

Ramours



Ramoirs

*A literary magazine
by and for the students of
Spring-Ford Senior High School*

1973

TO KNOW

To strive is to know

the feeling of victory.

To be lonely is to know

the value of friendship.

To cry is to know

the pleasure of laughter

To grieve is to know

the joy of birth.

To lose is to know

when we have found it.

To die is to know

what we have not lived.

—*Diane Hampton, '73*

LET ME

Let me wipe away your tears
Rest here in my embrace
And before you know it
A smile will light your face.

Let me whisper softly
Love words in your ear
And you will be encouraged
By the things you hear.

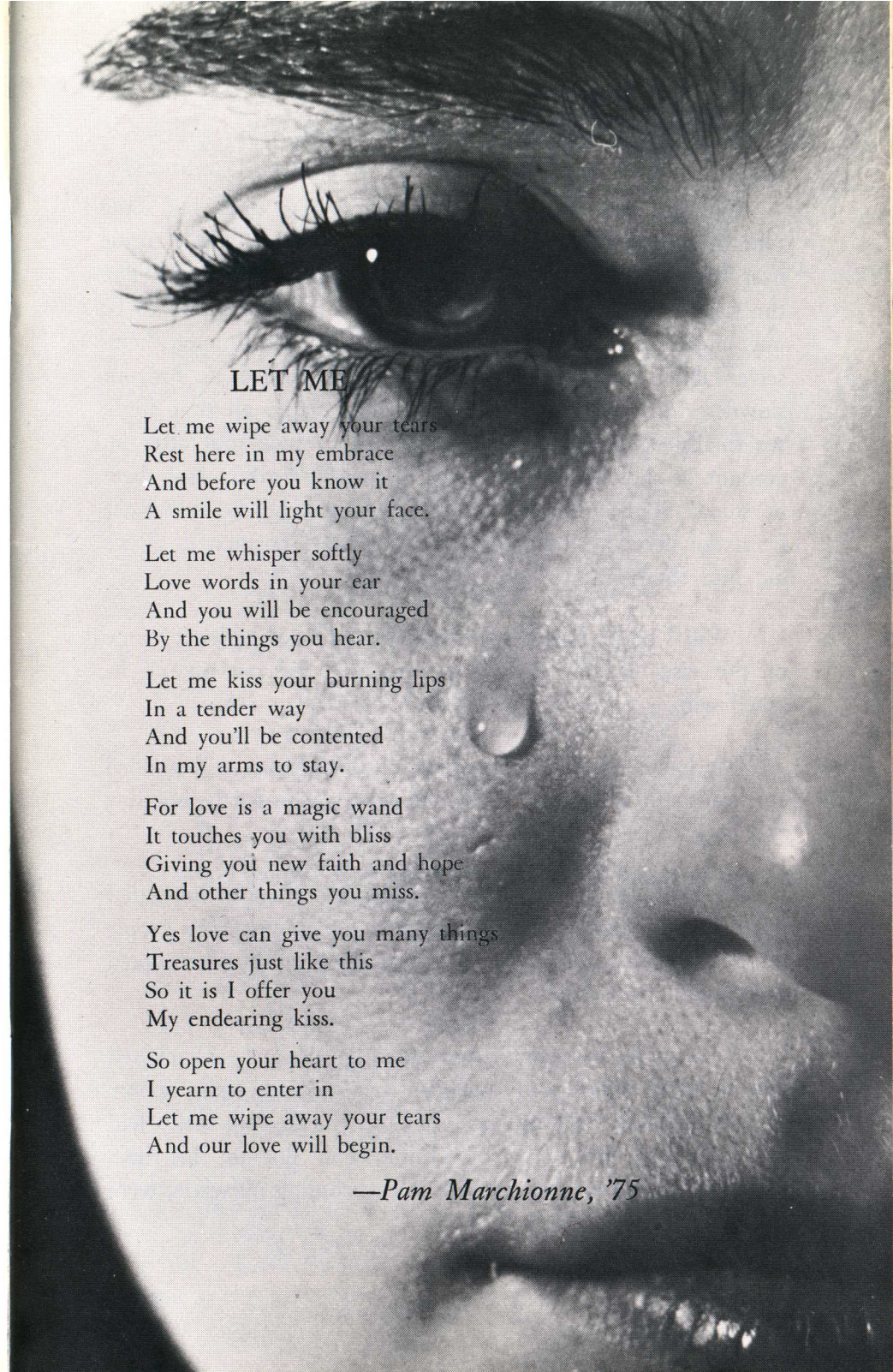
Let me kiss your burning lips
In a tender way
And you'll be contented
In my arms to stay.

For love is a magic wand
It touches you with bliss
Giving you new faith and hope
And other things you miss.

Yes love can give you many things
Treasures just like this
So it is I offer you
My endearing kiss.

So open your heart to me
I yearn to enter in
Let me wipe away your tears
And our love will begin.

—*Pam Marchionne, '75*



ALMOST LEFT OUT

We had wanted to let him in for a long time, but some type of agitation would always come up and we would argue over the smallest things. It constantly seemed to be trivia, like the furniture, the location, the time, etc., that we found to be our biggest problems. People began to bicker among themselves about our methods and often condemned us for our slowness. So, when public cries for him hit an all time high, we finally opened the door. It seemed to stick, but after an amount of shoving and pushing, it opened creakily and there he stood. Slightly shy and quite bewildered, he did not move from the doorway, but remained in a fixed position until we bid him enter.

