 11-12-81

Dawn	Brilliant orange
Slow	Moods change
Swift	Body's uplifted
Changing	Another day
Dark to light	Glorified
Sunrise grows	
Gray, pink, red,	j. dolinaj

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For Clint (Now you're gone)
By Roxi Port

You looked into my eyes and waited
But I couldn't answer so soon
Because I was afraid of you and
I was afraid of love and me
You asked again, but still I waited
Wanting to say Yes, still I hesitated
So you cried, but then you smiled
Now you're gone
With you, I was alive
With you, I could smile
How could I know, all the while
That you were the one for me
You were different, so said my friends
I was too good for you, they claimed
And if I am, why do I think of you
And why does it still hurt
I let them judge you for me
My heart was in their hands
Now I know I love you but
Now you're gone
So I cry, regretting my decision
If you'd come back, I'd say Yes
But broken dreams are gone forever
And now, so are you.

Seasons

Summer breeze
the softness of
your kiss.
Spring flowers
the sparkle
in your eyes.
Winter snow
the freshness
of your voice
as you speak those
words to me.
Fall leaves
the changing seasons
of our love.
Shoemaker

On this, our wedding day,
I vow to love, honor and cherish my husband, as he does to me.
The priest tells us to live in peace and harmony,
and this we will try to accomplish and establish in our home.
In sickness or in health, we vow to stand by each other.
Together we will face the problems that come unknown into our lives, never
to leave all the responsibility on one or the others shoulders.
We are to pick each other up when we are down,
and to embrace one another when one of us is crying or bursting
with happiness, or if we just need each other at times.
We quietly stare at each other and say the words that will weave our love
into one.
We are to love each other and blend the colors of our lives into a beautiful
painting and we are to be as one in every possible way.
But one thing we agreed to have said during our wedding ceremony and
vows, was, that no matter how much we come together, let us not forget we
are two totally different people, and this we say to each other:
"I, vow to remind myself that you are a different person from me, you are
simply an extension of my love, and I love you for being different than I, I
love you for your differences. And though, from this moment forth we
shall bond together as one to face our lives, please let me remember every-
day that passes, that "we" together, is as important to our marriage, as
you and I, the individuals. And everyday, I shall love you more."
I say this to my husband and he says it to me,
then he places the ring on my finger, as I do to him.
As our tears of happiness fall onto our hands and join into a beautiful unity,
as does our love for one another,

on this...
our wedding day. Annie (1981)

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M & M - They Melt in my Heart
You have touched me
and that part you have touched
is ours forever.
Wherever we go,
whatever we do,
whether or not we meet again,
You won that part of me.
Regardless of how many times I am touched,
whether I am touched
with pain or pleasure,
I cannot be diminished
only increased.
No one can remove that which we share
that part of me which will always be ours.
Years will go on, and always I will
grow with each touch.
When I no longer can be touched,
I will end.
But the part of me created by you
will live on
with you.
Thank you for helping me grow.

Marc Ferguson

The Hunt

Animals hide here and there,
Always in fear of what we'll do,
From their burrow I see them stare.
To look up at you.
In their eyes I see a tear,
For to them some can be so mean,
And to us they feel the fear,
But compared to us they're shiny clean.

Vicki Riis

I saw you yesterday; you looked so content
I wonder if you remember me
All the special moments we shared together
The pain and sorrow
The happy and fulfilling
Special memories I still cherish
Of the first day we met
I knew instantly deep down inside
That you would touch me
In a way no one else ever would.
Pam Murphy

The Last Good-bye

by Becky Barth

My last look at him is one I'll
always remember, not because he
looked special but because it was the
last time I'd ever see him. He lay in
his casket, our sorrow surrounding
him, our love trying to bring him
back.

Asleep is how we saw him. His hair
had thinned out and it seemed a bit
greasy. His glasses covered his eyes,
which were closed, helping to hold
back his tears. Whoever had done his
make up had left him pale: his lips
were left dry, flat and tightly closed,
not at all like they had been to me.

