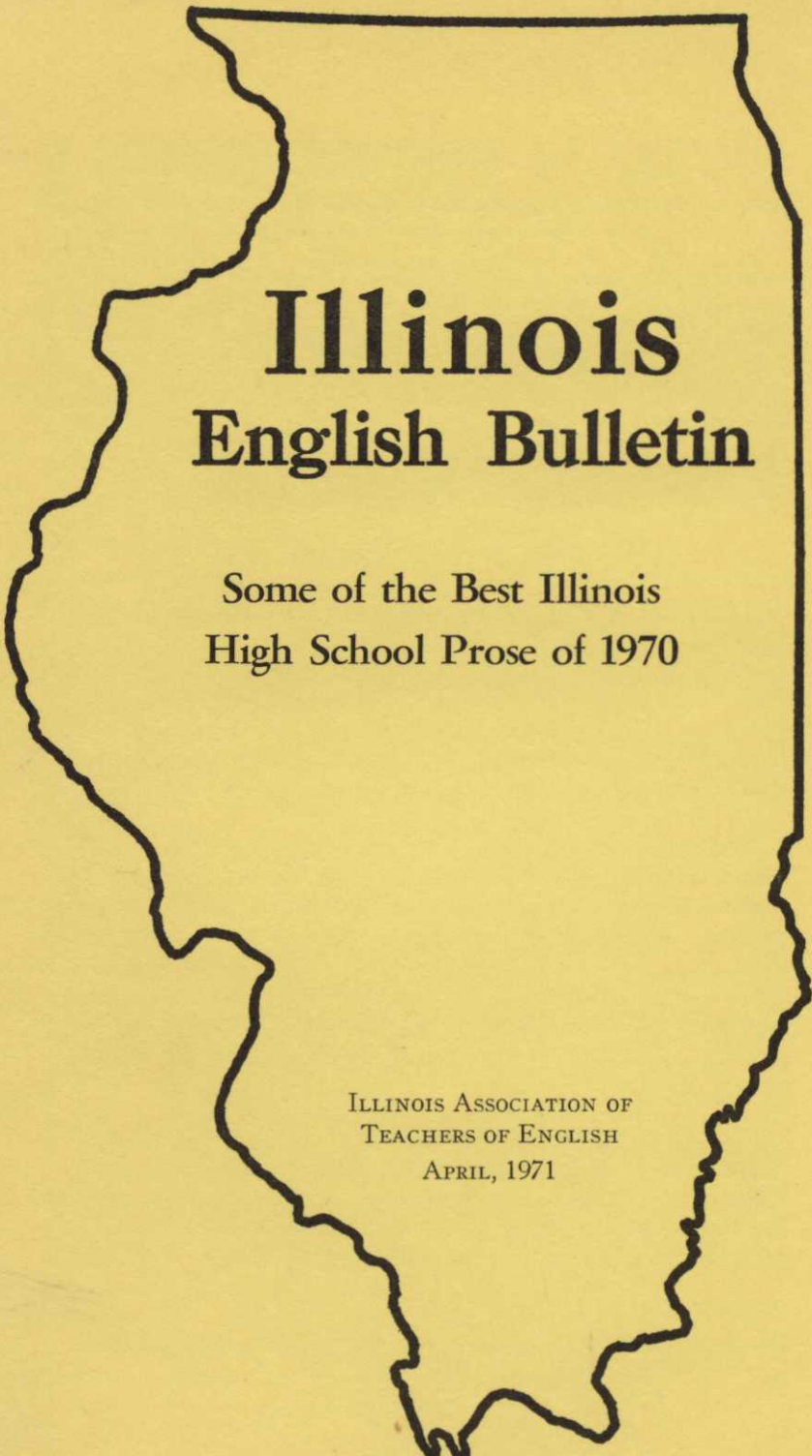
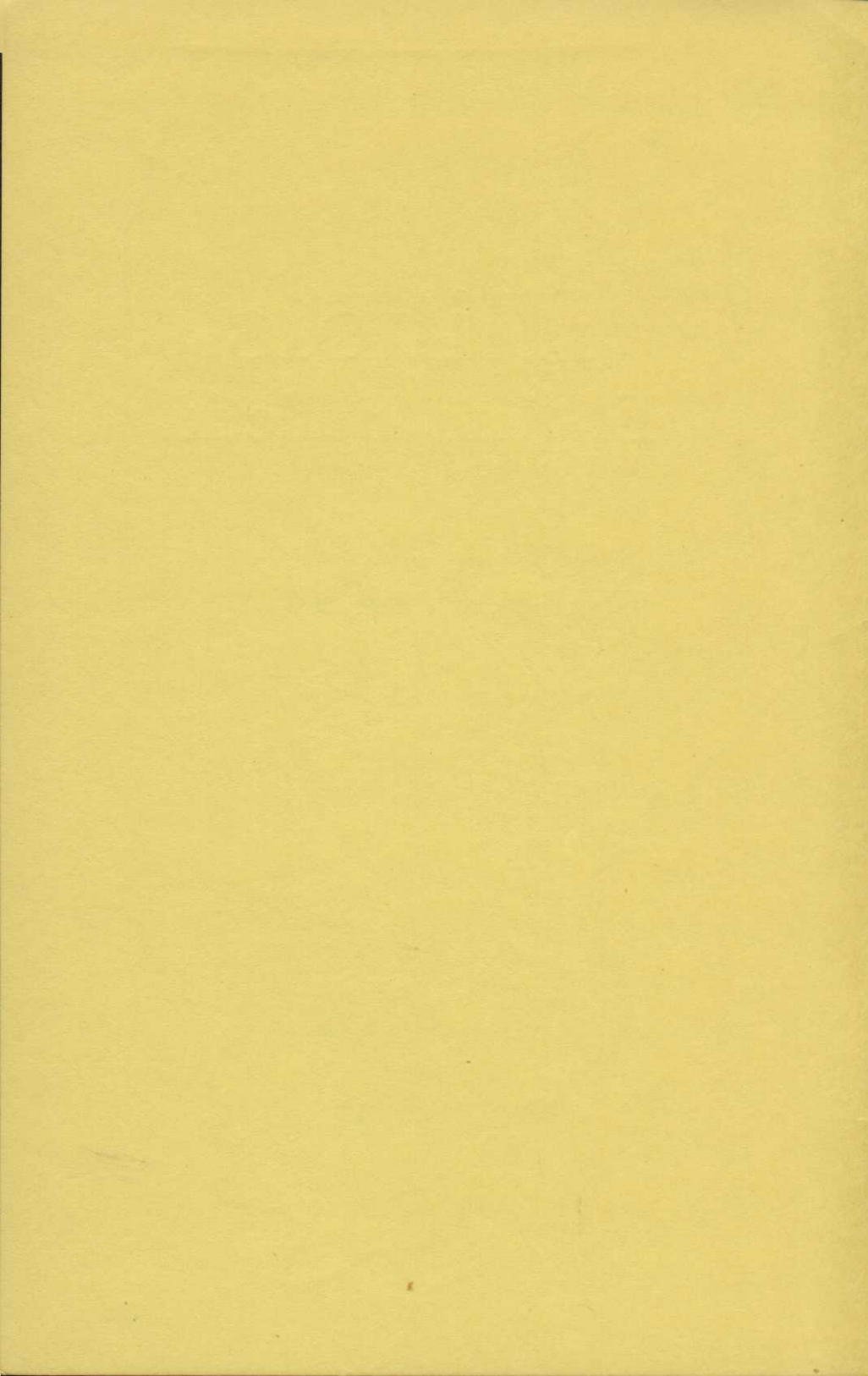