"Will I be permitted to remain for a longer period of time on this visit, or must I leave as early as I did last time?", he asked with a gentle smile.

We looked at each other with unsure glances and nodded our heads a little apprehensively. He took a chair by the window and laughed.

"It certainly is good to be here again. Let us all hope that this time is to stay! You know, I think the last time, you people pushed me aside rather rudely, or maybe you just got bored and forgot about me."

As he spoke, we watched him intently. We last remembered him as being rather plain and dull, but now for some reason, he was the most beautiful being in the world. We really had been quite rude before, come to think of it. But not this time, that was a promise. Too many people, including ourselves, were

counting on this time. It might be our last chance to save this beautiful creature from extinction.

Speaking of beautiful, you know, when you think of it, his name has a rather natural and unspoiled beauty about it too. Peace.

Has a nice, almost supernatural quality, doesn't it?

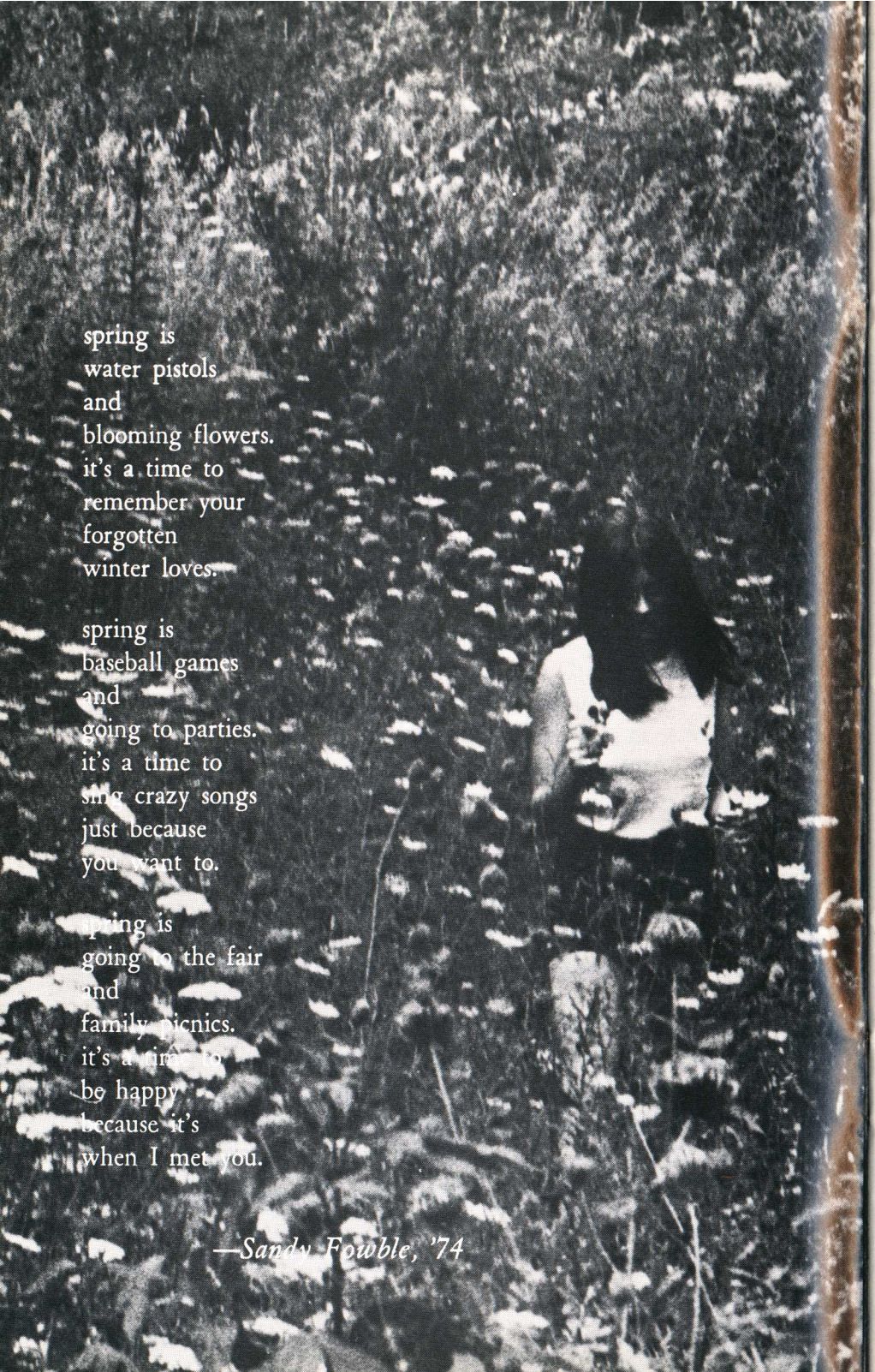
—*Ramona Blake, '73*

At a make-believe time
in a make-believe place
was a make-believe person
running a make-believe race.

He was chasing a make-believe dream
down a make-believe road
when he had a make-believe heart attack
carrying a make-believe load.

Now, this make-believe man
fell down and make-believe died
and not one make-believe person
felt sorry or make-believe cried.

