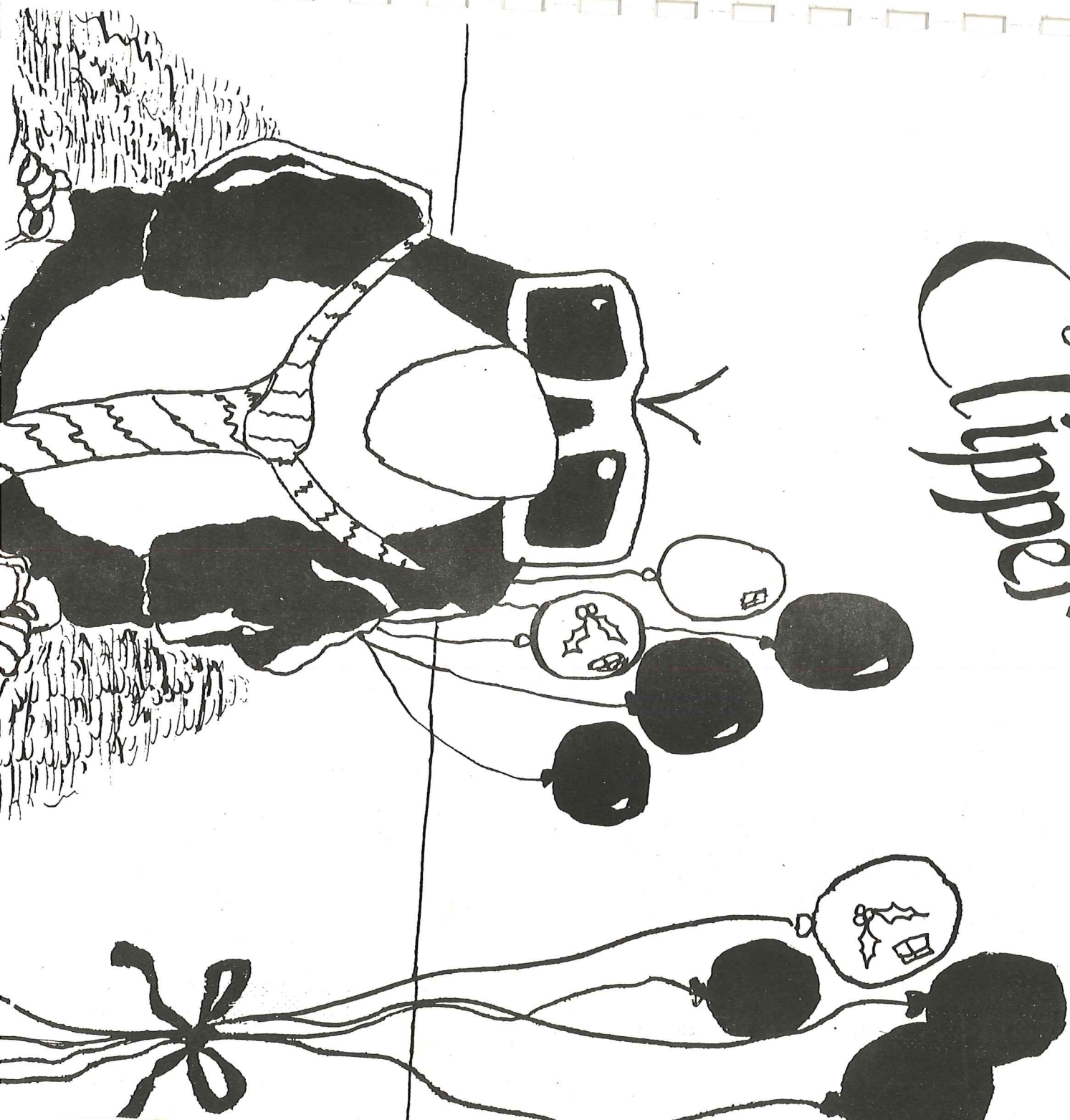


The Clipper



"THE CLIPPER"

