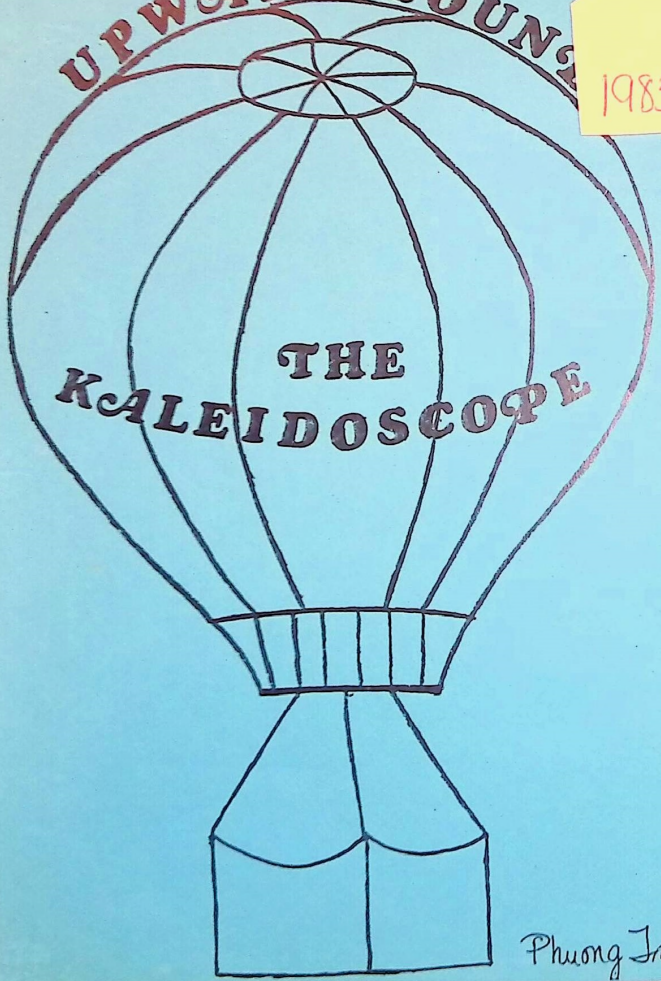


UPWARD BOUND

1983

THE
KALEIDOSCOPE



Phuong Tran.

KALEIDOSCOPE-(kə li' də skōp') n. (Gr. *kalos*, beautiful & *eidos*, form & -scope) 1. a small tube containing bits of colored glass reflected by mirrors to form symmetrical patterns as the tube is rotated. 2. anything that constantly changes - ka*lei'doscop'ic (-shap'ik) adj.



Upward Bound and Summer

It's summer-time right now;
time to have our fun.
We're all in Upward Bound
guided by the sun.
Meeting different people;
working different jobs.
Eating every meal.
Trying to make it to the top.

brenda kreidler

Myself as Them

Frogs are green,
bark is brown.

I'm the queen,
I need a crown.

To rude myself,
and all of them.

Admit to thyself,
I'm a gem.

-B. D. Kreidler

The white colored rock,
sitting on the ground,
looks so rough
with all its grooves
and indentations.
I bent to
touch it, and it
felt smooth.

