



YOUNG VOICES

NORTH YORK
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YOUNG VOICES JUNE 1968 VOL.3, NO.3

YOUNG VOICES is a young people's magazine published by the North York Public Library. Issues come out three times a year, in June, November and April. Copies may be obtained at any branch.

E D I T O R I A L N O T E

If you enjoyed this issue of Young Voices, why not sit down at your typewriter and send us something of your own? We are looking for prose, poetry, book reviews, comments on popular entertainment and current affairs and so on. Don't wait for school to start again in September, for then you will be too busy, and we want to hear from YOU for sure. Leave your work, legibly written, or typed if possible, at any branch library or mail to us, The Editors, Young Voices, North York Public Library, 5126 Yonge St., Willowdale, Ontario. Be sure to include your name, age, grade, school, and home address.

Deadline for submissions for our next issue, Vol.4, No.1, will be SEPTEMBER 21, 1968.

Think of this world with its different sights;
The light of day and the dark of night.
The colourful flowers all about;
The lands of plenty and the lands of drought.
The darkening skies of a storm to begin,
And people cheering their horse on to win.

Now summer is here so bright and so gay,
With inviting weather most every day.
It does not get dark till late at night,
But this is the season for stars very bright.
There are lakes you can swim in, and sit in the sun,
This is the season that brings lots of fun.
To follow is fall with nothing born new,
With nature all withering her last drops of dew.
The leaves are now dying and falling to the ground,
But as they are falling you hear not a sound.
The birds feel inside them it is now time to go,
Come now each flock, before the snow.
Now it is winter with the ground all in white.
What a different colour, what a different sight.
All of nature is sleeping in white.
To follow is spring with all waking new,
With the birds all returning from where they flew.
The trees are all blossoming in colours galore,
You can really smell spring when you open the door.

So with a world like this can you tell me why
People are trying to live in the sky?

Fern Urman,
Grade 9,
Lawrence Heights Jr. High.

SEVEN DAYS

Tanks and Half-tracks roll through desert waste
 of churned blackened ground; things of twisted iron,
 Down the Sinai peninsula in all haste.
 Victors joyous: defeated crying -- dying.
 Round table pleading (sometimes) for peace.
 Aggressor's acting as sheep's fleece.
 From where he is lying,
 A wounded man cannot reach
 Water or peace.

Martin Harlick,
 Grade 12,
 Brebeuf High School

WATCHER OF THE PASS

He sits alone on the aging rocks

Amid some shrubs and dying grass
 The fiery sun beats on his head
 As he scans the dirt of the Sinai Pass.
 His head is throbbing from the heat
 His tongue hangs heavy with great thirst,
 But he must watch, and there he sits
 With burning heart ready, ready to burst.

The night was lowered with a wind
 And he shivers with every gust
 He is broken, worn, and in pain
 But he keeps his vigil, for he knows he must.

The howling desert wind cruelly beats
 The quiet form stiff on the stone
 The figure falls in the blowing dust
 He's dead and buried and still alone.

He kept his watch like a faithful dog
 No cry of complaint, even in the end.
 He died unknown, no one will ever mourn

But the Sinai's sands, for he was their friend.

Cheryl Roth,
 Grade 9,
 Associated Hebrew Schools

"My conceptions of a certain piece of music"

I saw life beginning in the first theme of the music that was played.

As life went on, the music built up to a crescendo and burst, like a child's first rebellion. Gradually, the child was subdued, and slept dormant in a mold that will one day prove too tight for the person's expanding mind. Passively, the child is shaped and molded as a pliable piece of plasticine is squeezed into weird shapes by toddlers. This shaping by his peers must seem incomprehensible to the child. After all, what does it matter if you eat your cake with a fork or with a spoon. I think you know the familiar argument, "He must learn proper manners so that he won't embarrass himself or disgrace his family at a formal dinner. "But after all, all the child worries about is now, the present, not the past or the future, a practice which many of us should adopt, in moderation.

The mold breaks as the person reaches young adulthood and an idealistic teenager steps out. Here is an adult that sees the world morally, anyway, in black and white. This person is unable to distinguish the infinite shades of gray between the black and white.

Then as youth's ideals are stripped away, a hard cynical adult faces the world with an "I don't want to get involved" attitude. Most adults live in this "glass house" for the rest of their lives, if you could call it a life when you are the focal point of your universe.