MANASQUAN HIGH SCHOOL'S FINE ART MAGAZINE

FALL, 1986 ISSUE

Editor-in-Chief

Rochelle Butkowsky

Staff

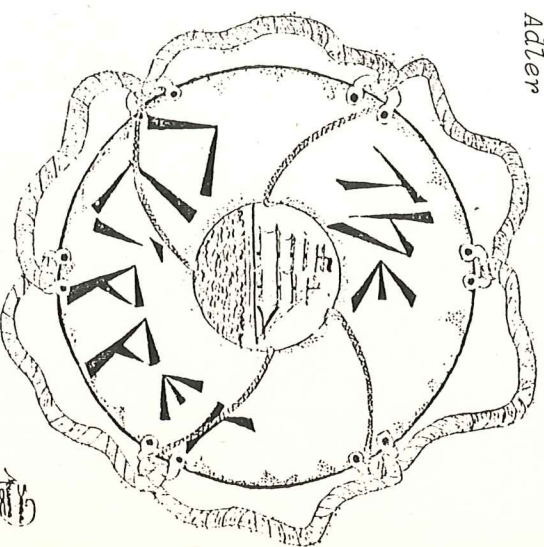
Jennifer Ryan

Noreen Murtha

Georginia Murray

"An educated person is one who, through the travail of his own life, has assimilated the ideas that make him representative of his culture, that make him a bearer of its traditions and enable him to contribute to its improvement."

Nortimer J. Adler



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WORK

AUTHOR

MENTOR

Illustration
"Night"
Illustration
Untitled Poem

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Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

Amanda Winchester

Mrs. Susan McLean

Carolyn Griffith

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

Laurene Piscatore &
Sherri Flanigan

Independent

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Lisa Durfee

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"I Say"

Alexis Redford

Independent

Illustration

Peter Beavis

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"The End of the Line"

Mike Kennedy

Independent

Illustration

Brian Wick

Independent

Fable

Kevin Watson

Mrs. Margaret Bates

Illustration

Judy Clayton

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"My Odyssey"

Rochelle Butkowsky

Mrs. Patricia Limpantsis

1st Place-1986 Junior Poetry Contest

Illustration

Adam Flores

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

Untitled Poem

Patti Wahlgren

Mrs. Patricia Limpantsis

2nd Place-1986 Junior Poetry Contest

Illustration

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Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"The Park"

Jodie Deignan

Mrs. Patricia Limpantsis

3rd Place-1986 Junior Poetry Contest

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"Susan's Echoes"

Sherri Flanigan

Independent

Illustration

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Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"The Horse & the Bird"

Doug Deicke

Mrs. Margaret Bates

Illustration

Marion Chappelle

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"Class"

Sue Johnson

Mrs. Margaret Bates

Illustration

Kate Healy

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

"Frogs"

Pete Beavis

Mrs. Kathleen Stigliano

Illustration

Adam Flores

Mrs. Maryann Monaghan

Elizabethan Crossword Puzzle

Mark Urbanek

Mrs. Susan McLean

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"Night"

THE BALLAD OF ELIE WIESEL

The stench of death is in the sky
In the camp of the Jews.
As men and women are to die
In the end Hitler will lose.

Never shall I forget the war.

Flames that consume my faith and dreams
Murdered my God and soul.
Every night I think of many schemes
For they will pay the toll.

Never shall I forget the war.

Men to the left, women the right.
My mother and sister are gone.
My life is like the dark of night.
My future is the dawn.

Never shall I forget the war.

It was not fair the price we paid.
As long as I shall live
The wrong they did will never fade.
Revenge to them I give.

Never shall I forget the war.

As I try to forget the past
Because the war is done,
To the dead I will always last
Through this honor I have won.

Never shall I forget the war.

The words of my books they tell
A story of the fight.
The truth is what I want to sell,
So I named it the "Night."
Never shall I forget the war.

Amanda Winchester

Face against the stillness in the room,
squarely met and unanswered.
The hours are brutally cruel,
and I feel right at home.

I am painfully polite.
The inner parts of my body;
thrown out of place.
I derive such pleasure
from this craft of oblivion.