Chris Rowlands

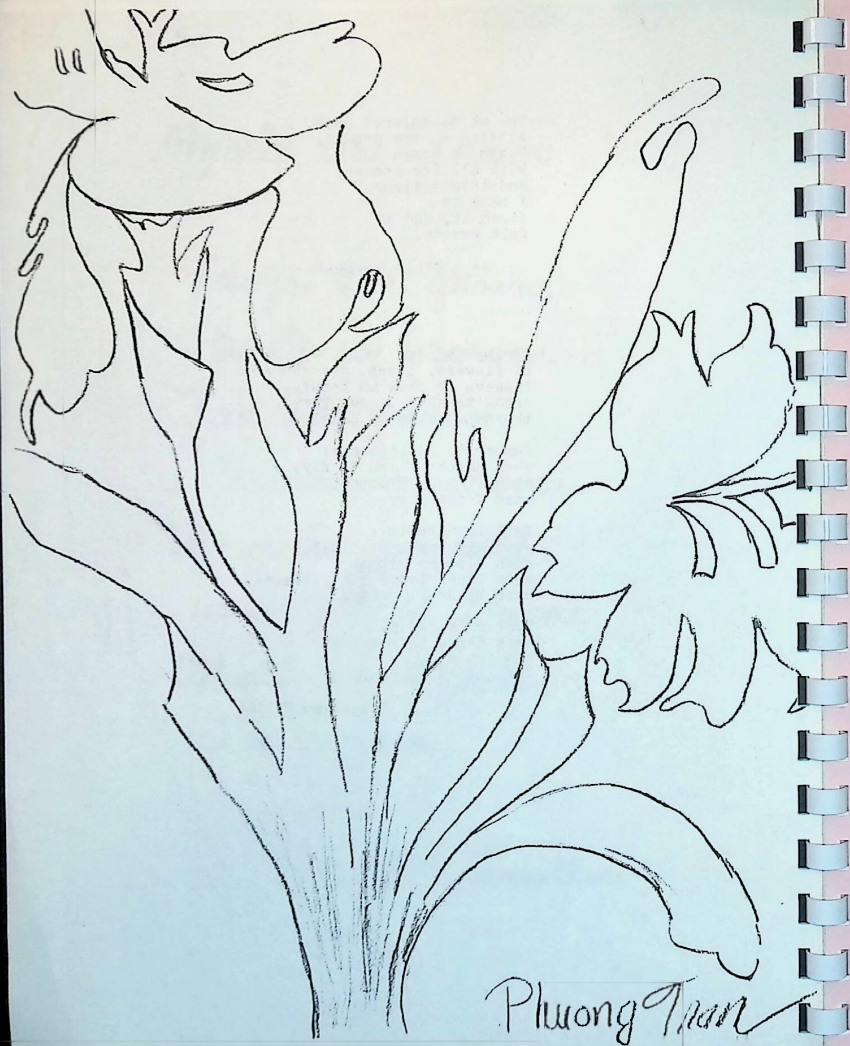
Spring is born
of flowers, trees, and thorns:
flowers to show us beauty,
trees to show us maturity,
thorns to show us danger.

Summer is adolescence:
when chicks learn to fly,
when flowers blossom,
when trees grow.

Fall is maturity:
when age takes its toll,
when flowers wither,
when trees loose their leaves,
when birds fly away.

Winter is death:
when there is nothing.
Flowers die,
and all is barren.

Leigh Ann Miller



SUNSET

As the sun drifts over the horizon,
the sky begins to overflow with color:
Orange, Pink, Red, and Yellow.
Slowly the colors float and run together--
... A sunset has been born

LINDA MOORE

FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLORS

Green, yellow, and orange:
Beautiful flowers
blowing in the wind.
The days pass on,
and day by day
they lose their color.
Then it fades away.
Fall has come.
The leaves have fallen off the trees;
There is a brisk wind, winter is near.
It gets colder and colder;
the snow finally falls.
Then spring comes once again;
The sun shines brightly,
and the flowers bloom
once again.

CHRIS ROWLANDS

My Best Friend

We go through good times
together
along with the bad.
You are the best friend
I've ever had.

Chasing guys,
double dating
every weekend,
rollerskating.

Friends forever,
We'll never part.
But if we do,
you'll always be
close to my heart

Lisa Cistola

The ocean -
waves cascading
seagulls flying
salt swirling in the breeze
the sunsets so big and red-
beautiful.

Pam Manganello

The White River
with its clear water
splashing against the rocks.
Moving at a rapid speed,
the water speaks in a rumble
telling me to be careful
when I am walking by its side.

Chris Rowlands

I Feel Happiness

As the sun hits the water
and I watch the birds,
I feel happiness.
As I listen to a brook
or feel a cool breeze,
I feel happiness.
As I lie in the coolness of the shade
and as I dream about today,
I feel happiness.

I feel happiness today
and I hope I feel it in each day to come.

Leigh Ann Miller

THE FORGOTTEN MEMORIES

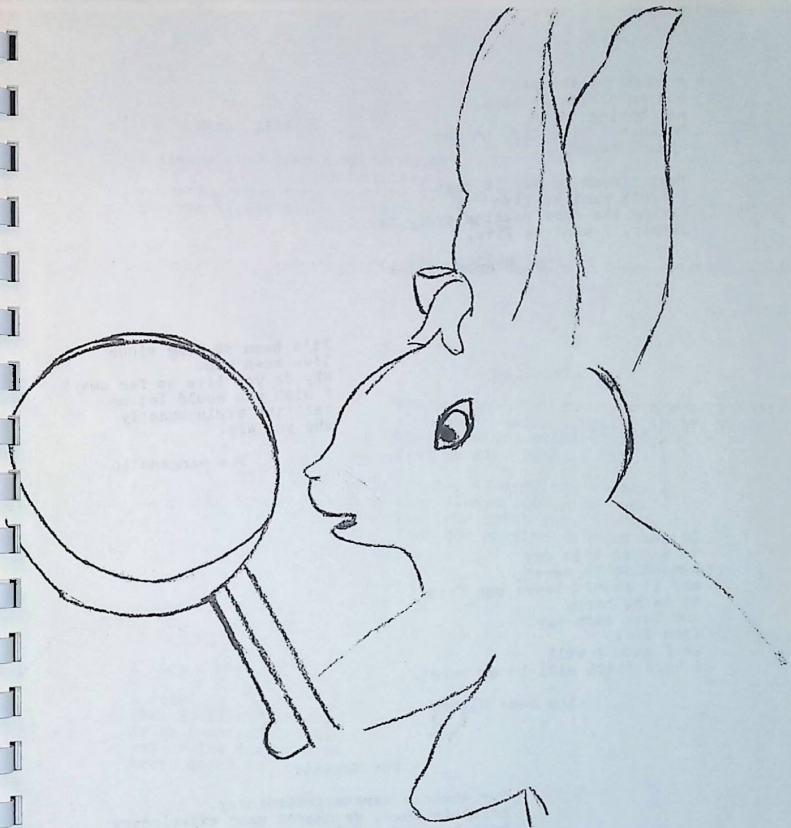
The forgotten memories
were stirred up from
long ago pictures.
They remind me of times past:
The happy and sad.
They bring back thoughts
that are stored in my mind.

