

# New Moon

The Magazine for Girls and Their Dreams

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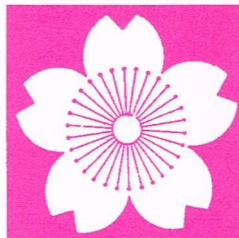




# New Moon

## NEW MOON

New Moon is a girl's voice.  
Floating out on a silent night.  
Telling her dreams to who will listen.  
New Moon is a girl's spirit.  
Soaring on the night's shore.  
Paying attention to her dream.  
Not someone telling her how to act  
Or feel.  
Let the New Moon Girl Fly!  
—Amanda Sarette



MAY/JUNE 1994 • VOLUME 1 • ISSUE 5 • DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS

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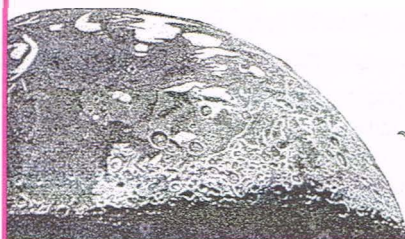
**FIND THE MOON**

A CRESCENT MOON HIDDEN IN EVERY ISSUE.



**FIND THE LUNA TICKS**

THESE 10 LUNA TICKS ARE HIDDEN IN THE MAGAZINE.



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# Girl Talk



## Hello New Mooners!

We just love spring here, and we hope you do too. We live pretty far north, so our snow is finally melting and we're very happy to warm up to spring.

This issue of New Moon is about daughters and mothers. In fact, May is a time to honor your mother, stepmother or grandmother. It's an amazing thing to have a mother or a stepmother. Sometimes they drive us crazy, sometimes we love them to bits. In this New Moon, we hear from girls who are doing interesting things with their moms. A girl writes about how tough it was to have a stepmother at first, but how they grew closer and now are good friends.

There's an article about a girl and her mother who are raising a puppy together. When he's grown, the dog will help someone with a handicap live more independently. We even have stories from two girls in Japan, who tell about a lot of neat customs there, and about their mothers.

We also have a hot article about Fallon Taylor, an 11-year-old girl who is on the Professional Rodeo Tour. She travels around the United States and Canada competing against adults in barrel racing.

These are only a few of the fantastic articles we have in this issue of New Moon — wait!



We have to tell you about just one more. It's the Experiment. We won't give it away, but if you do it, you'll end up with sugar crystals. Cool, huh?

We hope you and your mom, stepmom, grandma and friends enjoy this New Moon together. We really love to hear from you, so keep sending your writings and artwork. You make it happen.

But enough Girl Talk, read the rest of the magazine!

Your friends,

*Ana Geronimus*

*Brianna  
Miller  
O'Neil*




Sherry Boyce

NEW MOON: THE MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS AND THEIR DREAMS is an international magazine for every girl who wants her voice heard and her dreams taken seriously. With its editorial board of girls ages 8-14 and girl contributors from all over the world, New Moon celebrates girls, explores the passage from girl to woman and builds healthy resistance to gender inequities. The New Moon girl is true to herself and New Moon is a tool for her to use as she develops and pursues her unique path in life, moving confidently out into the world. Write to New Moon, PO Box 3620, Duluth, MN 55803.




All of your writing in this issue reminds me that it is an amazing thing to be a daughter!

I want you to help us put together future issues of New Moon. We have lots of great themes coming up, like Space and Time Travel, Teachers and Teddy Bears, and The Ocean and Waterlife. 

Where would you like to go in space and time? Do you think it would ever be possible to time travel? Send me your thoughts about space and time travel by July 1, so we can use them in the November/December issue. Our January/February 1995 issue is about teachers and teddy bears. Who has been your favorite teacher? Why? What do you think makes a good teacher good? Are there teachers you didn't like, but now you're glad you had them? Do you think teachers treat girls as fairly as they do boys? What makes a classroom fair? What makes it fun? What makes it work? Do you have teachers in your life who aren't school teachers? What is that like?

I had a stuffed koala bear who was my best friend when I was younger. Do you have a favorite teddy bear? What makes it your favorite? What do teddy bears (and other stuffed toys) do for you? Send me your stories, poems, drawings, letters and thoughts about teachers and teddy bears. We have to get them by September 1 to be included in the Teachers and Teddy Bears issue.

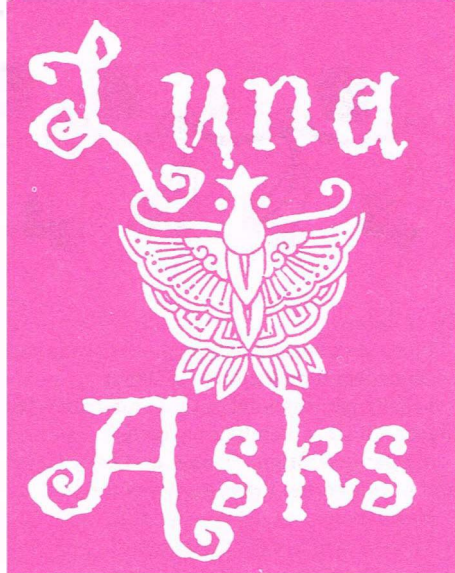
I'll tell you more about our Oceans and Waterlife issue next time. What do you want to know about oceans and waterlife? I love to hear your ideas for stories and articles.

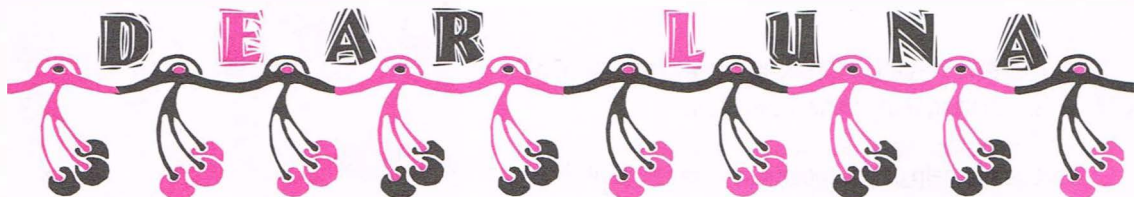
You know, it's so important for us to share our dreams and fears and thoughts and opinions. Plus, it feels good and it's good for us! (Gosh, sounds like the perfect breakfast cereal.) I really look forward to hearing from you. I'm always impressed by what you have to say. Keep sending us things and you'll keep making New Moon your magazine, where you're free to share whatever is on your mind. 

We really want your drawings and black-and-white photos. We get lots of great drawings of me (I'm so flattered!) but we can only publish one each time. Use your wonderful ability and send us drawings of other things, too.

Remember, I can't return any of the things you send me, so keep a copy for yourself. Also, your drawings have to be in black ink on plain, unlined white paper—otherwise we can't use them (because they don't show up well enough in the printing process). We can also use color paintings and collages for our cover, if they go with a theme. Talk to you soon!

Love,  
*Luna*





*Dear Luna,*

I love your magazine, my mom gave it to me because she thought I would like it.

I really like the idea of that club called "Girl Talk"—maybe I'll start a club of my own.

My name is Brigid Dotson and I am 12 years old and in 6th grade. I wrote a poem for you:

*New Moon*

The sky will always be there,  
Though the stars may not shine,  
The sky will always be there,  
When the moon decides to hide,  
The sky will always be there,  
Because the moon will always be New Moon.

*Brigid Dotson  
Chandler, AZ*

*Dear Luna,*

Hello! My name is Crystal Passi, and I'm interested in your magazine. I really don't like writing letters but ever since I read your New Moon magazine I like writing letters! I'm into writing stories, art, reading, math, and all animals except mosquitoes. I love your column, "How Aggravating!" KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

*Sincerely,  
Crystal Passi, 10  
Minneapolis, MN*

*Dear New Moon Heroes,*

I love your magazine! The covers are very colorful. I really like how girls are writing. You know there are other magazines like SuperTeen, Teen, Sassy and many more for girls but they aren't for writing your feelings. All they tell you are cool styles, popular actors and quizzes. I really like your "How Aggravating!" section. As I mentioned "heroes" before in the greeting I wrote it shouldn't matter if you say heroes or heroines or actors or actresses. Same as in women! Have fun as always.

*Lauren Victor, 10  
Bloomfield Hills, MI*

*Dear Luna,*

I love cats. I have a cat almost everything. The only problem is that my parents hate cats. I think it's a drag. I also love to read, write and ride my bike. My friend has the same interests as I do and she calls everyone "beef"! We're kinda earthy, like hippies. I think hippies are awesome. I write about lots of things including earthy people. I think this magazine is a really great idea. I think it will help girls gain confidence in themselves by reading about what other women and girls have done to become famous. I also think it is neat because you can read what girls your age have written. It is a great idea to have pen pals so you can write to and meet new and interesting people.

*Love,  
Lindsey Scherloun  
Silver Spring, MD*

*Dear Luna,*

You said you needed ideas and topics for the New Moon, well you might just have one. Hi, my name is Laura. I live in Albert Lea, Minnesota. I'm going to be 11 in March. I have five brothers and sisters younger than me. My parents are divorced. My mom got remarried last November. My dad's been married for a long time. Here might be a story! My dad's moving out and I wish he wouldn't. He doesn't think he's being a very good dad even though I think he's been the best dad anyone could ever have. My dad and his wife aren't getting divorced. Anyway thank you for letting me get my feelings out and thank you for listening to me.

*Your friend,  
Laura McGinnis  
Albert Lea, MN*

*Dear New Moon,*

I really like your magazine. It's so much fun to read. The letters other kids sent you are great! It's not fair that people think sports is a boy thing. I have fun reading your magazines. They let you tell your feelings.

*Sincerely,  
Rebecca Wein, 7  
Pittsburgh, PA*





*Dear Luna,*

Hi! My name is April. I'm 12 years old, and have just recently moved from St. Cloud, Minnesota to Endicott, New York. It was a big change for me, and I often thought about St. Cloud and the people I missed. Now since school started (I'm in seventh grade), it's gotten better, even though I still get psyched when anyone mentions Minnesota. Other things I've had to get used to are "New York words." In Minnesota, everybody called it "pop." Now, when I slip and say pop instead of soda, people look at me like I'm crazy. Or here, another word for cool is "wicked." I still can't bring myself to say that. Maybe someday I'll be a true New Yorker!

*April Goltz, 12  
Endicott, NY*

*Dear New Moon Mag.,*

My name is P. Elizabeth Billings, "Lizi." I am 11 years old and I used to have quite a lot of trouble talking to my parents, especially my mom. You know, like how to tell her you need a bra, or that you've just gotten your period. I think a lot of girls need to know about these things. Thanks for your time.

*Sincerely,  
P. Elizabeth Billings AKA "Lizi"  
New Orleans, LA*

*Dear New Moon,*

I received my first issue of your magazine in December of '93. I was truly impressed with the quality of the magazine. I'd never heard of your magazine until my sister gave me a copy. She feels strongly about women's rights, and is thrilled that I'm following in her footsteps. I'm in the eighth grade and I can't believe the words that are used to describe women like "chick" or "babe." These words are demoralizing and demeaning towards women. Even worse though, I hear these words from some of the adults in my community. What kind of example are they setting for young men? I'm pleased to know that there is a magazine for feminists my age. It's wonderful to see strong, determined young women expressing their creativity and opinions.

*Thanks,  
Andrea Noble, 13  
New Haven, IN*

*Dear New Moon Publishers,*

My dad and I think it would be a good idea to include a page in your magazine that recommends good non-sexist books to read. We enjoy your magazine immensely.

*Sincerely,  
Vera Hannrish  
M.J. Hannrish  
Rosemont, PA*

*Dear New Moon,*

Have you ever noticed how almost every girl name has a boy name in it? Like ladies has lad in it, women has men in it, woman has man in it, and female has male in it. I'm a fourth grader at Community School. I live in St. Louis, Missouri. I love drawing, math, reading, animals, spring, sports, and traveling. I also play the flute. Last summer I went to France with my family. I'm working on a story about my trip to France, and I will send it to you. I like how you express to girls that they can do anything boys can do.

*Sincerely,  
Katie Watt, 10  
St. Louis, MO*

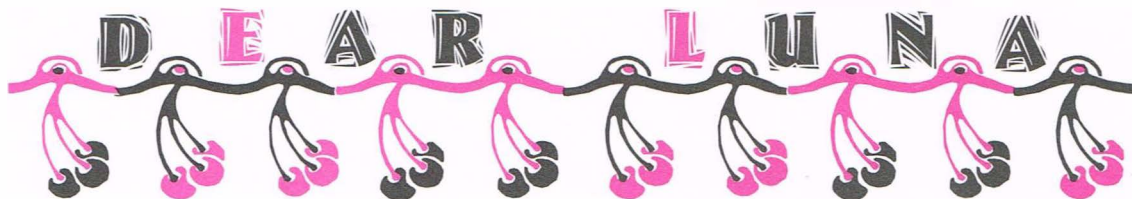
*Dear New Moon Magazine,*

I think your magazine is wonderful. My aunt in Hawaii works for women's rights, she's the one who introduced your magazine to me. One thing I thought you could talk about is girls in sports. I'm almost 13 years old and I've been playing sports since I was 7 years old. I play soccer, basketball, softball and I'm on a swim team. There are only two of these (basketball and softball) which I play on an all girl team. A lot of the time it takes a while for me to prove to the boys that I play as good or better than them. It's very frustrating.

*Sincerely,  
Liz Moran  
Durham, NC*

*Dear New Moon Readers,*

There are many different kinds of people—fat, skinny, black, white, men and women. One of the issues I read in your magazine was about men and women. I think that when God created earth, he



probably thought everyone would be alike. I know how most things don't seem equal, like no girl's baseball teams or professional football and basketball. But after reading at the library, I discovered that Eleanor Roosevelt and Mary McLeod Bethune both worked and achieved women's rights and black rights. Some history books might tell about famous women. I think someday a person will create more women's sports. Some day every one will be equal.

I also think that it's unfair that people always make fun of me. The reason is because I'm kind of fat. I wonder why models are always thin. I think it's unfair that people always get made fun of. I have a question: Why is it that almost all the time people make fun of fat girls, but not fat boys?

Here is a poem I wrote for New Moon.

Nice people  
Encouraging  
With care and fun  
Magazine for me  
Original  
Outrageous  
New moon

*Sincerely,  
Melissa Bearup, 10  
Rome, NY*

*Dear Luna,*

Hi! My name is Schuyler. I really like your magazine. I would like to hear more about women's jobs. My aunt Jane is a midwife. She's delivered about 1,000 babies. One time she wore goggles, a snorkel, and a catchers mitt and made the lady in labor laugh. She uses humor to make people comfortable. I think it would be helpful for every girl to know about different jobs because they'll have a better idea of what to do when they grow up. Thank you for your good work.

*Sincerely,  
Schuyler Mudge, 12  
Mukileto, WA*

*Dear Luna,*

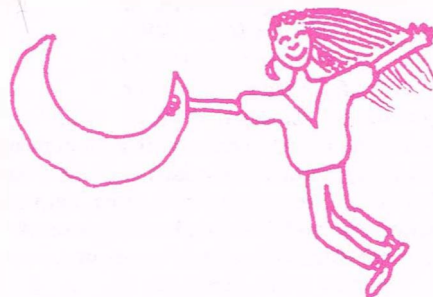
My best friends are my dog, the boy who lives across the street from me, a girl from Japan, and my brother.