The rare adult that emerges from this second, steely-fingered cocoon spends most of his life battering his head against invisible walls erected by the rest of the blind human populace.

Whichever you are, the dead caterpillar or the butterfly buffeted by unseen winds, you are likely to end up like all the other human grasshoppers infesting the earth, caught in the quicksands of time.

Kathleen Bailey,
Grade 9,
Emery Jr. High School

THE FOUR SEASONS

Spring is when huge chunks of snow-covered ice drift slowly down the rapidly flowing river.

Spring is the joyous singing of robins, glad to be home again, after a long, tiring journey.

Spring is the sleek mother deer, nudging her newborn fawn to stand on his feeble, wobbling legs.

Spring is the clumsy bear cubs, tumbling down the flower-dotted hill.

Spring is the black-eyed susans, peeping shyly out from behind the budding maple tree.

Spring is the bullfrog trying to "outcroak" the rest of the pond's speckled members.

Spring is the gentle breezes, whistling softly, playing hide and seek in among the trees, and tickling the nodding heads of daisies.

Spring is tiny pink apple blossoms.

Spring is the young baby crows screeching loudly for food.

Spring is a wonderful, enchanting world, all its own, bursting with mystery, marvels, and curiosity.

Summer is the delicate patter of raindrops.

Summer is a beautiful orange butterfly perching on a yellow buttercup.

Summer is the rippling waters of a brook trickling over moss covered stones.

Summer is a young speckled trout chasing a little minnow, for pure mischief.

Summer is juicy, red, ripe strawberries.

Summer is the humming of bees, busy collecting pollen.

Summer is the shade of an old apple tree.

Summer is flowers.

Summer is glistening dewdrops on roses.

Summer is sunny meadows.

Summer is happiness.

Fall is when gaily coloured leaves whirl themselves tirelessly about in the cool, October wind.

Fall is little black squirrels darting up weatherbeaten trunks of hickory and chestnut trees.

Fall is the robins flying south.

Fall is the huge grizzly bear preparing for a long, winter's nap.

Fall is when Jack Frost arrives to paint fascinating designs on windows.

Fall is the noisy chatter of the tiny striped chipmunk.

Fall is a pumpkin.

Fall is the time of harvesting.

Fall is the first sign of winter.

Winter is when lacy flakes of snow cover green grass and little flowers with a delicate, white blanket.

Winter is howling winds, shaking pine trees viciously.

Winter is long, slippery icicles dangling from the outstretched branches of trees.

Winter is the big white jack rabbit leaping gracefully through the cold and bitter air.

Winter is a tiny puppy, timidly exploring mounds of snow.

Winter is an icy snowball down a jacket.

Winter is a blinding blizzard.

Winter is the slender brown deer floundering through deep snowdrifts.

Winter is sparkling, glistening snow.

And winter is when January's thaw brings a promise of spring once again.

Lynda Brown,
Grade 6,
Drewry Ave. Public School

When you've lived most of your life in one of the best parts of Toronto, either you don't know or you don't care how the rest of the world lives.

I was sitting in sociology class this morning, half asleep, and was sharply awakened as I heard my Professor tell of the slum conditions in which hundreds of the 'leaders of tomorrow' lived.

"They live in the worst environment possible," he said. "One's mind cannot possibly grow when one is fighting to survive as these kids are. They live in dilapidated houses, wear rags, sleep four or five in one room. The mother may be divorced or a widow, who must work to keep her family alive. The father may be unemployed and a drunk."

After hearing such a tale no rest could I find. I had to see for myself, and so out of curiosity I boarded a streetcar and travelled to "the other side of the tracks."

You don't know what it's really like until you've seen it first hand. Everything Dr. Andrew had said was intensified. Some of these dilapidated houses were next to shacks - broken windows, rotted wood - it was sickening. It was as if I were in another world.

Walking, I heard someone behind me. As I quickened my pace, so did he. Friend or foe? I turned to see. A young man about my age stood there. He wore blue jeans and a tattered shirt.

He said, "What's a matter, rich boy, don't ya like what ya see here? Curiosity killed the cat, ya know! Just had to get a fix on your ego, ha?"

How could I explain to him what I was doing here? It was true that I was curious and that I was sickened by what I saw.