CHRIS ROWLANDS

WE BECAME FRIENDS ALL OF A SUDDEN

We became friends all of a sudden.
Being friends, we laughed, argued, and cried.
Developing such a friendship,
we thought would never die.
When we went our separate ways,
we swore to be there always.
Eventually, we became distant.
Years later we met again,
and by this time we had
become foes.

HEDY EVELAND



Phuong Tran

To be
Spiritually
Minded
Is life and
Peace

George Chester

ROMANS
8:6

Our Human Race

Our human race is a sport,
in the way they act toward each other:
sometimes kind but yet so cruel,
hurting people in many ways.
We see it happen all the time,
in this world it is called a crime.

Brenda Kreidler

Vices

I don't understand.
Follow the crowd;
act real cool.
Tell me they're old habits,
but they're killing you.
I've seen it before and
each time it hurts to see you
killing yourself.

Why do you do it?
I can't understand;
they grab hold and don't let go.
Only you put them on and
only you can take them off;
vices.

Bill Holmes

The Tears Won't Fall

Feel like crying,
but the tears won't fall.
Waiting to feel the wetness on my cheeks,
but the tears won't fall.
There's sadness at heart,
but the tears won't fall.
What can happen, the tears keep inside,
but the tears won't fall.

Chris Rowlands

So cold.
Wind blowing; storm coming.
Icy, frigid loneliness,
but I am not alone.

I touch but feel coolness;
look but meet icy stares.
How could you be so cold,
so uncaring of my feelings?
I gave you warmth,
but you gave me ice.
How could you be so cold?

Bill Holmes

Rhapsody of the Senses

Sight is to see the beauty of the world:
the light of the sun, the beauty of a waterfall.
Touch is to feel all the fantastic things that God has endowed us with:
the softness of a baby's skin, the luxury of lying in the cool grass.
Hearing is to hear the tremendous glory of life:
a bee buzzing, a waterfall's thunder.
Smell is to perceive the bounty of the fields:
the smell of home-baked bread, the smell of chocolate-chip cookies.
Taste is to enjoy the edible food of our earth:
the taste of sweet creamy butter, the richness of gravy.

Leigh Anne Miller

You are bright like the
luminous stars in the sky.
So why do drugs just to fly high?
You beseech them; you say you need them.
"But why"? I ask and your parents plead.
The consequences show that you're falling apart.
These barbaric ways cannot be from your heart.
You use to be nimble but now you neglect.
The way that I see it, your life is a wreck.
With drugs you reach Zenith, but then you come down.
But look, your friends left you,
there is no one around.
So take drugs and fly high, but remember the past.
Look at the friends who thought you would last.

Tina Shedlock

LITTLE LOST GIRL

There was a little girl named Julie. She was such a sweet, young girl. She was always happy and smiling. She had short brown hair and the cutest little green eyes. Her family (Julie, her brother, her mom and dad) was new in town. This town was just like it used to be in the OL' West. They had one town doctor, a small general store, which was also the post office, and a one-room schoolhouse. The town was so small, it made it very difficult for Julie because everyone was so close. The houses were far apart, which made it difficult for Julie to be in contact with other children. The other parents didn't want their children talking or playing with her because she was a stranger. Poor Julie was so alone until she noticed another girl sitting by herself. Julie went over to talk to her. Her name was Jane. She was small and petite with blond hair and blue eyes. Julie learned that she was also new in town. They became very close friends. After awhile their families were accepted and Julie and Jane made a lot of new friends, but no one as special as they were to each other. They stayed friends for the rest of their lives.