I think New Moon is awesome! I like to read about

other girls, for there are no girls where I live. In school there are 6 girls in my class and 11 boys. In my neighborhood there are also lots of boys and no girls. The first day I tried to play kickball the boys wouldn't let me and my friend play. Then a teacher came so the boys reluctantly let us play. In the batting order I was last, but when I finally got up I showed them what I could do. After that they made me their friend, they let me in their "No Girls Allowed" clubs, and even sent me Valentines. I am completely used to a boy's world, and New Moon is a nice change.

*Claire Trageser  
Newton, MA*

Drawing by Joa Smelby, Joice, IA

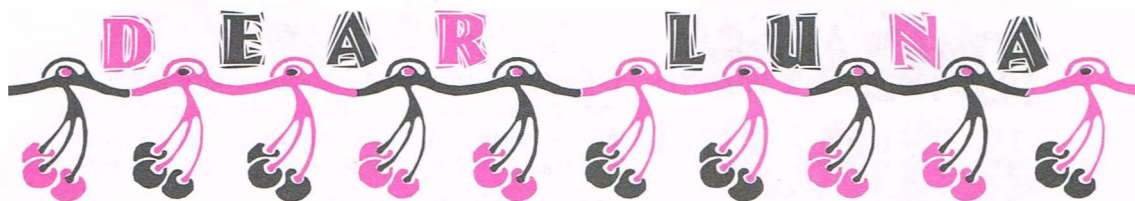


*Dear New Moon,*

I am 11 years old, and love basketball. I also play the piano and I might take tennis lessons in the summer. We live on a farm—not one with pigs, cattle, all that stuff—we just live on 63 acres. Our house was abandoned for 30 years and then some people called the Castners came and fixed it up. Then they sold it to us. After a while we noticed that there were some bullet holes in the wall. Later we found out that when the house was abandoned, hunters used to come here and get drunk, that's when they would shoot the walls. They had guns because they were going to hunt deer and other things.

Anyway we moved here about four years ago from Nashville. The reason we moved was because Nashville got too noisy, the air was polluted, and we didn't want to be close to the highway anymore. Now four years later we find out that a highway is going to go right through our house! They're going to have to knock the house down and all of our things we





worked so hard on to make it just right for us to live in. I mean we have a tipi and some dogs that came with the house. They have been living here since they were born. We spent our life savings to move out here and to have it torn down because some highway is going to be built just isn't right. They're going to have to cut down lots of trees, dig up a slave grave and a lot of more problems. I would like your support in any way or write to me. I would appreciate your support and views on this subject.

*Sincerely,  
Tyler Benjamin  
Charlotte, TN*

*Dear New Moon:*

Hi! My name is Melissa Freiley. I am 11 years old. I'm not a subscriber to your magazine but usually flip through the issues at a bookstore. The reason I'm writing you is because, only a suggestion, I think you should lower your price on subscription rates and newsstand issues. I really like your magazine and I'm sure a lot of other girls do too. But, I think you would get a lot more subscribers and buyers if you lowered the price. This is only a suggestion, but I'm sure it would make a lot of other girls happy if you did this. Well, bye!

*Sincerely,  
Melissa Freiley  
Conway, AR*

Luna says: Most magazines pay their bills by selling advertising in their pages. But advertisers will often complain, or stop buying ads, if the magazine prints something they don't like. We didn't want anyone or anything interfering with what girls want to say, so New Moon doesn't have any advertising. As a result, we have to pay our bills only with money from subscriptions. That's why the price can't be less even though we wish it could.

*Dear Luna,*

A few weeks ago, I received my second issue of New Moon, and I love it! It was given to me for my eleventh birthday by two women who are great friends of mine. They believe that women can do anything men can do, and just as well too! They live

in Maine, and I go there every summer.

Well, one summer we went out boating, and our boat got stuck in the mud while we were exploring a little island. I was with my mother, her friend, and my six year old sister. Well, with all our strength we pushed that heavy boat out of the mud, and we had to drag it about thirty feet too! Which proves to me that women can do anything! Most of the girls at my school think it's cool to like a boy, but I think every girl is fine on her own! Also, me and a few other girls like to play basketball at recess, but when we try the boys always say that we aren't playing a real game, and that we should let them use a hoop! Thanks for being there.

*Jya Plavin  
Shutesbury, MA*

*Dear New Moon,*

Hi. My name is Cory Funch and I am a 9-year-old boy. My mom gave me a subscription to your magazine as a Christmas present. I enjoy reading your magazine, and I am looking forward to receiving future issues. My favorite article in the January/February issue was the one about Vicky VanMeter's piloting experiences. I enjoy the art work in your magazine and especially like the cover art.

Last summer, I went to a feminist camp called Mountain Meadow in Ithaca, New York. My friend, Jen, who is ten, went with me. There were roughly twelve kids and four teen and adult counselors at camp. Kids at Mountain Meadow were from a variety of different cultures. My mom is a feminist. I like growing up in a feminist household because I like learning about important women in history.

*Sincerely,  
Cory Funch  
Perkasie, PA*

*Dear New Moon Staff,*

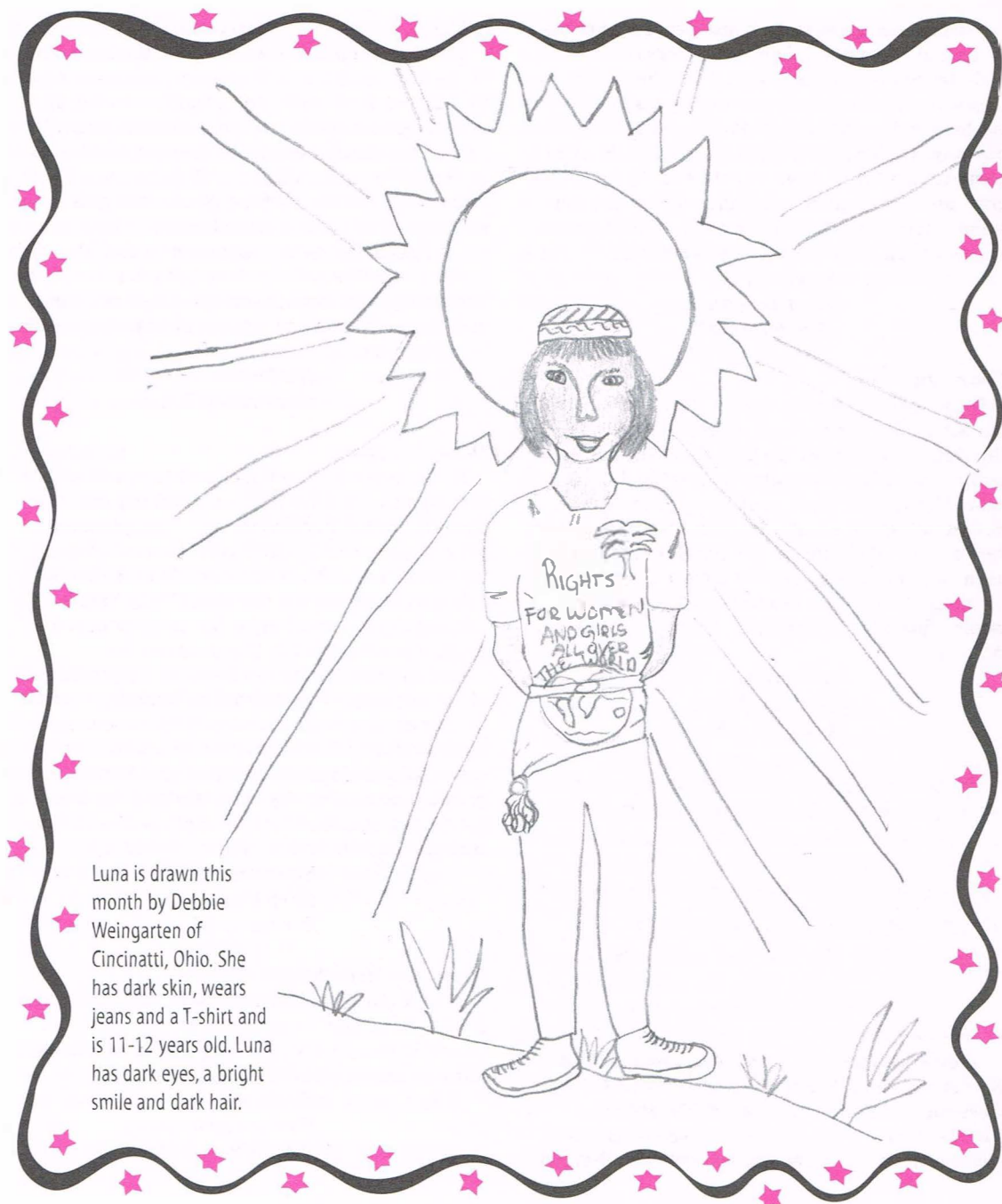
I think you should do an issue on dinosaurs. Also I have a suggestion. I was thinking every year you should have a toy test, and kids rate toys on how hard, or easy they are, etc..

*Sincerely,  
Karleen Armstrong  
Westminster, CO*

# DRAW LUNA

## What do you think Luna looks like?

Every girl's idea is different, and that's the way we like it! Let your imagination run wild and send us a drawing of what you see. Your Luna drawings should be in black ink on plain white paper (otherwise they don't show up as well in the magazine). Send them to Luna, New Moon, PO Box 3620, Duluth, MN 55803-3620.



Luna is drawn this month by Debbie Weingarten of Cincinnati, Ohio. She has dark skin, wears jeans and a T-shirt and is 11-12 years old. Luna has dark eyes, a bright smile and dark hair.



# ASK A GIRL

Ask a Girl is an advice column for and by you. We can help each other and take our problems seriously. Here's how it works: New Moon will publish letters which ask for help or advice. In later issues, we'll publish your replies to those concerns—advice or personal experiences you can share. So, write to us! (Sorry, we can't reply to individual letters.)

*Dear Luna,*

My mom has a friend who is getting divorced from my dad's friend. My mom's friend can't get my dad's friend to give her her stuff. Tonight, I was watching TV and I heard them arguing and throwing stuff around the kitchen. This is the fifth time this has happened! And now it is tearing my family apart. What can I do?

*Beth  
Farragut, TN*

Have you been through something like this? How did you feel? What did you do? How did it turn out? What would you have done differently? Do you have suggestions or ideas? Write to us!



In the January/February New Moon, Mary wrote that being 13 and growing up was hard. She felt tall, skinny and klutzy. She wished she "could go someplace and hide until she's the perfect shape and size." Here's how some readers responded:

*Dear Mary,*

I am also 13 and just moved to a new state last year. So far, turning 13 and entering middle school has been the worst experience of my life! For one thing, I don't fit in that well, because everyone is so preppy. I'm the kind of person who likes to be her own kind, not like some beautiful model. I have a whole lot of friends, but no close ones.

My advice is to concentrate on what you do best. After reading about your problem, you seem like a very good writer. You also seem like a hard worker. Who cares if you stand out? Maybe you're the kind of person who should stand out. Maybe you're the kind of person people should listen to—a good role model. If you find a person you can relate to, try to focus on that one good friend and make a strong friendship. Friends come in handy when you're trying to get through hard times. If you want, you can write to me. It seems we have a lot in common! And that goes for whoever else is having trouble growing up and with that dumb age of 13.

*Trea Jennings  
Jefferson, WI*

*Dear Mary,*

I have been feeling the same about growing up. I am 11 and in 6th grade. I am short and wear glasses. I go to a middle school where what you look like and even the way you walk is sometimes laughed at. I try to ignore it, but sometimes I can't and I go home and cry. Mary, you have fulfilled your reason for writing your letter. I hope you feel better.

*Gemma Irish  
Minneapolis, MN*

I completely sympathize with your comments about turning 13. I just turned 13 and it is very difficult. Earlier in the year, near my birthday, it was hard, too. I was wondering if you'd like to be pen pals.

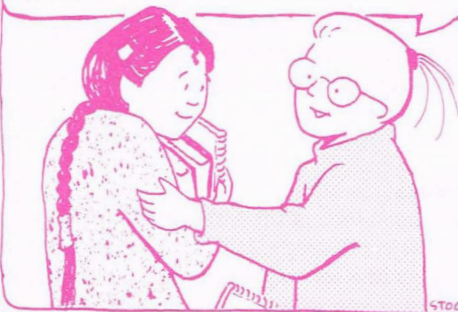
*Ann Moller  
Yarmouth, ME*

# Blue Jeannes

I love my grandmother, but there are times I wish my mother weren't gone so much. This mother-daughter party just makes me feel left out.



I'm sorry you feel left out, Jean... You know, I'm learning that mothers come in all shapes & sizes. That it's more about what a mother does than who a mother is.



STOCKBRIDGE

Yea, I guess... I may not hear from my mom for months, but Nana is always there for me—telling me to do my homework... baking my favorite cookies... knowing when I need a hug.



LATER at the PARTY...

Look at all the different mothers... Jenny and her mom were born in different countries, Nancy's mom is her step-mom and Lisa's dad is her mom!



And lucky me, My mom is a GRAND-mother!



Named for Maia, the Roman goddess of the Earth. Garden Planting Month. Month of the Flower Moon



2

Catherine the Great born. 1729. German princess who became the empress of Russia.

3

Golda Meir born. 1898. Only female prime minister of Israel.

5

Children's Day in Japan. Families fly windsocks in the shape of carp for each child.

8

Mother's Day

10

New Moon. Ella Tambussi Grasso born. 1919. First woman elected governor in the US without succeeding her husband (1974-Connecticut).

12

Florence Nightingale born. 1820. England. Founded modern professional nursing.

23

Mary Cassatt born. 1845. American painter. known for paintings of mothers and children.



25

Full Moon

27

Rachel Carson born. 1907. American biologist. wrote Silent Spring. book that prompted environmental movement.

30

Feast Day of Joan of Arc. Led the French army to battle in 1429 at the age of 17.

National Rose Month in the United States



2

Youth Day in Tunisia. Honors the young people of the nation.

3

Memorial to Broken Dolls Day in Japan. Attended by girls and their mothers. All broken dolls are enshrined by a priest.



5

Corn Dance of the San Ildefonso Pueblo Native Americans. Dedicated to the Rain People and the Earth Mothers. World Environment Day: United Nations urges people to act for the preservation of the environment.

6

Flag Day in Sweden

9

New Moon

12

Johanna Spyri born. 1827. Swiss author of HEIDI. Anne Frank born. 1929.

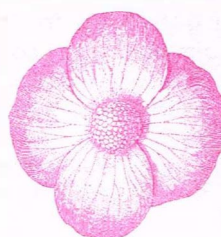


15

Smile Power Day

21

Summer Solstice: Shortest day of the year in Southern Hemisphere. Longest day in Northern Hemisphere.



23

Full Moon

27

Helen Keller born. 1880. Deaf and blind. she became a famous speaker and writer.

# How Aggravating!

One day, my friends were carrying on this really boring conversation, so I decided to go play football with the boys. A couple boys were like "Oh gross, a girl!" so I smart-mouthed this really tall boy. He didn't like having a girl tackle him, so he said some other boy brought him down. I ended up with a busted lip and a bunch of girls wanting me to teach them how to play football!