Here I was! I had everything I wanted. I was going to univer-

sity. I'd be making good money in a few years. I could then afford luxury.

There he was! Most likely a dropout, a potential no good. He was probably from a broken home, helping to keep his brothers and sisters fed.

"I'm a student studying slum living," I ventured.

"Ya are, ah!" he retorted. "Well, ya come to the right hole."

I knew he resented me and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Our worlds would never meet," I thought. Then all of a sudden his anger seemed to subside and I heard him say.

"What we need is more curious people down here. We've gotta show 'em first hand how awful it is down in this part of the city. It's no good just reading about it."

We sat on the grass and passed the afternoon talking about his life and the lives of his neighbours in "Cabbage Town".

It was getting dark outside, but my mind was just beginning to light up. I now knew that I wanted to do everything in my power to help these people out of their rut.

"Thanks, thanks a lot," I said as I rose to leave. The young man stood there looking puzzled, not knowing that in his anger he had helped me to see the road I would take. Our two worlds could be joined. It would take time, understanding and co-operation but I knew deep down that sooner or later, as more people joined the fight against poverty, the leaders of tomorrow would emerge from their situation and join the rest of the human race who had let them down.

Renee Kohn,
Grade 12,
Oakwood Collegiate Institute

THE CONTEST

On a wintry day not long ago,
 Our Prime Minister told us his tale of woe.
 He secretly held one special desire,
 And he wished it to be known, he'd like to retire!

At first not many had much to say,
 And started to look the other way.
 But when asked if they wanted to run,
 They thought someone was making fun.

Eric Kierans set the pace,
 And others soon were in the race.
 Sharp and Hellyer are going about town,
 Hoping to wear the Prime Minister's crown.

John Turner the youngest shows quite a flare,
 But poor Mr. Martin is dyeing his hair.
 He thinks the delegates will vote for youth,
 Thereby choosing his name while in the booth.

Pierre Trudeau is running hot,
 For he has changed our laws a lot.
 But the new P.M. will have more grey hairs,
 When he has to deal with medicare.

They'll decide in Ottawa on that April day,
 And the people then will have their say.
 We wish Mr. Pearson all the best,
 And hope he enjoys his well-earned rest.

Brent Perkins,
 Grade 7,
 Herron Valley Jr. High

THE SAILOR

There once was a great sailor, a courageous one indeed,
 And the way he led his voyages no one else could better lead.
 His ship he'd mount, and men he'd count;
 Till his vessel was ready to sail,
 And then they'd leave from their ship's port to begin their oceaning trail.
 He would travel by great marshes, and past the seven seas,
 He would travel by the tropical lands surrounded by palm trees.
 And when his voyage was over once more for home he'd sail,
 And then prepare himself again to begin another trail.

Fern Urman,
 Grade 9,
 Laurence Heights Jr. High

I am pioneers upon the threshold of new frontiers,
And I am Atlas, my philosophical speculations support
the world; the tide of life is changed by my every whim.
I have time, an eternity of time,
An infinite succession of tomorrows
to conquer the world,
To revitalize the languid spirit of mankind,
To know the unknowable,
To challenge the unchallenged.
I am turbulent revolution, my very living has created
changes more sweeping than the fall of Rome.
I am striving, straining to see one more star, a little
more sun.
I hunger for knowledge, my food is all the wisdom of
civilizations, past and future.
I lust for thought.
I will experiment,
And I will learn,
And I will make mistakes.
But not be crushed.
The shackles of poverty, the fetters of prejudice
cannot bind me.
For I am hope,
And innocence,
And the future.
I am youth!

Debbie Cantor,
(Reprinted by permission of
B'nai B'rith Youth Organization).

THE TREE OF LIFE

The tree of life is everlasting.
Each leaf--equal in form
 bursting from bud,
 basking in the sun,
 waving in the breeze,
 then, withering away.

Folding,
 Curling,
 Rustling in the wind

Of fear and hope,
Each branch sways.
Some reach high
 To light!

Others, low to the ground.
Nature's dawn of life and death,
 The inevitable cycle

Broken by none as powerful.

What stands four feet high, has furry feet, and adores fireworks, tobacco, and song? Any Tolkienfan will immediately recognize a hobbit. Two of these shy, burrow-dwelling people are the main focus of J.R.R. Tolkien's fascinating trilogy, The Lord of the Rings, a history of the people of Middle-earth and their quest to destroy the evil power besieging them.