Frances Zimmerman

THE ROSE

The redness
of the rose
in its beauty
shining in the sunlight.
The petals slowly open
then its true beauty is revealed.
The sun sets,
and the rose
... sleeps

C.R.

cheryl lewis

SOMETIMES...WHEN

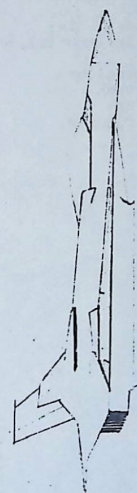
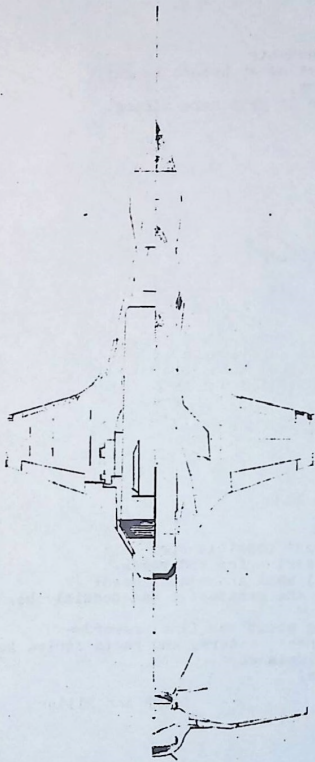
Sometimes it's hard
to keep love in your heart,
when things don't work out
and you're falling apart.
Sometimes it's hard
to take life day-by-day
when you know what you feel
but not what you say.
Sometimes it's hard
to be just good friends
when love is still there
and a relationship ends.
Sometimes it's hard
to admit you were wrong
when someone you love has been hurting too long.

LEIGH ANN MILLER

OCEANS OF LOVE

I remember how it felt that bright
and sunny day
as the seagulls played so bright and
gay.
How the shells on the beach clinked
right in tune.
From the bright of the morning until
the dim of the moon
How love felt as we strolled the beaches
together.
My had was as light as a feather.
Is this a new friendship or a love that
has just begun.
So here I am looking back on the memories
of that day.
On this world from islands to coves
not once did he say lets go back to our
ocean of love

LEIGH ANN MILLER



11-11-11

Time

Time is a figment of everyone's thoughts.
It is one of only a few things that money hasn't bought.
Though time has been around so long,
it is one thing that as it goes on it gets more strong.

It will never die;
it lives in immortality's eye.

Time is precious:
Timeless then
Timeless now
Timeless forever.

Leigh Ann Miller

Fame

Let me live
in the highest possible spot
that I can strive for and reach.
It is what I want and what I need.
it is to be the greatest I can possibly be.

I am talking about the final reward—
What all dancer, actors, and poets strive for;
it is one simple word
Fame!

Leigh Ann Miller



If ...

If I could find a rainbow,
I'd follow it with you.
And when we find our pot of gold,
I'd give it all to you.

If our rainbow lasts forever,
inseparable we'll always be.
If it ends tomorrow,
I'll remember the yesterdays of
you and me.

Hedy EVELAND

Family Tree '83

" It's time to say goodbye; we leave each other in sorrow, " for the summer of '83 has passed by.

But before we say goodbye, we'd like to reminisce about the people who made the summer an unbelievable experience...

Our counselors have really helped us this summer, I mean what would we do without Grampa Walton (Raul) and his stories about when he was a kid. Speaking of children, wouldn't you say that Guy needs a crash course in sock matching? By the way, is there really a book to teach Altaf how to play baseball? Maybe he should sign up for Linda's Aerobics and show her a few steps. After aerobic's you get awfully thirsty, so drink plenty of water or is it "warter", Cathy?

We all know how much Stella loves waterbugs but making the roaches talk is a little bit too far.

Talking about going too far, where's Nancy and her never stopping mouth? Is it true that George was taken in front of our Solid Proof Honor Code System, for biting Brian? On the line of biting, there's Vanessa who never eats anything, and Colleen S. who is always peeling and eating those bananas.

Let's take a walk into the laundry room. How can you not notice Rick folding his pink undies. Then again take a look at Phill smelling his socks, before he puts them in the wash.

We all like to take walks, Mike, but walking into trees is a little ridiculous. While Chris is chasing pig, Rachel is singing RAT-CHOW-CHOW-CHOW with Tina E and Carla ... Speaking of joining in, what do you think of those late-comers from Nanticoke-Cheryl, Hedy, and Robin.

Tina H., Hedy, and Colleen M. get along fine as long as they're talking about rainbows.

Talking about friendliness, how about Little Miss Hong Kong Phooey (Phoung).