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Illinois English Bulletin

Some of the Best Illinois
High School Prose of 1970

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF
TEACHERS OF ENGLISH
APRIL, 1971



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Some of the Best Illinois High School Prose of 1970

Prose selected by the Department of English, Eastern Illinois University, Charleston, Robert F. White, Head. Selection Committee: Frances Palmer, Chairman; Peggy Brayfield; Evelyn Haight; Allen Neff; Clarence Wible.

The Illinois Association of Teachers of English is proud to recognize the nine writers whose work is published in the *Bulletin* and the forty whose names appear on the Honorable Mention list.

All of the 177 entries were read by at least two members of the Committee, and for final decision, three readings were undertaken. Dr. White reports that the judges were generally impressed by the quality of the papers submitted and found the judging a satisfying experience.

The editors of the *Bulletin* wish to thank the judges for the many hours spent in selecting the prose for this issue and for their discriminating judgment.

SELF-EXPRESSION

"She is to herself," most adults would say. And they would be right. Well, as right as their adult views would permit them. She has been described more deeply by others who have not yet molded their minds. None the less, there exists not a single being she has confided in.

"I am alone with the beating of my heart. . . ." — *LUI CHI*.
Standing in a crowded bus, she is as alone as standing in the

morose deserts of our world or of our minds. The joys, the sorrows, the hates, the dreams, all smolder within herself. They are ruining her. They are eating her alive.

" . . . Deep inside, in that silent place where a child's fears crouch. . . ." — *LILLIAN SMITH*.

Her fears are also ruining her. They search deeper and deeper until they can root themselves where no one may ever reach them.

