

# OPHMAN'S

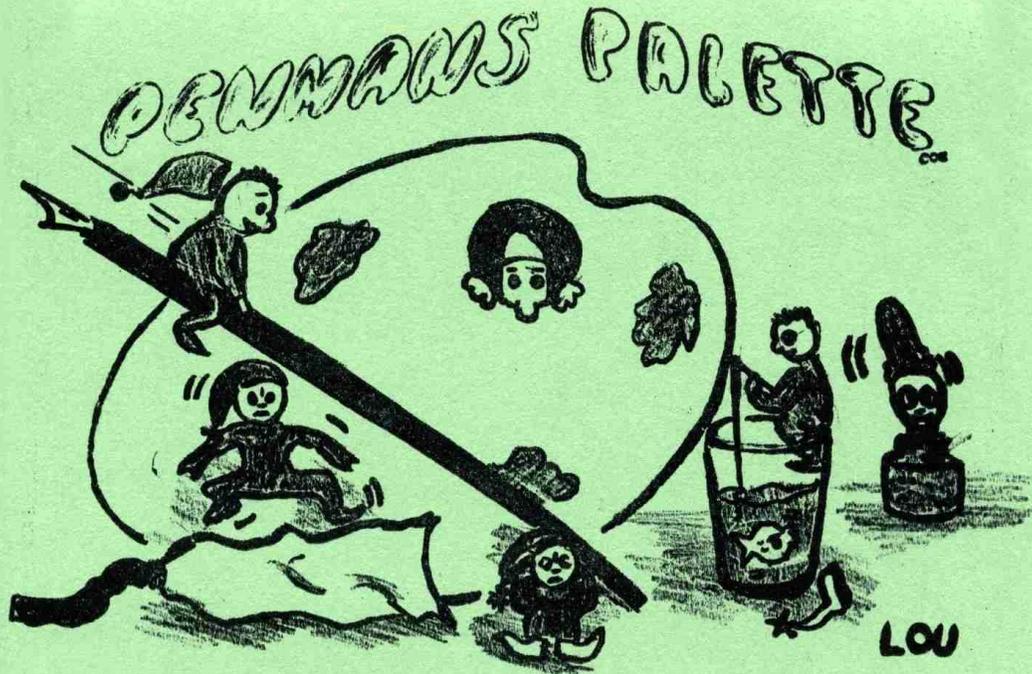
A  
C  
O  
U  
N  
T



Vol. I  
Issue 1

February 3, 1953

George Mason Jr.-Sr. High School



Staff

Editor-in-chief  
Liz Coe

Assistant Editor-in-chief  
Mary Miles

Literary Editors  
Eddie Becker  
Betty Cline  
Jerry Heditniemi  
Tenny Jackson  
Nancy Martin  
Elaine Rose  
Joan Wells

Art Editors  
Mary Lou Taylor  
Roberta Rucker  
Carolyn Coe

Cartoonist  
Nat Browder

Sports Editor  
Melvin Fink

Special Occasions Editor  
Sonia Krages

Business Managers  
Debby Campbell  
Christine McAfee

Circulation Managers  
Joe Berry  
Assistant Circulation Manager  
Betty Hinman

Typists  
Janet Sprinkle  
Joyce Gray  
Betty Jean Shelton  
Carl Geier  
Supervisor  
Lois M. Adalac

Printing  
Jack Farris  
Supervisor  
Paul Ballangee

Faculty Advisors  
Shirley March  
Dorothy Crocker

## Table of Contents (Added by Steve Callanen, GM '59, on 1-17-2011.)

- Vol. I, Issue 1, February 3, 1953, Editor-in-chief, Liz Coe, '54, Cover Drawing by Liz Coe.
  - Penman's Palette Staff (on reverse side of cover).
  - The Palette Staff Cartoon, by Nat Browder, '54, p. 1.
  - Korea, by Melvin Fink, '54, p. 2.
  - Least We Forget, by Frances Holland, '53, p. 3.
  - Discretion, by Eddie Becker, '54, pp. 4 & 5.
  - Too much speed . . (saying), by Tenny Jackson, '54, p. 5.
  - Saga of the Fish, by Jerry Hedetniemi, '54, p. 6. (Hedetniemi misspelled in Palette)
  - Navigation: A Treatise On, by Phyllis Nicholson, '54, p. 7.
  - Promise of the Fall, by Mary Miles, '54, p. 8.
  - Aspirations, by Eddie Becker, '54, p. 9.
  - Street Scene, by Liz Coe, '54, p. 10.
  - The Snorting Monster, by Eddie Becker, '54, p. 11.
  - Morning, by Carolyn Coe, '54, p. 12.
  - Twilight, by Joan Wells, '54, p. 12.
  - Night, by Ann Billingsley, '55, p. 13.
  - Alone, by Dennis Earman, '53, p. 13.
  - One Hundred Per Cent Boy, by Nancy Martin, '54, p. 14.
  - One Hundred Per Cent Boy, by Ann Albaugh, '55, p. 14.
  - Donny's Miracle, by Shirley Clatterbuck, '54, pp. 15 & 25.
  - Sports Shorts, by Melvin Fink, '54, pp. 16 & 26.
  - Okay . . . Second Word! . . . Four Letters! . . . (cartoon), by Nat Browder, '54, p. 17.
  - Crossword Puzzle, by Ursala Draper, '55, p. 18.
  - My Ford, by Bob Thompson, '53, p. 19.
  - A poor American . . (saying), by Nancy Martin, '54, p.19.
  - The biggest wind . . (saying), by Nat Browder, '54, '54, p.19.
  - It takes a little rain . . (saying), by Betty Cline, '54, '54, p.19.
  - Vision in Green, by Tenny Jackson, '54, p. 20.
  - An Autumn Wander, by Joan Johnston, '53, p. 20.
  - The Apothecary, by Kathleen Davis, '54, p. 21.
  - The Stallion, by Jay Rountree, '53, p. 22.
  - Caves of Night, by Liz Coe, '54, p. 22.
  - Mom, by Betty Shelton, '53, p. 23.

- Corn Dance, by Liz Coe, pp. 24 & 25.
- The teacher who . . . (saying), by Richard Fruland, '54, p. 26.
- Paradox, by Liz Coe, '54, p. 27.
- New Year's Morning, by Betty Cline, '54, p. 27.
- Ringing in the New Year, by Sonia Krages, '54, p. 27.
- Artwork, by Liz Coe, '54, Cover, & pp. 4, 6, 7, 10, 11, 15, 20, 23, 24, & 25.
- Artwork, by Mary Lou Taylor, '54, Back of Cover, & pp. 2, 3, 9, 13, 14, & 19.
- Artwork, by Carolyn Coe, '54, p. 12.
- Cartoons, by Nat Browder, '54, pp. 16 & 17.