—*Janis Bauer, '75*



spring is
water pistols
and
blooming flowers.
it's a time to
remember your
forgotten
winter loves.

spring is
baseball games
and
going to parties.
it's a time to
sing crazy songs
just because
you want to.

spring is
going to the fair
and
family picnics.
it's a time to
be happy
because it's
when I met you.

—Sandy Fowble, '74

as —
i
try to live
through another
day:
i
find so many
questions —
unanswered;
as each
day
begins
i
find — myself
opened to a
new way of
life
sometimes —
good
and
sometimes — bad
tears
come
often as night rises
anew
— darkness
comes as
light
fades
away.
“Life
Is
difficult”
as the
Day
Draws
to
A
Close . . .

—Abby Wiestner, '75

“QUESTION: RUNAWAY?”

I kept running down the dark, lonely street in the rain until I saw the booth. I picked up my speed and then stopped at the door. I touched the receiver. What would happen if I called home? How would my parents take this? I asked myself these questions over and over again. I was scared and all alone in this tiny and dingy telephone booth with the rain outside of it drenching my only suitcase. Why did I leave? Did I really want to go back? I had to know the answers to these questions that could change my life.

We were a happy family when my brother and I were young. We went to Sunday school and church regularly and spent a great deal of time together. I went to birthday parties and carnivals and sometimes the zoo. On the Fourth of July everybody would come to the house and we had big picnics because it was my grandfather's birthday. Everyone had fun and we got to see most of our relatives. These were the kind of days that were usually brought up in conversations weeks later.

After my grandfather died, there were fewer picnics and it seemed like I wasn't having fun anymore. My mother wasn't happy anymore, and I saw less and less of my father. When I became a teen-ager, my problems increased. My mother and I disagreed on almost anything. We would go shopping and when I saw something I really liked, she hated it. Naturally, I wore what she liked because she had the money.

I could see what was happening to our family. I tried to help. Sometimes, I agreed with my mother just to keep peace. School work was usually not a problem for me. I kept my grades

high for my parents. But they always criticized me. If a grade was below an A, they would be sure to notice it and bring the grade to my attention. The situation got to the point where my parents found fault with everything I did. I did my chores around the house. When I would ask to go anywhere, my mother would say no. There was always too much work to be done around the house. Then, I felt so disappointed because I believed my mother didn't want me to have any fun. I asked myself why. Why does this have to happen to me?

I saw a car coming down the street. I stood there frozen with fear. Would my parents call the police to find me? The car stopped. It wasn't the police. An elderly lady wanted to know how to find a certain road. I tried to relax a little. Was I glad it wasn't the police! I knew I had to be careful. I didn't want anyone that I knew to see me. I had to get away from that lonely, dull light of the telephone booth. I picked up my suitcase and started walking. Again, I thought about home.

My brother knew how I felt. But how would he take my running away from home? What would he think of me? Sometimes he would take sides with my mother. My feelings were hurt a little, and it seemed as if I had no friends or anyone to talk to. I would go to my room crying and searching my soul with hundreds of questions. I kept telling myself that I was going out of my mind and would sooner or later have a nervous break down.

With the coming of the new year, I thought things would be better. However, the situation seemed to be getting worse. Everything I did or said was wrong. My mother complained about almost everything. Very rarely did I see a smile. This made me feel terrible.

The rain had stopped. As I passed the first house along the street, I could see inside the window. A man and his wife and children were sitting around a big table, playing cards. I remembered that playing cards was one thing that we had done together as a family. We spent many nights together in front of the television, also. When company came, we all enjoyed ourselves. I had started to think of the good things we had done as a family. What was I really doing? I was running away from my problems. Then, I realized that I could damage my chances of getting into college and my chances of getting a good job.

The rain began to fall again as I ran back to that telephone booth. I had finally come to my senses. Seeing the booth in the distance I dropped my suitcase and ran as fast as I could. When I got to the booth, I stopped only to wipe the rain and tears from my face. I picked up the receiver and dialed our number. Hearing a broken voice, I said, "Hello, Mom? I want to come home!"

—*Anonymous*

PROMISE ME DAISIES

Like the conjugation of two cells,
we meet and exchange our inner most selves.

Yet, we meet knowing that tomorrow
we may feel differently about each other.

We accept this as being life.

We miss each other when we're apart.
Yet, we realize that it must be this way,
sometimes.

We speak of our emotions as they are
today, and never how they will be.

We only hint at tomorrow.

I will never understand my feelings for
you. I know it's wrong, but, I need you.

I know we both will grow; I only hope we
grow together. You want to make me promises,
knowing I hate to dream.

So, if you must make promises, don't
promise me love, promise me daisies.

—*Cooki Bender, '73*

HOW DO YOU STOP FEELING?

How do you stop feeling
a love
that isn't justified?

How do you stop caring,
a care
that isn't shared?

I've no right to expect
a love
that isn't there.

'Let him leave you' . . . alone,
even if
it isn't fair.

I can't hold him back from
a life
that he won't share.
but

How do I stop feeling
a love
that will always be there?

—*Anonymous*

Help my young beloved wife,
To find somebody new,
And I pray he doesn't have to go,
And fight in the war too!

Maybe soon they'll understand,
And you will help them too,
Get them up and make them go,
Then this I know they'll do,
They'll try to stop the war!