He wore a tan suit, which came
high on his neck. The tie, a tan,
cream, and blue-gray band, was
hiding his cause of death, near
decapitation. Under this mask, his
neck was a strange ruddy color.

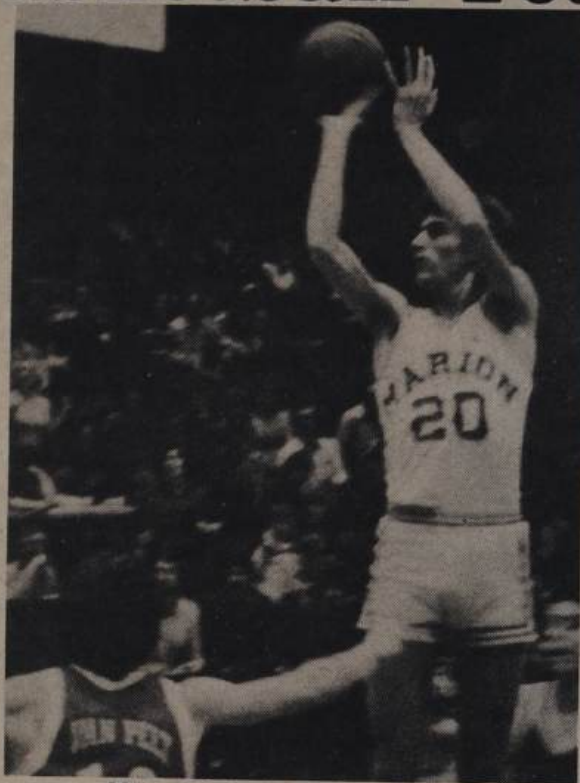
His arms were thick, as he had
made them become, but they didn't
feel real. They were hardened by the
doctors and by his death. My touch
did not give back the heat our arms
had once shared. How strong his
hands looked, each finger, thick and
rugged, his nails clean and trimmed.
The class ring was resting on his
finger, never again to rest on mine.
His hands, overlapped on his ab-
domin, were unable to move, unable
to hold me.

Stiff and still, hard and dry, dead
and gone. I see his face, remember his
touch, call his name, but he answers
no more. I'll always remember the
first time he said hello, and the last
time I said goodbye.

by Greg Hapgood

Exhibiting a lot of poise and tremendous shooting ability, the boys' basketball team has made winning look easy. After playing eight games; six if those on the road, the Indians own a 6-2 record, their only losses coming from a 4 point loss to Kennedy, and dropping a 2 point heartbreaker to Maquoketa. Both Maquoketa and Kennedy are ranked in the top ten teams in the state for their respective classes. Coach Dick Sloan cites several players for outstanding performances, but being quick to add, "this is the best balanced team I've ever coached." Russ Weston, Jim Koeppen, Todd Twatchmann, Mike Stickney, Greg Barnhart, and Dan Bliss have all been playing well, but Sloan points out that he has no leading scorers, "Different people have been shooting hot in different games. The really isn't a leading scorer, but Twatchmann, Stickney, Barnhart, Koeppen, and Weston have all been