THE PALETTE STAFF

THE BRAINS

YE OLDE PRESS

LITERARY EDITOR

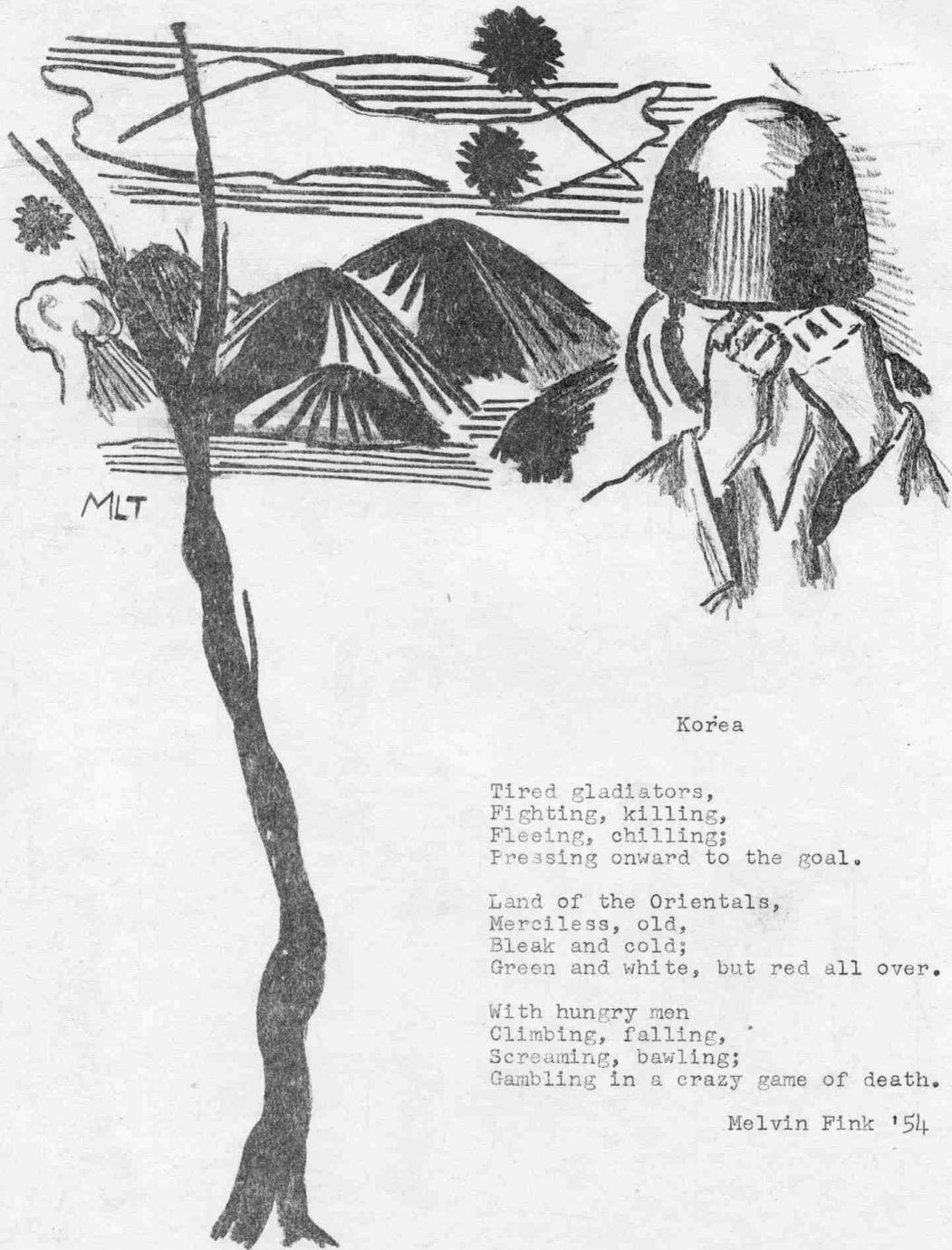
REVIEWER

SPORTS EDITOR

ART EDITOR

CIRCULATION

NAT BROWDER



Korea

Tired gladiators,  
Fighting, killing,  
Fleeing, chilling;  
Pressing onward to the goal.

Land of the Orientals,  
Merciless, old,  
Bleak and cold;  
Green and white, but red all over.

With hungry men  
Climbing, falling,  
Screaming, bawling;  
Gambling in a crazy game of death.

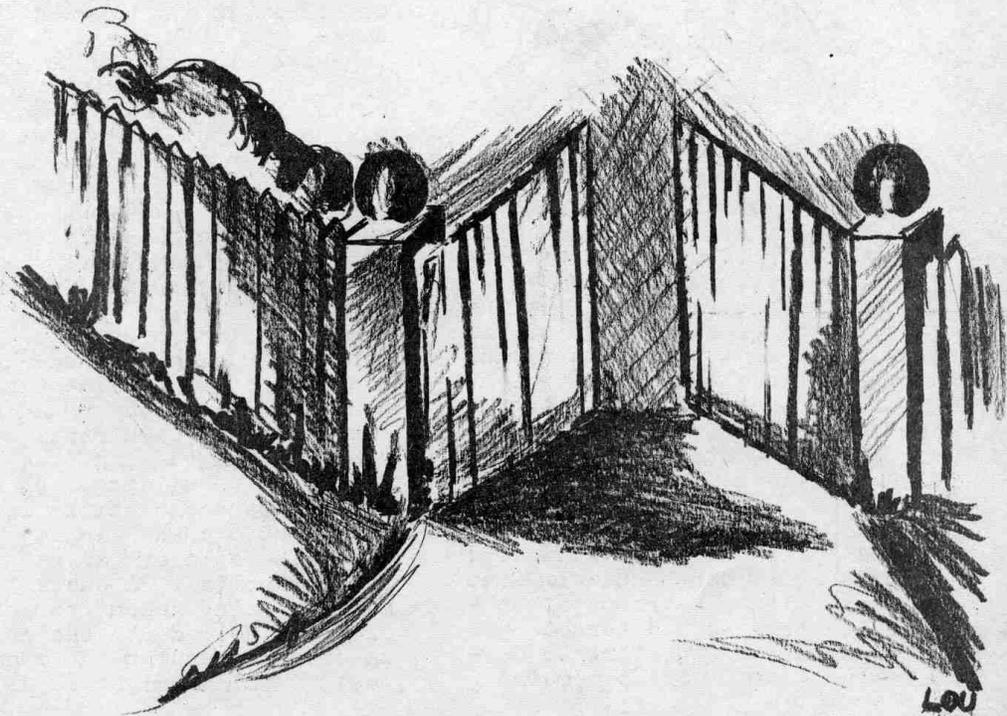
Melvin Fink '54

Lest We Forget

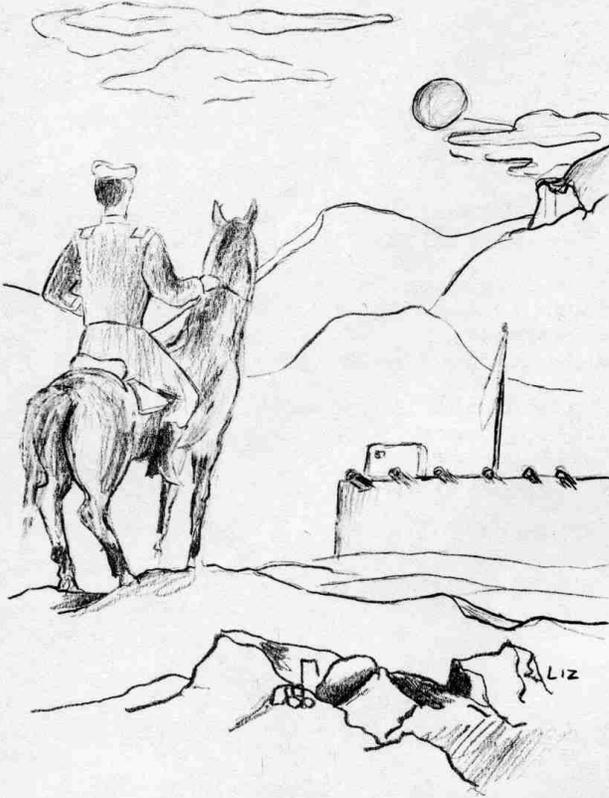
May they never be forgotten,  
Those whom God has sent.  
Those along the wayside,  
Trodding bravely, weary, spent.

Keep marching, marching marching on!  
And when our victory comes,  
The last path will be homeward.  
May the Lord be with you, sons.

Frances Holland '53



## Discretion



The Stars and Stripes hung limply from the tall, thin flag-staff jabbing the cloudless blue sky above the gray walls of Fort Joseph Hooker. The sun beat down mercilessly on the dust of the parade, on the adobe walls and sloping roofs of the barracks, and upon the blazing sand stretching away south and west to the purple mesas of the desert.

