I DE DUCTO

TEBRUMAN 1965

CONTENTS

Preface

Birgit B, Puskar

POETRY

"A Passing"
"War"
"Predictions"

Bob Slay Bill Williams Birgit B. Puskar

SHORT STORY

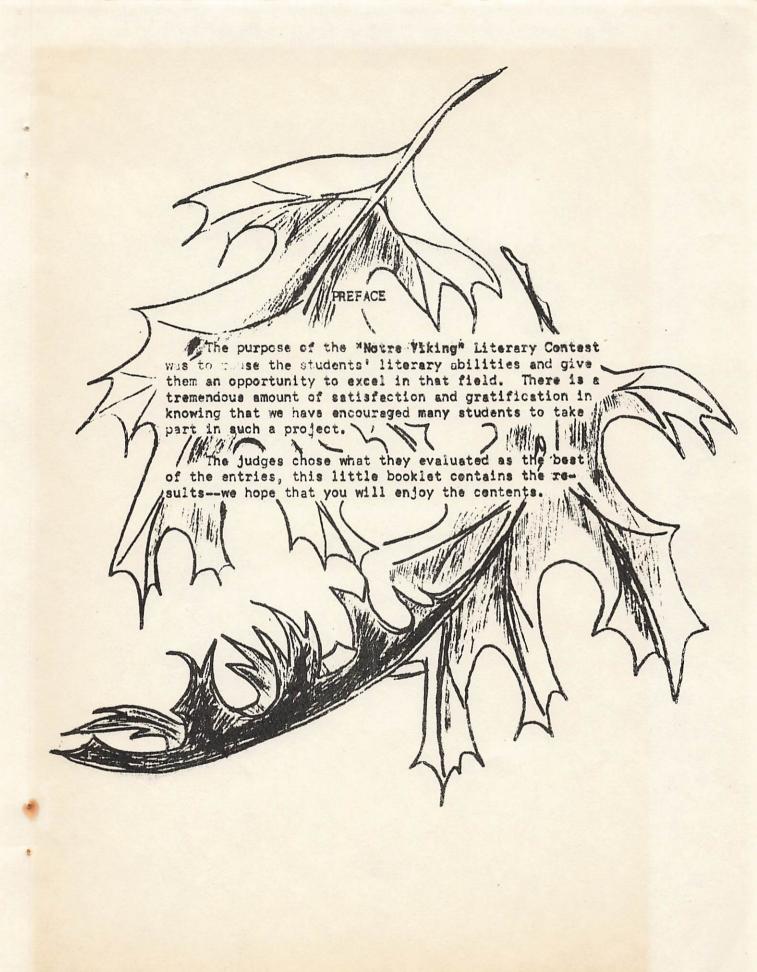
"Walk Softly in the Wind"
"A Thought of Nind"