And last Dear Lord I ask
You help me rest in peace Amen

—*Beckie Emswiler, '75*

MAYBE

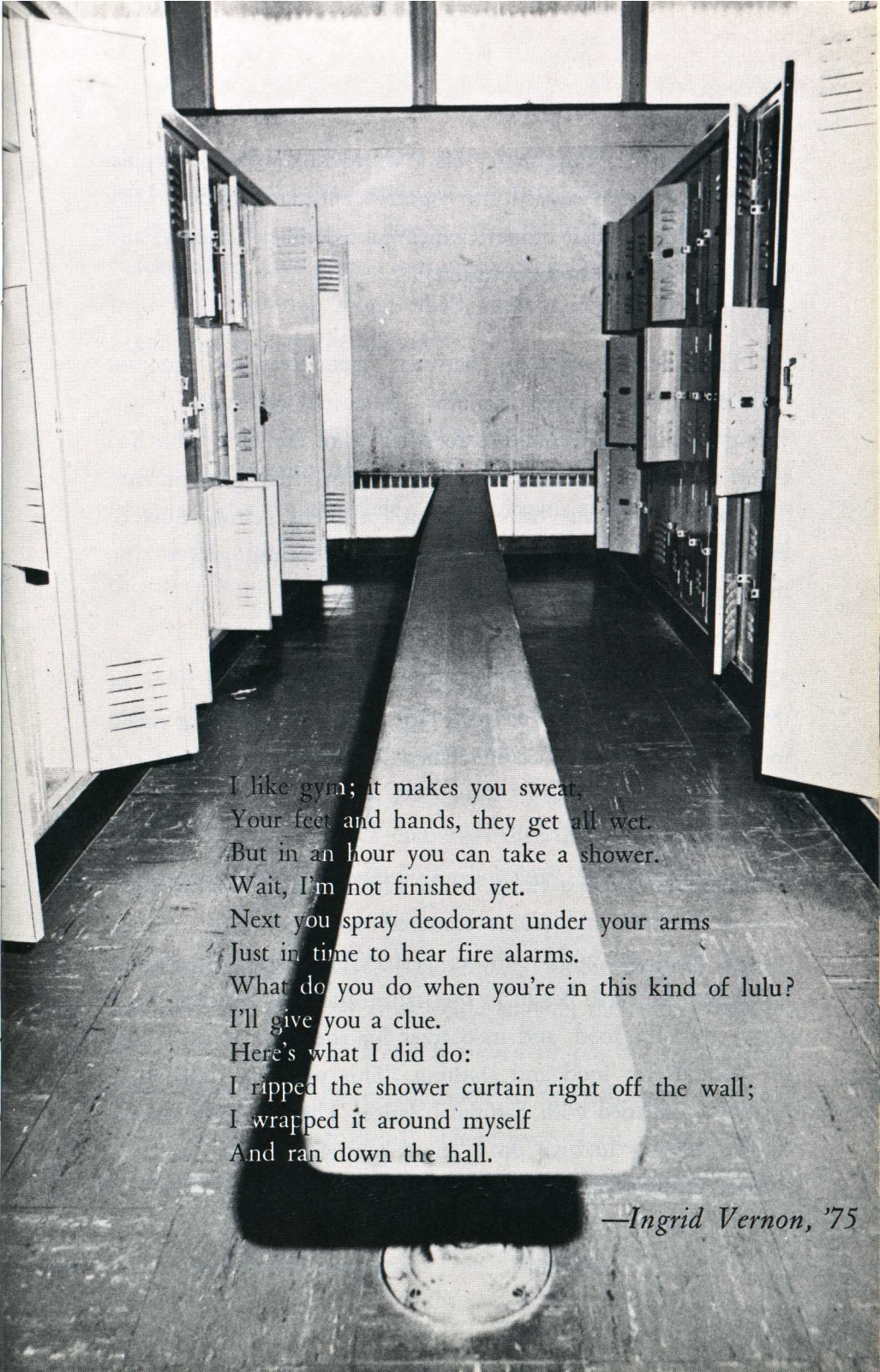
Coming home from a party late,
Going to see my wife I hate.
Maybe she will leave me at last,
Then I can go and have a blast.
I don't think I would be that lucky,
Because we're having a kid named Chucky.
So I guess I'll stay home like a jerk,
And have to do all my wife's work!

—*Keith Miller, '75*

INTERFERENCE

Why can't you let us alone?
Please don't distort and mesmerize our dreams
any longer.
We could be happy if you wouldn't intrude.
Can you be so bitter that you want to destroy
our happiness—
just because you've thrown away yours?
Why can't we be ourselves?
We don't hurt you, but you're tearing us apart.
You ask why we cling to each other—
that must be obvious.
We've got nothing but each other.
Please stay out of our lives and let us love.
Set us free before you destroy our reason for living

—Anonymous



I like gym; it makes you sweat,
Your feet and hands, they get all wet.
But in an hour you can take a shower.
Wait, I'm not finished yet.
Next you spray deodorant under your arms
Just in time to hear fire alarms.
What do you do when you're in this kind of lulu?
I'll give you a clue.
Here's what I did do:
I ripped the shower curtain right off the wall;
I wrapped it around myself
And ran down the hall.

—Ingrid Vernon, '75

Once upon a time there was a world full of happy people. These people were divided into countries and nationalities. They had this thing called money, which caused much jealousy, and greed, and hatred, and confusion.