In the C.O.'s building Major Tom Carter leaned back in the Colonel's chair and placed his feet on the Colonel's desk, obscuring a pile of the Colonel's papers. When Colonel Johnson had left two days ago with six troops of the 16th Cavalry he had turned over the command of the fort to Carter--the fort and the remaining

four troops of cavalry--under Carter's sole command; never before had Tom been given a large command without the Colonel's supervision, suggestions, and criticisms. But Col. Johnson had ridden out of the fort Tuesday to hunt Apaches, and his parting words still hung in Tom's head:

"I'm giving you complete command of the fort, Major, I trust your discretion. But one more word, sir, on no account will you leave the fort ungarrisoned, do you understand? Don't leave the fort! Good day to you sir." He pondered this, then abruptly Carter dismissed the Colonel from his mind, his thoughts wandering to the settlement seven miles to the north; he wondered what Dan Reynolds was doing--even though he knew he was lying in bed recovering from a bullet wound in the neck. Dan was just about Tom's best friend and he wished that the young scout could see him now, commander of Fort Hooker. His thoughts drifted to a more pleasant subject--Catherine--she was probably cooking a tasty supper for her father right now, in the back of their little store in the settlement. Tom only wished--but he didn't get to finish his wish, shouts at the gate woke him to reality and he hurried to the door. Out in the light he strode from the building, a solid, browned, handsome man in his dusty blue uniform--he looked every inch the soldier as he arrived at the portal. A buckskin clad man was being taken from his saddle and helped to the ground--an arrow standing out conspicuously from his right shoulder.

"What's going on here?" asked the Major. "'Paches ridin' on the town," gasped the wounded man. "Hundreds and hundreds. 'Paches." Two troopers carried the groaning plainsman to the fort hospital and Major Thomas Carter, United States Cavalry, stood motionless suddenly very much alone.

"On no account will you leave the fort ungarrisoned. Do you understand? Do not leave the fort." The Colonel's words came back to him sharply as he walked back to the C. O.'s building "Don't leave the fort!" A soldier's first obligation is obedience to orders, but he could not just let the Indians raid the town, let them burn it to the ground, massacre the inhabitants-- Catherine. If he did go and the fort was taken: court-martial, dismissal from the service, maybe he would be hanged. A cold sweat broke out on Tom Carter's face and neck; but suppose he did go and whip the Indians, save the town-- he'd be cited for bravery, praised, perhaps promoted. He paced the length of the room and back again. Maybe, he thought, I should ask old Sam Cook what to do. Sam Cook was sergeant of Tom's old "E" Troop, an old friend, and a professional soldier. Carter started for the door but checked himself. "No. I will not let the consequences rest on anyone except myself." He made his decision-- orders or no orders he would not let a pack of savages take the town. Without further adieu he flung the door open, barked his orders to the adjutant, and in ten minutes, the four troops of cavalry roared through the gate and galloped

northward. A rocky ridge to their left gave them little shade as they pressed steadily forward. Maj. Carter, in the lead, scanned the horizon constantly, watching for the tell-tale smoke that would mean that they were too late. But there was no smoke. At last, topping a small hill they saw the town-- intact--and no sign of Indians.

The horsemen bore to the right, turned abruptly and clattered into town from the east. Puzzled by the nonchalance of the townfolk (they had doubtless been warned of the marauders' approach), Major Carter was about to order the townsmen to take their guns and follow him to meet the redskins when one of the citizens, a stranger to Carter, approached him and spoke:

"Howdy, Major, I reckon you are the cav'ry frum th' eastern fort. Co'nel Johnson tol' me t'watch right sharp for ya'. Y'r s'posed ta' take th' south trail t're-enforce the so'jers at Fort Hooker." Carter's jaw sagged, all he could say was, "What?" The citizen continued, smiling broadly, "Sure, the Co'nel has a fine plan indeed. He pounced on the 'Paches west o' town an' driv' 'em south-- he's got 'em trapped -- between hisself, th' desert, an' the garrison he left at Fort Hooker under Major Carter."

Eddie Becker '54

\* \* \*

Too much speed slows one down.

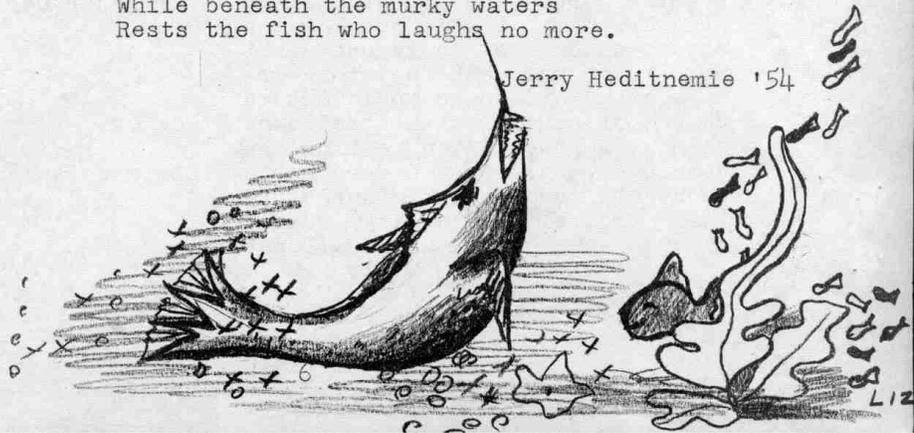
Tenny Jackson '54



### Saga Of the Fish

On the shores of Michigamnee  
In the Northland, Michigan,  
Stands the angler, Izaak Walton,  
Stands a weary fisherman.  
Hopefully he casts his bait out,  
Hopelessly it snags again;  
While deep amid the murky waters  
Laughs the big fish, laughs the big bass,  
Laughs at this bedraggled sportsman,  
Laughs at his attempts to catch him.  
"Who is he who tries to catch me,  
"Tries to lure me with his dew worms?"  
"I, who've lived here many seasons,  
"Taunted wiser men than he.  
"Many big worms have I stolen;  
"Many a line have snapped in two."  
Now the big fish stops his laughing,  
Spies a dew worm dangling near;  
Lazily he nibbles at it,  
Finds it tasty, nibbles more;  
Forgetting caution, takes a big bite,  
Swallows it and turns to go;  
Finds he's nibbled once too often  
Feels the sharp hook of his foe.  
Now the big fish makes a quick dive  
Angered by the biting steel;  
Skillfully he dives and plunges  
Using all his wit and cunning;  
While above, the eager angler,  
Hopes renewed, his line draws tighter.  
Wary now, the big fish battles  
Twisting, turning, diving, plunging;  
Tiring now, his strength he gathers,  
With all his might, leaps high and plunges,  
Breaks the line--is free at last.  
From the shore the vanquished human  
Trudges homeward, broken hearted;  
While beneath the murky waters  
Rests the fish who laughs no more.

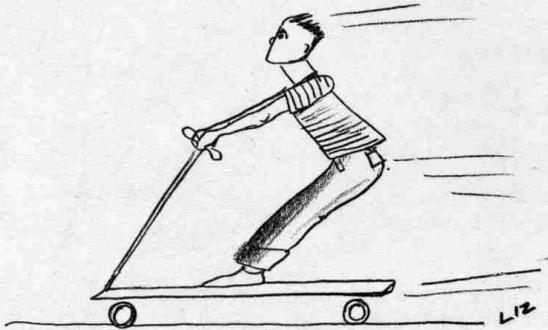
Jerry Heditnemie '54



## Navigation: A Treatise On

Navigating school corridors artfully is a challenge to one's ingenuity. With practice, this skill may be mastered by anyone. Careful study has revealed that certain students are in the process of perfecting this art.

The "Scooters" are a prominent group, made up of our younger student population, who propel themselves slickly down the hall, much resembling a wet bar of soap in the bathtub.



The "Racers" need no explanation. However, I would like to put in a few words of sympathy for those who have met them.

The group that you may have noticed sporting beautiful footwork and equally beautiful black eyes are the "Dodgers." The central theme of this organization is to duck in and out of as small an opening as possible, and to injure a relative few.



The "Conquerors," remarkably enough, sail through the crowd with the greatest of ease. This group consists mostly of shapely blondes.