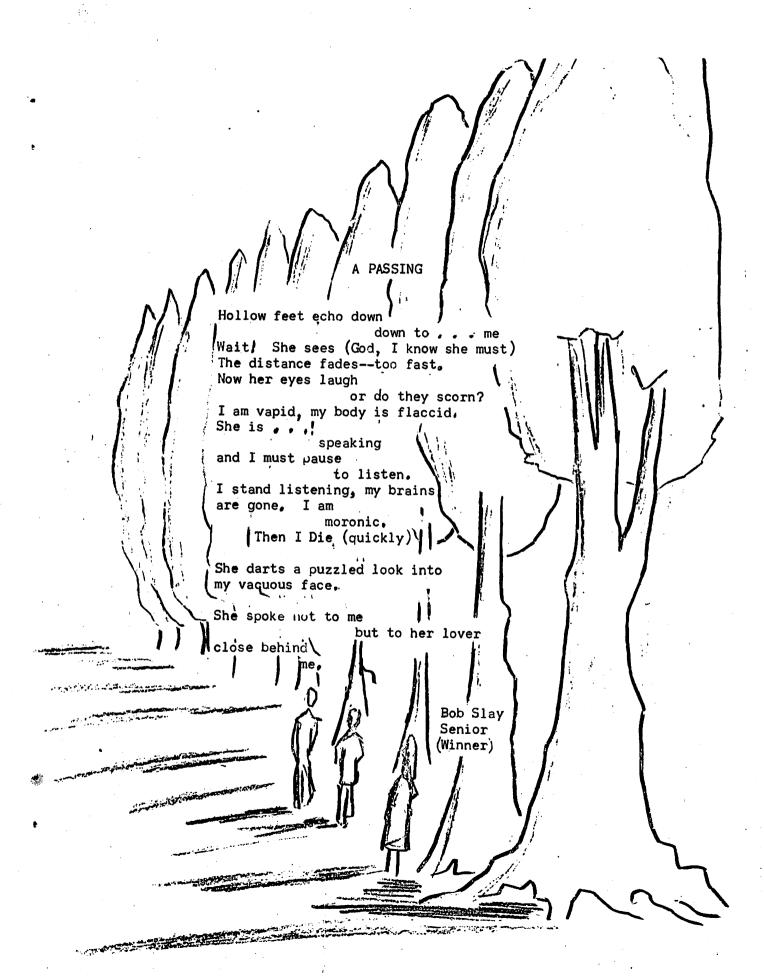
Dennis Morales Peter Phroehl

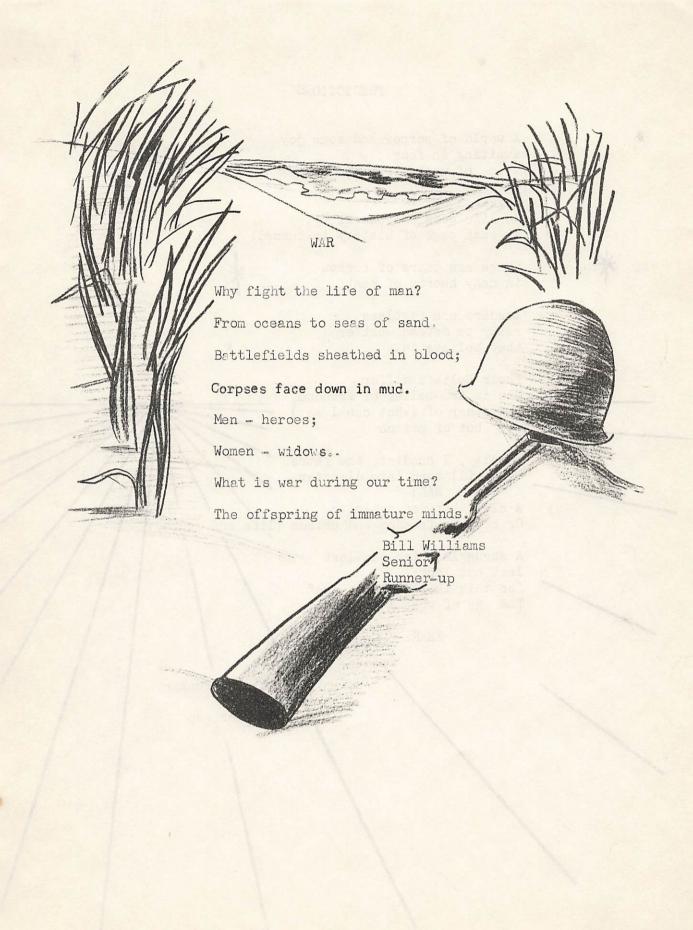
ESSAY

"History of Guam"

Jerry Torres







A world of sorrow and some joy awaiting in fear o . of what might come .

*

Children cry So life goes and passes by, as each page of history is turned.

There are tears of sorrow in many hearts of men.

Leaders are restless ready to defend what er they believe in.

Their beliefs differ. One is the belief of freedom, the other of (what can I say) but of prison.

Someday, I predict, the fears will turn into disaster. WAR!

A clash between humanity. Or between freedom and prison (life and death).

A struggle which can last last not long; for this is the "Space Age". The age of what I would say,

FEAR &

Birgit Puskar Senior

Runner -up

WALK SOFTLY IN THE WIND

She awoke and stretched luxuriously. It was a fine summer day and the birds were singing. In fact it was the birds that had awakened her.

She bounced out of bed and hurridly got dressed, and with a flounce of brown hair went down the stairs.

"Good morning," it was Sue, a soft haired blond. She was what one could consider Linda's best friend. "I've been waiting for you to get up. Care for some coffee?"