So I leave me in the dark air,
at the bottom
for I am already sinking.
I know white icebergs of fear.

Annihilate the power of reason;
it's never silent in my mind.
Certain thoughts haunt me:

Nails on the ice.
A stone out of place.
A sword unsheathed.

No virgin can be executed...
There is a killing fee.

I used to pretend.
Now I am conquered by a masquerade,
of slaves charred with shame,
darkness in their open mouths
shrieking, "Don't come out."
"Don't ever come back."

I have no choice.

You must translate my unfinished sentence...

Laurene Piscatore
Sherri Flanigan

I SAY

"I want to be alone," I say.
to think
reminisce about mistakes
like thoughts, love, as kids love kittens
or trusting people- as blind men trust their dogs.

"I want to be alone," I say.
I have faith in myself
trust me.

I have always trusted you-
it's your turn now.

I once believed
black is black
white is white
now I'm losing things, thoughts, images.

I believed in friends and you;
your devilish voices are gone.

I am tired
no more clammy street alleys
no more grief...disgust...pain...anger...death.

I hate it!

"I want to be alone," I say.

I SAY!- I SAY!- AND ALWAYS SAY! ALONE!

"I want to be alone," I said.

ALEXIS REDFORD

The End of the Line

When will we meet again, dear friend
When will we make amends?

Through an autumn grave
Or a Mexican maid,
Cheap, easy fun.

Or if we can run
We could catch the light,
The last light of the fading night.

We are balancing on a razor's edge
A razor that will eventually cut down our lives
Into small dispersings, dead fragments.

Unless we can follow the shaman's code
Or find the lizard that he once rode
We will never find the secret of life
Or the afterlife, if it exists.

There is no ending, no conclusion
All my life is one grande illusion
Follow me and we'll see
What lies on the other side.

Ride the highway to the end of time
I will meet you at the end of the line
We'll scale the graveyard wall
After I see Plato fall.

Mike Kennedy

FABLE

An oil tanker sank off the shores of an island. As the oil spilled into the sea, it formed a large black cloud in the ocean. A school of fish saw this. Some of the fish wanted to see what was on the inside of the black cloud. The more cautious fish warned the others that it might be dangerous. Ignoring their smarter peers, some of the fish went into the black cloud of oil. They soon died, and their bodies floated to the surface.

MORAL: You should always be careful when dealing with the unknown.

Kevin Watson

My Odyssey.....

I like when my dog walks with me,
Two steps behind, short legs has she.
Neck deep in brush she bounds along,
I stop, she sniffs, "What's wrong?"

When I go out to do the chores,
She risks the wrath of slamming doors!
Afraid to be left, locked up inside,
To pace the place where she resides.

She likes to trot when ground is dry,
She's got no boots, just paws to try.
Though once when I on skis did wind,
She traced the narrow tracks behind!

Sometimes the summer days do heat,
The spaces where we rest and eat.
So off we'll go on moonlit nights,
And she'll detour, take in the sights!

Little puppy, black fur all,
Little comma, resting ball.
Wake and stretch those hiking feet,
Come on! Some new adventure meet.

Rochelle Butkowsky

SECOND PLACE WINNER - 1986 JUNIOR CLASS POETRY CONTEST

You were my precious one,
Like a finely crafted jewel.
Exquisite and very beautiful,
Yet untouched.

I adored you...
I protected you...
I cherished you...

But I found that wasn't enough.
I couldn't keep you for very long.
You were never mine.

by Patti Wahlgren

1986 ENGLISH III POETRY CONTEST, THIRD PLACE AWARD

THE PARK

I look through the metal fence and wonder what has happened to me.

When the cold wind blows, I shiver much more violently now.

Little things, trivial matters, cause me to worry much more now.

There's an itching feeling rising up from the pit of my bones - fear.

I am older now.

My past is a vague memory of fun and laughter.

The smiles that were once vivid shining faces are now just blurs of faint laughter and color.