But she knows of them, and she knows of her dreams, hates, joys and sorrows. Just like a person who has been bitten by a deadly snake, she is becoming acquainted with her wounds as she dies. Only this knowledge gives her so much more of a chance to live. So she is aware of her state.

" . . . The mind is restless, turbulent, strong and unyielding . . . as difficult to subdue as the wind." — *BHAGAVAD-GITA*.

It is so hard for her to reach into her mind. But slowly, impressions will reveal themselves, perhaps in time, perhaps without pressure. Knowing that something is wrong is not the same as wanting to change it. It is only a start.

She sits in front of her bedroom window. Her parents are downstairs deciding what they should do about her grades. She really isn't afraid of punishment. Right now she couldn't care less. She just sits and stares while her thoughts try to escape.

"Before me peaceful,

Behind me peaceful,

Under me peaceful,

Over me peaceful,

All around me peaceful . . . " — *NAVAJO INDIANS*.

The quietness arouses her thoughts. She walks to her desk, antiqued in the perfect setting green, in her perfect setting room, by her perfect setting mother. Pulling open a drawer, she draws out paper and pencil. In the same steady pace she reaches the window seat again. Paper to glass, pencil horizontal . . . she writes.

After embracing the moment, she sits peacefully relaxed, surrounded by the beauty of her words. She has finally made a breakthrough. Smiling, she takes out another piece of paper. What should she write? How can she let go of another part of herself? Only a tiny piece has brought itself out, and she knows she cannot force anything else. She will wait.

A part of a song she'd heard kept rolling through her mind.

"Hello hooray, let the show begin, I'm ready.

Hello hooray, let the lights grow dim, I've been ready.

Ready as the rain to fall, just to fall again.
Ready as a man to be born, only to be born again
and again and again and again and again and again."

— *ROLF KEMPF*.

"Music and rhythm find their way into the secret places of the soul." — *PLATO*.

When she was sad, she would strum on her guitar. Changing chords, her humming swayed to sounds of La's and Loo's. Knowing what was happening, not being able to stop it, not wanting to, not caring, she sang. Words crawled from her soul and words crept from her mind. Freely, freely her closed-in voice, her closed-in mind reached out, purely, clearly, lovely. Then gradually, her confused eyes saw the strangeness in her hands, her body and like a marionette the string of reality pulled her head to awareness. Her words dropped to slow mumbling. One can almost sing himself to sleep that way.

"Sing, sweetness sing to the last palpitation of the evening and the breeze." — *ST. JOHN PERSE*.

She knew she shouldn't stop now, so steadily, slowly, she sang in abstract words, leaving guitar behind. The tuneless words were just barely, barely pushing past her lips. And then came sleep.

"The hills and the sea and the earth dance. The world of man dances in laughter and tears." — *KABIR*.

Now, people are not as distant from her. She still is afraid of other people . . . but now she is ready to face them rather than run away.

"The universe resounds with the joyful cry I am." — *SCRIABIN*.

Early evening, before sunset, she reaches the hill. Collapsing, relaxed, relieved, her body sleeps while memory takes in the scenery of her thoughts. Wakening to darkness, counting out the stars, she turns to a white, stoney path. The moon hands her enough light to see the way.

"A world to be born under your footsteps . . ." — *ST. JOHN PERSE*.

SHARON LAMB, *tenth, Evanston Township High School*
Owen Hein, *teacher*

REALITY

The alarm clock exploded into life as it did every morning at precisely 7:00. Jamie reached toward the desk by his bed and

turned it off. He hated getting up so early, especially since school did not start until 8:30. It seemed as though the best parts of his most fantastic dreams always occurred at 7:00 a.m. when they were so violently interrupted that he could not remember them again if he tried. But there was no time to recall the more pleasant part of his life. He had to get ready for school. Jamie hated school. When asked, he professed liking school because people did not really want to know and that was the answer they wanted to hear. He dragged himself out of bed. He could never sleep late. Even on Sunday he had to get up early to go to church. At church there were masses of people greeting one another like old pals. Jamie avoided them. They were the same people that had laughed at him when he tried to go out the wrong door at the supermarket. He recognized a man with a huge grin plastered on his face as the man on the next block who had given him a hateful stare during the week when Jamie was playing with the man's dog. He could not understand these people. Jamie did not like church. He thought there was no God but did not tell his parents because they would get mad at him.

After breakfast Jamie walked to where he caught the school bus. He always arrived first and had to wait. It was cold this morning so Jamie wrapped his coat closer around him, but just grew colder. He shivered. He was still cold after boarding the bus, and did not warm up until getting to school. Jamie stood alone waiting for school to start. He had very few friends because most other students thought he was weird.