Background to the struggle is given in The Hobbit, the adventures of hobbit Bilbo Baggins who joined the wizard Gandalf and a group of dwarves in their journey to recover treasure stolen by a dragon. The magic ring that Bilbo finds during his travels becomes the central force of Lord of the Rings, although to Bilbo it is merely a handy gadget to slip on and become invisible, useful before enemies and relatives alike. But Bilbo uses it only sparingly during the sixty years it is in his possession.

The trilogy begins with Gandalf's discovery that Bilbo's ring was forged by Sauron, evil lord of the desolate land of Mordor.

Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,
Nine for Mortal Men, doomed to die,
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

Gandalf reveals to Bilbo's nephew, Frodo, that his uncle's ring is the One Ring of the rhyme. Sauron desperately needs his lost Ring to bring the owners of the lesser Rings under his domination. With the Ring, he would be invincible; without it he may still be defeated. But the only way to destroy Sauron and his evil land is to throw the Ring back into the volcano where it was forged, and the volcano lies under the very nose of Sauron. It is this fearful journey that Frodo Baggins undertakes with his devoted friend Sam Gamgee.

Frodo is assisted along the way by other hobbits, Elves, Dwarves, Men, and of course Gandalf, who is as powerful as Sauron himself. But it is he and Sam who must face the end of the journey alone; for it is the innocence and obscurity of the two hobbits which enable them to enter Mordor undetected by the eye of Sauron. Gandalf, powerful as he is-- or actually because of his power--cannot travel far without Sauron's knowledge of his whereabouts.

Frodo travels through a nightmare of greed, horror, and suspicion, always beset by the terrifying servants of Sauron, who has sent them everywhere in his frantic search for the Ring. Ugly orcs and trolls attack the hobbit's small group; ghostly barrow-wights imprison them in ancient burial mounds; even Men are out to destroy them, Men who have somehow fallen under the Dark Lord's power. But the most ghastly of all are the pitiless Nazgul, the spirits of once mortal kings. These nine wraiths fly on great birds, at Sauron's command, to their deeds of destruction and evil, or ride black horses across the land, casting a shadow of fear wherever they go, and striking cold terror into the hearts of anyone who hears their thin ghostly wail of evil and sorrow. Frodo faces them once wearing the Ring, and in that moment partially understands the horror of their subjugation. In fact, he barely has the power to resist the Ring himself, for the ring of Sauron delivers evil as well as power, and anyone who wears it for a length of time becomes devoured with greed, selfishness, and an overwhelming desire for power. It destroys inwardly until no will is left and only torments remain.

This is the fate of Gollum, one of the major characters, known by this name because of the swallowing noise he continually makes in his throat. It was Gollum who found the Ring originally after it had been lost for thousands of years, and it is he who suffers most from it. It becomes his "Precious", and after he loses it by accident to Bilbo on the hobbit's journey, he is overcome with an obsession to recover it. After all the years in his possession, the Ring has completely destroyed him. He has degenerated into a mindless creature, a tool of the Ring, and the agonies he suffers are very real. His obsessive desire to regain his "Precious" leads him to follow Frodo and Sam. He is captured by them and forced to lead them into Mordor and to the fate which awaits him.

In the end, Frodo's long possession of the Ring wounds him deeply, beyond healing, and he finds that there is "no taste of food, no feel of water, no sound of wind, no memory of tree or grass or flower, no image of moon or star" left to him. This is the price he must pay in the attempt to save these things for the rest of the world.

V.F.

FOR THE SAKE OF SMOKEY THE BEAR - MAKE WAR

Even though I frequently wear beads, a symbol of peace, harmony, and international unity, it does not mean that I am one of those pacifists who are blind to the light of truth. I am, in fact, flexible, and examine both sides of an argument before taking a stand concerning the issue. In spite of the numerous protests, demonstrations and draft card burnings in the U.S.A., I am in complete support of American involvement in Vietnam, not because I feel that the Americans are justified for their oppression, but because of the dire consequences which would come about as a result of their withdrawal.