We can't forget quiet people such as Pam, Marilyn, and Jenny, but they're different on the dance floor, watchout! Let's boogie on upstairs to Sandy's room where the bed still needs fixing after six weeks.

For Edna, fixing hair is beginning to be a problem, since there are so many heads to deal with. Talking about heads that need fixing, let's fix President Bill's eyebrows. While on the topic of cosmotology, Fran gets the bravery award. Yes, it is true that she let Edna experiment with her hair. Is that why she wears that toga outfit?

It is time to get down to the classes. Joan, grow-up! The first lady, Leigh thinks that complementing Mr. Booth is going too far.

Then there is our unique part of our PUBER family: Linda, Joanne, Dave, Sabrina, Diane, Vi, Mike, Lisa, and Cathy. Since they are all so spectacular, we couldn't begin to list all their many contributions.

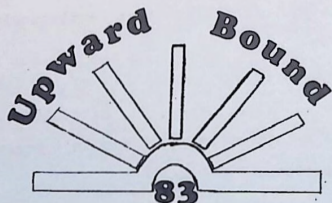
And to our fellow Bridgers, we'd like to wish them luck for the future as well as thank them for all the good times they have shared with us.

During the summer, we have united to form the Upward Bound family under the roof of Miner Hall. While living together, we have walked, talked, laughed, cried, ate, and grown together as brothers and sisters do. When we part, we will retain the wonderful memories and kindness that the staff has shown us.

The students would like to extend their gratitude to the residential staff and counselors: Paul, Linda, Guy, Cathy, Altaff, Becky, and Stella. Also a special thanks to Anne, Tom, Linda, Rose, Karen, Clyde, Tawny, and all the academic teachers for their support.

Sincerely,

Leigh Anne, Hedy, Chris, and Bill



Colleen Slusser

Born
to be
wild....

Steppenwolf

mike martinez

IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT

In the dark of the night
the flame was burning.
In the beautiful wild
the animals are screeching.
They try to escape,
but it is too fast for them.
They lose their lives
because of humans' mistakes;
A broken bottle
The butt of a cigarette
The strike of a match.

CHRIS ROWLANDS

POLLUTION

The creek used to be a peaceful place.
Look at it now, "look close."
Smell the air; it's not fresh.
Pollution surrounds it now.
I use to come here to think,
but here I can no longer think.
Time passes; the pollution keeps building.
Year after year-
no peace...
no thinking...
now confusion...

CHRIS ROWLANDS

Fear is the mind killer.
Fear is the death that brings
total obliteration. I will
face my fear I will permit
it to pass over me and through
And when it has gone past me
I will turn to see fear's path.
Where the fear has gone there
will be nothing. Only I will
remain

Done Frank Deebert

Marilynn Baloga

It was a dark, misty, frightening evening. I was walking through the usual short cut—the gloomy cemetery. Usually I wasn't afraid, but tonight I had to stay after school for detention, and it was dusk when I started for home. By the time I reached the graveyard, it was pitch dark—so dark that I almost lost the path. Suddenly, a coyote howled and a grotesque figure emerged from behind a tombstone. I ran as fast as I could, screaming in horror. Finally I reached my home, but there were no lights on and the door was locked.

While I was pounding on the door and screaming for Mom and Dad, a cold chill ran down my spine and I awoke from a bad dream.

Colleen Mulcahy



Daddy's Girl

Be home early;
don't come in late.
You're only a sophomore;
let's not debate.
You're not like your friends.
They may stay out late,
but you're coming in.
I'm doing it for your sake;
I hope you're not mad.
I just wish you would remember
it's hard to be a dad.

Leigh Ann Miller

My securities

When I was a baby, I slept with a pink blanket and a teddy bear.
When I was a little girl in elementary school, I slept with a Raggedy Ann Doll.
Then I went to Junior High, and was forced to give up my childhood securities. I found some extra hobbies and new friends. I entered high-school looking for new securities, never realizing that I have had the same ones through all those years. My family is my remaining security and I will need them always and they will need me.

Hedy Eveland

A June Letter to My Students

It takes a whole year,
this feeling—
fatigue, relief,
frenzy
hope
even a little
anxiety

I look at you
hunt for the sparkle in your eye
(your soul-mirror)
frantically
I search for it—
the light of
"this made a difference"

A struggle,
this 180-day way
down
tangled webs of
vocabulary literature grammar themes.
Often you fought me to the wall
Often you were roses,
nodding in the sunlight
of your own well-being.

For 2nd period: whirling in on a wave
of what are we gonado??
You—the only ones—
the only ones
to say "Good Morning!"
to me, even when I was
moody, thunder-clouded
sad.
You fought off learning grammar
(still don't know lie and lay),
but you said good morning
and made vo-tech
a very human & beautiful word
(thanks, Ross, for the gum.)