In English class everyone wrote a theme about his Christmas vacation. Jamie wrote about all the fun he had opening gifts, seeing his grandparents, and building a snowman. But he lied. He had not received what he wanted for Christmas but had pretended to like his gifts. He did not like his grandparents because they were probably mean to kids like him in their town. His snowman had been torn down when he was not home. If Jamie were to tell the truth, if he were to describe his frustrations and disappointments, Mrs. Freeburg, his teacher, would give him a bad grade, yet everyone said Mrs. Freeburg was a good teacher. It came easier just to write a happy but fictional theme.

There was one thing Jamie enjoyed for which people liked and appreciated him. He played the piano. His piano teacher and everyone who heard him play told him that he played well and had much musical talent. He liked his piano teacher and looked forward to his lesson each week. Jamie was especially excited

about his lesson today because he had a surprise for his teacher. He had spent the past two months composing a piano sonata of which he felt very proud, but his teacher, to whom he had mentioned it several times, had not taken it very seriously.

When the final bell rang Jamie hurried to his locker eager to leave school. He felt uncomfortable around his classmates. After grabbing what books he needed he took his piano music and hurried to the lesson. He felt sure his teacher would like the sonata, and he so eager to play it for him that he ran nearly the whole way. He arrived breathless, but after a long rest took his place at the piano and played through his sonata with only one mistake. His teacher was overjoyed and could hardly wait until the end of the piece to shower Jamie with praises. They spent the remainder of the lesson making slight alterations and playing certain portions to perfection. Finally, the teacher suggested that Jamie replace him in an upcoming recital.

Jamie was so excited he could hardly contain his feelings. His mother and dad could hardly believe their ears after hearing the news, and spent the rest of the week telling all their friends, even talking about it in church. When the big day came Jamie arrived at the auditorium full of self-confidence. He was last on the program, but the waiting did not bother him a bit. He listened with pleasure to the other pianists, most of them teachers, as they went through their pieces. When his turn arrived his introduction was more than he expected. He listened as the man introducing him pointed out how young Jamie was and finished by naming him the composer as well as the pianist. As he seated himself at the piano Jamie was awe-struck by the vastness of the crowd, but refused to let it scare him and immediately began playing. He played it perfectly, putting every crescendo just where it should go, without missing a note. It was the happiest moment of his life. As he played the last note and began to rise he fully expected a standing ovation, but instead heard a wild ringing in his ears. He reached toward his desk and turned it off. It was precisely 7:00.

HARRY EDELMAN, *eleventh, Carbondale Community High School*
Mary Sasse, *teacher*

CHESS

In the first few moves nothing was captured by either side. Then the black pawn took the white pawn.

A seven year old boy is walking along a dirt road in Vietnam. The silence is broken by the sound of machine-gun fire. The boy falls and lies very still.

Dead: One seven-year-old boy.

More moves are made. The black bishop captures the white rook. A bomb is dropped. It reaches the roof of one building.

Dead: Thirty Israeli children.

The moves are made as if by robots. Not one sound is heard. Not one cry of protest against all the pieces lost.

One bomb, just one, is dropped . . .

Dead: Two billion.

One by one, slowly and carefully, the pieces are removed from the board until . . .

Checkmate.

RACHEL KUTTEN, *tenth, Evanston Township High School*
Ann Hopkins, *teacher*

SUNDAY MORNING

"Ma, Sooz won't gimme my pencil."

"It's not your pencil. I found it in the hall."

"I saw it before you did."

"No, you didn't."

"Ma! Tell Sooz to gimme my pencil. I need it for Sunday School."

"Hush up back there. Give him the pencil."

Jaime snatched it and wrinkled his freckles at me. For a while, he stared at the back of Ma's tousled head in front, then shifted his gaze down to Gideon's army on the front of his Sunday School book. He sketched a mustache on a frightened woman and, after thinking a little, scribbled lipstick, eyelashes, hairdo, and spirals for red cheeks on Gideon.

I am too old for Sunday School now. Last year, I received my very own Bible for Bible Study, and we don't use workbooks anymore. My name engraved on the front gleamed gold. Pretending I was blind, I shut my eyes and wondered if my fingers could make out Susan Elizabeth Walton indented there.

"Jaime! Can't you take better care of your good shoes? I told you a thousand times not to go running off after Sunday School without changing your clothes first."

"I only like to play with the ants. Anyway, how come Joey always gets to run off when he wants to? He always gets out of Sunday School!"

"You never mind Joey; worry about yourself. If I ever catch you sneaking off Sunday morning, you won't sit down for week."

She paused looking out at the tiger lilies by the gate.