They started fighting between themselves, as ignorant children do; they called this war. It wasn't welcomed by the young people of the nations, for they were the ones who had to do the fighting. They were ordered by their governments, who seemed to have little concern for them getting hurt or killed, to fight in the war and kill other young people who might have been friends, if given the chance.

At the same time the young people were at war some of the older people were collecting large sums of this thing called money from the war. So it seemed the world was not at rest without war.

There was also a thing called nature, which was a collection of animals and plants scattered over the earth. Nature seemed at peace with itself, in perfect harmony. Then these people on the earth began to use nature for their benefit. They grew crops for food, and used trees for shelter, and they used the animals for food and clothing. This was fine, until they became unsatisfied with nature's balance. They could no longer tolerate having to give up a small portion of their crops to insects, and they became greedy with the resources.

Some of the men who were considered smart by these people, invented certain substances which would kill the insects. They sprayed the plants and animals with the chemicals. This helped them have more crops and earn more money; but they paid little attention when small animals, and birds, and fish began to die from the chemicals.

They also had contraptions called automobiles. It was considered a necessity to have one. While they chugged along happily in their automobiles, more animals and birds died from the smoke which the cars gave off. These cars ran on gasoline; this soon became a big industry.

Other industries were started and soon there were buildings, and factories, and houses, and cars, and more buildings all over the earth. The ugly smoke from these buildings, factories, and cars was choking the last bird, until it, too, fell to the ground, dead. It was covered by a mound of dirt, dumped from a truck, with still more ugly smoke pouring from it.

These factories were also dumping wastes into the streams and lakes. On occasion, fires would start on the waters from all the garbage. These fires couldn't even be put out by the tears of the few people who cared. Soon all the fish were dead and the water was unfit to drink. There were black, murky, lifeless forms, where once rivers and streams full of fish and life flowed.

Soon people started to die of starvation, since most of the animals used for food were dead. And everything was contaminated with deadly chemicals, once considered useful. The fires on the waters raged on, and the land no longer produced trees and green living things.

But the few people left refused to save themselves; they continued their wars and killed each other in an almost suicidal way. It was dangerous for them to breathe the air and their food was contaminated, so they made their own air and their own food and water. But they needed natural substances to make the artificial air and food, and so they soon poisoned themselves also.

When there was only one man left, all of nature reached out for revenge. This man's name was Ignorance; he had lived with these people since the beginning. He was the picture of much suffering. As he lay in his death bed of garbage, he reached out a hand, that maybe someone would see and care. But there was no one to see and no one to care. His time was growing nearer, when suddenly he realized it was he who had done this to the earth. And suddenly, he cared and was sorry, as he remembered how it was in the beginning. A tear fell from his eye and kissed the ground good-bye, as he, too, died.

—Christy Cossaboon, '75

THANK-YOU

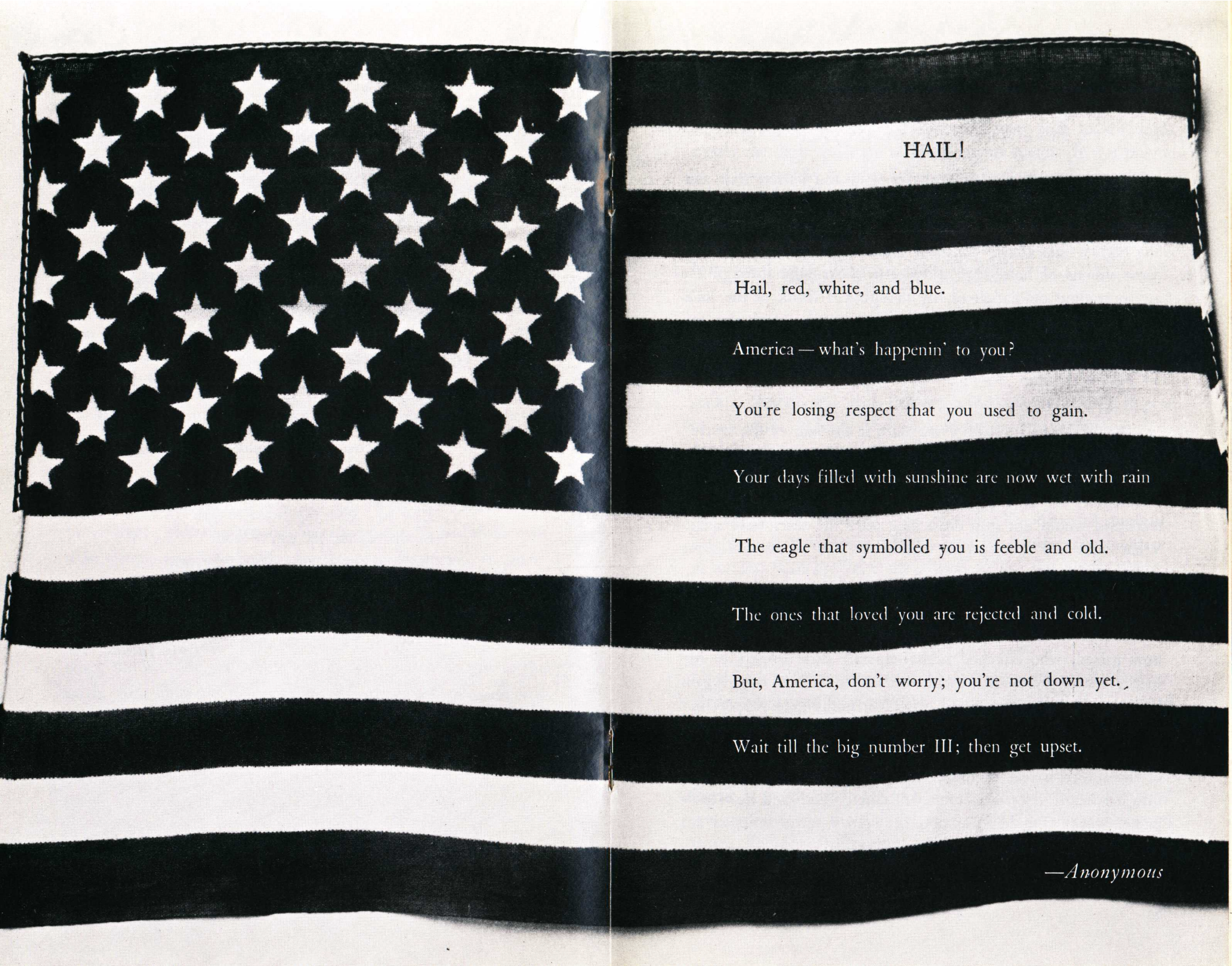
You've given me more happiness
Than I can ever say
By telling me your hopes and dreams
In love every day