Hot start for Boys' Basketball Team



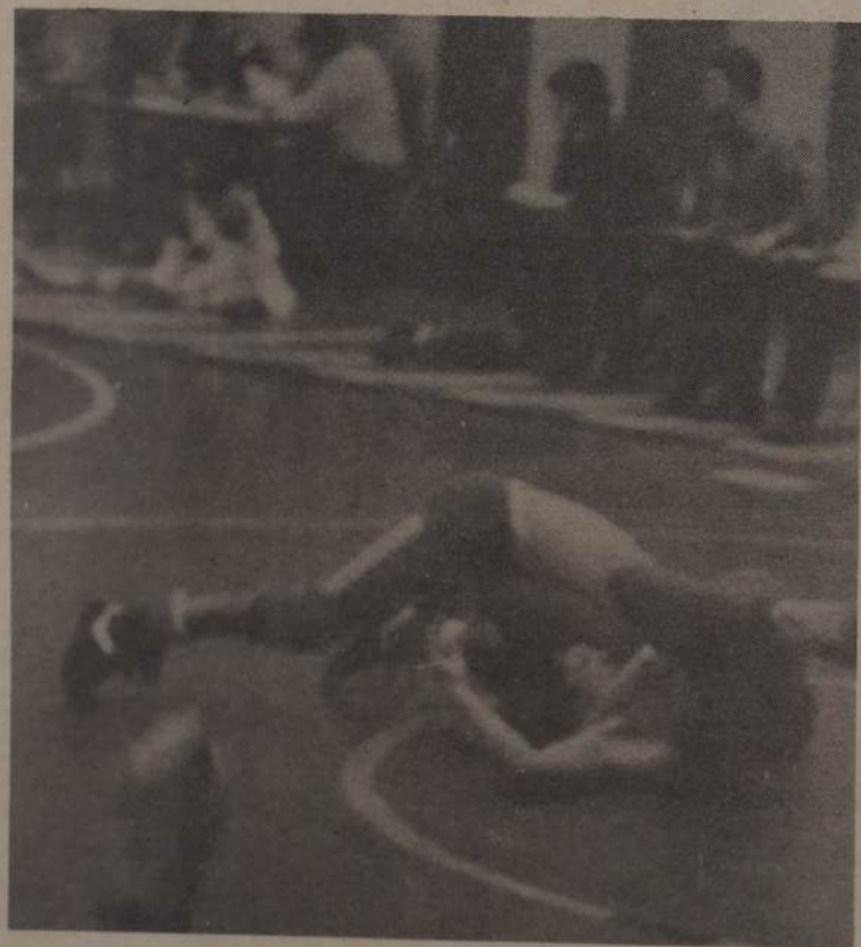
Mike Stickney shoots for two.

in double figures at one time or another, with Huhndorf and Cracraft close behind with nine apiece." Huhndorf and Cracraft are just recovering from football injuries and should be 100% any day now."

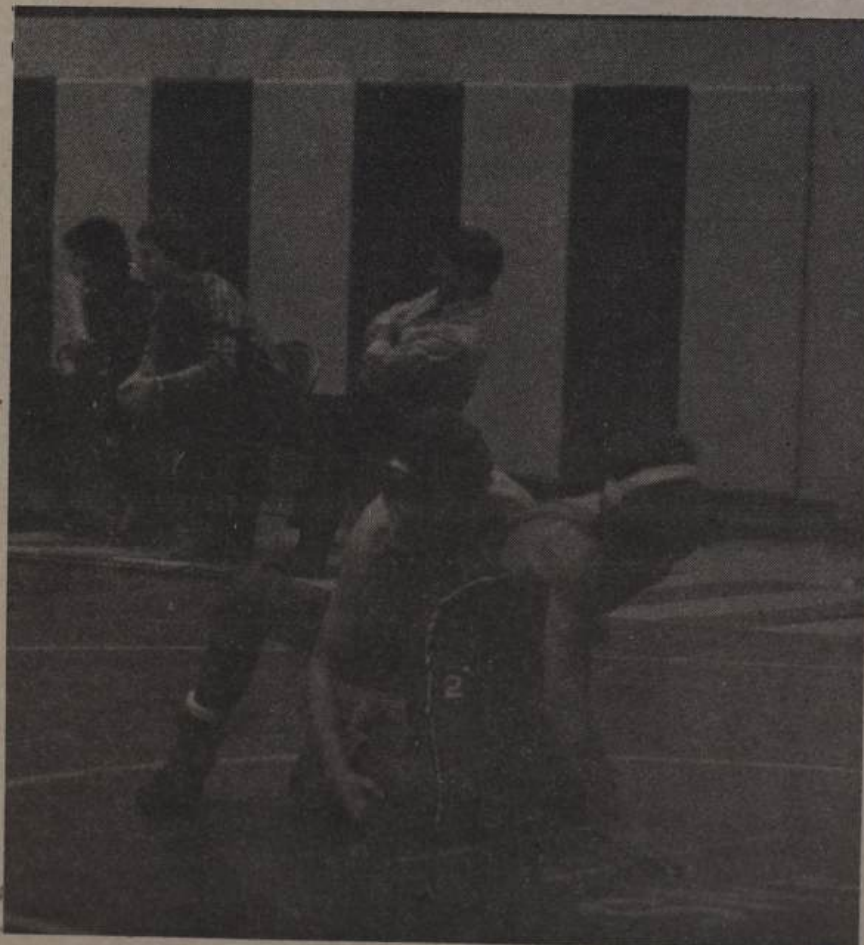
In the rebounding department, Weston is the leader, but both Huhndorf and Cracraft are coming on strong. When asked about the rebounding situation, Coach Sloan replied, "with our big men healthy, we should have good success on the boards."