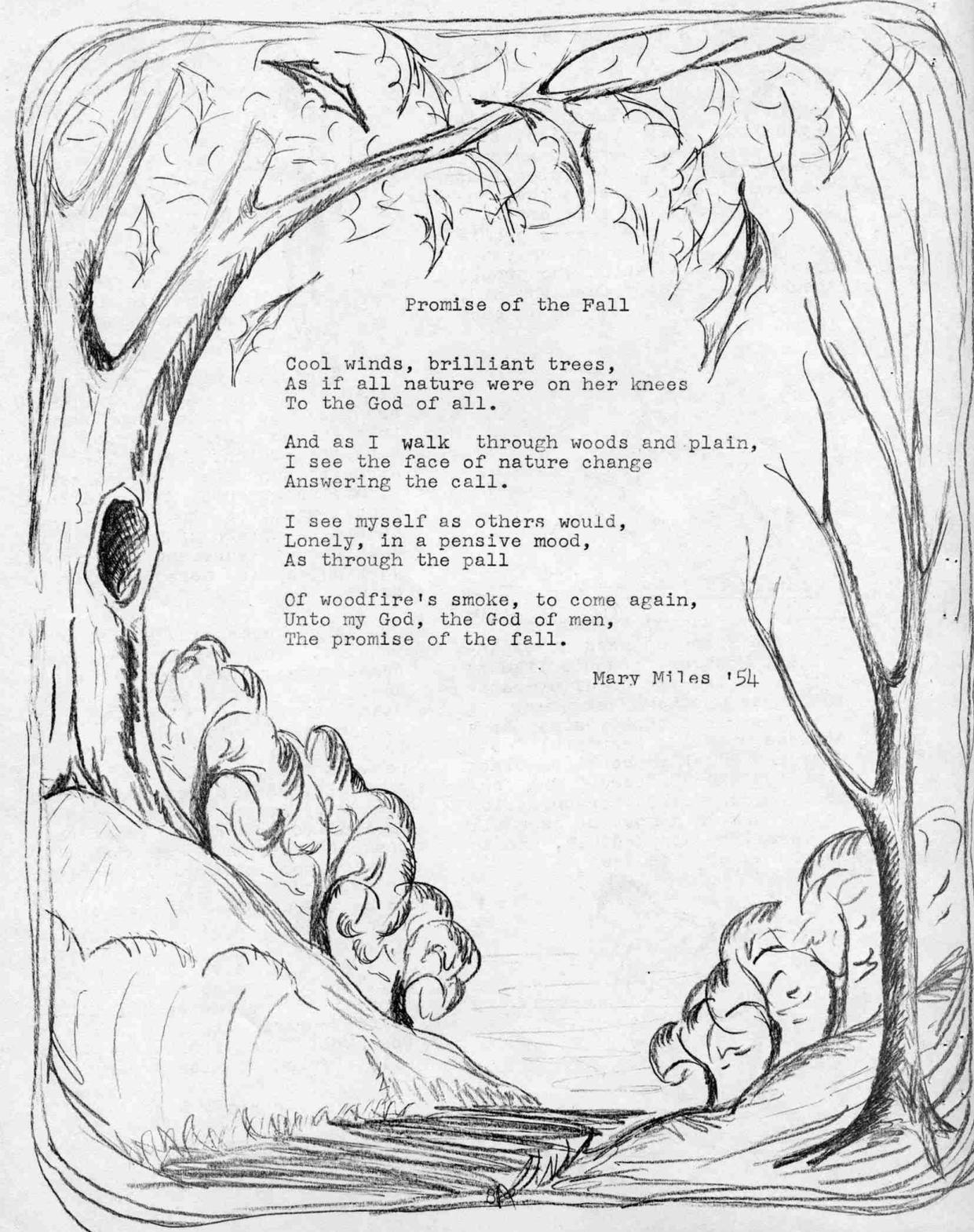
Of course, you are going to find a few rugged individuals who have their own original style.

I advise you who are unaffiliated to decide which group you are best suited to join, taking into due consideration your personality, weight, height, brutal strength, and total possession of blunt instruments. It would be a great injustice to yourself to become a member of a class that didn't suit you, and I wouldn't want any split personalities to arise.

After every angle has been studied, you should begin to practice your trade techniques at home. For instance, if you are planning to become a "Dodger," perhaps you could line up chairs in your bedroom and try running between them, hitting as many as possible. Facial expressions are also very important and should be varied from looks of great concentration to muted anguish. (If your mother inquires what you are doing, just reply, "Practicing to be a Dodger"--I'm sure she'll understand).

When you have learned your routine to perfection, you may then try it out at school. Don't be discouraged if it doesn't go too well the first day--after all, "Practice makes perfect."

Phyllis Nicholson '54



Promise of the Fall

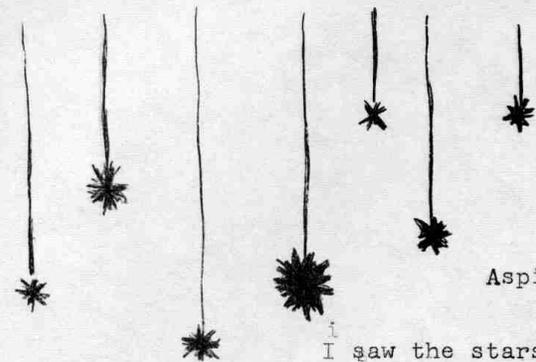
Cool winds, brilliant trees,  
As if all nature were on her knees  
To the God of all.

And as I walk through woods and plain,  
I see the face of nature change  
Answering the call.

I see myself as others would,  
Lonely, in a pensive mood,  
As through the pall

Of woodfire's smoke, to come again,  
Unto my God, the God of men,  
The promise of the fall.

Mary Miles '54

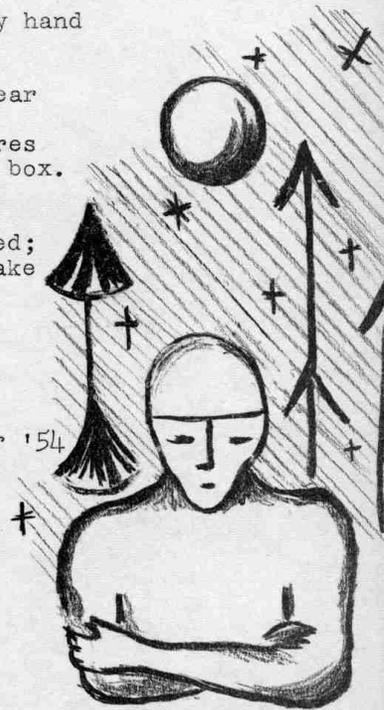
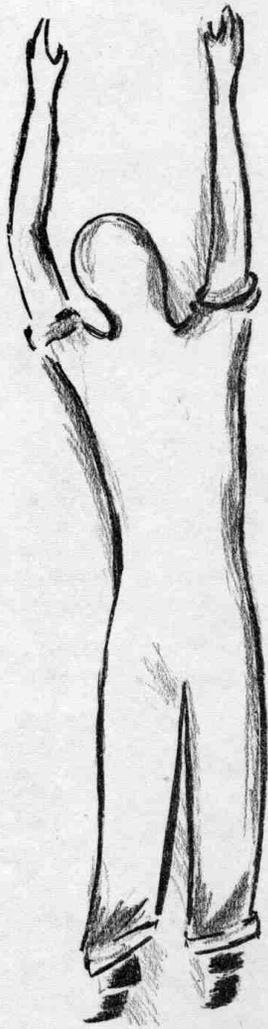


Aspirations

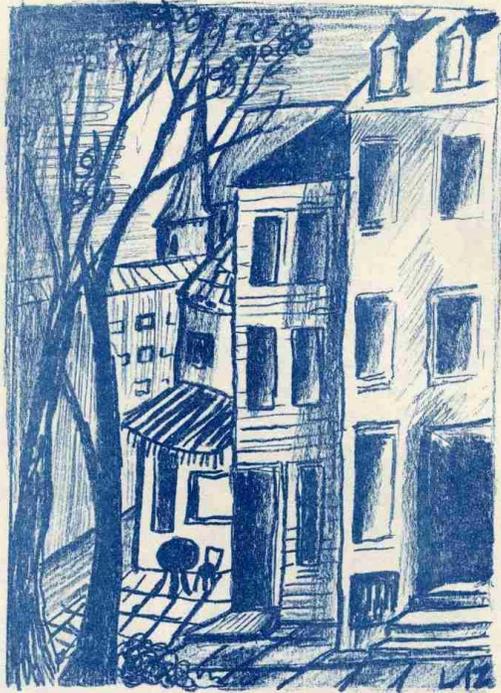
I saw the stars,  
 But they were not stars;  
 They were a thousand sparkling jewels  
 hung in the sky--  
 Shining  
 Blinking  
 Laughing--  
 and I wanted to reach up with my hand  
 and seize a dozen  
 and roll them in my palm  
 and drop them on the road and hear  
 them click  
 and see them bounce like sapphires  
 spilled from a queen's jewel box.

