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Flying High: January 1979

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"Don't believe what your eyes are telling you. All they show is limitation. Look with your understanding, find out what you already know, and you'll see the way to fly!"

By: Richard Bach

15¢
Fourth Issue
January, 1979
Dear Flying High Readers:

Here's the first issue of the year, and I do hope you all find this to be most enjoyable.

I know there is much talent, here on the Island, and I plan to try to find out who has it, and if they would share a bit of it with us.

Sharing of ourselves through our talents is so enriching. Don't you feel that the small portion of the Island's talent you have shared a part of is enriching and stimulating?

This magazine would love to share your talents, so if you can sketch, write poetry, write short stories, have a neat recipe, heard or read something you feel would be of interest to share with Islanders, please contact me.

Vicky Roberts
766-5523

Dear Islanders,

Hi, this is Winston. You know, long ears, short legs, and an outstanding bark. Well, I decided to write to all my friends on the Island.

Way before I came to the Island, I was in a kennel till my people took me home. They thought they were getting a friendly cute little dog. They didn't realize that bassets carry a very distinct odor. They also were expecting a family dog, but I always preferred belonging to everybody, except I usually slept home at night.

City living wasn't all that great, if you're a dog, you always have to be tied. And that is a drag; I did get away twice, though. The first time a little girl picked me up, and I spent a week at the Esquire Pet Motel. I wouldn't recommend the place, though, because they don't let you go visiting. The second time I got away, I got into an accident, which shortened my tail, not to mention my life expectancy.

City life wasn't all that boring. First, there were two cats around the house who sort of kept to themselves. Then there came a skunk who used to tease me by nipping my ears, but I
did a pretty good job of ignoring him. Next was the rabbit. Now, as you probably know, basset hounds are renowned rabbit hunters. Well, I gave that rabbit a few good runs around the house, but the weird thing was that whenever I went down cellar, where the rabbit stayed, he'd chase me! That was very confusing to me. Next in line was a puppy, Cerise, that wasn't too bad, especially when she was in heat. Then she went and had ten puppies. Now, I ask you, is that any decent way to treat a dog?

Once in a while, we'd go to this place called The Island. At first, I couldn't walk from the ferry to the house, so I'd do what any right-thinking dog would do. I'd sit down and cry 'til my people carried me. Eventually, we moved down to The Island, and I was pleased. I started making all kinds of friends. For some weird reason, they all knew the names of my old girl friends, like Rufus. And I used to howl back to them in delight when they mentioned her.

I don't think I ever missed a barbecue, whether I knew the people or not. I'd soon get acquainted. I used to love to go for my morning stroll down to the 7:15 and see all my friends.

If it was too cold, I'd just climb in Jimmy Brown's truck. Another ritual I had was to go visit Johnny Coyne at the school right around lunch time. Yes, I used to have some pretty good times.

One day, I was walking down the beach and I stopped to play with some kids. I got really tired so I laid down under a tree, fell asleep, and woke up here. Even though it's not done often, I was allowed to write this letter. I hope everything's going fine on the Island...

Sincerely yours,

Winston

Picture by Kathy Wilson
Waves...pounding and surging
Ever closer
Ever louder
Reflecting the turbulence within me.
A crash-preceded by a moment of lightness.
A suspension of unknowing, yet plunging,
A moment swelling with anticipation -
For a moment defying gravity
Then succumbing to that which is real & necessary.
A dissipation and emptiness
Giving birth to yet another moment....

by: Rosanna Murawski
INANIMACY

Two small figures on a beach
Small, yet powerful -
Running with the hope of life
Without the caution of experience -
Unmindful of the rocks that rise around them.

The rocks formed an eternity ago
To remain ever constant for an eternity to come.
Immobile in place, yet mobile in time.
Quiet sentinels to the gleeful laughter that
now surrounds them.
Surrendering to the sea, which engulfs them.
Emerging unscathed and formed in character.
Possessing a power which life does not
give them and death cannot take away.

Two small figures.... By: Rosanna Murawski
5 WHEAT BRAN MUFFINS

\frac{1}{2} \text{ C boiling water} \\
2 \text{ c Bran Buds} \\
4 \text{ regular shredded wheat biscuits} \\
2 \text{ C sugar} \\
1 \text{ stick oleo} \\
3 \text{ C flour} \\
4 \text{ eggs-slightly beaten} \\
5 \text{ t. soda} \\
2 \text{ t. salt} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ t. Baking Powder} \\
1 \text{ qt. buttermilk}

Pour hot water on cereals to let stand, while mixing rest of ingredients-Cream sugar, oleo, add eggs, add dry ingredients alternately with buttermilk. Add cereal mixture last.

Bake 400 degrees about 20 minutes-Do let the mixture stand for about 12 hrs. in refrigerator, before using-can bake off as few as half dozen at a time, if desire. Store remainder in covered container in refrigerator. Will keep a month in refrigerator.
FEED THE BIRDS

According to the Audubon Society, it is only the chosen few who anticipate staying home all winter who ever should set up bird feeders. Anyone who expects to be away at all must pass up the pleasure of enticing winter birds close enough to enjoy through the window.

Then, what am I to make of the three cardinals, two of them female, who enjoyed my sunflower seeds for as much as a week one spell last winter, and then disappeared, only to return a month later? Maybe they had sense enough to look around when they didn't find sunflower seeds in my feeder at the moment they looked for it. I'm not about to tame any wild thing to the point where its natural ability to survive in the wild is diminished. And I am only too glad to share that flash of scarlet with my neighbors.