Currently, the squad consists of 12 members, 7 seniors and 5 juniors, with Stickney, Huhndorf, and Twatchmann as captains. Coach Sloan spoke of several goals he would like to reach to beat Linn Mar and Regis, win WaMaC, and go to state. The Indians will have their chance against Linn Mar and Regis in February, and the other two they could possibly fulfill in March. As for the team's chances of winning, Sloan responds, "I don't think there's a team in the state we can't play with." Well spoken, Coach.

"This is the best balanced team I've ever coached." "I don't think there's a team in the state we can't play with."



Curt Trout makes a move.



Unidentified Indian doing his job.

WaMaC title to Indians-No.19

The Wamac Wrestling Tournament on Wednesday, January 27, 1982, was held at Marion High School. A lot of Marion students placed.

At 98 pounds for Marion was Todd Daves. He was beat first round and last round; then he got a bye and placed 6th.

For Marion at 105 pounds was Kurt Trout. First round he pinned his man in 5:43. Second round he was beaten 6-4 and then came back and won his next round 4-1, and came out with 3rd place.

At 112 pounds was Steve Brighi. First round he had a bye. Second round he won 11-0. The final round came and Steve won by pinning the

kid in 5:42. That was Steve's third time in winning the Wamac title. Congratulations Steve!

At 126 pounds for Marion was Bob Julian. First round he was beaten 8-5. Second round he pinned the man in 1:16. Third round he won 8-3. He finally came up with 5th place.

At 132 pounds Marion had junior Brian Matheny. First round he was beaten and second round he won 11-1. Then in the third round, he won 11-6, and came up with 5th place.

For Marion at 138 pounds was Andy Cox. As for the first round, Andy won 9-2. Second round he lost 7-4. Finally for the third round he won 3-2 and got 3rd place.

At 145 pounds for Marion we had

senior Curt Hall. He won first round, second round, and the third round. Here are some of his scores; 12-0, 9-2, and 5-3. This also was Curt's third time in winning the Wamac. Congratulations Curt!

At 155 pounds Marion had John Cram. In the first round he pinned his man in 1:01, second round he was pinned in 3:33. The third he was beaten 11-6, and came up with 4th place.

At 167 pounds Marion had senior Karl Raue. First round he had a bye, second round he won 16-3, and third round he pinned his man in 4:50. Congratulations Karl!

At 185 pounds Marion had senior Brian Gorton. First round he had a

bye, second round he pinned his man in 2:50. Third round he was beaten 8-2. He finally came up with 2nd place. Congratulations Brian!