If the Americans withdrew from Vietnam there would be no protests, which would result in a lack of publicity for the president. Being then unknown, he (the president) would retire and the rest of the Democrats would follow suit. This would leave a Republican government, and since there are not enough able Republicans to fill all the seats of Congress, there would be a number of empty seats. This would result in a severe cutback in the furniture industry and the industry would collapse, due to immense overhead (the empty chairs). Without furniture there could be no forests and if there were no forests there would be no trees, immediately rendering Smokey the Bear destitute. Since the Americans have a deep sympathetic regard for wildlife they would be compelled to send all of their food to destitute bears not knowing that everyone else had also done the same. The end result would be an agricultural depression. So the choice which confronts them (the Americans) is mass starvation or war. I say, make War!

Bob Leth,
Grade 9,
Oakridge Secondary School
London

WRITTEN BY A TREE

The birds have fled and left me,
Lonely and withering am I,
As I brace myself against the wind,
I turn my face to the sky.
My leaves are dry and brittle,
Bare are my branches strong,
Fog wraps me in its clammy mist,
Chasing the wind's sad song.
But I have left one hope, one dream,
That some day will come sweet spring
Then over the flowers, the grass and the rain,
Over them all I'll be king.

Rosemary Bell,
Grade 6,
St. Bonaventure School

LOVE

Close your eyes and think.
 The colour you see is pink.
 The warmth of spring floats in.
 Your face reveals your thoughts within.
 On this day your feelings rise
 Groping into the many skies
 To find a place where they belong.
 A niche so tiny and full of warmth
 But large enough for relations to grow.
 And in your mind you know
 Beside you the telephone will ring.
 You push your hair back with a fling.
 As the time passes slowly by
 The warm and pink begins to cry.
 The growing niche floats far away.
 Your arms grasp,
 The pain grows,
 Is this the love that everyone knows?

Marilyn Sobel,
 Grade 11,
 Georges Vanier S.S.

("Love" won First Prize at the B'nai B'rith
 Convention in Buffalo, April 5 - 7, 1968)

FEAR

At first glance it seems like an unleashed madness,
 Puncturing your skin with every move.
 Then like a feline menace it quietly slips away.
 No one is safe from it.
 Do not try to hide.
 There is no escape.
 It feeds on hate and war.
 It despises love and bravery.
 Cowards may be found to nourish it.
 Yet there are always heroes and heroines
 To counteract this defect.
 But people get wise to things like this,
 And because they get wiser,
 A thing like this can be stopped in one and only one way.
 By common sense,
 Your ability to think
 And your ability to reason.

Laurel Price,
 Grade 8,
 Dufferin Heights Jr. High

THESE ARE BUT THE HOURS DISSIPATING WITH TIME

quiet hours are a part of me
 as are the waking beams of sunlight
 that sprinkle like seeds
 filtering through my home of enchantment.

restless hours mystify my mind
 as do the unknown barriers of knowledge
 that are lost like waves
 rushing to the shore of eternity.

lonely hours develop my character
 as do the unspoken words of society
 that are heard like winds
 howling during soundless days of time.

love-filled hours nourish my soul
 as do the well-spoken words of the Prophet
 that flourish like broken voices
 echoing through corridors of thought.

nostalgic hours replenish my sorrow
 as do memories of the untravelled road
 that carve out my sustenance like axes
 chopping from life the trees of youth.

R.J. Moulden,
 Sarnia

HAPPINESS DESTROYED

It was, I guess, the build-up that pierced through my heart.
 And I watched and waited.
 The once magnificent fountain of colour and beauty
 had gone to a world of everlasting bliss.
 And I watched and waited.
 They had come and spread their way through my jungle of happiness.
 Why?
 And I watched and waited.
 I wonder if they ever thought of me and other people
 who came staggering to my house of hope.
 And I watched and waited.
 Oh God, please, please tell me why I watched and why I waited,
 and watched and waited
 for nothing at all.

Laurel Price,
 Grade 8,
 Dufferin Heights Jr. High

ONE SUMMER IN BETWEEN by Melissa Mather

This is the private journal of Harriet Brown, a Southern Negress who spends a summer in Vermont working as a mother's helper for the Daleys. This "project" is the field work of a sociology course which she is taking at Teachers' College.

In her journal, Harriet records the activities in which she is involved - her work around the house, visits to the nearby town, the great excitement of trying to trap an escaped pig. But, more important, she records her emotions - love for the aunt who has raised her, hatred of all white Americans, violent anger when someone on a bus insults her.