When I feel blue, I think about
Your faith and love and trust
And suddenly my cares and woes
Vanish into dust

Because of you I can go on
Loving life each day
I know you're there beside me, Friend,
To guide me on my way

And so I give my heart to you
In thanks for all you've done
Without my dearest fan and friend
I'd be a lonely one.

—Egla James, '73



HAIL!

Hail, red, white, and blue.

America — what's happenin' to you?

You're losing respect that you used to gain.

Your days filled with sunshine are now wet with rain

The eagle that symbolled you is feeble and old.

The ones that loved you are rejected and cold.

But, America, don't worry; you're not down yet.

Wait till the big number III; then get upset.

—Anonymous

SIN NOMBRE

The wind whistles through the cold and barren trees outside my window and the sun slips slowly from the sky. Then — suddenly — a heavy darkness falls. It is deeper, blacker than any night; I am alone. Ominous minutes pass and to my mind come visions of hate, fear and death. I struggle through the awe-pervading desolation of my thoughts. I think of the loneliness of my world. Beyond my window in the black sky, out of its emptiness, appears a star, and another, and still more. Suddenly I realize, I am not alone.

To think of hate — do I not share in the hate of the world? I remember the sickly odor, the bright, blazing colors of the flowers which seemed to make the black-clad figures disappear. I remember the burning heat that flowed and flowed with the tears and would not stop until long after the tears were spent. What right had those people to take his life? I am not alone in hate.

I think of fear. To my mind comes the memory of a child, now passed, who clutched with desperate little fingers to her mother's strong, calm hand while her father shot her dog. Again I think of a girl, now passed, who had nothing to support her when a close friend's life was taken. Yet I still think of a girl, but almost a woman, and I see her fears so vividly — a fear of the future, a fear of more losses with each bursting deeper into her heart. Soon a woman will emerge and find new trials in her world. But her fear of more sorrow never fades. I am alone in fear.

I think of death. I cover my ears, only to hear the squeal of brakes more intensely. I shut my eyes, only to see more clearly the dark, red stain of blood on my hands. It was only a small motorcycle, a small car, and a small young man, broken and blind to my tears and embrace. They told me I would get over it. But there are so many motorcycles, so many cars, and so many young men, and my hands feel the blood fallen from my friend. I am not alone in death.

I turn to love. Softly through my mind slip the loves I have carried in my heart for so long. There is a love of people. There is a love of nature and happiness, beauty, written and spoken. But another love, still damp from its awakening, lingers in my mind. It is the love that dominates my attentions. It is the love that saw me through maturation and made me see life as it is and will be. Now still another love is blooming. It is the love which fills my mornings with joy, and my days with a purpose. It is the love of a *living* person. The hours of laughing. The moments of silence with no need for words. The moments of sadness with problems not always solved, but always shared. The moments of happiness, which overflow throughout the sadness, the words, and the silence. Can I alone have loved?

I look to peace. It was a cold day for taking a walk without shoes and it was growing dark, the sky forbidding. It seemed all the sharpest thorns had decided to fasten themselves to my feet that day. The lone flower in my hand had withered and the problems I had hoped to solve were lodged in my mind as firmly as the thorns in my feet. As the rain had begun to pound the dry earth and the thunder to roar, all I could do was stand there. For one fleeting moment, my cold, wind-blown, rain-

soaked body felt a strange and quiet rest. I have looked on peace.

A few more hours will find a new dawn — already the stars are disappearing, one by one. I close my eyes to rest and my loneliness is but a memory of still another winter evening.