"Thanks, I could use it. Gee, you sure have some wonderful mornings around here. Listen to those birds;"

"I have a lot of things to do today in the store, Dad asked me to help him stock shelves and things. If you don't mind I thought you could walk around and get acquainted with the town.

"Fine, I think that'd be a lot of fun."

With a quick gulp the last of the coffee was drained and Sue skipped out the door leaving Linda to think on exactly what she was going to do that day.

Linda was from the city. She had been invited to spend the summer with the Whites and had of course accepted. She knew absolutely nothing of the outdoors but knew she would have to learn quickly. Sue would probably be having her do exercises in the morning before long.

She thought of a million little things as she walked the sidewalks of this pleasent mountain town. A small town, it had the general appearance of a place for hunters and fisherman. Its one general store supplied most of the grocery, hunting, fishing and trapping needs of anyone who wanted them.

Linda strolled by the little line of shops that lined the front of Main Street. Here and there a dog barked but for the most part she heard very little. Her thoughts turned to the woods and what they contained and she found herself walking to the dirt road that she knew led into the forest.

It was a pleasant walk. The woods were alive with the movements of birds, deer and small game. She laughed as she watched a squirrel scold a bluejay who immediately returned the rebuke. She swished her feet gaily, her eyes sparkled as she walked along. She heard a frantic rustling as she neared a small stand of pine. Looking carefully, not totally without fear, she stepped into the thicket around the trees. A rabbit with its foot caught in a small steel trap struggled futily against the steel jaws that held it.

Linda bent down and fingered the chain that held the trap to a tree. It hurt her more than the rabbit to see the creature caught and she immediately tried to free him. She became so absorbed in her work that she failed to see the boy that stepped out from behind a tree.

He was clad in buckskin and carried a Bowie knife. He was bareheaded and a shock of unkept black hair hung over his forhead.

"DON'T TECH THET TRAP: "he commanded in a sharp bark. Linda jumped and turned with a startled look on her face. "Don't you know no better then to mollycoddle with others belongin's? Get away from thet trap."

Linda stepred away from the tree, still shaken from the scare she'd received. Then the anger slowly built up in her.

"Don't you know any better than to sneak up behind people and scare them out of their wits? And if this horrid thing happens to be yours you should be ashamed of hurting poor defenseless animals."

The boy's eyes blazed with fury. He reached down and released the catch on the trap. The rabbit, looking bewildered, bolted into the bushes.

"Ah don't make it a habit to hurt them little critters," he said heatedly, "but ever'now and then one of 'em gets himself all mollycoddled up in one a my traps."

He pierced her right through with a cold stare and she dropped her eyes.

"What's a girl doin' out here all alone anyway? Case you don't know it you're a good ways from the town. An' 'sides that, its fixin' to rain. Com'on, I'll take you back."

He turned and strode ahead with Linda following. Neither of them spoke until they reached the old dirt road:

"Thanks," said Linda icily.

"Can I help you?"

"Ah want some a them cartridges and some grub " he said in a monotone.

"What kind of food do you want?"

"Usual kind. Gimmee some flour and some a thet canned vegetable stuff," he pushed the shock of hair away from his eyes and gazed at her. "Ah c'n use some seerup too. An' ah'm gonna need some fishooks and some o' thet twine on the shelf." The items were gathered and the paid for them in old wrinkled bills, the obvious product of careful saving. He didn't spend much because he made most of his meals and needs himself.

Business finished and done with he left, without saying a word of course. Her mind was reeling with thoughts about this creature of the woods. Then she gave a look of disgust and turned back to her work.

Days passed and as they did they brought to Linda a new glimpse at the world of Johnny Flint She couldn't get away from thoughts of him or seeing him. He appeared at times when least expected and then would dissappear without a sound.

It was a lovely afternoon and the birds were singing and a squirrel danced in the treetops. Mr. Eddridge sat on his porch asleep! He didn't notice it when the birds stopped their serenade and the squirrel took cover in it's nest.

The sleek, tawny body of the lion rippled in the sunlight as he crept slowly towards the chicken yard. He stared at the white bunches of fluff and licked his jaws hungrily. He hadn't eaten for two days and the wound on his shoulder had to have some form of medication. He knew that if he could fill his aching belly he could revive himself.