Hanna Jamar  
Trinity, TX

When my teacher wants a window opened, she says, "Muscles on the windows, guys!" Then it takes two or three boys to open a window one girl can open! I hate when she does that!

Erin Huth, 9  
Schenectady, NY

How come when some people write to married women they address it to Mrs. Nick Anderson instead of her name? It makes it seem like she isn't important enough to be mentioned on a letter. If I got a letter like that I would tear it up. Also, in rap and other forms of music men abuse women. They may not do it with their fists but they do it with their words. It's unfair that they can do it and get away with it.

Lindsay Wolff, 11  
Mahtomedi, MN

I got a new game for Christmas called "The Omega Virus." I looked at the back of the box to see where the directions were and there was a picture of only boys playing the game! I was so frustrated I wanted to prove to myself that I could win the game also. So a few days after that I played it by myself and I won! That proves that girls can do anything.

Catherine Walkenshaw, 10  
Worthington, OH

I think it is sexist that movies only show nude women! And why can only women or girls wear hats inside school or while they are eating? We are also supposed to wear makeup, shave our legs and underarms and color and perm our hair.

Stephanie Breeding, 13  
Seattle, WA

I sit by a boy in my homeroom who is very sexist. He thinks that women are weak and can't do anything. He thinks that the woman's place is in the home doing housekeeping. When I told him my mom was a respiratory therapist and saved lives every day, he just raised his eyebrows. How aggravating!

Breanne Scanlon, 11  
Dover, OH

It's not fair and very rude for men to think they can just walk up to women/girls and whistle at us or make rude comments about our appearances. We don't do that to them so it's not fair for them to have that power over us. It's not right that when boys/men are in groups that they bully us and then when they're alone they're friendly. It's like they have to prove to their friends that they don't care about us.

Jessica Ellison, 10, &  
Sarah Kriappmille, 14  
St. Paul, MN

When I went to Walmart I saw a sign that said, "If a product is out of order contact the manager or the stockboy." Women and girls can put products on the shelf and earn money. We're not just people that stay home and keep house! Other words with men or man at the end: salesman, fireman, women, woman, female, busboy, batboy.

Mesa Johnson, 9  
Brooklyn Park, MN



Here's the Gun Every Boy Wants. It Looks and Shoots and FLASHES Like a Real Gun, but It Is A Harmless.

Here is a gun made is a wonder. Every trigger, a big red f What makes the fla secret! But we can s is absolutely harm shoot the Ronson Re in the house or oute real repeater. You d it. Just pull the tr shoot 5,000 flashes! Genuine gunmetal fi made of steel. For e below. Length, 5 1/4 i. weight, 6 ounces. **49K5657**—Price Reloading for Ronso Reloading for Ronso reloading good for 5,000 **49K5658**—3 re Price.....

# Boy Toys by Emily Hume

What do Tony the Tiger, Captain Crunch, the Keebler Elves, Ronald McDonald, the Lego Maniac, and Toucan Sam all have in common? They're all boys.

Boys are clearly favored in commercials. Almost all the cartoon characters, spokespeople, and actors you see in commercials are boys. And most commercials seemed to be targeted to boys.

Some commercials, like those for 2XL, (a robot that asks questions) show boys getting all the questions right. Other commercials, like Teen Talk Barbie, make comments like, "Math class is hard!"

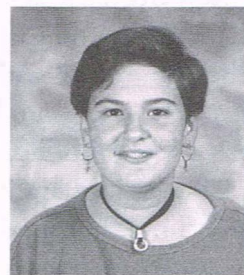
Many very sexist commercials are for games. A really good example is one for a game called Giggle Wiggle. In the commercial two boys and two girls are playing. At the end the boy wins and gleefully shouts, "I win! I win!" while clapping his hands. My mouth fell when I saw this commercial. Not only was this kid rude, but he sounded so annoying! I was really upset when I never saw a girl win. I even found a commercial where a dog wins the game!

I think it's these little things in commercials that can really make a person think, "Well, if people are sexist in commercials, then I guess it's O.K." Well, it's not! As a girl I hear boys say sexist things all the time. Some boys even laugh when I tell them that I like baseball. I wish the tables could be turned for just one day so that boys could see what it feels like to have sexist things said about them all the time (not to say only boys are sexist). I'm just sick of hearing things like, "You throw like a girl! You hit like a girl!" Well, I do throw and hit like a girl, most likely because I am a girl! And I'm proud of it too.

I talked to James Flinn, 11, who is a friend of mine. When asked about his thoughts on sexist games he said, "Boys are too sensitive. If they see a cereal commercial with a girl in it they think, 'I can't buy that, it's for girls!'"

Guess Who? and Polar Dare were the only games I found in which a girl wins. After she wins in the Polar Dare commercial, the girl's reaction is a very surprised, "I win." She sounds aghast that she won. I'm not surprised that she's aghast because there are so many sexist commercials! I hope that in the future advertising companies will wise up and start to see that women have been neglected long enough! And we're not going to put up with it any more!

Emily Hume lives in River Forest, Illinois. She was 11 when she wrote this article for Advertising Age magazine in 1993. Reprinted with permission of Crain Communications.



**DRUMS**  
For the Small Boy. | Sheepskin Metal sides, with Heart.



Boys do to shoot target. can do doors his set. ch gun has shed wooden ck. Strong ig. Target, nes. One 6 1/4 tipped arrow. ght. 1 1/4 pounds. **9 39c**

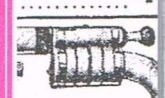
**Extra Arrows.** For gun target, out 49K5609. K ber vacuum ped. Ship weight, 4 oun **49K5610** Price, 4 **1**



**16 1/2-Inch Gun.**



rich 4 stock. Heavy nches high, printed g. wt., 1 1/4 lbs. **4**



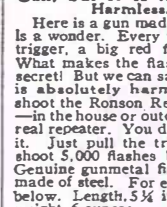
**Pistol.** red and blue 1 warnings. rk with loud report 8 oz. **39**

**Belt With Wood** iletts.



Get this pistol, at a belt with wooden wooden cartridges, shipg. wt., 12oz. **4**

me back to you

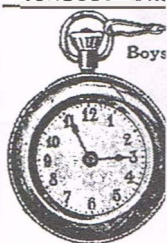


**49K5657**—Price Reloading for Ronso Reloading for Ronso reloading good for 5,000 **49K5658**—3 re Price.....



## Note This V

Boys, here is a c want. Consists of si graphed metal soldier on horseback. 3 1/4 x 1/2 inch gun that shoots value for the money about 1 pound. **49K5650**—Price



**Three Bird Whistles, 19 Cents.** A lot of fun for a small sum.

Partially fill with blow easily and sound imitate canaries. si Made of decorated. Amusing and a great creator. Shipping w **69K8050**—Price

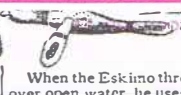


Polished metal. Has ring to attach to chain or string. Shipping weight, 2 ounces. **69K8052**—Price **15c**

**Learn to Play the Calliope Whistle.** Made of wood, nickel-plated. Tin notes. One



**Repeating Water Pistol.** Has large good quality rubber



When the Eskimo throws at a bird flying over open water, he uses a missile that will

# RODEO RIDER

by  
Fallon Taylor

**H**i! My Name is Fallon Taylor. I am 11 years old.  
I live in Ponder, Texas, and I am the youngest barrel racer  
on the Professional Rodeo tour.

Barrel racing is a speed event. The object of barrel racing is to run around three barrels in a cloverleaf pattern on a horse going up to 30 miles per hour. You turn around the barrels as close and fast as you can without knocking any over. Barrel racing is the second most favored event of rodeo fans. The favorite of the crowd is bull riding. The barrel race is timed with an electronic eye timer. When the racers run toward the barrels, they break a light beam across the entrance that starts the clock.

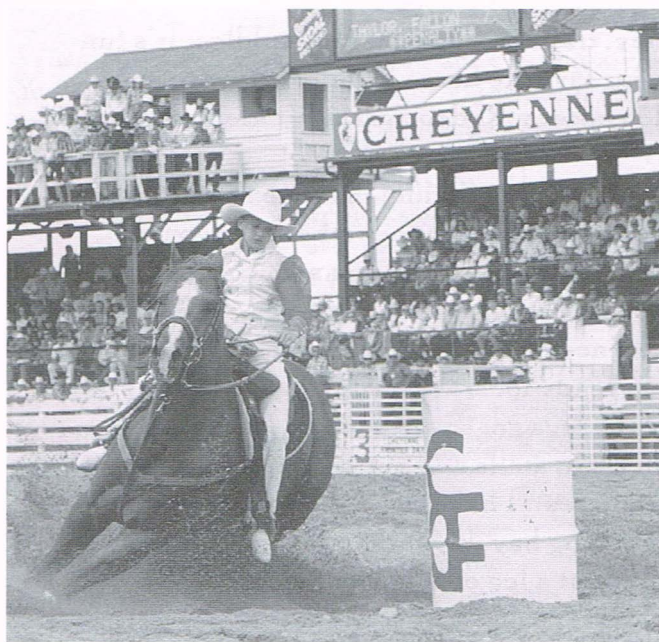
I travel all year long across the United States and Canada. It is really a dream come true for me to be competing with my idols who I have seen on TV. I have seen a lot of beautiful country and have met a lot of new friends.

I have two main horses I ride in the rodeos. One of them is Dr. Nick Bar, a 14-year-old stallion. The other is an 11-year-old mare. Her name is Pay Day Song, but I call her "Dunny." Dunny is best for small indoor arenas and Nick is best for big outdoor arenas.



KENNETH SPRINGER





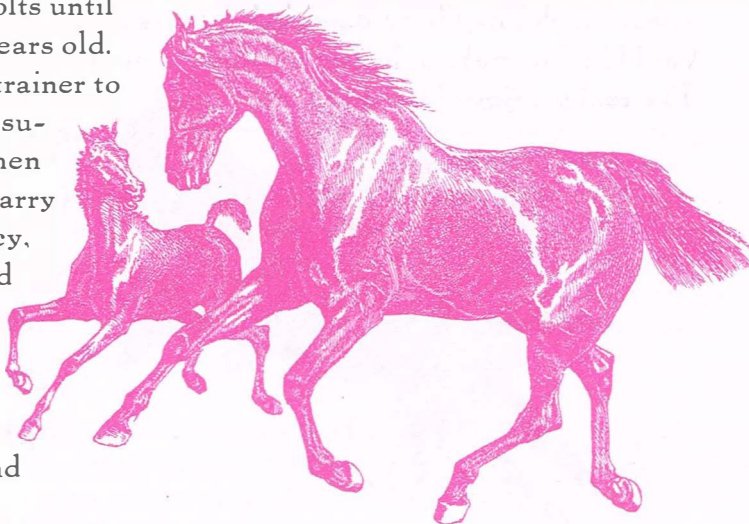
I have two dogs, Taz and Mega, that travel with us. They are a shar-pei and a pit bull. They were given to me by my trainer. They are company to me when we are traveling. I have cats at home and their job is to keep the barn free of mice. My mom home-schools me, and believe me, school comes first before anything else. I like school because I like to learn. My favorite subject is Bible study and second is reading. After school I ride and ride and ride.

We have 30 horses, but some of them are too young to ride and five are broodmares. Broodmares are the horses that we breed to have babies, so every eleven months we have a new crop of baby horses. I am always excited to see the new babies.

Horses do not breed true to color, and it's always fun to see what color they are and what markings they have. This year we had a little bay filly with a big white heart in the center of her forehead.

We cannot ride the colts until they are two and a half years old. At this time they go to a trainer to be broke to ride, which usually takes two months. Then they go to our trainers, Larry Stevens and Rick Manucy, to be trained to go around the barrels. Both Rick and Larry used to be race jockeys.

When the horses are four years old, Larry and





Rick ride them in “futures” where they compete against other horses of the same age. The good ones win lots of money, trailers, buckles, and saddles. It’s fun to go and cheer for your favorite horse. A select few are good enough to make rodeo horses. Rodeo horses hit their peak at about nine years of age.

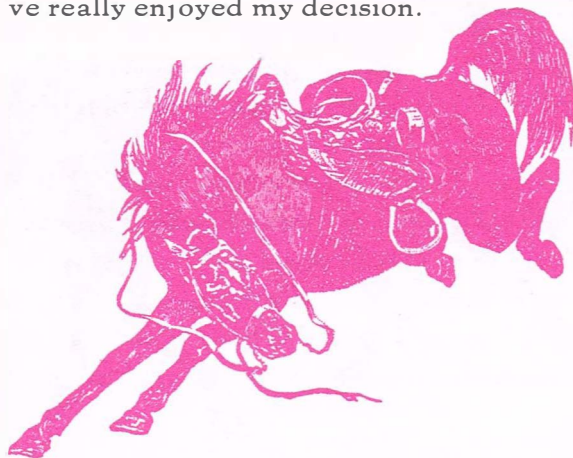
One of the hardest things about riding is finding that one special horse. You have to fit the horse—it’s like finding a best friend because your personalities have to match. The horse has to love you as much as you love it. It’s a very special bond.

I like to rodeo because I’ve learned so much about horses. I learned how to wrap their legs to get them ready for travel. You have to take very good care of your horse’s legs. If the legs go, so does the whole horse. At night, we bed our horses down in clean stalls and put down straw or wood shavings so they have a soft place to rest. I have to be sure they always have enough fresh water. When buying hay, my father always makes sure it is clean and free of blister bugs. Just a leg of a blister bug can kill a horse.

Horses have a very delicate digestive tract, so you must be careful how you feed them. I bathe my horse after each workout to cool it down and wash off the sweat. It’s a lot of work owning a horse, but when you win that special race it all seems worthwhile.

I want to be a horse trainer, computer programmer, and write children’s stories. But I just haven’t figured out how to do all three. I will have to make a decision like I did when I decided to go pro in rodeo.

I knew if I went pro, I would have to give up my dance and piano lessons, which I had been doing since I was three years old. But my parents said I had to make a decision. It took a lot of thought, but I chose rodeo. I’ve really enjoyed my decision.



## RODEO

Riding  
On animals and  
Doing  
Exquisite tricks  
On horses’ backs.

Poem by Beth Faller, Cincinnati, OH

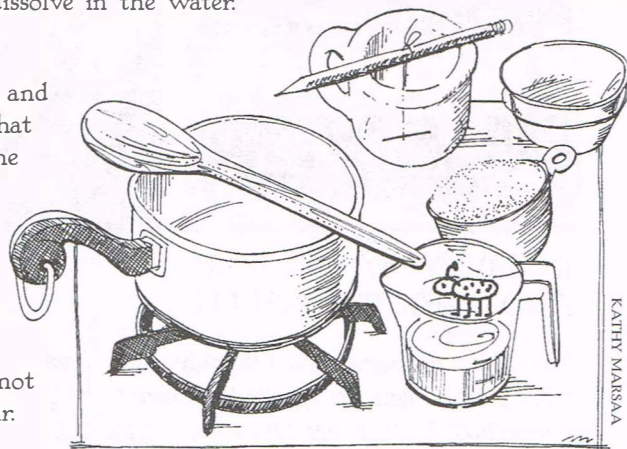


# Making Rock Candy

When you make rock candy, you are creating a chemical reaction. We'll show you how! You have to use the stove for this experiment, so get permission from your parents before you start and get their help as you go along!!!

