

## Traveling Back

*By Pete Clark*

For me, at this time of my life, the term 'Year Book' is meaningless, unless I telescope backwards to an era when time was not moving at warp speed. Today, by the time I determine what I am going to accomplish tomorrow, I discover I did that yesterday, and today is so ethereal it sometimes seems as if it was never here and there is no present, just a clouded future and a fading past. My future may now be down to minute by minute, but I will meet the pleasure, or the challenge, whatever is around the next bend.

A Year Book is what a lot of people my age would find handy as a survival guide, something that would let us look at our wins and our losses, and if necessary, tally the score, to see what is working and what is not. As we age in a culture that worships youth, we must hold our ground and not be pushed out to the fringes of existence. We cannot afford to let the contraction 'can't' become a significant word in our vocabulary.

However, I do have a few ancient year books, including a 1948 Sunrise Miner. My head can be seen sticking up in the last row of Mrs. Hicks' first grade class and surprisingly, to me at least, I remember some of my fellow first graders, from so long ago. There was a tunnel, like an open ended tomb, leading from the grade school building to the high school building. I remember being herded through the passageway to attend activities presented by the older pupils, as we were then called. I saw at least one rack of rifles in the tunnel and made a mental note of it only, not being sophisticated enough to wonder why the rifles were there. Several years ago, I drove through Guernsey and Hartville, going to Sunrise. The iron mine had been closed and in the place of the school buildings was a large vacant lot.

I have no year books from Pavillion, but I do have The Shoshoni Wrangler year books from 1956 through 1959. I don't look at them very often as my brother and many of our friends did not make it this far into life, but when I do look back, I remember the good times, without wrapping them in a rosy glow.