"It's that Bobbie Hawkins. His Ma and Dad don't care enough about him to take him to church. Letting him run around, getting into trouble. That's where Joey gets those attitudes of his."

"I don't want to go to Sunday School. Mrs. Simpson doesn't like me. Every time I raise my hand to pass out papers, she always lets Teddy Jackson. . . ."

"Hush up! Here comes your father."

My father failed to wake up Sunday until the afternoon ball-games. Tradition moved him through the morning. He played Sunday morning kind of like the way you get when you play solitaire for hours — you don't even have to think about it. Joey would be holding aces and eights when my father gotta hold of him.

My father crawled into the car and pumped the gas pedal indifferently, waiting for the engine's regurgitations to settle into a comfortable churning.

No one had said anything the whole trip there except when I sat on Jaime's book and he yelled and my father bellowed "shut up." Wasn't much to say really, I guess. We simmered in June morning sweat all the way to the church. We went in and sat down right next to that one window with the manger in it.

I looked around. People always look different in church — like they're painted, or something. I guess it's the way the light comes in.

Old Mr. Keevers and his daughter with her tribe of kids were perched on the pew in front of us. Mr. Keevers always sings like a scouring pad and his bald doorknob head turns all purpley. He always forgets the words. I guess 'cause he's an old man and anyway nobody even uses the hymnals. Everbody knows the words.

I glanced at Jaime and he was looking over at his Sunday School teacher. The liar! He didn't brush his teeth because I noticed he was picking grits out of his teeth. He always gets away with everything.

The organ got loud all of a sudden and the minister flowed in like he was hanging from strings. Everything was just like usual — except, of course, that Joey was skipping again.

Him and Bobbie are always running around together like a pair of old shoes. Bobbie Hawkins was a new kid at Joey's school. No one in the family except me and Joey really knows the Hawkins, I guess 'cause they live on the other side of town and Bobbie never comes over. I only know them because once Penny Richards pointed them out to me when they were examining rutabagas at the vegetable stand outside of Rupie's Drug Store. Nobody really knows much about the Hawkins 'cause they keep to themselves pretty much.

Most of the time Bobbie and Joey go fishing at the creek. They never catch nothing though, probably 'cause spring's over and the fish are through spawning.

One time though, I followed Joey, and they didn't really go fishing. He said if I didn't tell, he'd show me how to find muskrat holes. I agreed to the bribe; anyway, I knew he was scared.

"Jaime sit still."

"But Ma! My leg itches. I . . ."

"Sh! Listen to the sermon."

I felt like telling after I got yelled at for skipping Sunday School and besides that I couldn't leave the yard for a week. At least, I would've had the satisfaction of seeing someone else get crucified, but I figured Joey was suffering as much as me.

What makes me mad is that two days later he was sneaking off with Bobbie after school and I had to stay home. Then I really wanted to tell, but I figured when Joey kept his promise, I could weasel him into showing me how to catch a muskrat. Then maybe in November when trapping season hit, I could go along. So ever since, I've been getting cramps keeping my secret inside.

"Ma! Mrs. Austin's baby is crying in church!"

"He doesn't know any better."

"Why don't they take him out."

"I don't know. Be quiet."

When I nagged Joey last week about his promise, he just said "not now" and left. You'd think he forgot about it. He gets away with everything. That same day he splurged his lunch money on a movie. The week before he didn't even get heck for skipping school, because Ma went to the hospital to see Gramma and everybody forgot. It isn't fair.

When I get home and my father's in the middle of the Crunchers and the Crows, I'm going to tell him that I saw Joey with Bobbie Hawkins smoking and playing poker behind Crawford's cornfield, and Mrs. Hawkins doesn't like her to run around with boys.

SALLIE SILBAUGH, *eleventh, Guilford High School, Rockford*
Jim Applegate, teacher

AUTUMN CARNIVAL

The day comes to life as an autumn carnival. Auctioneer trees bargain their leafy wares with grassy clientele. Young squirrels dash in and about purchasing nutty delights from vender-like trees. Vivid color and highlights are everywhere. Brightly clothed leaf children twirl madly on the merry-go-round wind. Red candy berries are scattered to the ground by a clowning bush. There, trapezing birds snatch them and ascend once more to the high wire perch. The cold evening of winter slowly descends and fair-goers return home to sleep till spring dawns anew.

PATRICIA DONDANVILLE, *ninth, Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield*
Sister Mary Gael, teacher

PICKLES

My sister met me at the door one day after school with the energy of a firecracker and about the same amount of noise. She proceeded to engage me in the following conversation.

"Jeff, Jeff," she screamed at the top of her little lungs, "Do you know what we did at nursery school today?" When my reply was negative she continued, "We made pickles!"