He sprang, it carried him over the fence and into the yard. With a quick swipe the first of his victims fell. The claw studded paw lashed out a second time and again a chicken fell prey.

Eldridge, hearing the noise roused up and immediately went for his rifle. He knew that an uproar such as this could only mean trouble. He made it to the back of the house in time to see the big cat grab the last of his victims in his mouth and hastily scramble over the fence. The red spot on his shoulder showed plainly and Eldridge could think of one thing and one thing only, RENEGADE!

A fown meeting was hastily called. The Corners and livestock men knew that no animal would be safe as long as the renegade was

The boy just turned and walked into the woods, Linda traced her steps back into the town and headed for home. As she reached the porch it started pouring down rain. She wondered how he knew, but then erased him from her mind.

That night she related her strange encounter to Sue. As they sat in front of the big stone fireplace Sue began to tell about the buckskin clad stranger.

"His name's Johnny Flint. He lives out in the woods somewhere. His father was a trapper but died a few years back and Johnny's been alone since then. He makes his!living by trapping and guiding hunters. He's pretty quiet and doesn't talk much."

"I'll say," interjected Linda. "He didn't say more than one word when he walked me back. Why?"

"Well, it seems that when his father was a young man he got in a fight with a drunken townsman. Nobody knows exactly what happened but Johnny's father killed him in self defense. Nobody believed it was really self defense and they made it rough on both of them. When Johnny's dad died he kind of withdrew from the town and only comes in for supplies and to sell his furs. My father is the one that helps Johnny sell them."

There was a long silence as the two girls stared at the popping fire. Then they retired up the stairs to bed.

The next morning found Sue and Linda working busily in the store. Sweeping, straightering, tidying, things only a woman's hand can do. Mr. White was whistling as he stacked cases of rifle cartridges on the shelf. The bell tinkled and a small boy came in asking for peppermint. Linda took care of the tyke and then went on to sweeping the floor.

"Linda, I'm going to run some errands and I might need Sue, Would you mind watching the store?"

He gave a long look as if waiting for the enevitable answer.

"Of course not," said Linda, "why I'll even finish piling those bullets if you want me to."

"Cartridges," corrected Mr. White jovially. "Come on Sue we've got lets to er."

Linda busied herself straightening things about the store. The little bell tinkled again and she looked up from her work. It was Johnny. He looked over the things in the store and then, spotting her standing there, gazed with an icy stare.

loose and alive. He would have to depend on easy prey as long as he was lame, and he could have been permanently crippled.

It was decided that all livestock would be guarded as much as possible and that hunting parties would be organized as soon as possible. Aside from that they could only wait.

Linda and Sue discussed what had happened and what was to come. To the town it was a large event but the girls took it lightly. It affected them little and they had other things to think about. It wasn't long before the talk wandered on.

It was a slow day that day in the store. Most of the men had gone out to look for the renegade. It was quiet and dust eddyed around the corners when Sue left the store. Linda sat there and mused. The door tinkled and Johnny had appeared again. He walked 化氯化二甲基甲基异丙基甲甲基甲基甲基异甲甲基甲 quietly to the counter.

"Ah need some new traps. Mine're gittinf kida old an! I figirred I might's well git'em now."

"Certainly, do you know where they are?"

"Mr. White keeps 'em under th' counter Miss..... Miss..... uh...."

"Call me Linda.....Oh, here they are. What kind do you need?"

"Well, I reckon Ah could use a coupl'o heavies fer big game, bobcats an' such. An' I reckon mebbe a few o' them little ones fer varmits." Linda gave him a blank look. He muttered something about dad blasted females andlooked for them himself. Linda broke the silence.

"Johnny, why don't you come to town often?" He turned quickly and gave her a hard stare. "Don't needs to. " but a second stable of the manner of the control of the contro

California (d. School)

"Don't you want to see your friends? I mean maybe...."

Colettine dia Beminenati

"Ain't got no friends, 'cept mebbee Mister White."

"I'd like to be your friend Johnny." He looked startled and then his eyes softened slightly.

"Why?"

"I can't really say. I suppose I like you, ... as a person I

mean. He looked at the ground and moved his toe, shuffled a little and then slightly smiled. It faded almost as quickly as it came.