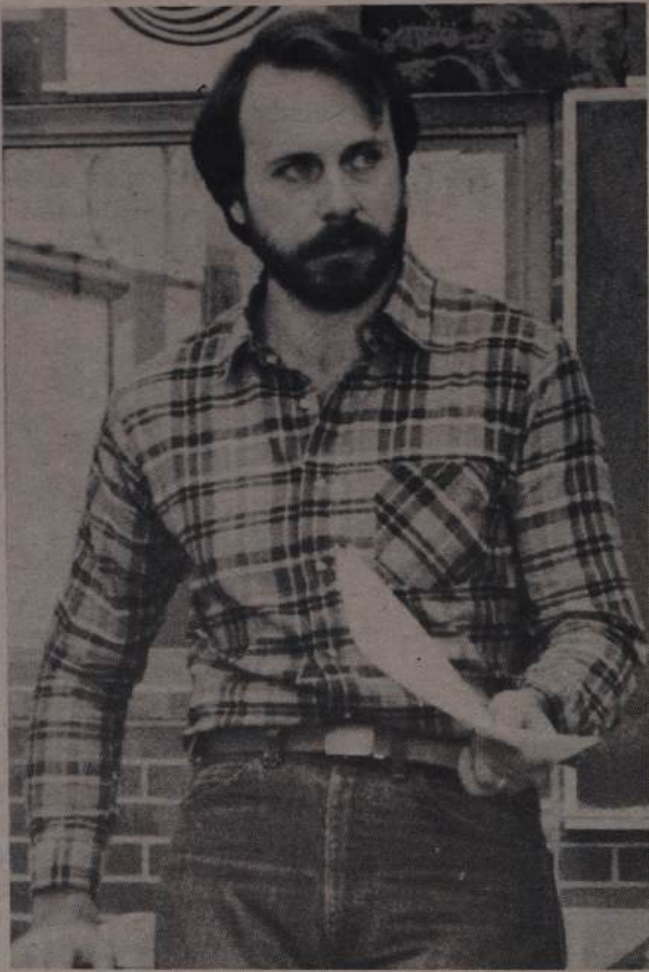
For Marion at heavyweight we had Mike Lembke. First round he had a bye, second round he won 7-4. The third round he lost 12-8. He came up and won 2nd place.

Overall Marion won the tournament by a landslide. The scores were as follows: Monticello 37, Tipton 87½, Maquoketa 89, Anamosa 90, Independence 127½, West Delaware 135½, Vinton 137 and Marion won the tournament with 173 points.

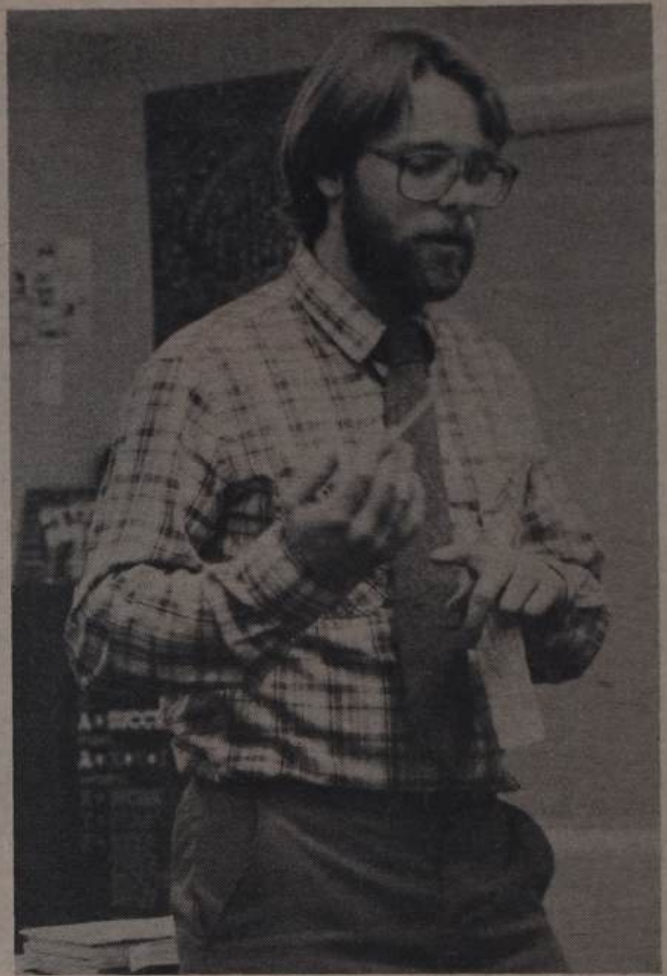
The wrestlers will be going to Districts in about a month and we hope you all do good.