Gretchen Hall
"Waiting for something?" a simple question, often redundant...

"What is reality?" Time...

Waiting is a key element of each of our daily schedules. We might without it find so much extra free time on our hands at the end of the day, that it is conceivable that some of us might fall over from exhaustion. Free time pleasantly spent ***Sleeping****

Is There an Art to Waiting? Actually, I find waiting sometimes very relaxing and creative. A time spent deep in thought and reflection, planning my next step, so to speak. The American Way, I feel, has geared us to just wait without thinking. Example: The ever popular army system "Hurry up and Wait", keeps everybody prepared and ready. Ready and waiting. Unfortunately, the mystery lies ahead.... What are we waiting for?

That more often than not, remains an unanswered question. Peaks islanders find some portion of the answer, simply in finding their way home--from there, the question seems a lot less complicated. John Caplizzo

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AT DAY'S END

Is anybody happier because you passed his way? Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today? The day is almost over, and its toiling time is through; Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you? Can you say tonight, in parting with the day that's slipping fast, That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed? Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said; Does the man whose hopes were fading, now with courage look ahead? Did you waste the day, or lose it? Was it well or sorely spent? Did you leave a trail of kindness, or a scar of discontent? As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God will say, "You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today"?

John Hall
As planned for, Jamie came home with Stevie from the last kindergarten session before Christmas. They both had new coloring books; but their first attention was the airplane catapult Paul had given Stevie in the gift exchange. I was thankful that Stevie had no luck in getting it to fire. Perhaps everything would have worked out better if I had allowed Jamie's efforts to get it to work to wreck it beyond repair. When I did suggest that Stevie wait for his father to help him with it, the two boys settled down with their coloring books on the rug in front of the Christmas tree. Stevie had provided Jamie with his big brother's crayons, while he used his own. Jamie's book was a general collection of Walt Disney pictures; conversation centered on Stevie's Peter Pan set, each new picture recalling a remembered event in the story. When Stevie described at dramatic length the exploits of Captain Hook, Jamie came in with, "Captain Hook was a bad boy!"

"No, he wasn't", was Stevie's rejoinder. "He was a pirate, and that's the way pirates are."

Daddy came into the picture in time to suggest that they wait until after lunch to go into the problem of the airplane catapult. Mother heated soup and set out the last end of the bread with fresh-ground peanut butter to go on it while she worked on baking up a couple of fresh batches. Jamie had brought his own sack lunch, ignoring the quarter cup of hot soup set at his place. Jamie's sandwich was thick and gooey marshmallow and jelly, to which I added a gloop of peanut butter that made the one bite he finally took look real oozy. What he really enjoyed came from his bag of pretzels and another bag of potato chips. Stevie looked at Jamie's goodies with longing eyes from the other end of the table. Jamie got the message, probably remembering his instructions...
from home to share, and passed mostly pretzels one at a time by way of Stevie's mother. Both boys had had enough party at school so that lunch for them both was no more than a lick-and-a-promise.

The adults knew that Jamie's daddy was expected home by two o'clock. Stevie's mother went off shopping, leaving two timers set to remind Gram when to punch down the two lots of rising bread. Daddy tackled the toy catapult, soon discovering what a lethal weapon it could be, and gently but firmly laying down the law that it was to be put away until there was the adequate adult supervision that he didn't have time for that afternoon. Gram moved the boys and their coloring books to the kitchen table, and went to work on her own coloring project to keep them company as she listened for the signals to punch down the bread. On one of her expeditions to keep the Franklin stove in the other room going, she happened to think that Jamie must have had some gift from school corresponding to Stevie's catapult, and discovered a set of tiny cars behind the sofa, which soon joined the remains of Jamie's lunch close by his outside wraps.

When Gram mentioned what she had done, Jamie immediately checked on the cars, only to discover one missing. His highly emotional reaction was characteristic of most kindergarteners. But his ruffled feathers smoothed as soon as he looked behind the sofa himself and found the car that adult eyes had missed.

Two o'clock came and went; eventually Jamie's daddy was seen working where the plow had filled the walk with snow. Awhile after that he appeared at the door to inquire whether Jamie wanted to come home. Jamie didn't, and stayed until he was sent home after the Christmas lights brightened the gathering night. G. Hall
A New Approach To Teaching Reading

In a few classrooms in the City of Portland it is hoped that a dynamic teaching method will be successful in the teaching of reading. Each child will achieve 100% mastery in the reading, writing, and spelling of all new words presented, before proceeding on to additional material. The highly structured, rapidly-paced teaching method enables teachers to catch and hold children's attention and makes teachers scramble to keep pace with the students. The method starts with a list of 10-30 new words. The children are taught everything about each word. They sound it, spell it, and say it, write it, and correct it against a perfect model, use it in proper sentences, and compare it phonetically with other known words. In addition, students are taught an independent study method to assure mastery of the new words.

At their desks, they sound, spell and say the words aloud, write the words, and then proof-read what they've written to correct any mistakes. The final step is testing to assure mastery. Children who have mastered the material can read a word list at the rate of 1 word per second, spell all words correctly, and read textbook passages orally at the rate of 2 words per second. Daily review of sounds, words, and skills taught previously provide additional practice and assist in recall of material.

The intensive presentation and study of new words is just the beginning. The program also incorporates grammar, spelling, handwriting, study skills, comprehension and creative writing...