So I reached up  
 and stood on tiptoe and stretched;  
 But I could not touch them or take  
 them.  
 They are stars again--  
 Just stars--  
 Names, numbers, words,  
 and I was cold.

Eddie Becker '54



Lou



Street Scene

The long gray pavement is littered with scraps of paper and leaves fallen from a few trees.

An ice cream parlor with a gay but tattered awning stands proudly on the corner. Through its window I can see a counter, shiny metal stools, and a juke box. The juke box is playing a jazz record and a boy and girl are dancing. They are alone-- the only customers.

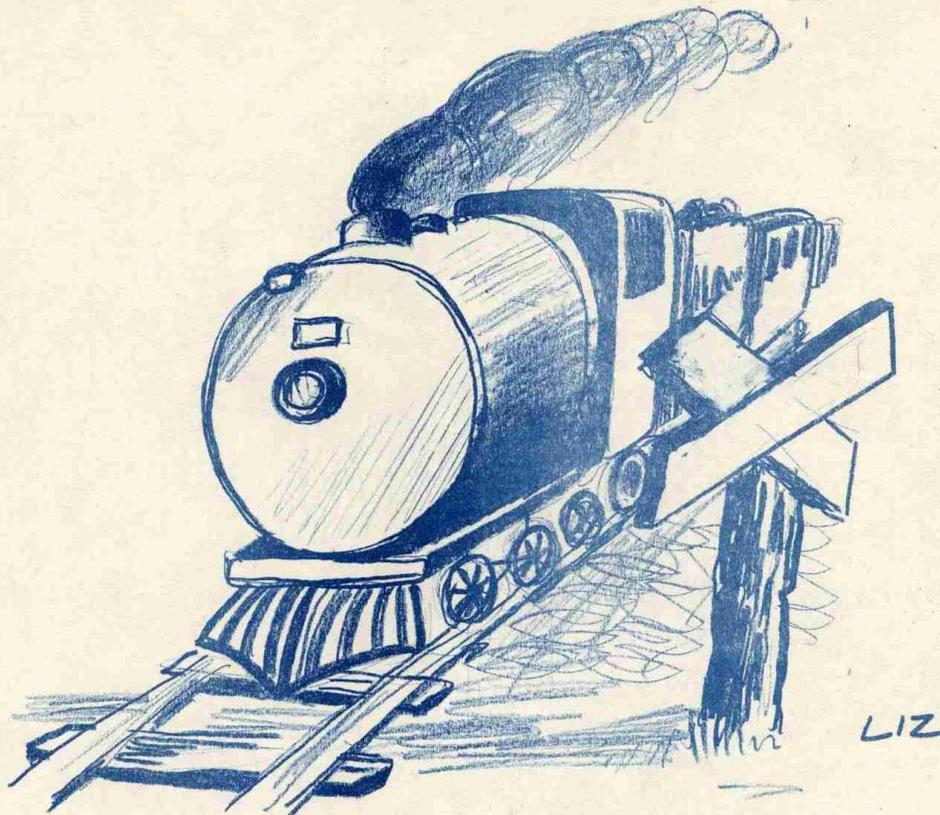
Except for myself the street is deserted. But all the windows are full of bright yellow light.

High up, through an open window I hear someone crying. The window is shut with a bang and now there is nothing but a gentle murmur of talk.

I smell smoke, and onions, and coffee.

The jazzy music stops; the girl runs out of the ice cream parlor and down the street, laughing quietly. The sky is very cold and white. Softly it begins to snow.

Liz Coe '54



The Snorting Monster

As I stood and cast my eye over the ponderous mass before me I caught a glimpse of what must be a powerful personality. He rested now, here in his home of ceaseless activity: the friendly thick smoke, the smells of machinery and oil; the deep overtone of sound mingling with the jangling noises nearby; the incessant hustle and bustle of people hurrying everywhere-- in every direction. He rested as though so tired by his last effort that he could sleep as in a daze through this confusion and clamor.

But the rest soon came to an end as his masters came to rouse him for new work. Slowly--but

it seemed swiftly--he brightened up, he began to swell, quivering with new life, with a strength an hundred-fold that of Frankenstein's monster, yet a slave to the slightest wish of his masters, so puny in comparison, who would now unleash this beast upon his double-railed highway which stretched gleaming like some huge, endless ladder to the horizon; the ties like the keys of a giants piano rippling on for miles.

As it stood pulling and snorting, I slowly shrank and disappeared.

Eddie Becker '54

### Morning

The silent sun, rising to its lofty heights, sends shattering rays of light into the darkest corners of the land. Sounds of early morning break the solitude; the twitter of an early bird; the creaking branches of ice-laden trees, bearing bravely the burdens bestowed upon them; the gurgling of a nearby brook laboriously freeing itself from the cold enemy impeding its progress, sending ripples racing across the open patches of icy water; the crunch of one's own footsteps upon crusted snow. All the forest is sheathed in the wondrous cloak of winter.

Carolyn Coe '54



### Twilight

As I gaze out over the serene beauty of the tiny lake, my mood is one of complete contentment. Everything is breathlessly quiet except for the rustling of the trees overhead, the chirping of a cricket in a bush nearby, and the occasional croaking of a frog. The clean-smelling perfume of pine needles on which I am sitting permeates the air. The last rays of the setting sun have just passed over the hill across the lake and in the small town opposite me, tiny beams of light blink on one by one to twinkle smilingly over the water. A large fish jumps high above the smooth, silvery mirror, then disappears into its inky depths, leaving only small ripples spreading in an ever-widening circle as

evidence of its being. Above, small stars are just beginning to appear and a tiny sliver of a moon is starting its long path to the west. An owl in one of the majestic silver pines nearby proclaims his presence with a dignified hoot and flaps his wings disdainfully as he flies overhead.

Sitting here, I sense the presence of a second person, not an intruder like myself, but someone greater by far--the someone who created this perfect beauty and allowed human eyes to look upon it.

Now, feeling strangely guilty, I turn my back to the lake and tiptoe quietly away.

Joan Wells '54

### Night

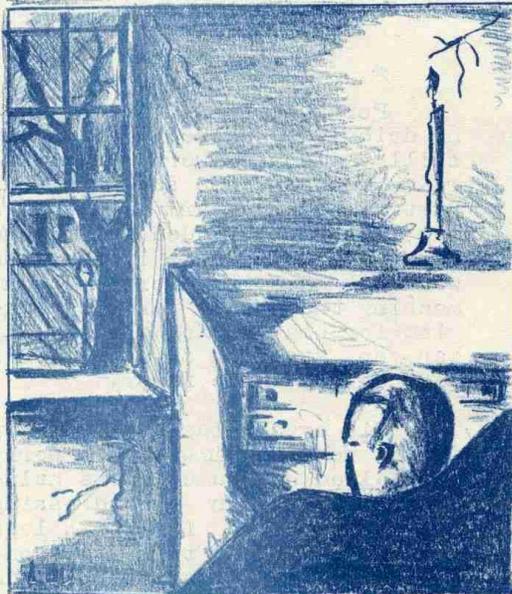
Night comes like a lovely lady in black. She burrows her dark beauty in every twist and turn, nook and cranny. Morning glories unsheath their beauty to her eyes after she has spread her dark cloak over her kingdom. She sprinkles diamonds of shimmering dew over the webs of dozing insects. She shelters scurrying animals intent upon getting their food before their enemies can see it.

Her prodigal, extravagant way of sprinkling diamonds over the sea of eternity delights and

warms the hearts of those who see them.