**1** Put 1/2 cup of water in a small pot. Fill a measuring cup with 1 cup of granulated sugar. Put a spoonful of sugar into the pot of water and stir it with a wooden spoon. (Use a wooden spoon now, because you'll need it later.) See how long it takes for the sugar to dissolve in the water.

**2** Keep adding sugar, a spoonful at a time, and stir until it dissolves. You are making what scientists call a solution. The water is called the solvent and the sugar is called the solute. Even though you can't see them, the sugar particles are there, swimming around in the water. The solutes (sugar particles) bump into each other, but most of the time they are separated by the solvent (water). Count how many spoonfuls it takes before the sugar will not dissolve anymore, no matter how much you stir. You have now created a saturated solution.



**3** Put the pot on the stove with low heat. What happens to the sugar that wasn't dissolved? What does that tell you? Pour the rest of the sugar into the pot, and stir until all the sugar is dissolved. (Good thing you're using a wooden spoon, eh?) How long did it take? Bring your solution to a boil and let it boil for about a minute. Make sure it is clear, with no sugar visible anymore. Now you have a supersaturated solution.

**4** Pour half of the solution into a cup. Tie one end of a piece of string to a wooden toothpick. Lay a pencil across the top of the cup and tie the other end of the string to the pencil, so the toothpick hangs vertically-down into the middle of the cup, where the solution surrounds it. Pour the other half of the solution into a few small, shallow bowls. Put the bowls and cup somewhere where they won't get bumped or moved for a couple of weeks. As the water (the solvent) slowly evaporates, sugar crystals (the solute) will start sticking together. As crystals form on the top of the small bowls, carefully peel the top layer off to let the rest of the water evaporate. In the cup, the crystals will cling to the toothpick and string. When the water is all gone, you will have rock candy.

**5** Look at a regular sugar granule under a microscope (if you have one) or a magnifying glass. Compare the shape of the candy crystals to the shape of the sugar granule. What do you find? Do the same with a grain of sand and salt. You've discovered one of the ways scientists figure out what tiny molecules really look like!

## WOMEN'S WORK

# JOLETTE LAW

## PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL PLAYER

INTERVIEW BY ERIN HART  
AND AMANDA SARETTE



SHERRY BOYCE

Erin, Jolette and Amanda at the game.

*The Harlem Globetrotters are the only professional basketball team with both men and women. In 1985, the team picked Olympian Lynette Woodward as its first female member. Today's female Globetrotter star is Jolette "Jazzy" Law, in her third season on the club. Jolette was the top scorer at her Florence, South Carolina, high school. An All-American at the University of Iowa, she led her team to four conference championships, and is among the top ten Iowa players (women and men) in points, rebounds, and assists. Jolette is in the Iowa Hall of Fame. New Moon talked with her before a Globetrotters game.*

**New Moon:** How did you get started with the Harlem Globetrotters?

**Jolette Law:** After graduating from the University of Iowa in 1990, I tried out to represent the U.S. at the Goodwill Games. Scouts from the Harlem Globetrotters were there. As a kid I grew up loving the Globetrotters, watching them on television, seeing them on *Scooby Doo*. Whenever they would come to town, my mother and father would take me. Well, the scouts invited me to their camp and the rest is history.

**NM:** How does it feel being the only woman on the team?

**JL:** It's a great feeling. I get to go out and be a role model for all today's youth and for women in the society. So it gives me a heartwarming feeling, to go out each and every night and let these guys know that women can do things too. And being that pioneer for women, letting them know that women are emerging in the workplace and also on the basketball court.

**NM:** Do you feel that there aren't enough women in sports?

**JL:** Actually, I do. But I am really pleased that now in the nineties women's basketball, and all women's sports, are on the rise. More and more, people are getting comfortable with the fact that women

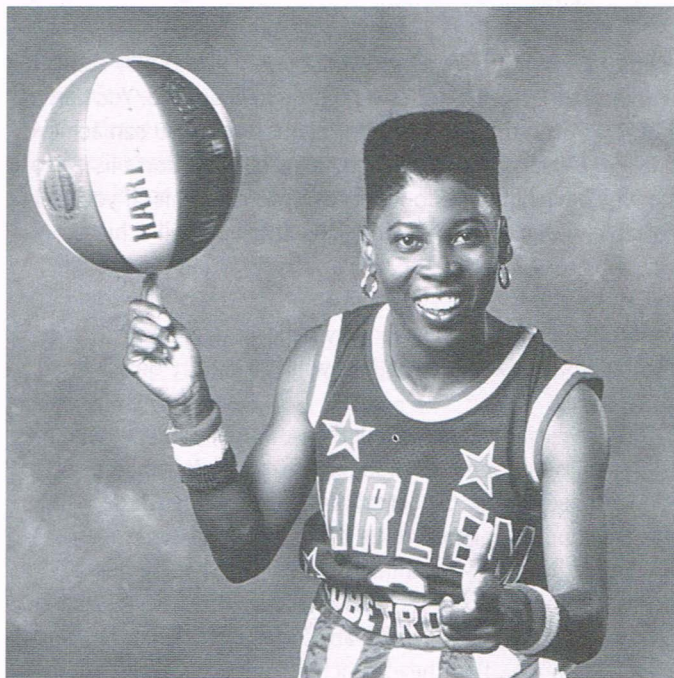




can actually do things. There is hope. I hope that in the next couple years you'll see a women's Harlem Globetrotters team.

**NM:** Did you play basketball when you were younger?

**JL:** Yes, I played basketball. I'm better at softball actually. I ran track also, but basketball was my claim to fame. I really enjoy it, because it's more team oriented. It's just that hunger to go out and play and bang with the guys and try to make hoops. I guess playing softball was sort of easy for me then. Basketball, I had to work at it.



SHERRY BOYCE

**NM:** Were you the only girl, when you were growing up?

**JL:** Yeah. I'm the only girl in my family. Most people used to call me a little tomboy when I was coming up. I didn't like the doll babies or anything that my mom wanted me to do. I always wanted to do what my two older brothers did. I wanted to play race cars and do sports. In my neighborhood I was pretty much the only girl playing with footballs, playing Frisbee and playing basketball. To this day I give a lot of credit to my brothers, because if it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't be where I am today.

**NM:** When you were that age, what did your friends think of you always playing basketball?

**JL:** Actually, I was pretty much to myself. I had a lot of friends but they always said, "That's all you want to do is

play basketball." I didn't really play with girls all the time because I wanted a challenge. Guys always said, "Ahh, girls can never do anything." So I wanted to prove to the guys that I could do it. I was the type of person, I had to believe in myself and do what Jolette wanted. And that's what I did. Some people went, "Oh, she's just a little girl playing." Now these are the people that say, "Oh, I am so proud of you." So that's why I want to tell people to believe in yourself, do things that are going to please you, and forget what people are saying.

**NM:** Do you feel like you had to be better than the guys to be able to make it? You know, more skilled?

**JL:** Actually, to really be able to handle some of the pressures that I was going through, I had to develop skills that were patented Jolette. They saw I was a female, and said, "Oh, she can't shoot." I'm short for a basketball player (5'4"), so that was a disadvantage. I had to almost quit. So I had to get my ball handling skills together. When I go up to the hole, I have this little scoop shot that all the guys swing at and miss. I just stay within my limitations, do the things that I know that I can do and just "fire two." I got my moves so I had them down pat and they couldn't stop it.

**NM:** What did your brothers think of what you were doing?

**JL:** My oldest brother, Michael, was responsible for a lot of my success. Ever since I was a little child, I used to run behind him. I know when most guys are older they don't want to play with younger girls,





*The U.S. Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Massachusetts, began inducting members in 1959. It was not until 1992 that the first women were inducted. They are Nera White, 10-time Most Valuable Player in Amateur Athletic Union tournaments in the 1950's and 1960's; and Lusia Harris-Stewart, member of the first U.S. Olympic women's basketball team (1976). Lusia also led Delta State University (Mississippi) to 3 national championships.*



*The Women's Basketball Association, a professional league, was founded in 1977. The WBA started with 8 teams (Dayton, New Jersey, New York, Houston, Milwaukee, Chicago, Iowa, and Minnesota), but lasted only three seasons. Its first game was December 9, 1978, in the Milwaukee Arena, where Chicago beat Minnesota 92-87.*



"Oh, go home." But Michael never used to turn me away. He's still my idol. Everything he did, I wanted to do. He was there. He said, "Well, if you want to be like me, come on." He just had me running. I was about to pass out but he always pulled me along.

**NM:** It's pretty nice to have someone that was always there.

**JL:** It's the family support. My mother and my father and my brothers and my best friend. They're the backbone of success. God also, but it's just like my family. Just being there. You know that you can look in the stands, and no matter what, you see five individuals for you.

**NM:** Do you have any advice for girls that would like to play sports?

**JL:** Yes. Anything that you want to do, you're responsible. You can try anything. Do everything that's within your reach. You can achieve it. I challenge each and every female to go out and don't listen to people who say you can't do it because you're female. If you feel comfortable within yourself, just believe that you will achieve. Keep striving for excellence in each and every thing that you do and never say die.

**NM:** Do you think women will ever play major league baseball or in the National Basketball Association, where there are only men now?

**JL:** I really do have that dream. I think that eventually it will come to surface. Just like no one ever thought that a female would be playing with the Harlem Globetrotters. I think in the future, someone will be courageous to be that pioneer, to step forward—you know that's part of it. I think the more that people hear about the Sheryl Swoopes [Texas Tech player named 1993 Babe Zaharias Award winner as best U.S. female athlete] and the Cheryl Millers [All-American player, then head coach at University of Southern California] the more they'll see that females can actually play. I think that one day, I guess in the next five to six years, we'll see a women's basketball league. One that's like the NBA.

**NM:** Do you experience any sexism now?

**JL:** Not really. With the guys on the Globetrotters, they're just like my brothers. Most everywhere I go, the women come to me after the game. Now even most of the boys say, "Wow, you're cool, you're awesome. Man, Jazz, you're my favorite player. Before the game I didn't really think you could do these things but you're incredible." That really makes me feel good. Going out there, doing it each and every day. Knowing that I'm touching someone.

**NM:** Do you ever hope to play in the NBA?

**JL:** I'm getting a little old, but if it should come to pass in the next couple years, yes. If there was an opportunity to be on all-women's team, I'd do it. I never really thought about the NBA. That would be remarkable. Now you've got something in the back of my mind!



If someone said, "We want you to play in the NBA," I'd give it a try. I'm never going to turn my back and say, "No, I'm not good enough." I love challenges.

**NM:** Tell us about your mother.

**JL:** Sure. My mother and I are extremely close. I mean, extremely close. Coming up, my mother was like my backbone. She was hip to do anything. I was playing softball, running track, basketball leagues, I was a Girl Scout. Anything that I wanted to do, she'd go for it. She would drive me there. There were times when I used to play softball at 4 o'clock in the morning, my mom is still there.

As the years went on, I went in high school. I'd go through difficult things and say, "Mom, you don't know." She's like, "Jolette, I'm telling you, I've been there." You always want to do your thing but, once you fall on your face, you say, "Yeah, Mom, you're right." Now, when I went off to college, I really realized how important my mother was to me. I didn't know how to do laundry. I messed up a whole load of clothes. Called her on the phone, "Mom, I don't know how to cook. What's up?" Those key elements helped me out. But as soon as I got on in the world, my mother and I talked to each other almost every other day. She's just like the sister that I never had. She's always helped me there. Mom is special.

## JOLETTE'S MOTHER

Jolette's mother, Lena Mae Law, still lives in Florence. Lena works in a plant that makes magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) machines for hospitals, and she has a beauty shop in her house.

Lena says Jolette always followed her dreams. "I wanted her to play music and I wanted her to play with doll babies, but she was never interested. She was always running off to the ball field after Michael. When I was coming up, I always played house and wanted doll babies. She wanted a moped!"

Lena and Jolette always enjoyed being together. They'd often go on weekend shopping trips out of town. "Jolette was always very responsible, and that had a lot to do with her success. She always thought she could be on her own and didn't need any fussing."

When Jolette decided on the University of Iowa, Lena was so unhappy, she got sick. "I didn't want her to be so far away from me. It worked out fine, but I still have a hard time knowing she's far away—traveling around the world with the Globetrotters to places like Australia." Lena hopes Jolette will settle down to become a coach someday—and maybe a mother, as well.

Lena played basketball in high school, too, but she never went to college. "After I raised my three kids, I went back to school to get my cosmetology license. I always wanted to go back to school, and I'm proud I did."

Lena is also very proud of Jolette.

"I see her as a pioneer for women. She always loved people and didn't care who they were or what they looked like. She's not afraid of being with people and helping them. I've always been proud of that."



Erin Hart and Amanda Sarette are New Moon editors.

# M I H O R I A O K I

A profile by Catherine Arendt

MIHORI AOKI IS A 9-YEAR-OLD GIRL FROM NAGANO, JAPAN. About 170 miles northwest of Tokyo, Nagano is surrounded by high mountains. The 1998 Winter Olympics will be in Nagano. Mihori was born on September 27, 1984, at 9:27 AM, and she likes to point out this coincidence.

When the new school year began in April, Mihori moved up to fourth grade. Her favorite school subjects are art, gym, and science. In school recently, Mihori's class talked about war. The teacher told them about bombs that could wipe out Nagano and that made a very strong impression on Mihori. She doesn't want war to happen.

After school, Mihori takes piano, Japanese calligraphy, and swimming lessons. She readily admits to not practicing the piano every day. Twice a week, Mihori also attends "juku," where she studies math and Japanese. Juku is a cram school which many students must attend to continue getting good grades so they can continue in school. Mihori wonders why Japanese kids have to go to school AND juku—it doesn't seem fair!

Mihori has about 20 to 30 minutes of homework a day. She said that as she gets older she'll have to spend more and more time studying. But with the free time she has now she can read comic books or watch TV.

Mihori jokes that when she watches TV she is actually studying, because she wants to be a television star when she grows up. She also thinks it would be great to be a comic book illustrator. She and her friends often draw pictures together. Sometimes, she thinks about becoming a hair stylist, too.

Mihori enjoys going to her grandmother's after school or lessons. She and her grandmother like to drink green tea, watch TV, or cook. Then Mihori returns home with her father, Tamotsu, when he is finished with work at the family wholesale store and real estate company.

Mihori really enjoys being with her dad. They like to go skiing, eat out, swim, and watch movies. She says that her dad is super nice and she only remembers him getting angry with her once. On top of that, he makes great instant ramen noodles!

In addition to doing housework, Mihori's mother, Yumiko, sometimes works at the family business. She takes classes at the university, and studies tai chi, English, and the Japanese tea ceremony. She also volunteers for the city planning commission.

Mihori says that her mom is nice, a good cook, tall, likes green tea, loves reading and watching American videos, and studies at night a lot.

Mihori often helps her mother to prepare dinner and she does other chores around the house.

Mihori has a 13-year-old brother, Yasunori. Together they play Uno, Othello, Japanese chess, bingo, and computer games, or fight. Almost every day they hang out in Yasunori's room talking, reading, or listening to CDs.