"Will you come again soon? I'd like to talk to you sometime. Could you teach me about the woods?"

"Mebbee. I dunno. I s'posè Ah wouldn't mind."

"Johnny, I'm sorry about your father. I heard... Sue told me.."

"Here's your money," he said sharply," Ah reckon I can do without th' rest o' th' talk."
He started to walk to the door and anger rose again within the girl.

"Well if you were any sort at all you'd help them trap the renegade lion!" she screamed at the slamming door. Tears rose up and she ran out of the store.

It was a quiet afternoon. The type of quiet that makes a person look behind him permeated the air. Sue and linda talked as they sat on the front porch.

"Dad and I are going to Hollow Mountain to pick up some supplies for the store. We haven't got room in the truck but maybe we can find a way to get you there. Do you want to come?"

"No, there's no sense going to any trouble. I think I'll just wander around. It seems like a nice day."

"Well, you'd better be careful the lion's disappeared and no one can find any sign of him."

"He might have left."

Sue got up and started down the steps.

"Maybe," she tossed over her shoulder, "But be careful anyway."

- "Linda sat without saying a word and watched Sue go into the store." Then she quietly walked into the house.

The woods around the old dirt road were beautiful at this time of the year. The woods seemed alive with the gaiety of the birds and smaller animals. Linda was a free creature in the woods. They made her feel like a part of the world. To her, compared with the city, the woods were a fantasy land that knew no limits to joy.

The big cat watched with half slit eyes as the human walked slowly through his domain. He had been constantly hunted by the hated men and had only escaped them by using the knowledge he had acquired through the long years of being on the run. Now, now was his chance to make even the score that had gone unsettled for such a long time. He raised up stiffly and slowly crept behind the unknowing enemy. He tested the breeze and found it clear of any strange scent. He crept slowly, belly

almost on the ground. Closer, closer, not a twig snapped, not a branch moved as he glided slowly along. He could make out the features now, the long hair, trim build, he speeded up his pace.

Linda stopped to pick a wild daisy that grew by a tree. Then she studied it and placed it in her hair. Everything fascinated her. She leaned lazily against a tree and looked at the fluffy clouds above the meadow that lay before her. A sharp snap made her whirl around and she screamed.

The cat came flashing out of the undergrowth towards her a piercing scream splitting the air as he ran. Then it was joined by another brownish body that hurled itself through the air and landed in the cat's side, bowling him over. A claw filled paw lashed out and struck home as a knife glinted in the sun before it found its mark. The cat screamed and lashed again. A red stain slowly spread over the brown buckskin shirt as the whirling ball of cat and man thrashed in the grass. The knife plunged again, again, faster, desperately, urgently! The cat fell and with his last breath removed the attacher from his back with one last swipe of a deadly paw.

"JOHNNY ! OH GOD! JOHNNY ! "

Linda ran, half falling and stumbling, to the place where they had fallen. She dropped to her knees and lifted his head, her eyes filled with hysterical tears. He looked up and smiled wanely. His cheek was slashed from ear to the lip. His shirt was nothing but ribbons.

"Ah reckon Ah might need a hand up."
"You're hurt. You can't. Why?" Why?"

"Ah can make it. Might need... a little help... but...
Ah can make it."

She helped him struggle to his feet ignoring the red streams on his back and sides. Sobbing hysterically she held the wavering boy aloft.

"Mah cabin's they way." He pointed in a direction away from the meadow. "Try and make it theah."

A small shape loomed in front of her as she struggled with him. He lifted the latch and half fell in the door. He removed what had once been a shirt and painfully sat down on a rough hewn stool.

"Thesh's water an' a cloth on the sink. If you don't mind mebbe you c'n help me get cleaned up."

She looked and then soaked the designated rag in a bucket of water. Grimacing, she started to wash the wounds. Johnny sucked in breath quickly and his muscles tightened. Linda drew the cloth away.

"Go on It's gotta be done."

The work was hard but soon finished. She watched as he wrapped a bandage around his back and ribs. Then he brought attention to his face.

"Thanks. Ah reckon ah'd a nevah made it without you."
"Why did you do it Johnny? You could have been killed!
I didn't know that the cat was around or I'd...."