The moonlight of heaven shows her the way. Every tree, every blade of grass, every flower, every creature is beautified by her glory. The moonlight transforms all as snow transforms an ugly world. The creatures of night go abroad, their eyes mirrors of moonlight. The cry of a wolf, the howl of a cat, the sound that nighthas all her own. The whispering of wind, the swaying dancing of the grass, and the harps in the trees, the long shadows in pools and eddies--all this the beauty of the night.

Ann Billingsley '55



### Alone

The damned abominal rain had finally ceased. A dampness enveloped the earth and seemed to close in to see just how miserable it could make me.

All through the long morning and the early afternoon, I

had been trying to write. I sat at the desk with the typewriter before me and occasionally I would hit a letter here and there. No matter how I tried to concentrate I just couldn't keep my mind on my work.

The wind in the trees and the patter of the rain against the window seemed to draw my attention. For hours I sat motionless, just listening and watching the water dribble down the panes. My mind was empty of all thought and a mood of depression played softly across my spirits. My muscles ached for activity and my soul cried for freedom.

I roused myself back to reality and lit a cigarette, letting the blue smoke curl skyward in the fashion of a dreamer. I noticed the fire in the hearth had gone out and a chill had settled in the room. As the daylight waned and faded in the soft fluid darkness, I became aware of the cold barrenness of the room, of the house and of life itself.

Dennis Earman '53

One Hundred Per Cent Boy



Redheaded, freckled-faced and gangly the boy stood awkwardly at attention, undecided which way to run.

"She's going to ask me today," he thought, "maybe even now with all the fellows around."

The very thought of it made his freckles stand out and cold sweat run down his back. Cautiously he edged toward the gym door. Just an inch, and then he could quickly slide into the dressing rooms. His mouth twisted into a stupid grin, and his legs turned to wooden pegs. The gym doors were clear across the room!

He picked up a basketball and began a wild dribble across the court. The other fellows blocked his way and joined in the play.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw her standing with a group of girls, giggling and motioning toward him, but carefully avoiding his glance.

Fraction problems and funny papers..bad manners with charm..arguments and understanding...naughty boy with a halo sure of himself as only a twelve-year old can be....blue eyes and crew cut, with an insignificant freckle sprinkled here and there on his nosy...intelligence wearing a puzzled look now and then ..talk of airplanes and football bringing a sparkle to his eye and sometimes, to the annoyance of others, a rise to his voice..opinions changing faster than minutes....dreams of the future unequalled by any others...imagination with a sense of humor. Only time will tell the outcome. What will become of..my brother.

Nancy Martin '54

\* \* \*

For what seemed an eternity, he dribbled, passed, and shot, still the doors were out of his reach. Suddenly he saw his chance. Darting under an arm here and a leg there he skidded toward the door. He could make it now. He wouldn't have to worry about meeting the girl's parents, begging for the use of the family car or stepping on the girl's feet on the dance floor.

His eyes glazed suddenly, for he realized it wouldn't work. She called his name and he halted, one foot in the dressing room. He could feel his legs shake, his face turn crimson, and his nose quiver as it did when he had to dress up on Sundays and parade into church. He was scared. Then she asked him. He couldn't just stand there staring at her so he swallowed, raised a squeaking voice to its highest pitch and shrilled that of course he could go. After she left, he pushed back his hair, felt his freckles dim and ran for the nearest basketball.

## Donny's Miracle



Donny was a small boy of about six years old with sandy brown hair and beautiful blue eyes. He was a normal boy; he liked to eat, play baseball and football, but most of all he liked to play with his little cocker spaniel, Skipper. Skipper had been given to Donny nearly two years ago when he was just a puppy, so they had grown very attached to each other.

One morning Donny and Skipper were playing with a ball. Donny suddenly had an extra surge of strength and threw the ball all the way across the street. Skipper went over after it, but unaware of the car speeding down the street, started back with the ball in his mouth.

"No, Skipper, no!" cried Donny, but all in vain. The speeding car hit Skipper and kept right on down the street without stopping, leaving the little dog motionless in the middle of the street.

"Skipper, Skipper!" Donny cried as he ran to the dog's side.

Donny's mother, hearing all the commotion, ran out and finding Skipper very badly hurt carried him to the car and proceeded to the veterinarian.

"I'm sorry, Donny," said the vet, "but there isn't anything I can do for Skipper. You leave him here with me because I'm afraid we'll have to put him to sleep!"

"No, no, please don't put Skipper to sleep! Wait until tomorrow at least, and see if he'll be any better by then."

"All right," said the vet, "but only a miracle could save him now."

Very downhearted, Donny went home with his mother but he couldn't even eat his lunch. "Mother," asked Donny, "What's a miracle?"

"Well Donny," said mother, "a miracle is an act performed by God, but miracles can only happen when people have complete faith."

Donny didn't quite understand this, but he went up to his room and sitting down at his desk began to write:

Dear God,

Please make Skipper well,  
so we can play together again.

Donny

He put it in an envelope and sent it to:

"God  
Heaven  
United States of America"

He then went skipping down to the post office feeling a little happier now.

"Mr. Postman, what's the fastest way to send a letter?" asked Donny.

"Well, sonny," said the postman, "I reckon air mail special delivery is about the fastest. Where you aimin' to send that letter?"

"To God," answered Donny. The postman looked a little surprised. Donny explained to him that only a miracle could save his  
(continued to page 25)

## Sports Shorts

A brief summary of the Mustangs' 1952 season leaves them with a record of four wins, four losses and one tie. Fighting to a scoreless deadlock with Marshall High School in the opening game, the Mustangs did most of the playing in Marshall territory. A vain attempt to score was halted as Marshall intercepted a George Mason pass on the 2-yard line and brought it back to their 30. Luck took over for the Mustangs as the half ended with Marshall on the George Mason 9-yard line. Final score, 0-0.

The Mustangs fared better in the second game, trouncing Aldie 12-0 in a game dominated by running. Both touchdowns were scored in the first quarter on runs by Mel Drisko and John Tasker. The G. M. attack was led by Bob Heeter, who carried the ball 17 times, gaining 104 yards, for an average of 6 yards per carry. Mel Drisko's 2 punts covered an average distance of 53.5 yards--a good kick for any college team.



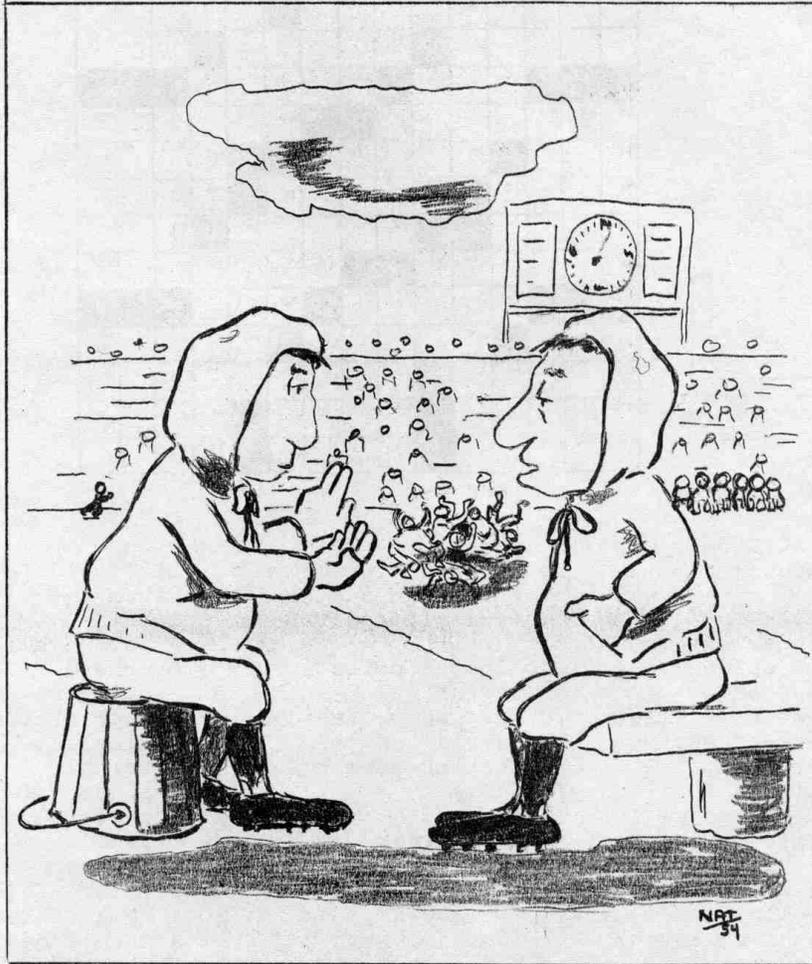
Suffering their first defeat of the season, the Mustangs were shut out 19-0 by the Leesburg Tigers in a game of hard luck. The G.M. attack was changed somewhat from the previous game as they completed 6 passes lost 20 yards on 15 plays, giving them a total of 81 yards gained in all. Two of Leesburg's T.D.'s were made by their right guard, as he recovered 2 G.M. fumbles behind the line of scrimmage and ran them both for the tallies. The other score was made on the first play of the 4th quarter on an 18-yard run. Leesburg added the extra points on 2 of their touchdowns.