"How did you do that?" I asked as she went running and dancing into the next room. Just as I caught up with her, she whirled around and said, "Heidi and I got to wash the cucumbers and the other kids got to do the rest." When I inquired as to what was put in the jar with the cucumbers, the only response she could muster was a lot of giggling and romping around. It seemed that her enthusiasm to tell the story was only outdone by her lack of verbal communication. Each response had to be coaxed out of her. "Well," she finally continued, "We put in cucumbers, and vinegar, and salt, and pepper, and sugar."

"Is that all?" I inquired, the suspense killing me.

"Spices!" she giggled. Then as if she had suddenly overcome her shyness she finished the conversation with very quick run-on sentences. "We put it all in a jar, and shook it up, and put it on the piano, and we get to eat them in a few weeks, and you can

come, too, Jeff. You want to try our pickles, Jeff? I'll let you if you want to."

And then she was gone.

JEFF EGGLESTON, *twelfth, Arlington High School, Arlington Heights*

Virginia Harrod, teacher

ESCAPE

As the small bus emerged from the dark forest, it slowly began the long, steep descent to the lake, gaining speed as it progressed. Excitement grew in the hearts of the passengers as they neared the rare opportunity of a brisk romp in the cool water and a barbeque on the sandy shores of Lake Michigan.

Driving parallel to the lake now, the restless swimmers hastily chose a suitable spot for the barbeque, poured from the bus, hurriedly deposited their gear in the sand, and raced off toward the lake.

They were momentarily halted as they programmed a route through the glass, wood splinters, metal cans, liquor bottles, plastic containers, dead fish, et cetera, lining the water. The swimmers chose to wade ankle-deep through the fish, skirt the glass, and walk across the assorted metal scraps.

Reaching the edge of the debris, the first ambitious swimmer broke into a run, scuffling into the water about ten feet and stopped, gazing at the colorful liquid rainbow formed by oil on the surface of the water, and dove into the cool, murky, brown water, coming up covered with a cool, green slime.

Uncannily refreshed, he persisted farther into the lake, avoiding floating logs, patches of weed and groups of those amazing, yet all too common species of fish that float to shore on their backs.

They spent the day floating on splintery logs and tossing chunks of styrofoam and broken plastic squeeze bottles into the water—glass bottles were found effective for long-distance throwing.

After this invigorating swim, they scraped the scum from their arm and legs, cleared a spot in the debris along-shore, and enjoyed their barbeque, thinking how they had escaped the problems of our society for a day.

GARY STUTZMAN, *eighth, Chiddix Junior High School, Normal*
Winifred Schmid, teacher

JUST FINE

My work day began just like any other work day. As I walked through the back door of Bellwood Animal Hospital, I was met by the usual greeting committee. Ugly, a large, white, muscular boxer; Maggie, an overfed Golden Labrador; and Maud, a nervous young Shorthair, took their turns getting patted and scratched until I decided that they had had enough.

Glancing at the blackboard, I noticed a note in bold chalk: "Dan, E & D, German Shepherd in Base. Good Luck! Dr. T"

When Doc says "Good luck," you learn to expect the worse. I set about collecting the material needed to put this fellow to sleep: solutions; hypos; an obedience stick, which was a two-foot long slightly padded board used to keep animals from getting out of line; and a lead rope, which much resembles a hangman's noose. I gathered this equipment in my arms and headed for the basement. I moved down the stairs, struggling with my goods to get the door closed so that the dogs wouldn't follow me down.

The basement, which was slightly cooler than the kennel room, was poorly lighted and noticeably dirty, being no one's fault except my own, but since Doc hardly ever came down, I had slackened in my duties.

Crouching in the corner of his cage, the shepherd peered out at me. I strolled near his cage and set my armload down on the old workbench. To see what I was up against, I checked his card, which read: "Bite case, victim seriously injured." I was not particularly worried because these cards are usually exaggerated beyond all belief.

I stared into the cage at the dog. He looked so lonely and forlorn that I felt sorry for him. I thought, "They must have the wrong dog."

Believing this an easy job, I took time to fill one hypo with barbitol, a deadly syrup. Setting the needle aside, I took the lead rope and made the noose large enough to throw a basketball through. I opened the dog's cage, in front of which I held the lead rope. The dog walked out, directly into the noose. I yanked on the end, and it tightened around his neck.

Walking him to a support beam, I tied only half a knot because he was still so gentle. I took the hypo and grabbed one of his hind legs for control. The moment I touched him, he changed. His mild, passive mood became a wild, enraged one. He jerked his head towards me quickly, but the poorly fastened lead rope

stopped him. As he struggled, the rope tightened, but the tighter the rope got, the harder he struggled.