—*Sharon Laume, '73*

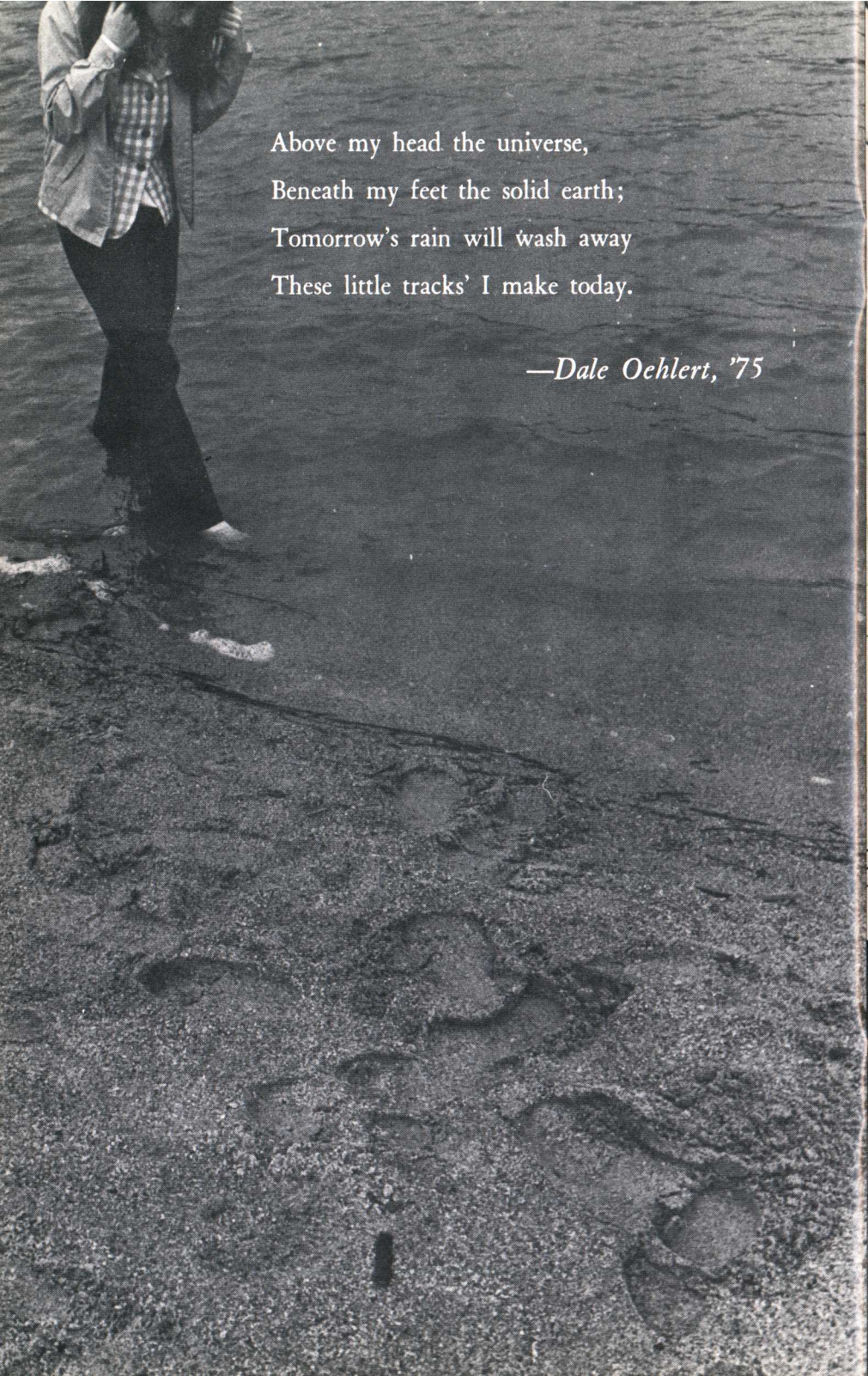
A QUESTION OF "WHY?"

From the ashes of our mistakes
We can build another tower.
Stretching moth outward and inward.
Searching for the final question
And seeking the final solution.
For each tower that crumbles,
Another will take its place.
Until finally a tower stands,
Erect and strong,
Unyielding to every strain.
And a man steps up and asks,
"Why"?
The tower crumbles.

—*Ronald Moore, '73*

Sitting alone in a big field of grass,
nothing to do but let the time pass.
Thinking of life, and thinking of death,
Oh how little time that I have left.
Thinking of what it is like to die.
It almost makes you want to cry.
Will I be young, will I be old,
Nothing of the story is to be told.
Will all that is left of me be ashes,
thrown into the sky of bright blue patches.
Or will I be buried in the ground
nothing to bother me — not the littlest sound.
Maybe I am one who would like to die
just letting my life all pass me by.
This story is short, but so is life,
which begins in the morning and ends at night.

—*Terry Berry, '75*



Above my head the universe,
Beneath my feet the solid earth;
Tomorrow's rain will wash away
These little tracks' I make today.

—*Dale Oehlert, '75*

RE-EVALUATION

Now that it's over
and I've shed my tears
and mourned my loss of you —
I can see
It wasn't such a great thing after all.

—*Fai Minnicks, '73*

A dream . . .
nothing more than a thought —
nothing less than reality.

—*Iris Blatt, '75*

I'll never be perfect;
And I'll never be beautiful or famous.
All I can be . . . for you . . .
is me.