Through The Camera's Eye

by staff photographer
Kevin Laubengayer



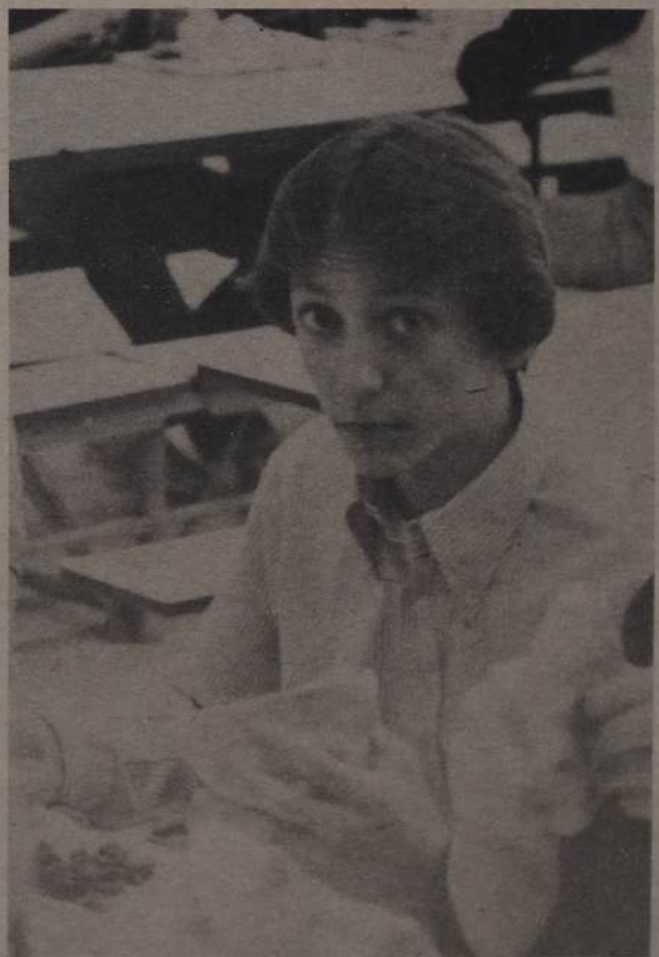
After bad test scores a scolding



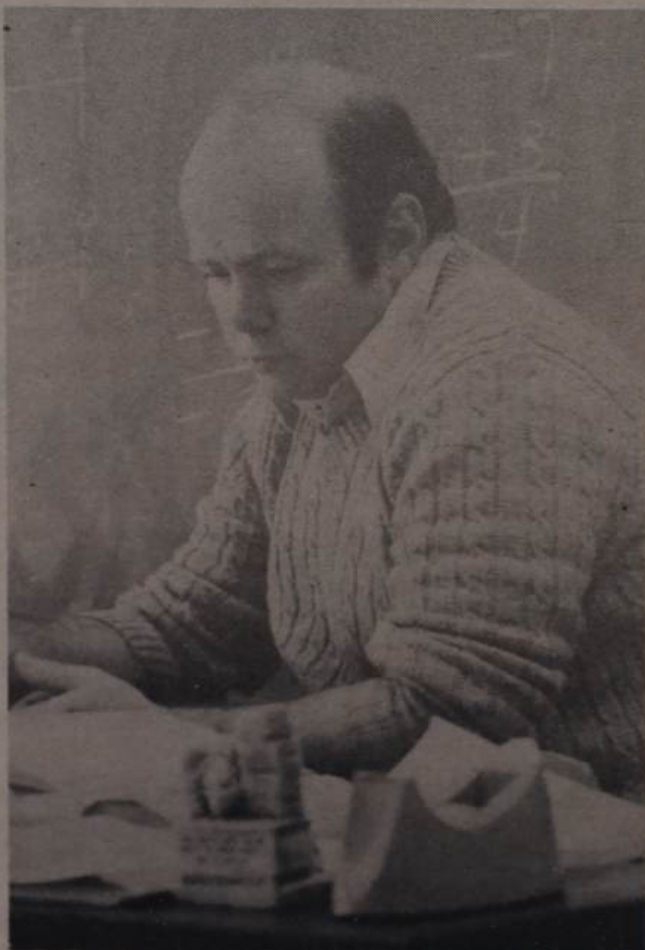
and boring lectures...



Students look forward to Study Hall...



and lunch.



At 3:05 the teachers..



as well as the students are glad the day has ended...