Suddenly the knot came loose. He was now free. He turned and glared at me. Still on my knees, I knew what was on his mind, and I dived off to one side. Dropping the needle, I reached for the board, just as he decided to lunge. My mind was blank; everything I did was by instinct. A short jab with the stick stopped him halfway. He let out a sharp yelp and jumped back.

He looked at me; I looked at him, each waiting for what seemed an eternity to see what the other would do. My mind had cleared. What should I do? His second offensive would surely be much worse. Should I call Doc? Too late! He made his move. He reared back, ran several steps, and leaped.

I grasped the stick in both hands, closed my eyes, and swung it like a bat, as hard I could. Part way into the swing, my body was jolted by the impact of the board against the dog's body. There was a scream, not a yelp nor a howl but a blood curdling scream like that of a dying person. I had given him an almost fatal blow.

He lay in convulsions, against the row of cages. Being overly cautious now, I laid the stick across his neck and firmly stepped on his neck. I reached the needle and drove it into his rib cage, not worrying where I hit. After emptying the hypo into him, I watched to see if he had received a fatal dosage, or if I, as often happened, would have to give another shot. By pure chance, it was enough. His ribs ceased moving. He was dead.

Just then Doc came bolting down the stairs, "What's the noise? Is everything all right?"

With the board and my foot across the dog's neck and a needle in his side, I paused for a moment, then replied, "Sure, Doc, just fine."

DAN KITTLE, *eleventh, Guilford High School, Rockford*
Jeanne Claeys, *teacher*

JOHNNY

The babysitter was standing around uneasily while Johnny's mother prepared to leave for her night out. She saw Johnny huddled silently at one end of the pale green sofa. He was in an undistinguishable position; she couldn't see his face and there was no movement from his curled-up form. She thought to herself what a wretched-looking kid he seemed to be.

Her attention was cut short, however, when the mother began giving instructions. Without even glancing at the wrinkled figure on the sofa, she rattled them off in a tired fashion almost as though she didn't consider herself a part of the instruction-giving world.

"If he wants something to eat, there's some cookies in the kitchen . . . he should be in bed at 10:00 . . . that's all I can think of right now . . ." She was reddening her lips in a mirror, and as she turned to leave, she glanced back shortly as if remembering something important. "Be good, Johnny," she threw out coldly and was gone.

As if the sound of the closing door was a signal, Johnny suddenly slid off the couch, landing on the floor with a messy thud.

"Is she gone —" His voice cut the air as heavily as his mother's had been staccato. When he stood up, she could see he was quite small, a rather stubby figure not quite free of baby fat, undefined in a mass of baggy, wrinkled clothes. It appeared to her almost instantly, and for a second, with an element of sadness, that no one seemed to look after him closely. The mother had appeared so neat and chic in her evening dress, and yet this ugly and badly-dressed child belonged to her.

He repeated his question, impatient of her silence.

"Well, has she?" The tone of his voice, almost too heavy and abrasive for someone his size and age, confused and upset her.

"Yes," she replied, annoyed that a little kid like him should upset her.

"Good!" he replied and quite promptly disappeared from the room into the kitchen, where she could hear him rummaging around with some packages. She decided, after a second, to follow him into the kitchen, whereupon she found him beginning to build something with the package of Oreo cookies his mother had left him.

He was quite involved with his work; he didn't bother to look up when she came and sat down across from where he was working. He merely continued working, placing one cookie on another, arranging rows, building formations. His actions were stiff and almost calculated, hardly the abrupt and impatient movements one expected from an eight-year-old boy.

She ventured, "Hey, that looks really great. Can I help?"

He continued to ignore her and kept his eyes fixed on his Oreo creation. She tried again.

"Huh? Is it a castle or something?" She saw his hands pause a moment. "It's really cool looking, 'ya know!"

This was the moment when she finally had succeeded in breaking through his thoughts. He raised his head slowly and his shining gray eyes looked directly in hers. Again, she had the feeling of an unchild-like quality to him, his direct actions, this cool and steady gaze that was causing her to fluster and blush.

"This," he said, slowly and calmly, as if it were he, the adult, explaining a basic fact to a small child, "is my fortress. It will keep people out whenever I want. See?" He pointed to a long row of cookies that he had put in front of two columns.

"This will make it impossible for anyone to get past, because there are snakes and spiders at the bottom. Only those who know the password can get past."

"Who won't ya let in?"

There was a pause and during this silence, the boy's hands fumbled and a column of cookies was knocked down. The minute crash was the only sound in the kitchen for a few seconds until all of sudden the boy blurted out,

"My Mother!" With that outburst he swept his hand across the structure, knocking it all to the floor. He fled the room crying and screaming, his clumsy feet, echoing in their clatter down the hallway.