The metal fence surrounds my childhood place, a fence that keeps me out and holds me back, making me feel inferior and out of place - I do not belong here any more.

The fence tells me that a fence that was once just another challenge in my world, just another use of never-ending energy, I no longer have.

This place where I frivolously spent so many days doing nothing but swinging, jumping, or running is now a thing of the past.

A tear rolls down my cheek as I think of this place that I now must leave behind.

I push my thoughts away from here - but now life is so much different in reality.

Though I still have many years to remember and cherish in the future - it is the end of my beginning.

Jodie Deignan

SUSAN'S ECHOES

It was an ordinary day,
The sky, an innocent blue,
the sun unusually bright with color.
We were riding bikes.
It was her sixteenth birthday.
We talked-laughed-smiled,
so naive.

I turned to hear sudden screeches.
My ears rang with doom.
Her blood was splattered over the car.
The sunlight glistened through that blood.
The birds sang her last lullaby.
The wind whimpered showing what would be.
She lay,
hopeless and defenseless.
Her youth melted in the rough pavement.
I looked around
only to see black roses and gray clouds outlining her death.
I yearned,
yearned to reach her, kiss her, bring her back.
Reality was, I could do nothing.
I stared,
motionless and numb,
my eyes fixed on her,
so young-so alive with life,
gone while she trod in her own puddle of blood.

I saw
new angles of despair.
Her spirit died and mine with hers,
shattered.
Her mirrored eyes reflected no future for her or me.
Dust grew on her casket as it was lowered.
I stood motionless and numb.
I cried many tears.
She cried only once.
I now stand motionless and numb
as her echoes return.

Sherri Flanigan

The Horse and the Bird

One afternoon, a work horse was plodding around his area at the farm. Suddenly, a bird flew out of nowhere and bothered the horse while it was eating hay. The horse ignored the bird while the bird was trying to be friendly, so the bird flew away.

The next day, the horse was working in the fields. The bird returned, in an attempt to get the horse's attention. The bird chirped and encircled the horse's head. The horse finally said, "Please leave me alone! I am trying to do my work!" But the bird persisted. As the horse pulled the plow, it had its head to the earth. He didn't notice the gigantic tree in its path. The bird with its constant chirping, forced the horse to look up and the horse avoided hitting the tree with its head.

The moral of this story is: Sometimes people who appear to be annoying, may prove to be helpful in the end.

a fable by doug deicke

Class

According to some people, class has always been associated with wealth. Usually, the people who think this are people who lack it.

Class is not a dollar bill, it is a personal mannerism that comes from the head, not the wallet. Class is also found in the poor, as class is just another word for tact.

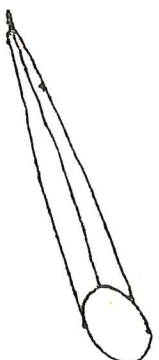
When I was growing up, I was taught that class meant setting the dinner table the correct way, breaking bread before eating it, spending money without flaunting it, and most important, treating all people the same way, no matter what color or what financial status.

It seems obvious that some parents never taught their children about class. Possibly, because they never taught it before, or learned it themselves. However, I think it's time they learned.

a fable by sue johnson

Frogs

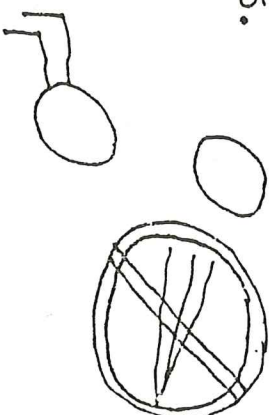
When frogs are very young they have long tails.



They would look a lot like fish.



As they matured, they would lose their tails.



Then they would grow long back legs.



Along with the back ones come short front ones.

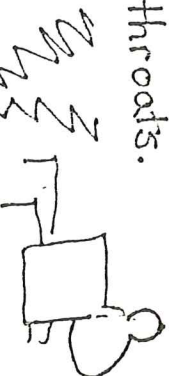


Their head and body would grow and become more shaped.

After fully matured, frogs can leap long distances.