"If I hadn't thet cat would ve got you. An' you oughta have your skull examined foah walkin' around like thet."

"I'm sorry for some of the things I've said. I guess

I have a lot to learn about people."

"Paw used to tell me a lot o' things "fore he died. One of 'em was to always walk softly in the wind an' you'll never have to worry 'bout trouble. I reckon if 'n you do that you won't have no worry."

Linda was silent and then said,
"It's getting late, I'd better go. Do you need any more help?"

"No. I reckon I'll be okay. Thanks."
"I'll see you later maybe?"
"Mebbee."

Johnny stiffly prepared his dinner. His wounds were almost healed and he would be soon out trapping again. Somewhere in the darkness an owl hooted for its mate. Johnny heard a tap and turned. It came again and he walked to the door. The soft firelight illuminated her face as he opened the door.

"Hello Johnny, may I come in?" He stepped back and she entered.

*It's been a long time Linda."

"Yes it has Johnny."

"I've been trying to get out to town but..... He looked at the floor and stuttered.

"Johnny?"
"Yeah?"

She threw herself into his arms.

"I've come to walk softly in the wind with you."

Dennis Morales Senior (Winner)

A THOUGHT OF MIND

By 1986 the World Control had put a large part of its population Standard Plan into effect. Earth's inhabitants had been limited to 5 billion, while particularly dense areas such as Hong Kong, Tokyo, and Los Angeles were being systematically thinned out. World Control had replaced the United Nations in 1979 — one year after the great powers agreed to put themselves solely under its authority. — and was progressing rapidly toward its goal. Limitation of the population had long ago been recognized as essential to World Control's plan for the Great Upheaval — too many people held up Social Progress, they said.

Life moved on during those next centuries, consolidating, and eliminating excesses of organisms in a slow process of refinement. The goal proved not to be impossible for it was reached in 2468.

Here was Life at last! No longer to be hampered by a crude body, man had left it for the intellectual sanctity of a living brain. Now there was peace, the mind had conquered all! There were exactly one million minds—the finest most intelligent, and last—on the earth. These humans had spurned their bodies for the comforts of 'Body Life,' a perfectly designed life support system feeding the brain—keeping it alive.

Life consisted of everything that was transmitted to the nerve endings of the brain - every physical sensation was as real as when they came from an individual body. Free to think, this society brought phenomenal speed to the advancement of knowledge. Painless thought for one-hundred years, if one wanted. No fatigue, headache, sickness.

In the halls of Block 5 everything was quiet, the only sound being a gentle humming from the Body Life motors, punctuated occasionally by soft bubbling sounds from the gelatin-soup tanks in which the citizens resided. Ten houses, 100,000 brains each this was humanity. Supervised by self repairing robots and powered by three trillion-kilowatt nuclear reactors, this system could last forever.

The brains might be here forever, but the minds were free to live in an intricate system of cameras, tapes, and recorded material. Free to hold endless conversations - or vacations in the Bahamas. Each one could see hear, and enjoy life to the fullest-and for them, it was free.

Back in 2342, all human life on the earth had been centralized in one enormous underground complex in a spot on the North American Plain. This was necessary, for the earth's weather had become intolerable. Unable to control it, man saw conditions gradually worsen until nothing was predictable. With each successive summer, less and less of the Polar Ice Caps remained, while the oceans swelled, flooding large portions of land. The continents too, were active - large shifting movements were noted from 2310 on.

Below the earth, man was content - unbothered by the imperfections of a world unsuitable to them. Then, in 2473, these meteor@logical activities ceased - no plausible reason available. The topic occupied most of the citizens discussions during that period. Robot expeditions were sent out (with television and sensory cameras, so everyone could take part) to find some explanation. There was none to be found.

Two weeks later a creature appeared on the Plain and was quickly brought into the Society for examination. Animal life had long ago disappeared, so every mind was eager to see this thing. It was brought in by Robots and set before the people. One million watched and listened, for they were all in the room, too.

Being a free and open community, questions were raised as to its origin, and what it knew. The creature was vaguely familiar to all - they recalled the image from history. It was formed somewhat like the Robots, only with a dark substance like fine wires covering the globe at the top (that is where the brain is, they remembered). It had two dark spots - alert and moving like a camera - and a large hole that opened when it spoke (it was used for 'eating,' an archaic term to the citizens). It came slowly, then it dawned upon them. Here, standing before humanity, was a man.