The girl ran after him and found that he had flung himself on the sofa, his body heaving with oversized sobs and shrieks. She tried to approach him, but he flung her off, until all she could do was to go back to the kitchen to sweep up the pile of crumbs the fallen cookies had left.

*ALICE BECKER, twelfth, Evanston Township High School
Barbara Pannwitt, teacher*

Honorable Mention

- Arlington, Arlington High School: "Why Wasn't Jesus Born Today?" by Debbie Bunn and Kathy Montgomery, Eleventh (Virginia Harrod); "Pete" by Dawn Bowes, Eleventh (Virginia Harrod); "Reflections" by Jacqueline Dinielli, Twelfth (Virginia Harrod); "Collision" by Mary Jacquin (Virginia Harrod)
- Belleville, Belleville Township High School West: "Test #: 27" by Tom Tucker, Twelfth (Gussie Tonne)
- Centralia, Centralia High School: "A Clock . . ." by Tim Wisnewski, Eleventh (Genevieve Weaver)
- Chicago, Kenwood High School: "The Cook" by Barry Boykin, Eleventh (Judith Stein); "Quo Vadis, Homo?" by Patricia McQuown, Twelfth (Alta Blakely)
- Downers Grove, Downers Grove High School-North: "If I Were a Man, I'd Scream" by Karen Hinrichs, Twelfth (Linda Buehrer); "Up from the Naughty Beach" by Sandy Leach, Twelfth (Margarete Cantrall)
- East Moline, Glenview Junior High School: "The Autumns of My Life" by Mike Taylor, Eighth (Margaret Unterkircher)
- Edwardsville, Edwardsville High School: "The Conquest and the Spoils" by Scott Sickbert, Tenth (Lillie-Pearl Helm); "Timepiece" by Kathy Miller, Eleventh (Diane Williams); "The Back of the Room" by Vickie Popham, Twelfth (Marguerite Warmbrodt)
- Elizabeth, Elizabeth High School: "The World Was Watching" by Vonnie Pasco, Tenth (G. W. Speer)
- Evanston, Evanston Township High School: "But for Me, the (End of the World)" by Daniel Uchitelle, Tenth (Owen Hein); "I'd Rather Sail Away" by Susan Hufford, Tenth (Mary J. Richeimer); "So What Could a Little Free Time Do?" by Robert Creek, Ninth (Bryna Gamson); "Corral" by Mike Fortado, Twelfth (Curtis Crotty); short story by Toby Wosk, Twelfth (Curtis Crotty); "No Phoney Heroics" by Chris Larson, Eleventh (Rebecca Tillapaugh); "Mind the Nettles" by Anne Cotter, Eleventh (Rebecca Tillapaugh); "A Piece of My Mind" by Debbie Matek, Eleventh (Norma Carlson); "Away from the Chill" by Nancy Palpusky, Tenth (Joy Wolf); "The Foreigner" by Marsha Rand, Twelfth (Barbara Pannwitt); "Wall to Wall America" by Kathleen Murphy, Eleventh (Carol Olert); "An Afternoon of Fishing" by Nevin Belser, Eleventh (Henry Klein); "Last Dream" by Grace Roberti, Tenth (Ann Hopkins)
- Evanston, Roycemore School: "The Killer" by James Spector, Seventh (Eunice Jackson)
- Glenview, Glenbrook South High School: "Letter to President Nixon" by Dale Daemicke, Twelfth (Jane Britton)
- Highland Park, Highland Park High School: "NEWS Head Finds Basketball Full of Hoopla" by Jan Gottschall, Twelfth (John Munski); "'Little People' Uncover Sanctuary in School Nursery" by Sheryl Schoonover, Eleventh (John Munski); "Pity Poor Jasper Jones: His Death Was Untimely" by Linda Packer, Eleventh (John Munski)

Macomb, Laboratory School, Western Illinois University: "With James Thurber on 'Red Riding Hood'" by Holli Head, Eleventh (Beth Stiffler)

Rockford, Guilford High School: "Friends" by Beth Hopp, Ninth (Jim Applegate); "A Separate Reality" by Linda Kennel, Tenth (Ken Nelson); "It's How You Play the Game" by Jim Henthorn, Eleventh (Jeanne Claey's); "Grandfather's Tale of a Teacher" by Sarah Grimes, Eleventh (Jeanne Claey's); "Innocence Lost and Forgotten" by Kathy Hammell, Eleventh (Jeanne Claey's)

Springfield, Sacred Heart Academy: "That Is All" by GERALYN Benoit, Ninth (Sister Mary Gael)

