

returned that fateful morning from swimming class to find my purse, clothes, and locker combination locked in a locker that couldn't be opened without the knowledge of the combination. This wasn't in my head, for I worked the lock for fifteen minutes trying to recall it. I asked the matron what I could do. She said I would have to wait until a locksmith came to saw off the lock. After many long minutes of searching, she found our class cards, which as yet had not been alphabetized. There were about one-hundred of them together, and mine was sixth from the bottom. After hunting for five minutes, the perturbed matron finally located my class card. Fortunately, my combination was written on the back of the blank.

I inconvenience so many people when I am thoughtless, forgetful, and immature. I cannot blame my friends, teachers, parents, or school for my ridiculous plights. There is only one person whom I can involve in this "vicious circle"—myself.

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## Boys Are for Baseball

Margaret Sauerteig

**F**ROM the age of five until twelve there was nothing in the whole world that I wanted more than to be a boy.

I lived, breathed, and loved everything a boy could do. I was forever tagging behind my brother and playing with his gang whenever I could. I liked it best when they played at the baseball lot; because they'd let me play if they were undermanned.

In my twelfth year I still preferred hikes to parties and baseball to books. I suppose I would have retained my longing if it hadn't been for Tom.

Tom was a tall, gangly boy with black hair and dark eyes, and captain of the school safety boys. He was the best batter on the school baseball team too. He always had the highest batting average. Even after the new boy came, Tom still was "best batter."

He ask me if I would like to go to a wienie roast his church was having. I was thrilled, for Tom was the most popular boy in school and he had actually asked me for a date, a word very unfamiliar to me. The girls that I knew all had had dates and I knew that this would really impress them.

My mother had given me permission to go and I was to be picked up at seven o'clock. Of all things, Eileen, the girl I walked to school with, had decided that she was going to the "roast" with us. Imagine, Eileen was actually going to be along on my first date!

That night I wore my new jeans. Mother put lip coloring on my lips and powder on my nose. I felt just awful and I got hot and my hands were sticky.

Finally the doorbell rang and mother answered it. I tried to assume an air of nonchalance, but I got mixed up when I introduced Tom to my parents and Eileen giggled and laughed at me.

The three of us left my house and Tom and I didn't exchange words for quite a while.

When we finally arrived at the park, we couldn't lose Eileen. The three of us did everything together that night. It was perfectly terrible.

It came time to leave with Eileen on one side of Tom and me on the other.

As we approached the door, I told Tom that I had had a nice time and ran into the house. From the window I could see Eileen and Tom walking on up the street until they turned the corner.

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## EARTH

Robert Petty

### I

Out of the tongueless mouth of space,  
 Deep from the voiceless throat of time,  
 There where the naked ethers climb:  
 Spiritless to swiftening pace,  
 Passionless to dread embrace,  
 Game creation's pantomime—  
 Flaming breath, yet void of rhyme,  
 Cooled before a watching face.

Cooled to basalt ocean basins,  
 Cooled to granite's twisted land,  
 Came the darkened rain for days, in  
 Torrents, till the rivers ran;  
 Then from out the misted heavens,  
 A shadow past—life began.

### II

Out of the vapors came a being,  
 An element to earth unknown,  
 Moved in waters, covered stone,  
 Crept from darkness without seeing,  
 Toward the sunlight, growing, seeding,  
 Until the granite hills were sown,  
 With innate gropings not their own,  
 Living, dying and succeeding.