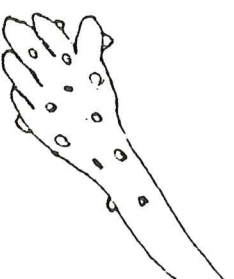
Also, they can puff out their throats.



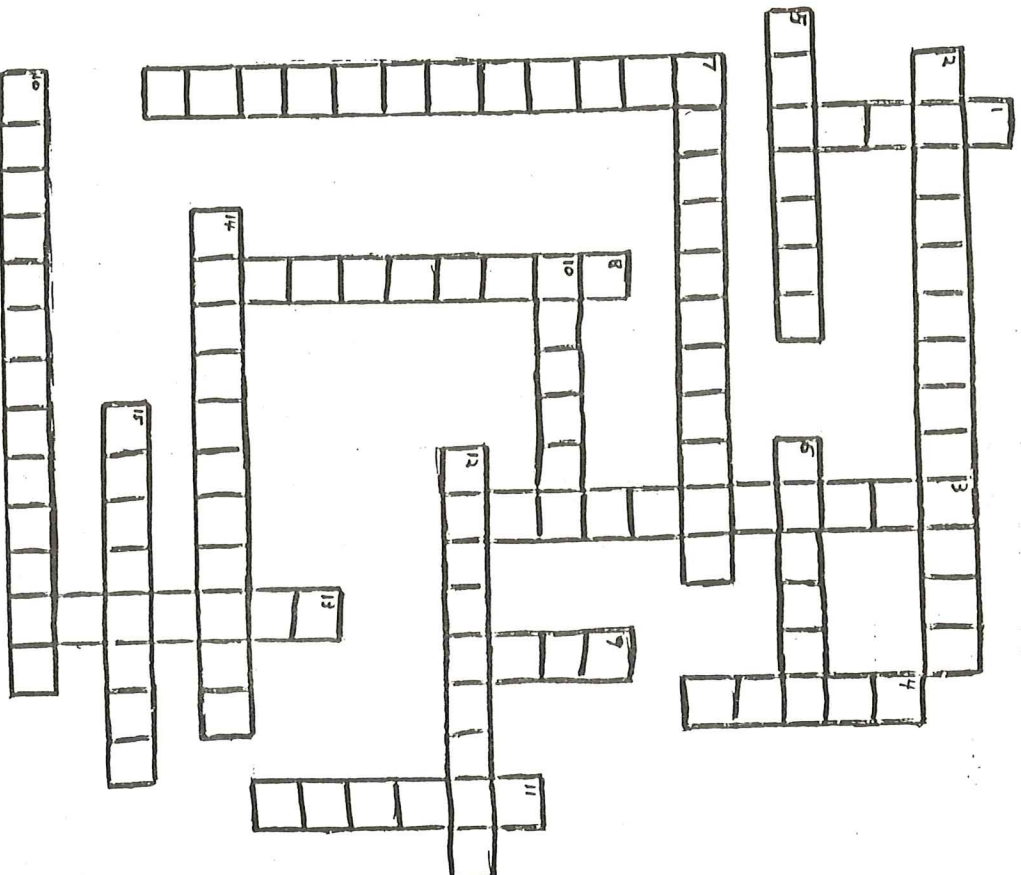
Frogs croak very loud.



Handling frogs can give some people warts.



Pete Bear's



Elizabethan Crossword Puzzle

across

2. Increased availability of books.
5. Wrote The Faerie Queene.
6. Set up England's first printing press.
7. Queen Mary tried to restore this.
10. Large English city where most of population moved.
12. Divorced his wife to marry Anne Boleyn.
14. Wrote Hamlet and Macbeth.
15. A love poet.
16. King Edward continued move toward this.

down

1. intercepted Spanish ships and stole gold.
3. Rebirth of scholarship based on Latin and Greek models.
4. A metaphysical poet.
7. England was declared this under jurisdiction of Parliament.
8. Established a strong central government.
9. Tried to restore Catholicism.
11. Wrote Paradise Lost.
13. Was executed in 1642.