For 3rd period:

Ever see a movie
where the framing device
on the projector was just
slightly off?
The film goes forward, but not exactly true.
Was it like that between us?
What you needed was not what you wanted?
But I hold hope.
Look back, some of it was valuable
Perhaps
a slow-blooming wisdom;
having more questions than answers
is a gift.

For 5th period: You worked hard;
I am proud of you,
of your progress!
It will come, slowly.
No matter.
Each of you is special.
Don't be afraid,
you'll be OK—just fine, in fact.

For 6th period: No!
No study hall!
Bernadette's right: I get too jumped up.
But don't you see
how close to the surface my feelings are?
Don't forget
I care—for all of you
Don't mainline formaldehyde
Live in astonishment
and joy.

For 7th period: My lav pass is worn out.
Our time and place were,
like 3rd period's
sometimes out
of
har
mo
ry
Was I hard to understand?
I am strange when it comes to
the valuable and necessary
I'd like another year for another try.

For all of you:
Choose life
Abandon boredom—it's too short a time just to sit and stare!
Go for it—no matter what "they" think, go for that dream
Give . . . folks are atarving
not for food, but for a little caring
it never is wasted
Trust life
Stay out of the papers
"Keep passing the open windows."¹ □ Thanks, Garrett, for reminding.

Me

Agnes Cardoni

¹John Irving, The Hotel New Hampshire (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1981),
p. 401.

There are no things that the sea is like.
The sand has a special feeling when it is touched.
It has a unique sense of warmth to me,
to feel it ooze along my fingers.
The wave's everpowerful body
drawing into the tide.
Along this atmosphere that is endlessly wide,
I think I would like to live with the sea.

Rachel Abrams

My Friend

My friend is very special to me. She is so close to me,
and yet she is far away. Close in the way we can talk
and far off in the shyness she possesses. I feel
closer to her than anyone else, yet sometimes I wonder.
I wonder why God has chosen her to leave us. Why she was
bedeviled and will soon die. At times I feel angry
because it is not fair and sometimes I feel happy
because she will not suffer anymore. I know then that
she will be happy.

Leigh Anne Miller

NEWS FLASH

In a heroic effort today, a Washington D.C. native tried
to save a woman from drowning in a 100 gallon bowl of Chocolate
pudding.

The pudding, which was an entry in the twenty-ninth
annual showing of gourmet foods, was destined for first place
before this tragic event occurred.

Dead is twenty-eight year old Sally Spatula, an L.A.
native who won many awards for her fine desserts.

"She was just making sure it was set," says closest
companion Betty Beaters.

The man who tried to save her, Sam Spangler, is up for
the Senate re-election next year. He is being honored for
his bravery in attempting to save Miss Spatula.

Funeral services will be held at St. Pierre's Cathedral,
in Maryland. Followed by burial at Angelfood Cemetery, which
is located on Pastry Ave., in Washington D.C.

Rick Bullaro

Live Long

and

Prosper

Mr. Spock

MIKE MROS

City Lights

Looking at the city lights falling
onto the water from a distance,
it is beautiful.
But as I move closer to the city,
it is no longer beautiful.
Anything can be beautiful from a distance,
because I can't make out every detail.
But as I move closer and see
the garbage floating on the water,
the liter along the sidewalks,
it is definitely not beautiful.

Chris Rowlands

The Windstorm

You could tell from the wind,
there was a storm in the air.
Feel the breeze.
It's light and it feels as if
it goes right through you.
You cannot see it,
but you know it is there.
You may see signs:
Blowing leaves on the ground
The trees bending over.
It whistles all night.
Listen when you awake,
everything is once again silent.
The storm has come and gone in
the night.

Chris Rowlands

Life is short;
shorter than we expected it to be.
We took things for granted,
thinking of only ourselves.
Always trying to get ahead of each other.
We felt superior over one another,
always battling and competing.
Never taking the time to become real friends,
But then you needed a friend,
and I still thought of myself.
Now you're gone and I wish,
I could have been a better friend.