At last a brain-thought translator sounded the question of one of the brains.

"And what is your name, if you have one?"

"He says my name is Adam."

Peter Proehl Senior

HISTORY OF GUAM

Guam is like an emerald mounted on the deep blue velvet of the Pacific Ocean. It lies about 800 miles north of the equator in nearly the same latitude as Bangkok, Manila, and Mexico City. Stretching north from Guam are the other Marianas Islands, the last few of which are still active volcanoes. Geologists estimate that Guam is perhaps 25 million years old, and the oldest of the chain. In all probability, the first people to reach Guam were of the same race that populated the islands of Micronesia and the Philippines in prehistoric migrations from southeastern Asia by way of Indonesia. The name "Chamorro" has been given to this race of early settlers and to their languages.

Archaelogical findings indicate that the original Chamorros were brown skinned and dark-haired, tall, and of heavy build. Long before the arrival of the first Europeans, these people had established a well-defined culture which included matrilineal clans, the practice of monogamy, and a strict cast system. Findings of material remains include latte sites, stone mortars, pestles, adzes, and chisels as well as pottery, bone awls, spearheads, and numerous implements made from shells.

On March 6, 1521, Ferdinand Magellan sailed into Umatac Bay after a hazardous voyage around South America and through the storm-tossed strait which today bears his name. The arrival of these Europeans, as well as those who followed in later years could not help but have a profound effect upon Guam. Although Magellan was killed in the Phillippines, his Chief pilot, Sebastien del Cano, continued on through the Indies, across the Indian Ocean, around Cape Horn and at last on September 8, 1522, arrived back at Seville with one ship and thirty-one of the original two hundred thirty seven men, thus completing the first circumnavigation of the earth.

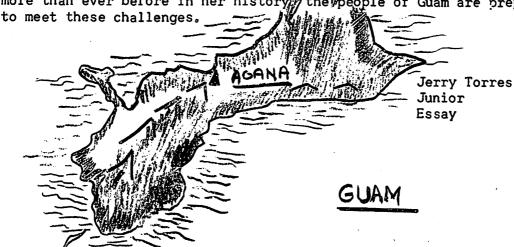
Reports concerning Guam and the other islands of the Pacific inspired a repeat of the voyage, and on September 4, 1526, a fleet under the command of Alonso de Salazar put into Guam to engage in the exploration of the island. A high point in the fleet's visit came with the return of a Spaniard, Gonzalo de Vigo, who having jumped ship from Magellan's crew, had lived among the Chamorros for five years. Volumes would be required to do justice to the many celebrated explorers and adventurers who visited Guam. About this time a period of Spanish colonization in the Pacific area

destined to transform Guam from a remote South Pacific Island into an important link in the colonial system of one of the most power-ful nations of Europe. This policy led to determined resistance from the Chamorro People, ending in a war of extermination which very nearly destroyed the native population. Even so, the Spanish soon found out that defeat had not broken the independent spirit of these proud people.

At the end of the Spanish-American War, Guam was ceded to the United States—the nation whose flag she so proudly flies today.

On December 11, 1941, it was compelled to lower the American flag in surrender to the invading forces of the Japanese thus beginning the two and one half years of Japanese occupation. But Guam was not easily forgotten by the United States. She returned to Guam and fought the enemy until at last on August 10, the island was once again a part of the American nation.

The people of Guam look to the future with a strong sense of responsibility and determination. Intensely proud that she is a vital part of America, Guam is even now engaged in a dynamic socio-economic program of development which will place the island on an equal status with comparable communities on the mainland. However, the challenge is one of not only bettering material circumstances, but of also achieving a transformation in the minds of the people as to the dignity of self-reliant citizens of a modern world. Today, more than ever before in her history, the people of Guam are preparing to meet these challenges.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Judges

Mr. Giorgi
Miss Krisch
Mr. Livingston
Miss Matson
Miss Moorer
Mr. Rutherford

Cover design and drawings

Bobbie Thomason

Typists

Diane Serafini Janeen Christensen Jan Rupe Paulette Wilson

Published by the Journalism Club of Dreux American High School