Mihori is very optimistic. She said she can't recall sad times in her life. A little while ago, Mihori was concerned about what happened to people after they died, but now she's made herself forget so that doesn't bother her anymore.

Mihori has been to Spain and the United States. She has cousins in New York and liked going to the supermarkets, malls, and factory outlets there. The checkout lines especially captivated her. At the supermarkets in Nagano, cashiers carefully arrange the food in a basket after using the laser scanner to register the price. Mihori thought it would be fun to whip the food past the laser scanner, as she saw the American cashiers do.

As much as Mihori loves traveling, she would rather keep on living in Japan. Nagano, however, is too cold for her in the winter so a warmer place would be best.

Finally, Mihori mentioned two people named Rie who have made an impression on her. She says that TV star Rie Miyazawa's acting is very good and that's why she likes her. And Rie O., one of Mihori's classmates, is really kind and fun.



実保里  
Mihori  
青木  
Aoki

Catherine Arendt lives in Nagano and teaches English to people of all ages, from kindergarteners through grandparents. She is originally from Rhode Island.



# CONSIDERING CUSTOMS

**Japan** is a country where modern and ancient influences live side by side. Japan covers 4 large islands—Hokkaido, Honshu, Shikoku, and Kyushu—along with thousands of smaller islands in the North Pacific Ocean. Most of Japan is mountainous; many of these mountains are volcanoes. It is 370,000 sq. km. (145,000 sq. mi.—slightly smaller than California). Japan's population is 124,460,000. That makes 830 people per square mile! Tokyo is Japan's capital and largest city. Japanese money is called yen.

**Under** U.S. influence, Japan's 1947 constitution gave women an Equal Rights Amendment (something U.S. women still don't have) and the right to vote. Thirty-nine women—including Ichikawa Fusae, attacked and arrested for promoting women's rights before the war—were elected in the first postwar election to Japan's legislature, the Diet.

**Between** 592 and 770 A.D., half of Japan's rulers were women. In the third century, Empress Jingū wore men's clothing to lead her army into Korea.

**Murasaki Shikibu** wrote the first Japanese novel, *GENJI MONOGATORI, THE TALE OF GENJI*, around 1000 A.D.. In her day, fine literature was mostly history written in Chinese. But Murasaki wrote in Japanese, with an elegant and beautiful style still considered the model of Japanese prose today. "To move from the figures of history when they are doing things for the history books to figures of fiction when they are doing things for their own quiet enjoyment required a great leap of the imagination," remarked one cultural historian (*Great Historical Figures of Japan*).

**Sei Shōnagon** lived a few years before Murasaki Shikibu. She wrote *THE PILLOW BOOK*, an insider's account of life in the imperial court, a classic of Japanese literature.

**Kōjō Masako** dominated Japanese politics and warfare from 1180 to 1225 A.D. Through a series of plots—possibly including the murder of her husband, sons, and grandson—Masako established her family as the rulers of Japan for more than a century after her death.

**Japan** is a highly industrial country, producing electronic equipment, cars, machinery, and chemicals. Farmers grow rice, vegetables, fruit, and tea on fairly small plots of land.

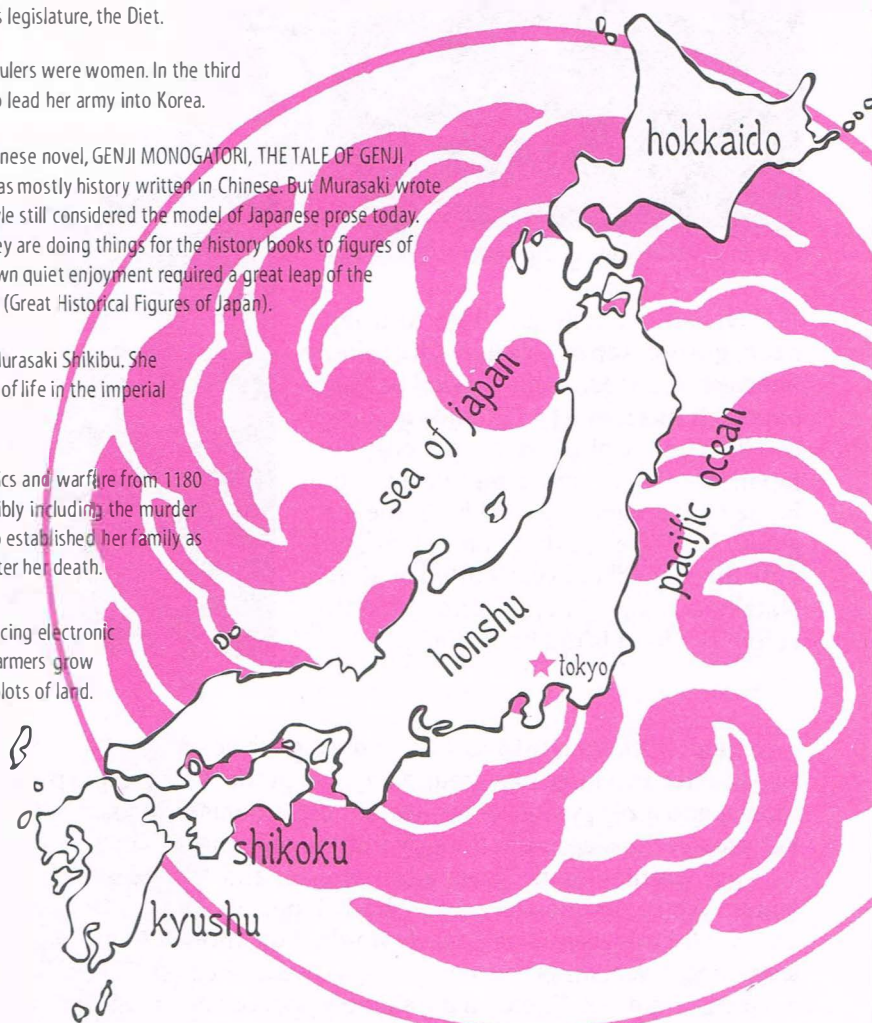
**Since** 1940, the number of girls attending junior high school has more than doubled. Today, almost all girls go to school.

**Most** Japanese people follow Buddhist or Shinto religions.

**In** Japan, less than 10 percent of scientists, engineers, lawyers, and business managers are women.

**In** 1945, the first two (and so far, only) atomic bombs used against human beings were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. These two bombs left the cities in complete destruction and killed tens of thousands. World War II ended soon after, and U.S. troops occupied Japan until 1952.

**There** are still very few Japanese women in politics; women make far less money than men; most Japanese businesses say they have jobs that are closed to women; and many women are forced to retire by age 30 because they look too old. Only since 1974 can women legally refuse arranged marriages.





Jessica in school

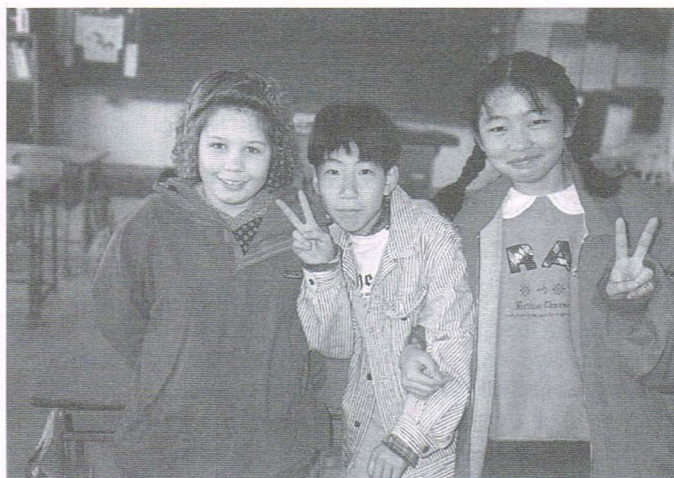
My sister Natalie and I go to a Japanese public school called "Kurokami Shogako"—it means "black hair" or "black paper." It has almost 1,000 kids and, with two kids from China, we are the only non-Japanese! I'm 11 and a half years old; at home in Montana, I would be in the sixth grade, but here I didn't enter sixth grade until the new school year started in March. Natalie actually started fourth grade here before her friends did back home.



# Hello from

**HI!** My name is Jessica Ulrich and I am living in Japan this year. It is a very fun and exciting experience. My grandmother sends me New Moon from the USA, and I like it a lot. It is very inspirational.

My mom is an exchange professor at Kumamoto University here in Kumamoto-shi (*shi* means "city") on the island of Kyushu, which is the southernmost of Japan's big islands. My dad, who is also a professor back in the USA, is tutoring private students in English here.



Jessica and classmates

School lasts from 8:15 to 4:00 and we go to school on Saturdays for half a day. We have a shade tree in a large playground area, an outdoor swimming pool, music and science classrooms, and a big gym, plus our regular classrooms, which each have about 40 kids in them. We protect the classroom floor by putting old tennis balls on the chair legs.

I am learning math, sewing, art, music, and Japanese language right beside my classmates. We communicate a lot by body language, or else I say the words I can in Japanese and my friends use what English words they know. We dress a lot like kids in America in jeans and sweatshirts, except we don't wear shoes in the building. In warm weather, we mostly go barefoot. There's a big shallow pool outside of the main door for us to rinse our feet after playing on the playground, because we sometimes don't bother to put our shoes on when we go outside for recess (when many kids ride unicycles!). In PE we have to wear





# m Japan

by Jessica Ulrich



uniforms—white shirts with our name in large Japanese characters on the front and back, and very short navy shorts. We also wear little caps which are reversible from red to white to help know who is on what team. We all change clothes in the classroom, with the boys and girls together. Isn't that weird? The boys just don't look and we girls try not to show anything by pulling our gym shorts on under our skirts—if we don't wear a skirt we might even borrow a friend's while we change. But we never laugh or stare, it's just done really quickly. I don't know why they don't have separate changing rooms! But I guess they don't have a lot of extra space here.



Hitomi and friends on the playground



And there's cleaning. Each kid has a rag or a broom. Every day, in teams, we clean the whole school. It's not fun—although some kids make a race of wiping their rags across the floor—but we get a lot done. It's probably a good idea because then they don't have to pay anyone to clean and it's done a lot faster by all of us.



Hitomi and Jessica in school

My friends are very playful and cheerful! Often, the classrooms are actually more wild than ours in the United States. Hitomi Kakiyara is my friend both in school and after school. Hitomi and I don't know enough of each other's words—yet—although we are still good friends and have fun. It's possible!

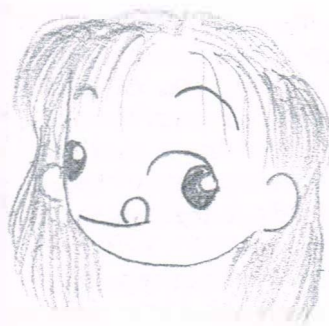
In Japan people often call each other by their last names with “san” after it, which means “friend,” so at school Hitomi is Kakiyara-san (although my friends seem to like calling me just plain “Jessica”—it's a popular name in America but very unusual here). And at home, kids are often called by their given name with “chan” on the end, which sort of means “little” or “little dear,” so sometimes we call my sister Natalie-chan.

For school, Hitomi gets up at 6:30, same as me. She usually eats rice with her breakfast, while I usually have toast. Sometimes for breakfast the Japanese also eat hot soup and sticky sour beans with their rice, wrapped in dried seaweed called “nori;” it looks like dark green paper.

Hitomi belongs to the Kurokami school band—everyone learns to play the recorder, drums, accordion, and small mouth-organ (it’s like a piano keyboard through which you blow air)—and practices three times per week after school. I belong to the basketball team and practice from 4:00 until 7:00 PM three days per week.

Hitomi has 3 brothers. Her father runs a “beer hall” restaurant—which means it serves Western-style food—and her mother is an interior decorator. Hitomi says her mother is kind but strict (but I don’t think so because she gets to go to bed at 10:00 and I go to bed by 9:30). Her jobs around the house are cleaning her room—like me—and now that her brother is gone to college, she must also clean the bathroom!

堀原 仁美  
KAKI HARA HI TO MI



*Hitomi's signature and a drawing of herself.*



Hitomi wants to be a teacher of English or Japanese when she grows up. I want to be a judge and then the president of the United States. I think this experience in Japan is good for me because it might help me to learn about other people and languages so I can someday get into a good law school like Harvard or Yale or Georgetown. Hitomi describes herself as very active and I agree because she’s very fun to be around. For example, she is always doing interesting things like playing games and making jokes and her friends laugh a lot. Actually, she’s the one that’s laughing her head off and it’s very funny to me even if I don’t even understand what they are saying.







She's kind of short like me and neither of us are skinny or fat. She has brown eyes and long, black, very straight hair which she usually puts in two high pigtails or partial braids. With my pierced ears I am very unusual-looking here because these aren't popular, even with high school girls. The junior high and high schools have very strict dress codes; most of the girls wear navy sailor-type uniforms. Natalie has blond hair and freckles, which our friends like to stare at, too.

Hitomi says that the saddest thing she went through was when her grandfathers died. Like many Japanese homes, hers has large pictures of her grandparents displayed in the family room area. When a girl is born, her grandparents send a set of "Hina" dolls to her to celebrate Hinamatsuri, the Girls' Doll Festival held every March.



Natalie and Jessica

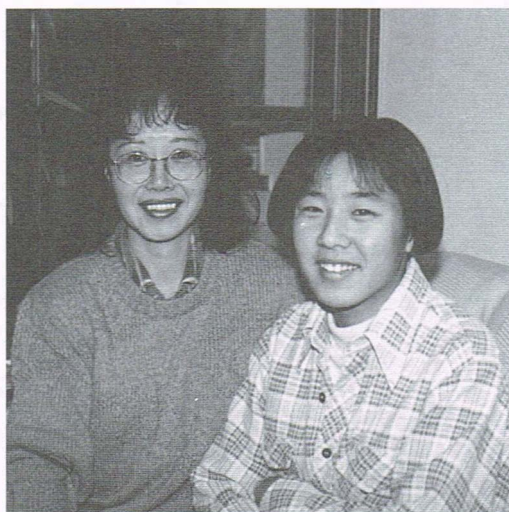
People a long time ago used to put a pair of dolls in a small boat in the river and let it wash away, wishing to float away the girl's "devil with the dolls" says Hitomi, so they will have happiness and be healthy. Gradually the dolls became extravagant, with many silk kimonos and jackets, and little jewels and furniture, imitating the emperor's lifestyle. Now they don't stick the beautiful dolls on the boats because they are so expensive and beautiful! So, instead they have big displays. There are about 16 dolls in Hitomi's set, plus furniture and a Japanese tea set, on a set of large red steps, as big as a door. There is an emperor, empress, and all sorts of musicians, soldiers, and fancy attendants.

I like Hitomi because, like many of my other Japanese friends, she is nice to be around. We don't speak the same language but we like a lot of the same things like games, and jokes, and playing outside in the huge, woodsy park near where both of us live.



## daughters & mothers

A while back, I asked you to tell me things about you and your mother or stepmother. Here are a few of the things you had to say:



**I LIKE TO PLAY BASKETBALL** and I'm on the basketball team at school. I have a lot of good friends on the team. My mother videotapes my games and we watch them together and talk about how I could play better. I also like listening to music. My mother likes the same band that I do and she buys CDs that we listen to together. Every day my mother waits for me to come home (which is often late since I have cram school) and we take a bath together. In Japan, it is a custom for people to bathe together for relaxing and to socialize. In the bath we sing songs that we know and my mother teaches me new songs, and we talk about how my day went.