HEDY EVELAND

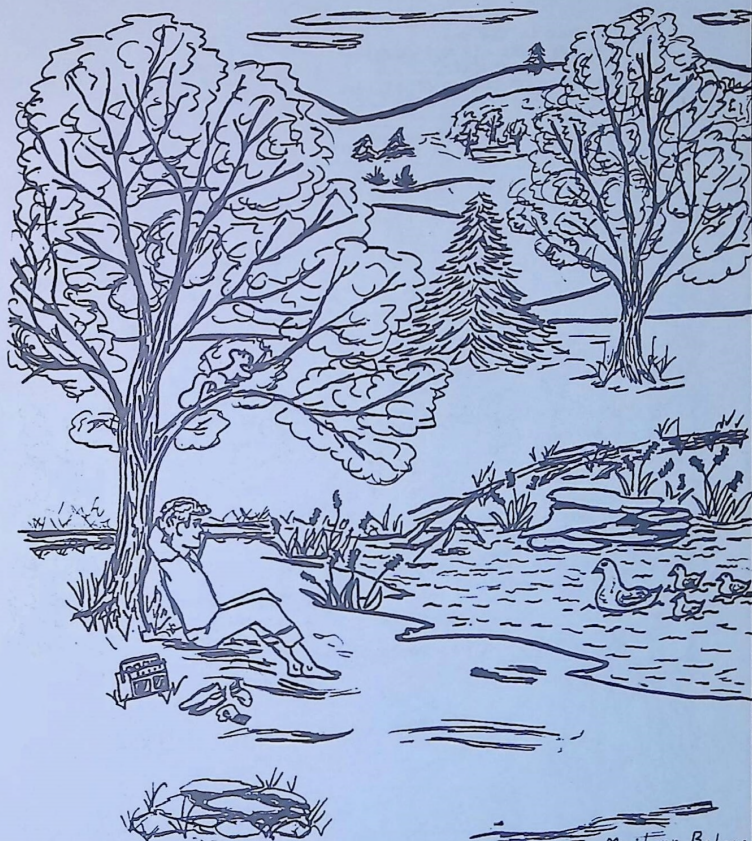
Time

I wish we had more time,
time to realize who we are and who we could
of been.

Unfortunately, at this time
I have nothing but a small memory
of your smile always glowing,
and your voice so shy but clear.
Though this is your last year--
I feel you'll always be near to me
no matter how far your journey through
life takes you.

Our time has been forbidden,
and so I wish we had more time.

HEDY EVELAND



Marilyn Baloga

Oh that is the day,
The day that all will await-
to be free of this,
to lose our chains of silver.
The day the braces come off.

Bill Holmes

Heat

I see myself here every day
walking along the street.
With nobody to hear me say,
"I hate the heat!"

Anonymous

We walk;
we see them gawk.
Why must they talk
as we all walk the block,
those big, tall, stupid jocks?
Why must we gawk?

Linda Moore
and
Chris Rowlands



Revelations:

White faced and muscles
of string,
see the body reflected
and journey to learn from
where it came.

Finding blind corners
and empty space;
a mind confused.

A shining portal opens,
the body flies like
silver bolts of light
and splits
into three.

Slowly enters a glow
and a being beckons ...
then is gone.

The search begins
and ends--
behind the self-
reflection.

An obsession
trapped within
its own soul.

And existence goes into
blackout.

Tawny Rushoe

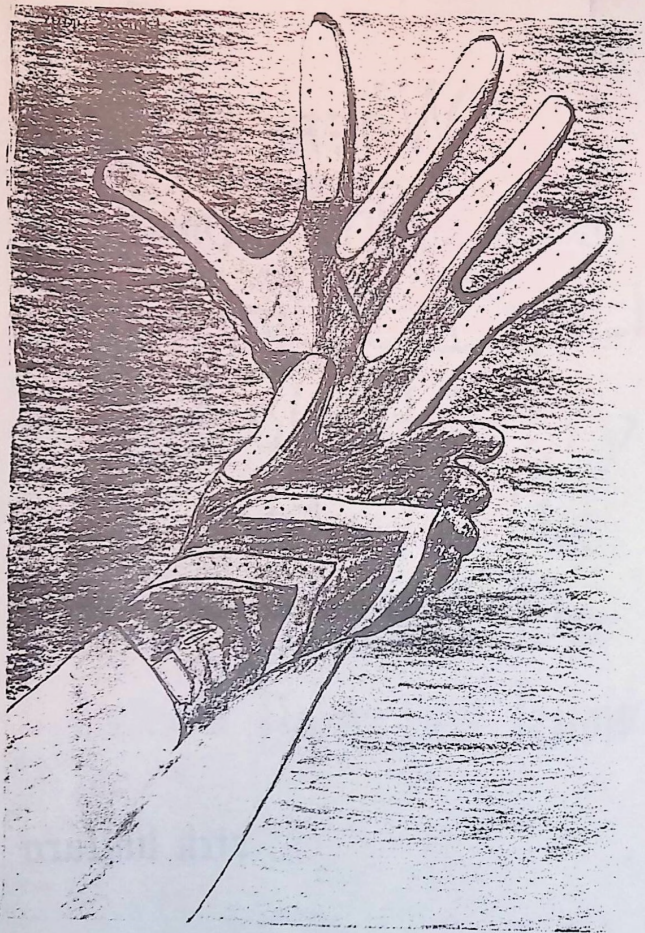
OTHERS MAY
BOAST A
SINGLE MAN
TO KILL;
BUT I, THE
BLOOD OF

THOUSANDS,
DAILY SPILL.

