

POETRY

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Mighty Fields

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Arstville nine that day
The score stood fifteen-fifteen with but one more inning to play.
There was a minor hope though when young Kevin took the bat,
a hard liner he did contribute, but on the bench he sat.

"No Fear" the faithful cried, as trader Phil approached the plate
A day of ones and twos for him, but no dingers on this date.
He took a might swing and lifted the ball high,
but when it landed in a glove, their hopes began to die.

With one out left to spend, steady Doug prepared to hit.
The jockeys rode him hard, but he showed his sharpened wit;
"Throw the ball with all your might" at the pitcher he jested.
But a fly out he made - now the defence would be tested.

"We'll see them in the tenth inning with Mighty Fields on our mound
with his knuckle and his sinker, they'll all drive it to the ground"
And so the Arrsies took the field awaiting the great czar,
for he always came to the mound, with an electric sports car.

Oh, if Fields could keep the science bats from ringing in the air
Then Rico and Bob would chance to hit Mr. Spalding long and fair.
Thus the task at hand was simple-three up and three down;
So the Artsies could have shoeless Gil and Lori bat around.

Mighty Fields was ready - a warm up he did not need;
"I'll catch them all swinging late when they realize my speed".
Fields threw a ball and strike to batter number one,
then got him on an infield fly, so he would'nt have to run.

"Just two more outs is all we need" cheered firstbaseman Ray,
"You let us hit again and we'll be champions this day".
Four balls to batter number two and a slugger of great might,
swung the outfield round to left as the ball sailed into right.

In came Perry charging, all the runners feared his arm.
The stop sign went up to third, so as not to sell the farm.
The second out came quickly, with the runner froze at third.
"Pitch the next one down and in" from Fields' catcher came the word.

There was an ease in Fields manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Fields bearing and a smile on Fields face.
And when responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
he stared cold at the hitter, who tightly gripped the bat.

The pitch was delivered deftly with barely any spin,
the batter watched it dance down and up, then out and in.
A feeble swing at the master pitch, and the ball began to chop.
It was well within the range of the lefthanded shortstop.

The beauty of this game however is "it ain't over til its over",
thus the ball struck the umpire and bounded into center.
There was no dispute - they were prepared for their fate,
The once proud Artsies lowered their heads as the runner crossed the plate.

Oh somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,
the band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere folks are laughing and somewhere children shout.
But there is no joy in Arstville - Mighty Fields passed out.

Phil Carleton,
adapted from E. L. Thayer's
"Casey at the Bat."



FRIENDS

He who has a thousand friends,

Has no friends to spare.

He who has one enemy,

Will meet him everywhere.

I want a chosen few,

Who've stood through good and evil too.

True friendships test

Who strove to find the good.

And then as only true friends could

Forgive the rest.

You will never have a friend if you must have

one without fault.

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I. C. U.



MR. JON

SIMON, YOU'RE SO CUTE!
TAKE YOUR GLASSES OFF!



SMA

TONIGHT I'M
ONCE I'M GON
JUMP ON TH