The other thing I like to do with her is go shopping and out to lunch.

I admire how my mother challenges herself to do new things and works hard to reach her goals. I haven't decided yet what I want to do in the future, but I know my mother will support me in whatever I decide to be.

Fuyuko Satoh, 14  
Kobe, Japan

**MY MOM AND I** do some special nurturing things together. One summer weekend, we camped at a Women's and Girl's weekend retreat. We went swimming in a swimming hole, chased lambs, played with baby kittens, had a sauna, and explored an old building. We dressed up with flowers in our hair, carried bouquets, sang, and paraded.

Last year, my mom and I went to a Women's ceremony with other women and girls. We honored ourselves, danced, and received some special stones. During the Full Moon, my mom and I have a Grandmother Moon ceremony with a little bonfire. We talk about our dreams and feelings.

Serena Dittberner, 11  
Parker's Prairie, MN



**WHAT I REALLY LOVE** about my mother is the way she sings. She loves to sew and dresses nicely, too. I have never kept secrets from my mother, but I think girls sometimes don't tell their mothers when they are interested in boys. They're afraid their mothers will get mad.

When I do something wrong, I wish she would just yell at me, but instead she says that I can't play outside. I think the most important thing my mother has learned from me is English. I teach her new words.

Jenny Vo  
San Jose, CA

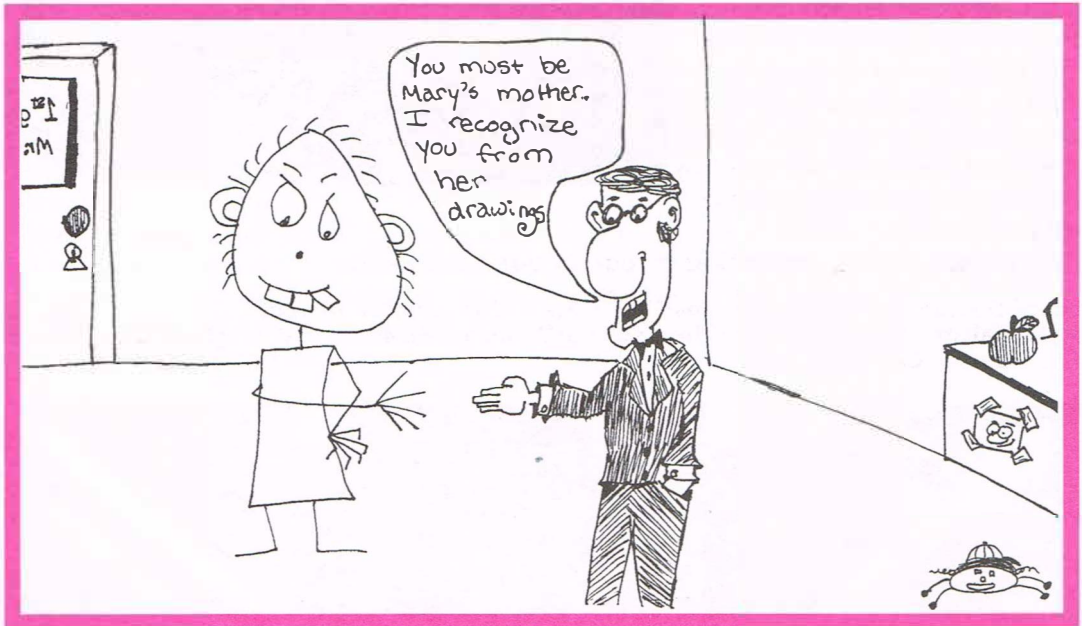
**WHAT I REALLY LOVE** about my mother is that she's always there when I need her. What I hate about her is that she always corrects my speech, even though I'm only 9 years old. When my mom lets me down, instead of saying "Sorry" coldly, I'd like it if she'd say, "Well, I tried," and give me a hug.

When she supports me it makes me feel I have a dependable mother and I feel secure. The secrets I keep from her are personal, or about a gift for her. The only secrets she ever kept from me are stuff like gifts for me. The most important thing she ever taught me is about sharing. The most important thing she ever learned from me is how to love a girl.

We never fight. The most outrageous thing we ever did together was when we went inner-tubing down a river. The daughter/mother pair I admire most is us.

Maria Russell  
Mimbres, NM

## Katie's Characters by Katie Oyler



# My Stepmother & Me

by Rebecca Anne Doctors

**W**hen my stepmother Meredith first entered my life, I think what I mostly felt was resentment, although it is hard to imagine now. At age 5 I didn't have a character perception, and I thought that she was going to steal my father. This feeling increased after their marriage, when I was so convinced of Meredith's power over my dad, that I was shocked when he bought me a little straw doll at a crafts fair without her permission.

Meredith was the first person who set limits for me, and being 5, I didn't like it one bit! I think she acquired her distinction as the Wicked Witch of the West through her methods of punishment. For example, I had trouble looking when I crossed the street on the way to the bus stop.

When I did it wrong, Meredith would make me write the same sentence anywhere from 25 to 50 times. You must remember, I was only just learning to write.

As the years passed, Meredith's faith and trust in me grew, allowing her to ease up, making it easier for both of us. I think that maybe the reason we got so close was because she was the only person around: I didn't feel comfortable talking to my mom, and my dad . . . well, let's just say that there are some things only girls can know. Currently, I know that I can tell Meredith almost anything, and she'll understand.

It's still not quite as perfect as it sounds, but it's close!!!

Rebecca Doctors is 12 and likes to read, ice skate and take ballet. Meredith Cahn is a health care professional. In addition to Rebecca, Meredith and Sam have a 4-year-old daughter, Olga. They live in San Anselmo, California.





# My Stepdaughter & Me

by Meredith Cahn

I met Sam, Rebecca's father, 6 years ago, when Rebecca was 5. That first evening, she made sure that I knew that Daddy was HERS. At first, and for awhile, I was uncomfortable with her and with my role, and enjoyed the time off when Rebecca went to her mother's under half-time joint custody. It was clear that Sam was the primary parent at our house.

However, I couldn't not be involved, although I didn't often like my role as "chauffeur and servant." Plus, I heard my mother's critical voice come out of my mouth when I talked to Rebecca. All the reasons I had planned not to be a mother hit me hard, and I struggled to change. Learning to nurture, to love, and to parent a child was a long, painful, emotional on-the-job training, with surprising rewards.

Rebecca had no idea what a limit was when she met me, and I overcompensated in the beginning. Her parents "did" for her, rather than teach her how to do for herself, so we struggled to find balance. Yet we always had special times: reading aloud at bedtime was a warm, loving ritual.

As Rebecca's and my struggles made us change, she began to trust and open up to me. I learned to listen actively, to admit to my temper. She learned to see her part in our interactions, and she learned that I would help her.

I was a stepdaughter, too, who deeply loved both my mother and my stepmother. I never confused their different roles in my life. So I respected Rebecca's love for her mother as I worked to be a better parent myself. It took me time to learn to love her, but now my love for her is down deep and complete. And I am convinced that biology is not destiny: she is as much my daughter as she is the daughter of her biological parents.

I remember what it felt like to be her age and how important the women's movement was to me. I think hard about how to help with the changes she has been going through: respecting her reactions, sharing what it was like for me, encouraging her to talk, and finding ways to celebrate changes along the way. For example, we enjoyed an elegant afternoon tea for two for one big milestone along the way to womanhood.

Now I am the repository of her joys, pains and hurts. It's an honor, a responsibility, and a joy. She is growing to be a perceptive, caring, and assertive person. I continue to set limits with her, and expect her to be responsible for her actions. (So we don't live a completely idyllic life together...) I hope that as she moves into real adolescence we can continue talking and sharing.



# JEANNETTE RANKIN

## *First Woman in the U.S. Congress*

BY LIZ HAGNER

**"Go, go, go!"** Jeannette Rankin told herself in a journal entry when she was a girl. Born in 1880 near Missoula, Montana, Jeannette was always "rarin' to go." She preferred the work of her family's ranch to schoolwork. On the ranch, she learned to ride and care for horses. She learned to sew, making dresses for her five sisters. She fixed the ranch's pulley system, sutured an injured horse, and laid a board sidewalk.

Despite her dislike of school, Jeannette graduated from the University of Montana with a degree in biology. She couldn't decide what to do. Her first jobs, teaching and social work, didn't hold her interest for long.

Then she got involved in campaigns to win the vote for women in Montana and Washington. In the early 1900's, women still could not vote in the United States. The drive to change this injustice energized Jeannette and she traveled enthusiastically all over the two states. She hung posters, distributed pamphlets, and canvassed voters. She set up committees, gave speeches, lobbied the legislature, and organized women to do the same. She became well-known and respected.

After Montana gave women the vote, Jeannette decided to enter Republican Party politics and run for Congress. Running for Congress in 1916 seemed daring for a woman, and friends and family tried to persuade her to run for a state office first. But Jeannette already knew about campaigns: letter writing, speaking at mining and lumber camps, county fairs, homes, and general stores in rural towns. She had gotten out the vote for suffrage, and knew she could do it for herself.

Before election day, reporters didn't bother to in-

terview her. After she won, they deluged her with interview requests. But all they wanted to know was what Jeannette looked like, if she could cook, and what she thought of the latest fashions. They didn't ask about her political views or her qualifications.

Jeannette was sworn in as the first woman in Congress before women in most states could vote, and four years before the 19th amendment gave all U.S. women the right to vote. That didn't stop this intelligent, hard-working woman, because she knew a lot about legislative practices, parliamentary rules, the working of committees, and how to get a bill passed.

Jeannette wanted to pass social legislation to make life better for women, the poor, miners and farmers, but World War I intruded on her work in Congress.

Jeannette believed that war never solved problems between nations. She was one of the few members of Congress who voted against U.S. entry into the war. As the first woman in Congress, her vote drew lots of attention and was very unpopular. Jeannette knew that she had voted with her conscience.

In Congress, she continued to ask, "How can the United States claim to be a democracy when it doesn't allow women to vote?" She exposed the 15-hour work day of Washington workers. She listened to miners' complaints against the giant Anaconda Copper Company, which practically ran the state of Montana, its economy and its

newspapers.

Jeannette ran for Congress again in 1918, but her unpopular antiwar stand helped defeat her. Her support for the miners didn't please Anaconda, either.

The loss didn't end Jeannette's public life. She moved

IN 1993, THE  
NUMBER OF WOMEN  
IN THE U.S. SENATE  
WENT FROM TWO TO  
SEVEN (OUT OF 100  
TOTAL SENATORS).

THEY ARE:  
NANCY KASSEBAUM  
(R-KANSAS)  
BARBARA MIKULSKI  
(D-MARYLAND)  
CAROL MOSELEY-  
BRAUN (D-ILLINOIS)  
KAY BAILEY  
HUTCHISON  
(R-TEXAS)  
DIANNE FEINSTEIN  
(D-CALIFORNIA)  
BARBARA BOXER  
(D-CALIFORNIA)  
PATTY MURRAY  
(D-WASHINGTON)

MOSELEY-BRAUN IS  
THE FIRST AFRICAN-  
AMERICAN WOMAN  
IN THE SENATE.  
CALIFORNIA IS THE  
FIRST STATE TO EVER  
HAVE TWO FEMALE  
U.S. SENATORS.



to Georgia and continued to travel and work for peace. As a delegate to an international peace conference, she concluded that the treaty to end World War I would probably lead to another war. She was right about that.

Jeannette decided she wanted to work for peace again in Congress. In 1940, while World War II raged across Europe, she returned to Montana, speaking all over the state and urging school children to speak to their parents and write their representatives about peace. Surprising many experts, Montana elected her to Congress again.

Less than a year after she returned to Washington, Japanese planes bombed Hawaii. The next day, Congress decided to enter World War II by a vote of 388 to 1. That one vote was Jeannette Rankin's.

Congress became so involved with the war effort read "Jeannette Rankin (Republican-Montana)."

**THERE ARE 48  
WOMEN IN THE  
US HOUSE OF  
REPRESENTATIVES  
(OF A TOTAL OF 435  
MEMBERS), MORE  
THAN EVER BEFORE.  
THEY INCLUDE  
ILEANA  
ROS-LEHTINEN  
(R-FLORIDA),  
THE FIRST CUBAN  
AMERICAN IN  
CONGRESS, AND  
NYDIA VELAZQUEZ  
(D-NEW YORK)  
THE FIRST PUERTO  
RICAN WOMAN IN  
CONGRESS.**

that Jeannette could not get attention for other issues, so she decided not to run again.

For the next 25 years, her worldwide travels and friendships reinforced her belief in peace. When the United States entered the Vietnam War, Jeannette—at 87 years old—once more carried banners in parades, made speeches and lobbied Congress against the war. Until she died at age 92, Jeannette still planned and dreamed of the future. She worked for peace, direct election of the president, and more grass-roots involvement of people in politics.

Although she only served two terms in Congress, Jeannette broke ground for women and for peace all across the United States. It was a landmark day for women when the Congressional roster



*Jeannette Rankin in 1911, when she addressed the Montana Legislature to urge passage of a suffrage amendment.*



*Jeannette addresses the National American Woman's Suffrage Association before being sworn in as the first Congresswoman, 1917.*

*Jeannette working in a science lab at the University of Montana.*



Liz Hagner is a writer from Durham, New Hampshire.  
Photos courtesy of the Montana Historical Society.

# Training a Canine Companion

by Melissa Renick

Luna says: Canine Companions are dogs who help people with disabilities lead more independent lives. The dogs are trained first by volunteers like Melissa.

"It's a boy!" my mom said very excitedly. I didn't know what she was talking about at first, then she explained that Canine Companions for Independence had finally called and said we could pick up our puppy in two days! Wow! We had waited a long time for this.

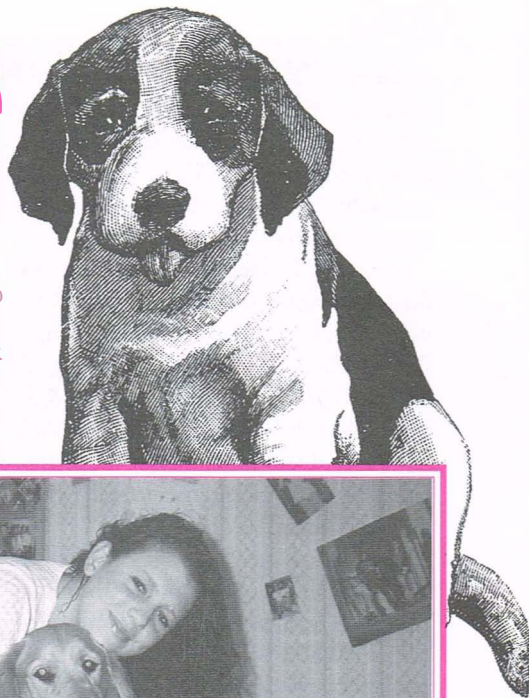
Just like new parents, my mom and I went to the pet store to buy all the needed items for our new puppy. We were now ready to begin as puppy raisers.