LET PETTY
KINGS THE
NAMES OF
PARTIES KNOW

WHERE E'ER
I COME,
I SLAY BOTH
FRIEND AND
FOE.

rick bullaro



Night falls.
Shadows are formed.
Swaying branches.
Small animals scamper.
A startling crash is heard.
Lightning flashes. L.M.



THE DEFEAT OF THE SPEGOS

His name was Kevin and his ancestral line could be traced back to the great dukes and duchesses, who once ruled over the great Marnot Kingdom in Ireland before they were over-thrown by the Spegos.

Marnots are mild-mannored, blue-eyed creatures with dark brown fur. They are adventuresome and curious but also level-headed and logical.

Spegos are grey in color with amazingly beautiful red eyes. They are bigger than the Marnots in size and have imprisoned Marnots to work as slaves. Spegos are good fighters but they are lazy and irrational.

Kevin grew up with stories of the battles that had been fought in the war between the Spegos and Marnots. Little children who didn't listen were told that the Spegos were going to get them.

It was a sad life because singing and dancing were not allowed. Anyone heard singing was immediately locked up. How can you dance without music?

Kevin very much wanted to see the Marnots back in power again because his people used to be treated with kindness instead of cruelty.

Kevin was very wise but not many people thought of him as such. He began to get really friendly with many of the aristocracy. He felt if he could gain their trust he could discover a weakness.

Then one day while he was hurrying home from the store with some groceries for his mom, he saw a young Spego fall into the pond in the park. Without even thinking twice he dove in to save him. When Kevin got him to shore he found out that he had pulled out the only son of a very high aristocrat.

Because of his bravery, Kevin was honored at a banquet. He was then made the chief butler with free access to the rooms.

One day as he was in one of the rooms, he came across a diary. He skimmed through it and came across a passage which said:
... and not one Marnot is allowed to sing because the Spegos are somehow allergic to the noise it makes. They say it would drive them quite mad...

That was it! The way in which the Spegos could be defeated. If Kevin could somehow unite all of the Marnots and have the same song be sung at the same time, the Spegos would be forced to go back home.

He asked all of his friends & family to tell all of their families and friends to sing "Danny Boy" in three days after the twelfth gong of the town clock at noon.

Three days later Kevin say by the town clock... gong, ten... gong, eleven... gong, twelve... Silence, and then... "Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling." A Spego, and then a hundred Spegos raced to get away from the "noise"

In the weeks that followed, Kevin was made ruler of the Marnots and the Spegos established their own government on a newly discovered island, and they never bothered with the Marnots, who lived happily ever after!

COLLEEN MULCAHY

True Love

True love is a very special feeling
that only a few people have ever found.
It is something people fantasize about.
It is difficult to know when you've found it,
and sometimes it passes you by,
and then you've lost it.

Sometimes it's hard
when three words mean so much.
When you say, "I love you."
it's my heart that you touch.

Leigh Ann Miller

You gave me love,
I was unmoved.
You gave me warmth,
I had a heart of ice.
You gave me all,
I gave you nothing.
Now I am lonely
and I see your love was real.
I look to find you again,
you have gone.
I did not return your love,
and now your love is gone.

Bill Holmes

Love is lost.
I change my words.
I talk in different tongues.
Pray to God for guidance
and seek the wisest man.
But all is in vain.
One must live again
even if love is lost.
It will be regained,
but the pain is endless.
I can't help but to cry,
it hurts as if I were struck down.

Bill Holmes

A Will to my Upward Bound Family

To my family past:
Thank you for the memories,
the laughter, the tears, the devilish deeds.
My brothers and sisters who loved me so,
your presence will always be in my heart.
To those who left to seek a fortune,
to those who left to find their star,
to those who gave me that golden key,
find your unicorn.

To my family now:
Thank you for your love and care,
for putting up with unexplained tears.
My brothers and sisters who remember the past,
hold tight to our last embrace.
Together we leave to seek a fortune,
together we leave to find our star,
together we grasp that golden key,
run - - - to find our unicorn.

To my family to come:
Be thankful for your memories,
the laughter, the tears, the devilish deeds.
Your brothers and sisters, they love you so;
hold on to their last embrace.
Seek your fortune,
find your star,
here's my golden key,
find that unicorn!

All my Love and Best Wishes,
Marlene Cease

AUTOGRAPHS

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Upward Bound '83

Literary / Arts Magazine

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