

# Arts Festival Poetry Awards

Top awards in the 1965 University of Alaska Festival of Art Poetry contest went to two College residents and a boy from Nikolski, Alaska.

University of Alaska student Kenneth Warfel won the student division with a poem called **Disk Ride**, while first prize in the non-student division went to William J. King for **Memo to An Unborn Daughter**. King won the student division last year. Both were awarded \$50 prizes.

Freddie Krukoff, Jr., from Nikolski near the end of the Aleutian Chain, won first and second in the children's division for **Airplanes** and second place poem **Pictures**. Freddie was awarded \$25 and \$15 prizes while the third place \$10 prize went to Mary Leith of Delta Junction for **Why is the World Round**.

James Gunn of College won first honorable mention in the student division. Other runners up were Stanley Brovarney, Kenneth Warfel, Dave LeCount and Jacqueline King, all of College.

In the non-student division honorable mention went to Esther Koerner McDaniel of Anchorage, W. H. Isberg of College and Patricia Folsky of Anchorage.

The winning poems  
**Student Division, First Prize**

## **Disk Ride**

**By KENNETH WARFEL**

Down the chute we go in our disk  
and across the ice we flash.

The ride of the day with a wish

to go all the way, but the task

is hard, with curves frozen slick.

As they slope and bend our way

we shout, but the faster we go, we

enjoy

the ride of our day in the track.

Half way down, relief; the ice

wears thin

and softens to sparkling powdery

snow,

still slick, but slow and the valley's

in review

as we slide on forced by the plan.

Until we see the end of the chute

coming fast. Then we flash back

to the top of the hill, where ice was

slick

and traditional curves, now old

hat,

are gone. Grotesque, on our plastic

pan

tired, leaded, we stand to look from

the sleigh,

praying to find a way out, but we

see

our ride has been on the point of a

pin.

**Non-Student Division, First Prize**

## **Memo To An Unborn Daughter**

**By WILLIAM J. KING**

All right. Survive. Exist

within this hostile host

time may make your mother.

We cease the war, embrace

you — enemy — as our own,

abandon pills, cures, and anger.

Come on. But understand

acceptance only answers

now, not what we'll do

to subdivide such love again

that—enough for one, deceiving

two—

must months from here acknowl-

edge you.

**Children's Division, First Prize**

## **Airplanes**

**By FREDDIE KRUKOFF, JR.**

Airplanes, Airplanes, Airplanes

Almose every day I see an airplanes

But sometimes I don't see an

airplane

It lands and brings us mail

But not much mail

Then it leaves

And flaps its tail

Not

Much

Mail