The next day, we drove to the Canine Companions for Independence Southwest Center in Rancho Santa Fe. They instructed us on the care of our new 8-week-old golden retriever puppy. Then they handed me this adorable white bundle of fluffy fur named Jeff. "Jeff?" I said. "Yes, Jeff!" That was the biggest surprise of all. The CCI office in Northern California named this puppy Jeff after my brother whose name is Jeff, and a radio disk jockey named Jeff from San Diego. The amazing thing was that they didn't know that our family was getting the puppy; they didn't know Jeff's sister was going to raise little puppy Jeff. So now, in our family, when we speak of Jeff we have to say either person Jeff or puppy Jeff!

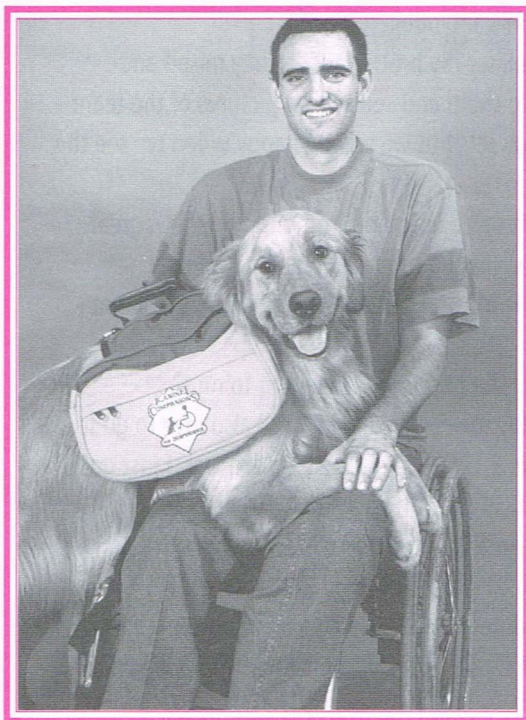
You see, my brother Jeff was in a car accident six years ago, when he was 16 years old. He is paralyzed and in a wheelchair. He has a Canine Companion dog named Zebulon. He waited for two and a half years to get Zeb, and they have been a team for two and a half years now. Zeb can pick things up off the floor and put them on Jeff's lap, turn on and off light switches, open the refrigera-



Melissa and Jeff







Jeff Renick and Zebulon

often take puppy Jeff to school with me.

Jeff wears a cape on his back to identify him as a dog in training, and I just ask for permission for him to go into public places or businesses. We've never been turned away once—everyone is so nice and understanding and encouraging.

Jeff is friendly and curious when in new places with new people, but he has to learn to behave and follow me. People usually ask if they can pet him, and when they do, Jeff usually melts down to the floor, and rolls on his back so they can scratch his chest and tummy. He is so irresistible!

We already know we have to give puppy Jeff back to CCI this July when he's 15 months old. He'll then have 8 months of advanced training by professional dog trainers before going to his permanent home. We know it's going to be very hard. My mom and I know our hearts will ache for him since he was with one of us all the time. But

tor, push elevator buttons, and pull Jeff in his wheelchair. But most of all, Zeb is Jeff's best friend and loyal companion.

Puppy Jeff is now a year old and knows most of the 25 commands we are to teach him. He spends most of the day at my mom's side in whatever she's doing, and he is with me when I get home from school. He sleeps by my bed at night and wakes me in the morning with a little lick.

I took him through dog obedience classes and now my mom and I take him on frequent field trips. We go to the mall, to fast food restaurants, to stores, and to church. We also take him camping, where he has been introduced to squirrels, birds, and ducks.

By the way, I am 15 years old, a sophomore at Poly High School in Riverside, California, and I



Melissa and Her mother with Jeff, 10 months old

we also know that we're doing this to help someone else gain independence.

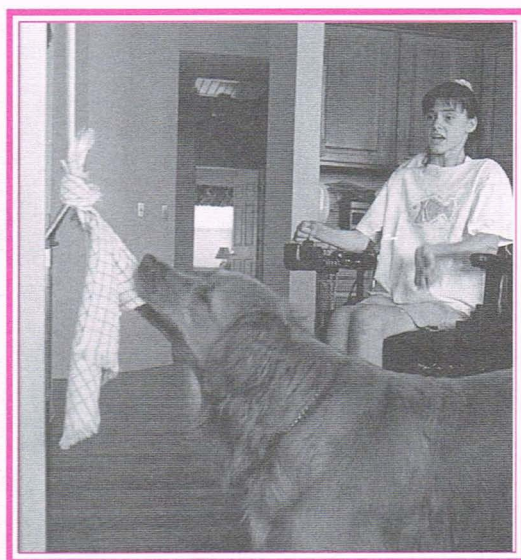
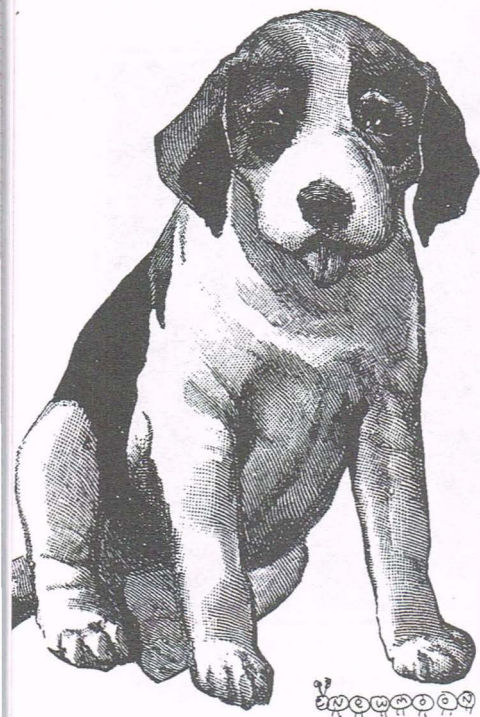
A very nice couple gave of their hearts and their time for my brother when they raised and trained Zeb. They still love and miss Zeb, and we write to them and send them pictures of the team as they go through life. We will also love and miss puppy Jeff, but we will be happy when we see the smile on the face of his new friend!

My life has totally changed since I got Jeff. I'm much more outgoing, and puppy Jeff is a great icebreaker for meeting new people (cute guys!). I feel privileged to raise a dog for someone else, to help make their life better. It's very rewarding. All my friends love Jeff and think I'm doing a great thing.

My other interests are being with friends, talking on the phone, and listening to music—especially Red Hot Chili Peppers. I would love to someday meet Anthony Kiedis! I also love to go to the mall and add to my shoe collection. My dream car is a 1966 Volkswagen Squareback. I just got my driver's permit and I'm scaring my mom while practicing my driving skills with her car.

When I graduate from high school in two years, I plan to go to nursing or law school. My mom is a registered nurse and works with newborn babies, and I'd like to follow in her footsteps.

So, if you are interested in doing a good thing for someone else, and also learning something new about yourself, you may want to be a puppy raiser. It takes commitment from you and your whole family but it's worth it!



Graduate Becki Bushnell and service dog Zambelli opening the fridge on "pull" command.

ROEL MUNOZ

For more information, write:  
Canine Companions for Independence  
PO Box 446, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-0446

Melissa Renick lives in Riverside, California.



# POETRY

## 髪

髪ってとてもきれいよ、  
朝にブラッシュをして、  
鏡にうつる髪を見てごらん  
そして私に髪があって幸せよと  
云ってみて。  
どんな色をしていても  
髪はきれいだよ。

タラ マジガン アーランドソン  
8才

## LIFE

Life often passes you by,  
So quickly, so quietly, so high!  
It's full of surprises  
And it is hard to understand.  
It is like gold in the stream you have panned.

Katie O'Neil  
Escondido, CA

New Moon is like a magic flight,  
Soaring above the world,  
Into the black night.

Twinkling stars  
And comets fly,  
Mysterious planets by and by.

My favorite part has come too soon,  
The awakening yellow glow of,  
The New Moon.

Erica Martinez  
Pembroke Pines, FL

## HAIR

Hair, such a beautiful thing,  
brush it in the morning, look  
at it in the mirror and say  
I'm lucky to have hair. No matter  
what color it's beautiful.

Tara Madigan Erlandson, 8  
Lincoln NE

As I fly high  
Up, up in the sky  
I feel as free as the wind.  
And the people I see  
Look very small to me  
As I fly high in the sky  
And the wind on my body  
Feels very cold and very funny  
As I fly high in the sky.  
I can fly as long as I wish  
Swish . . . Swish . . . Swish . . .  
I love the flight  
But best of all the sight  
As I fly high in the sky.

Aumi Ikeda  
Myrtle Beach, SC

新月は魔法の宇宙旅行の様、  
地球を超えて  
まっくらな夜に昇っていくのよ。

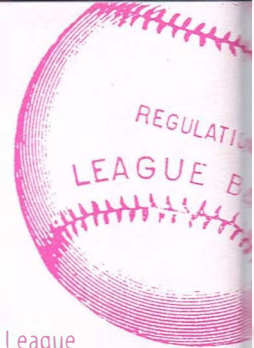
キラキラ光る星や  
彗星が飛んで行くし、  
不思議な衛星も次々と過ぎて行くの。

私の大好きな処に早く着き過ぎてしまったわ、  
そこは新月が目覚めかけて  
黄色に輝く処なのよ。

エリカ マーチネズ

# The Girls of Summer

by Lois Browne



GRAND RAPIDS, MI PUBLIC LIBRARY

Alma "Gabby" Ziegler. Spring Training 1948, Op-Lacka, FL.

The All-American Girls Professional Baseball League was formed in 1943 by Philip Wrigley, who owned the Chicago Cubs. Wrigley feared that male baseball players would be sent to fight in World War II and leave his baseball park empty.

Women filled many men's jobs during the war, and Wrigley thought they could fill in for baseball players, too, because he'd seen how fast and well they played softball.

Seventy-five players from Canada and the United States were thrilled to win jobs in a professional women's baseball league. Most were in their teens—some as young as 15—and needed their parents' permission to play. As catcher Laverne "Pepper" Paire says today, "We thought we had died and gone to heaven."

The All-American League started with four teams in the U.S. Midwest: the South Bend (Indiana) Blue Sox, the Rockford (Illinois) Peaches, and the Racine Belles and Kenosha Comets in Wisconsin. By 1948, the league grew to 10 teams in four states with almost a million fans. Newspapers called it the "Glamour League" because the players were paid fairly well for women at the time, and they traveled first class.

Women had played softball since the 1800's. Professional women's softball teams often toured the country, but many people thought the players

South Field, Grand Rapids, MI. Ruth "Tex" Lessing at bat (catcher for the G.R. Chicks), 1947.



GRAND RAPIDS, MI PUBLIC LIBRARY



were too mannish or tomboyish. Wrigley wanted his players to behave like “ladies” off the field, so their clothes and actions were watched closely. Players weren’t allowed to wear shorts or pants in public. Each team had a chaperone to make sure players were back in their hotel at an early hour. But some of the players say their fondest memories are of when they broke the rules and played tricks on their chaperones!

The players were tremendously popular in the team towns. Pitchers were special favorites because of the way they whipped the ball across the plate.

AAGPBL baseball began as a modified form of softball, with a smaller diamond than men’s baseball and underhand pitching. Over the years the women proved their skills, however, so the rules changed to provide a bigger diamond and overhand pitching.

That was a difficult transition for pitchers like Joanne Winters. Pitching overhand caused her a lot of pain and she discovered she’d been born with an extra vertebra in her spine. The chaperone learned to tape Joanne’s spine in place.

“Towards the end of the game,” Joanne remembers, “When I got a little heated, it would work loose and I would feel that doggone pain . . . but you just ride through it, and we didn’t have a lot of painkillers in those days.”



COURTESY OF BONNIE BAKER

Mary “Bonnie” Baker



COURTESY OF BONNIE BAKER

Chicagoans Edythe Perlick and Ann Harnett were among the first players recruited to the League in 1943.

In fact, injuries were common—catchers broke hand bones; runners played with ankle sprains and spike wounds. Sometimes injuries were painful in other ways. Once pitcher Olive Bend Little tried to brush her best friend, Dorothy Hunter, back from the plate with an inside pitch. “She got me right in the side of the face,” Hunter recalls. “I went down like a ton of bricks.” Little was so upset that she walked the next three batters!

Because of the league’s “ladylike” image, the players had to wear uniforms with skirts. Almost every player suffered from “strawberries”—the thigh injuries that came from sliding into a base with bare legs. Some managers would yell “slide” on a close play, then turn away, unable to watch a player leave a few inches of skin on the base path.

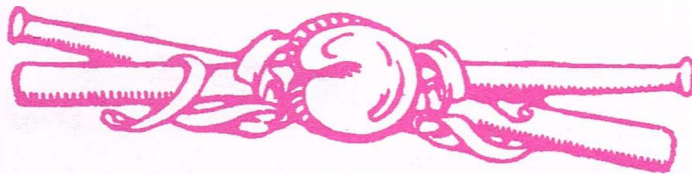
Nevertheless, the players loved the game and many performed exceptionally. Chicago’s Connie Wisniewski was a popular windmill pitcher; Sophie Kurys stole over 200 bases in one season for Racine; Dorothy “Kammie” Kamenshek played first base so well for Rockford that a Florida men’s league offered to buy her contract. Both Dorothy and the AAGPBL said no.

Blue Sox catcher Mary “Bonnie” Baker was considered the brains of her club. Even though the teams were all managed and coached by men, halfway through the 1951 season, the Kalamazoo (Michigan) Lassies hired Baker to replace their manager, who had been fired. Under Baker’s

leadership, the Lassies went from last to fourth place. Kalamazoo wanted her back to manage in '52, but the league voted against it. Owners decided managing was an unsuitable job for a woman, saying they could only manage in an emergency.

As the 1950's wore on, society changed. The war was over and the best male baseball players were back with their teams. Many AAGPBL fans could now watch men's baseball on TV and more easily drive to see a major league game in Chicago or Saint Louis. They weren't as eager to see the local women's teams anymore. Attendance dropped and the teams started losing money. By September 1954—after 12 seasons—the last teams dissolved.

Lois Browne is a writer in Toronto, Ontario. Browne wrote *Girls of Summer: The Real Story of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League* (Harper Collins, 1992), available in many North American bookstores.



The AAGPBL, like most U.S. society at the time, was segregated—only white women were allowed to play. But the first woman to play professional baseball with men was an African American from St. Paul, Minnesota: Marcenia "Toni" Stone Alberga. Toni Stone joined the San Francisco Sea Lions in the Negro Leagues in 1947, then played for otherwise all-male African American teams traveling all over the US, batting .265 and playing in All-Star games. Her last season was with Black baseball's legendary Kansas City Monarchs in 1954. She was named to the Women's Sports Foundation Hall of Fame in 1993.

AAGPBL towns gave up their franchises one by one, ending professional women's baseball.

Today, there are professional women's tennis players, golfers, skaters, runners, and other athletes. But the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League remains the only example of a long-term professional team sport for women.



Ila Borders ignores the cruel jokes and sarcastic comments as she pitches for the Southern California College men's baseball team.

Ila is a freshman and the first woman ever to pitch on a men's college baseball team. She is attending Southern California College in Costa Mesa on a baseball scholarship. When she was a senior at Whittier Christian High School in La Mirada, California, Ila was named Most Valuable Player and first-team all-league as a pitcher on the boy's team.