When Harriet first arrives in Vermont, she expects whites to be rude to her. If someone treats her as he would another person of his own colour, with at least a little respect, she thinks he is only doing it so he will be able to feel benevolent. The Daleys treat her in this manner, but she is continually seeking some ulterior motive. To the Daleys, colour is unimportant. But this is the first criterion by which Harriet judges others and by which she thinks others judge her. By the end of the summer, she is able to forget that the Daleys are white. "I looked at the children and I didn't see their white skin. That's all they were, just children I knew. And Mrs. Daley was only another woman. I didn't see it (the colour of her skin)."

At the beginning of the novel, the reader is constantly reminded that Harriet is a Negress. But as the days progress and suspicion is displaced by trust, references to colour become fewer and fewer. It obviously becomes less and less important to her in these particular surroundings. However, she still has a whole nation of whites to conquer.

This is a good book for all to read. It is well-written, interesting in its depiction of the inner thoughts and feelings of someone who quite probably is a typical nineteen-year-old Southern Negress and, of course, the subject matter is especially relevant today.

M.A.W.

TEENS

Baudouy, Michael-Aime. More than courage.

A gang of French boys secretly recondition an ancient motorcycle and enter it in a gruelling and exciting cross-country race.

Bell, Margaret. Daughter of Wolf House.

The granddaughter of the Chief of Wolf House and the son of a Scottish trader find danger and romance in pioneer Alaska.

Butters, Dorothy Gilman. Masquerade.

When her engagement is broken two weeks before the wedding, Liz goes away to art college to discover new interests and a new life.

Daveluy, Paule. Summer in Ville-Marie.

A young French-Canadian girl enters the intimate and close-knit family life of her aunt's household. She falls in love for the first time with a man who also captures the heart of her favourite cousin.

Guillot, Rene. A boy and five huskies.

To save his wounded fugitive uncle, Eric sets out with a dogteam to lead a Mountie away from the trail. Sheer adventure becomes a serious struggle when he and his dog encounter severe hardships in the bitter Arctic wilderness.

Haugaard, Erik Christian. Hakon of Rogen's saga.

Set on a bleak island towards the end of the Viking period, this is the story of a young boy who must heroically seek his own birthright.

Jordan, Hope Dahle. Haunted summer.

Rilla Marsten spends a guilt-ridden summer after she is involved in a hit-run-run accident. She finds her cowardly actions unexplainable, even to herself.

Speare, Elizabeth George. The witch of Blackbird Pond.

When Kit Tyler comes from the Barbados to live with her Puritan relatives in colonial Connecticut, she is not prepared to accept the austere life of hard work - nor to stand accused as a witch!

Townsend, John Rowe. Good-bye to the jungle.

Four young Thompson children struggle to rise against their environment when they move from a tumbledown district in England known as the jungle, to a development project.

Wood, Kerry. Wild winter.

Determined to be an author, a sixteen-year-old boy endures a lonely winter in the Alberta foothills to prove his independence and writing ability.

ADULT

Deighton, Len. The Ipcress file.

In a satire of the CIA and Scotland Yard, a British secret agent races across the globe to capture and return a defecting biochemist.

DuMaurier, Daphne. Rebecca.

The mysterious atmosphere of an old English estate and the peculiar behaviour of the housekeeper arouse a bride's suspicions concerning her husband's beautiful first wife.

Fitzgerald, F. Scott. The great Gatsby.

The classic picture of aimless, wealthy society in America during the 1920's.

Godden, Rumer. The river.

The flowing of the river comes to symbolize the cycle of birth, life and death for a young girl growing up in India.

Greene, Graham. A burnt-out case.

A successful architect sentences himself to life among Congolese lepers.

Knowles, John. A separate peace.

A young man revisits the prep school where, as a student, he was involved in the death of his best friend.

Lee, Harper. To kill a mockingbird.

A young tomboy sees the quiet life of her small Alabama town disrupted when her father decides to defend a Negro accused of rape.

Maugham, W. Somerset. Of human bondage.

The childhood and young manhood of Philip Carey, who battles with himself and with society to find his place in it.

Shute, Nevil. On the beach.

The only survivors of an atomic war gather in Australia to await their inevitable doom as the poison moves toward them.

West, Morris L. The ambassador.

This novel shows the moral crisis of a U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam forced by circumstances to support a military coup against the tyrannical but likeable president.