—Lauraine Jones, '74

You don't know what it's like to lose,
Not last week or last month.
To live your whole life feeling that
 whatever you do—

—Anonymous

THOUGHTS OF BOYS ACROSS THE SEA

On story nights with lightning and thunder,
It is the time I start to wonder,
About our boys across the sea,
Our brothers and friends of the family.
Are they all right or are they hurt?
Are they in their bunks or eating dirt?
Are they there with plenty to eat?
Do they have shoes upon their feet?
Each one of them will come home a man,
After devoting their lives to their home land.

—Cindi Putnam, '75

AFTER THE RAIN

The air is fresh;
The wind blows gently.
Leaves are scattered about.
A bird pecks into the ground;
A worm wiggles out.

Dampness in the air,
Puddles in the streets,
Umbrellas dripping dry.
Wet boots outside a door —
The sky has cried.

—Paula Capoferri, '75

A DEAD SOLDIER'S PRAYER FOR PEACE

Oh God please help the soldiers,
Who fight now way out there,
Although I'm dead and buried,
You know that I still care!

I know you reign the highest,
Of everything above,
And you will think of something,
To stop war and bring love!

There's hundreds more just like me,
And in this prayer I pray,
Their wives and friends think of them,
Please help them go their way.

Tho I can't voice my feelings,
To anyone below,
I hope you'll do that for me,
And help them all to know,
They've got to stop the war!

And there are others still alive,
Who would love to come back home,
Help them to go back to stay,
And never more to roam.

This prayer is not for only,
A dear beloved friend,
But for all of the others,
Whose lives will shortly end.

Some people just don't care,
About the men at war,
But when someone close is called,
They will want no more!

I AM A DREAM

She appears — flying. And she carries me on her golden wings.

And together we leave behind just a trail of our ghost-like bodies.

We climb higher through the universe seeking out the brightest stars.

And we stop on planets never before touched by man.

We are desolate. We are alone. We are all that exists.

And all that is around us is the simple nothing that I've always known.

We are soaring higher, deeper, and getting richer, getting poorer.

All within a moment's time.

We are solitude. We are sound. We are everything.

We are nothing. We are.

She is reality. I am fantasy. And we fly on past human dreams.

We have become existence. We are all that is.

She is real. I am a dream.

Now she spreads her shining wings and blankets the universe.

And now — now we are completely alone. She and I. Death and I.

—Jon Nessle, '73

HELL NO!

Just the other day I got my card.
I now think Uncle Sam is full of lard.
I don't like this crazy show.
I say hell no; I just won't go.

Nobody likes bullets and bombs.
We'd rather be home with our moms.
You'll see bodies floating and blood flow.
I say hell no; I just won't go.

I just can't see getting my hair cut.
Uncle Sam must think I'm a nut.
Men come home without a foot or toe.
But not me; cause I won't go.

And now I'm sitting here in jail,
And whistlin' for my daddy to pay my bail.
Now I look like GI Joe.
Because Uncle Sam said, "You gonna go."

—Bob Harple, '75

SUNSHINE

Sunshine —
 Shines down on my head
 and feels so good.
 It makes me remember good thoughts
 ones of someone I love.
 To have him near
 is just like having the sun's warmth
 surround you.
 You're happy just to have him close.
 It's as if he were kissed by the sun,
 and you want to share in that sun,
 and in his warmth and brightness.
 That sun is love,
 but now the sun is gone.
 The days are filled with clouds.
 Yet the sun that remains in my mind
 shines through those clouds
 and makes me happy.

—Anonymous



WHO CARES

God is all powerful,
 All knowing,
 All seeing . . .
 He sees murders,
 violence, war, evil,
 hate, vengeance, sin . . .
 God sees but He does not
 cause —
 PEOPLE cause.
 PEOPLE blame God for
 their actions and wrongs.
 God sees suffering,
 poverty, sickness, death,
 hunger, misery, disease . . .
 God suffers to see
 His children —
 Why do PEOPLE hurt
 Him so.
 He loves . . .
 He cares . . .
 PEOPLE ignore Him.
 disregard Him.
 Who cares.
I Love You God.

—Janis Boraten, '75

A rainbow
is like life itself
many beautiful things
tied together
with a
beautiful thought.
God created
this to show
happiness —
its delicate
color shows
LOVE
and the
circle
means it is
never ending . . .

—Abby Wiestner, '75

WHY FALL IN LOVE?

Why fall in love;
It's nothing but pain.
There's a lot to be lost,
And nothing to gain.

You do all you can to make this one last,
But it comes to an end so very, very fast.
More often than not you'll have a big fight,
He wants to date others but you feel
He hasn't the right.

Though you dream about marriage,
You know it won't work.
If you tell him you love him,
He just thinks you're a jerk!

So don't rush yourself,
And don't fall in love;
Use what's in your head
Or you'll wish that you were dead!

—Debbie Wadsworth, '75

FRIEND

Now—may the warming love of friends
surround you as you go.
Down paths of light and laughter
where the happy memories grow.

—Terri Grubb, '75

If I had one magical wish I would wish that people all over the world would join together and form a Love Train.

This train would ride all over the world, calling people aboard and asking them to forget all their bitterness and sorrows. It would bring people of different races, and religions together. It would mean no more war or hatred.

It would be a world of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. As people boarded the Love Train, they would lose all sense of selfishness and be filled with a deep desire to help all of their fellow men. Oh, if only I had one magical wish!

All aboard! First stop UTOPIA.

Based on the song
“Love Train” by the O’Jays.

—Tina Gagliardi, '75

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