One woman in the crowd at a game Ila started was heard saying about Ila, "She won't last the season. She's not that good. There are lots of guys better than her." But Ila's record says another thing. She won her first two games, 12-1 and 10-1, and gave up only one earned run in 15 2/3 innings.

The team's coach, Charlie Phillips, is not happy about all the comments he has received about putting Ila on the team. Some say that he is ruining the game by letting a woman pitch. "I took her because she can pitch and she can help this team," said Phillips. Ila tunes out the negative comments and concentrates on what she loves to do: play baseball. "I'm not here to prove anything about women. This has nothing to do with women's rights. I love the game, nothing else."

**LUNA ASKS:** Why do you think they called it the All-American Professional Girls Baseball League, when the players were women, not girls? Do people still call women "girls"? How do you feel about it? I liked the 1992 movie *A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN*, by Penny Marshall. It's not very accurate historically, but it shows the joys and struggles of professional women baseball players. Plus it was fun! Compare the movie to Lois Browne's book (it has stuff I never knew) and let me know what you think.





# The Moon Over Crete



by Jyotsna Sreenivasan : Part Three

What's happened so far: Eleven-year-old Lily learns that her flute teacher, Mrs. Zinn, can time travel to the past. Lily hates the way boys seem to get a better deal at her school than girls do. So she's thrilled to hear Mrs. Zinn's story of Phyra, a girl priestess from ancient Crete, where women and men were true equals, before invaders destroyed their culture. Lily convinces Mrs. Zinn to take her on a time travel trip to Crete, where they meet Mrs. Zinn's old friend Inasha—a potter in the queen's palace. Lily gets lost in the palace and stumbles upon a strange and wonderful ceremony. Our story continues right after Lily returns to Mrs. Zinn—and gets a good scolding for wandering off alone.

As they walked back to Inasha's house, Mrs. Zinn explained the things Lily saw when she was lost in the palace. The rooms off the courtyard, where the ceremony took place, were the queen's throne rooms. Lily had witnessed the daily prayers of the palace priestesses. In fact, the woman who drew Lily into the ceremony was the queen herself! And the second woman who'd led Lily back was Phyra, the head priestess, whose story Mrs. Zinn had told Lily before they left home for Crete.

"But in the future, Lily, try not to attract the attention of the queen, or the priestesses, for that matter. If they start wondering too much about where we're from or what we're doing here, they might decide we're a bad omen, and who knows what would happen then?"

"Would they lock us up in those storerooms?" Lily thought about what might be lurking in all the dark nooks and corners of the palace.

"No. They'd probably just tell us never to come back. That would be bad enough, though, since I have such good friends here."

Supper was ready for them at home. Lily met Inasha's daughter, whose name was Mashi. She had curly hair and a friendly smile. Her feet were dirty, and she had a fat tummy that stuck out over her short skirt. Lily felt embarrassed for her because she looked sort of slobby. But Mashi wasn't shy or self-conscious at all. She sat down beside Lily on the porch steps and started pointing to Lily's plate and saying words. Lily guessed she was trying to teach her the language, so she repeated what Mashi said.

The food wasn't that great, but Lily did her best to eat it, since she didn't have much choice. They had cold meat, brown bread, sour salty yogurt with raw peas, and carrots with herbs. For dessert they each got a piece of honeycomb. Mashi was ecstatic! Lily thought with relief that

squash hadn't yet been brought to this part of the world—no more squash soup like her mother's for a while, at least. But Mrs. Zinn had told her there was no chocolate, or melons, or corn-on-the-cob, either. It was amazing to realize that none of these foods were known to Cretans! They grew only in what we call North America, planted and tended by the tribes.

After supper everyone brought out some hobby or game onto the porch. Inasha's husband, Edani, was a carpenter, and he was carving a stool for a woman to sit on when she was having a baby. He said something about it to Mashi, who retorted something back, and everyone laughed. Mrs. Zinn leaned over and told Lily that Edani was pretending the stool was for Mashi, and that he was waiting for her to get pregnant so he could stop working on it. Mashi told him he was so slow she'd have to have all her children on the ground. Lily couldn't imagine joking with her father about getting pregnant. Whenever he talked about things like that, he always got real serious and quiet and used the word "responsible" a lot.

Lily was so tired she could barely keep her eyes open, and soon fell asleep on the porch.

The next morning, Lily woke and rubbed her eyes. She was lying on the floor, and sunlight was slanting into a little room. She looked around and saw Mrs. Zinn on one side of her and Mashi on the other side. It took her a minute to remember where she was. Then she realized—she was in the middle of an adventure!

After breakfast (which was something like thick oatmeal), Lily, Mashi, and Mrs. Zinn set off for the palace. Mashi was being trained as a potter, just like her mother and grandmother, and Lily went along to learn a few basics.

In the studio, Mashi and a friend set to work. The friend seemed to be a boy, because he wasn't wearing any bracelets. Mrs. Zinn had told her that was one way of telling boys from girls. Mrs. Zinn gave Lily a lump of clay just to play with, "so you get the feel of it," then left on an errand.

Sitting quietly in a corner with her clay, Lily watched what was going on in the studio. One rather ugly woman with a big mole on her large nose was working vigorously on a mound of clay, slapping and smoothing it, completely absorbed in her work. Sweat glistened on her face and bare muscular arms. She wheezed as she worked, and her thin breasts drooped and swayed. Lily felt sorry for her because she was so unattractive.

Just then a man came in. His long curls flowed down his back. He ran up to the ugly woman and they hugged and kissed. They talked in a low whisper for a few minutes, gazing into each others' eyes. Then the man left and the woman went back to molding her clay.





Lily felt a thrill of understanding go through her. So this is what it meant to be in a place where women and men were equal! She wished she had a video camera. She'd show this scene to all the girls in her class who tried on lipstick in the school bathroom, behind their mothers' backs, and talked about which guy they hoped would notice them. And she'd show the scene to all the guys who only noticed girls who wore lipstick!

Lily watched Mashi and her friend. Mashi seemed to be doing most of the talking, adding more clay onto the lump the boy was working on, giving him tips on how to pinch and roll and mold. Mashi's manner might even be considered bossy in Lily's school. But here, the boy seemed happy to be working with Mashi, and smiled at her.

Lily felt herself smiling too. This was wonderful! What if her school were like this, where girls and boys were friends and boys didn't think it was "sissy" to take directions from a girl! Then she wouldn't have to spend time arguing about whether girls were better than boys.

Lily knew she had to tell the queen and Phyra about the destruction of Crete. If they could prevent Crete from being destroyed, history would be changed forever. Then maybe when Lily got back home, life would be totally different. Mom wouldn't have to put up with her lousy boss, who kept giving the men more money than he gave Mom. And maybe Lily's friend Lauren wouldn't be so obsessed with clothes and whether her thighs were too fat to wear a miniskirt. And maybe Lily herself wouldn't have to put up with Chuck, the kid who harassed her at school, anymore.

Lily knew where to find the queen. The only problem was—she didn't know the language! And she couldn't ask Mrs. Zinn to help, since Mrs. Zinn had forbidden her to tell the queen what she knew about the invasion. "It's too dangerous to change history," she said. Lily made up her mind to do it anyway, so she had to learn Cretan. Right then, she started listening intently and learning words from Mashi.

A few days later, Lily and Mrs. Zinn were walking down to the dock with Inasha and Mashi to see a ship come in. "Tell me again what happened to destroy Crete," Lily said to Mrs. Zinn. Lily had decided she needed more information to put her plan into action. She hoped her request sounded offhanded, like she was just asking it to pass the time.

"Why do you want to know that?" Mrs. Zinn asked sternly. She wasn't fooled at all. "I told you I don't want you to tell anyone here what you know."

"Oh, I won't!" lied Lily. "I was just curious, that's all."

They walked in silence for several more minutes. They passed Inasha's friend Ambi's house, and Inasha stopped in front of the porch and shouted for Ambi. Inasha had a big, loud voice, like a bell or a gong, and she didn't hesitate to use it. In fact, all the Cretan women seemed very loud to Lily. The men were loud too, but that didn't seem as strange.



Once, Lily had shouted back loudly at her social studies teacher, Mr. Hughes. He was always calling her "chica" and wiggling his eyebrows at her. He said she looked Mexican. So one day in class, she said, right in front of everyone else, "My name is Lily. Don't call me 'chica'!" Mr. Hughes had gasped in mock horror and everyone laughed. After class that day, Peter Davis, the handsomest boy in sixth grade, came up to Lily and told her she wasn't a good sport. "Mr. Hughes thinks you're pretty, that's all. You should take it as a compliment." Lily could still feel her stomach churning in anger, but she hadn't said anything to Peter.

Ambi appeared and Inasha beckoned her to come along. They put their arms around each other and threw their heads back and laughed and sang as they walked along. Lily felt odd walking along so quietly. Mrs. Zinn must have felt the same, because she started talking.

"I don't know too much about the destruction of Crete because I've never visited then, for obvious reasons. But I do know what archeologists found."

Lily listened as carefully as she could but tried to appear more interested in seeing whether the ship had come in yet.

"As I told you before, there was a flood or an earthquake," Mrs. Zinn continued. "Then Crete, in its weakened state, was invaded by an army, probably from Greece. We know the people who occupied the island next spoke Greek."

"In the queen's throne rooms, archeologists found a large oil jar, as big as a person, overturned on the ground. Maybe the Queen had tried to protect herself by rolling that huge jar to block the doorway."

Lily's heart felt heavy at the thought of the kind, proud queen, who'd welcomed her into the ceremony, being violently dragged away. Lily hoped the queen had shouted as loudly as she could.

They were at the beach, and they saw the ship, looking small way out at sea.

Then Mrs. Zinn said, "That's a Mycenaean ship. Those are the people who probably invaded Crete." Lily looked at the toy-sized ship on the sea. Surely, if the queen knew what was to happen, she'd prepare the Cretan army to fight that little ship, and save Crete!

A few days later, Lily came home for supper to find that neither Mrs. Zinn nor Mashi's grandmother, Eyla, were there. Lily was surprised, because the monthly full moon dance was that night. Mashi and her friends had been teaching Lily the steps, and everyone planned to go.

After supper, people wandered off by twos and threes to the dance, and no one said anything about where Mrs. Zinn and Eyla were. Were they already at the dance? Lily wondered. She and Mashi were put in charge of a couple of Mashi's little cousins for the first part of the dance, so the uncles and aunts could dance freely.

Mashi wore makeup for the occasion. She asked Lily to stand still while she applied red color to Lily's lips, and outlined her eyes in black.





Even Edani, Mashi's father, and the little cousins were wearing makeup tonight. Mashi combed Lily's hair and put a headband around the crown of her head. She gave Lily a gold necklace and some arm cuffs. Then they ran out with the little cousins and up the long slope to the palace.

The moon was full and bright, and the tall torches on poles made people's faces glow warmly yellow in the dark. People were milling around, greeting each other and admiring new clothes and jewelry. Lily was surprised to see many men and boys in long skirts, like the one she was wearing! No one seemed to think there was anything odd about it. Lily recognized one of the men sailors, a very muscular man, wearing a pretty purple long skirt and a heavy gold necklace on his hairy chest. His hair, usually tied up and out of the way, was left loose to flow over his shoulders. He was actually pretty handsome!

Lily looked around for Mrs. Zinn, but soon got caught up in a game of tag. There were so many children running around, laughing and screeching, that Lily didn't know who she was running from, and whenever someone tagged her they just fell and rolled around and giggled.

As she sat catching her breath, Lily's mind went back to a game of tag she'd been forced into on the playground at school. The girls were playing "four-square," very neatly and quietly bouncing a ball to each other. A few boys, who couldn't get the other boys to let them into the football game at the far end of the playground, stormed the girls, who took off screaming. They caught one girl, took off her shoes, and threw them over the fence.

The music started, and Lily was shaken out of her daydream. A boy grabbed Lily's hand and they ran to join a circle. The music was strange to her ears, but it involved lots of drumming and had a good beat she could follow. They circled right and left, faster and slower, amid the glowing torches, under a black sky cascading with stars. The boys on either side of her smiled at her when they saw she was catching on.

During the slow part of the dance Lily looked around and saw what seemed like hundreds of circles of people spread across the field in front of the palace. Lily could see the queen, her husband, and some of the priestesses sitting on the palace balcony and watching.

Lily sat out the next dance and watched the little cousins for Mashi, and a couple of Mashi's friends came to keep her company. They sprawled on the cool grass, watching the swirling dancers.

"So do you like it here in Crete?" asked Hala. She spoke slowly so Lily would understand.

"Sure," Lily answered. She was happy she'd picked up enough Cretan to answer.

"Tell us about where you're from," said Nalbi. He was Mashi's pottery partner.

Lily hesitated. She'd told them before that she was from what we now call Lebanon. But they knew more about that place than she did—Nalbi's family on his father's side were sailors and they often went there. She had to say something, though—she didn't want them to suspect she was lying.

Seeing her reluctance to speak, Hala nudged Nalbi and muttered something to him. He said, "I'm sorry if it upsets you to think about your home. Mashi told us what happened there."

"What happened there?" Lily repeated. What did Mashi tell them?

"Yes. She told us you're an orphan—that you have no mother and father. You came to Crete to see if anyone would take you."

"Take me?" said Lily, still mystified.

"Take you as a daughter, or a sister. Mashi is very happy. She wants you to be her sister!" Nalbi smiled at Lily, and put his hand comfortingly on hers.

Lily hadn't known Mashi liked her so much. She wasn't sure where Mashi had gotten that story, but still, it was so nice of her!

The dance lasted late into the night. The round moon climbed up the sky and got smaller, then climbed down again as dawn started to show in the east. Lily danced till she was exhausted, ate heartily at the midnight buffet of crabs and fish, fruits, cheese, and bread—then danced some more.

As morning arrived, she walked home with her arms linked with Mashi, giggling and yawning. It was like the best party she'd ever been to—no competition to see who was wearing the latest clothes or who looked the cutest—just lots of fun. It was so nice not to have to worry about how much she was eating and whether she was "going off her diet." Everyone here just ate until they were full. Lily felt a new feeling—like she was safe and warm, like she was being gently supported in a hammock of her new friends. At home she and Mashi sank into their beds and to sleep right away.



SIM GELLMAN

**Next Time:** Lily trains to dance in Crete's Autumn Festival, stands up to her new teacher, but is stunned by Mrs. Zinn's announcement that it's time to go home. Don't miss Part Four of *The Moon Over Crete*!



# IN THE WILD

'THEM'S  
FIGHTIN' WORDS'

BY MARY LANTON



TO BE CONTINUED...

# The Last Word

"How wonderful it is  
that nobody need wait  
a single moment before  
starting to improve  
the world."



Anne Frank



Submitted by  
Maureen Springer  
Litchfield, MN



Send a woman's or girl's quote that you like to:

The Last Word  
New Moon  
PO Box 3587  
Duluth, MN 55803-3587

The cover art is by Jane Evershed, a painter who was born in South Africa and who now lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Jane says it shows the ideal setting for spending time with her daughter - sunlight, the ocean, and a breeze. Jane's artwork emphasises the power of females and the importance of caring for the earth.