Playing a hard fought game in which they did not score a point until the 3rd quarter, the Mustangs trailed 14-0 at half time. Making only 4 first downs to Herndon's 11, the G.M. men out-passed their opponents, completing 7 out of 17 passes, for a total of 128 yards. Led by a 79 yard run by Donald Kerns, Herndon withstood John Tasker's 50-yard scoring jaunt and went on to win 27-18.

Edged out 6-0 in a close contest with Woodward Prep, the Mustangs had a tough break early in the game when Woodward recovered a G.M. fumble on the 46-yard line and proceeded to score the lone tally 6 plays later. The second half was played mostly in Woodward territory, although the Mustangs could not quite get over the goal line. The 1st downs were even at 8 each, but the touchdowns leaned in Woodward's favor.

The Mustangs perked up in the game with the Lincoln Lions, beating them by one point in a very close game. Playing on the losers field, the Mustangs' deciding extra point was scored by Bob Heeter, two plays after he ran 85 yards on a kickoff return. The garnet and gold out-gained their opponents

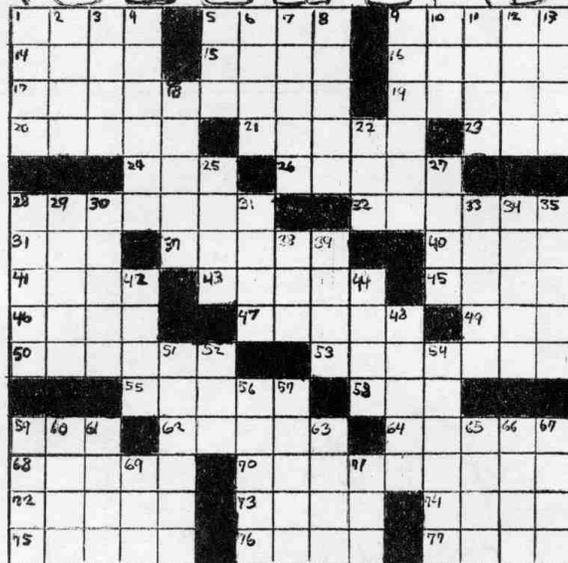
Continued on page 26



OKAY . . . SECOND WORD! . . . FOUR LETTERS! . . .

# CROSSWORD

P  
U  
N  
Z  
Z  
L  
E



## ACROSS

- 1 Applaud
- 5 Mute
- 9 Pulsate
- 14 A slender outgrowth of the epidermis
- 15 Celebes ox
- 16 To make a textile
- 17 Synonym of affront
- 19 To force out
- 20 Serenity
- 21 Found on roses
- 23 Dynamite
- 24 Small barrel
- 26 Man's wearing apparell
- 28 Frame of an automobile
- 32 Nearsightedness
- 36 Steal
- 37 FFV's
- 40 The root of a tooth
- 41 Keyed with desire
- 43 An area
- 45 Female sharp-shooter
- 46 To collapse
- 47 Lay bare
- 49 An animal lair
- 50 Works dough
- 53 One unaccustomed to a new station

- 55 Hotels have them
- 58 A tool to cut wood
- 59 Baseball spectator
- 62 Yarn
- 64 Tibetan priests
- 68 Parent
- 70 Feature writer
- 72 Carved gem
- 73 Lacking warmth
- 74 Happy
- 75 Spark
- 76 Card stack
- 77 Shut

- 25 Like gold
- 27 Divan
- 28 Split
- 29 A Navajo hut
- 30 Overhead
- 31 Gentlemen
- 33 Member of the bear family
- 34 Internal
- 35 Employee of the FBI
- 38 Make lace
- 39 Off-white
- 42 Supplies
- 44 Points
- 48 A book of the Bible
- 51 A man of medicine
- 52 Sun
- 54 Nasal sounds
- 56 Moslem holy city
- 57 Faint
- 59 Turn toward
- 60 A man's first name
- 61 Without feeling
- 63 A small hole
- 65 Small factory
- 66 Adrift
- 67 Stop
- 69 A great southern general
- 71 A rubber tree

## DOWN

- 1 Piece of wood
- 2 Small road
- 3 Verdi heroine
- 4 Punctures
- 5 Actor --- Daily
- 6 One
- 7 Of the Lepidoptera order of insects
- 8 Creek
- 9 A number
- 10 Jinx
- 11 Intent
- 12 Part of a stove
- 13 A device to help hold your pants up
- 18 Plural of goose
- 22 Edge

Ursula Draper '55

## My Ford

When Henry Ford built his first car and called it a Ford, he really put a trade mark on that poor vehicle. Before I start telling you about mine, I would like to explain my definition of a Ford. A Ford is a cold-natured, four-wheel bucket-of-bolts, that was designed from a wheelbarrow. The only difference is that a Ford has three more wheels that make it easier to push.

My Ford is different though. It has four bright red wheels with yellow hub caps. It also has a motor that usually runs, and, come to think of it, the wheels even turn when you put it in gear. After you put it into gear, you don't want to take off too fast, because you can only tell how fast you are going up to seven miles an hour.

After that, if you want to tell your speed, you have to count the times the wheels turn over and divide that by the number of telephone poles you have passed in the last five minutes, and that will give you your number of poles per hour. I, myself, do it an easier way, I just guess at my speed.

My Ford was really built for comfort. The sharpest of the springs in the seat give you a terminus feeling that touches your soul. The air-conditioned windows that aren't there, give you a sniff of the nice old Virginia air, and last but not least, when it rains, you get a

free shower through the sky view roof.

The inside of my Ford is unique, especially the back seat as the ceiling is so low that every time you hit a bump, you get a free hair-part from the ceiling and usually a bump on the head. Bessie, my Ford, is also good for other things. My mother uses it for a mixmaster, when ours is broken. If you want to scramble eggs you just put

them on a hot-plate. get them good and hot, and then take them for a ride around the block; they are well scrambled when you get back. Bessie also has springs, but they are all in the trunk as they got tired of riding under the car.

All of these things combined with the pleasure you get when you ride in my car make you feel

that Henry Ford wasn't such a bad guy after all, because he invented my car which has escaped the junk yard ever since 1939.

Bob Thompson '53

\* \* \*

A poor American is richer than a wealthy Russian.

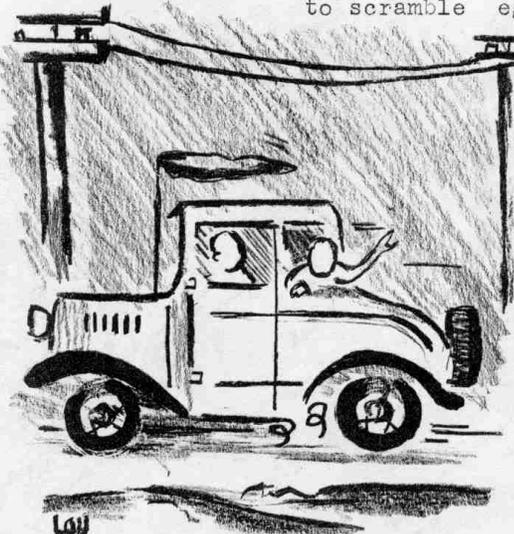
Nancy Martin '54

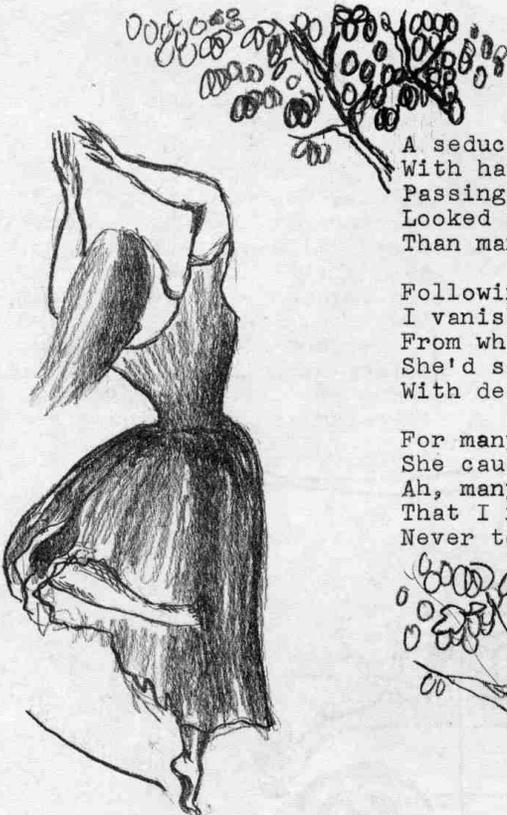
The biggest wind does not always cover the most ground.

Nat Browder '54

It takes a little rain to make sunshine worthwhile.

Betty Cline '54





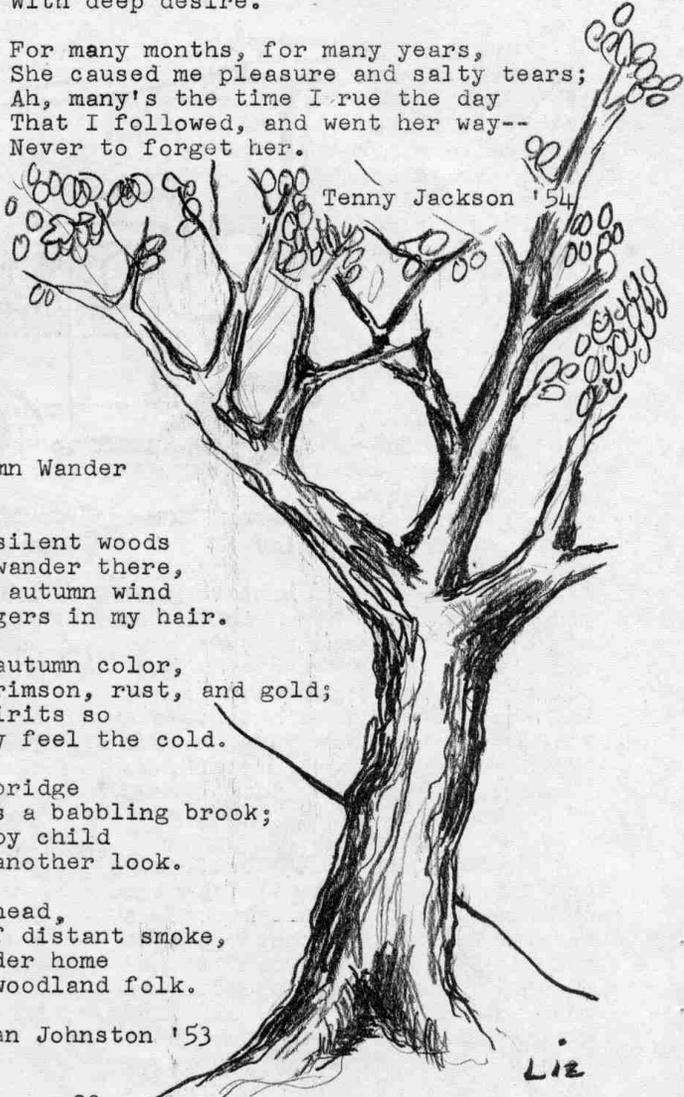
Vision in Green

A seductive dancer dressed in green,  
With haunting eyes of emerald sheen,  
Passing, lightly brushed my shoulder,  
Looked at me with eyes far bolder  
Than many I had known.

Following her beckoning hand,  
I vanished into a land  
From which there was no returning;  
She'd set my heart a'burning  
With deep desire.

For many months, for many years,  
She caused me pleasure and salty tears;  
Ah, many's the time I rue the day  
That I followed, and went her way--  
Never to forget her.

Tenny Jackson '54



An Autumn Wander

I wander through the silent woods  
And as I slowly wander there,  
The brisk and rushing autumn wind  
Entwines its fingers in my hair.

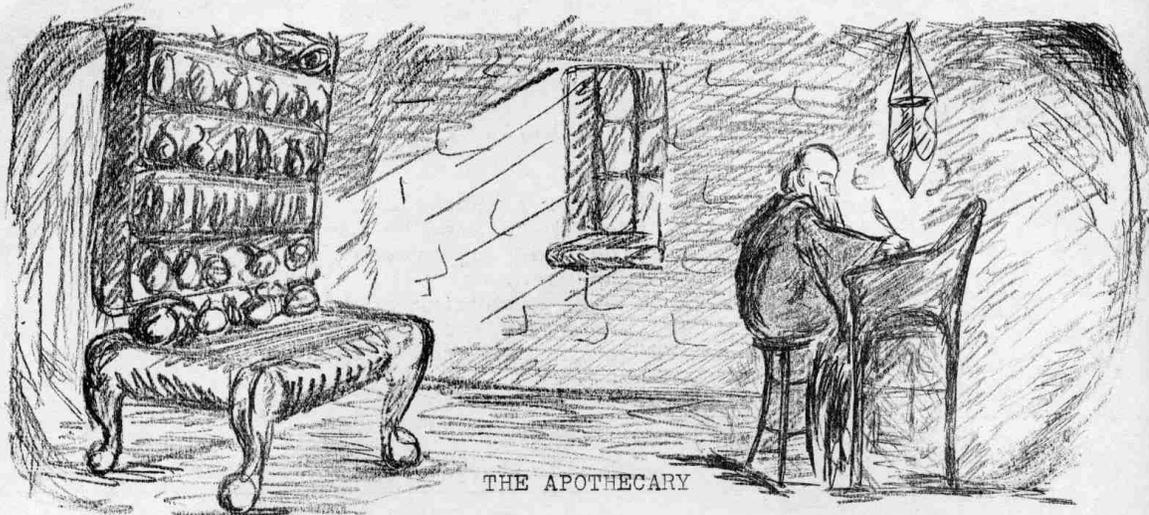
The woods are gay in autumn color,  
The leaves are crimson, rust, and gold;  
The air uplifts my spirits so  
That I can hardly feel the cold.

I come upon a rustic bridge  
Below which flows a babbling brook;  
It gurgles like a happy child  
I stop and take another look.

Suddenly, I raise my head,  
Smell the odor of distant smoke,  
And softly then I wander home  
Amid the gentle woodland folk.

Joan Johnston '53

Liz



THE APOTHECARY

In the dim light of the ancient apothecary shop sits the old man Wrinkled and worn with age is he, as some illustrious figure of past years who has faded into obscurity.

No more does he concoct potent brews or mix chemicals for the general welfare of mankind.

No more does he utilize his delicate balance scales to weigh the grams of chemicals he puts into his own special remedies,

Yet, as he sits in his musty-dusty chamber of a previous age, he has a complacent, peaceful appearance.

Why is it that he who has so long lain dormant to the activity of this befuddled, flustered flurry of a nation has acquired such a look?

Suddenly a ray of light breaks into the room, a more adventurous ray which enters in spite of the dimness.

The venerable old man looks toward the door and nods, a change stealing over his furrowed countenance.

Immediately the room is filled with the chatter and laughter of small voices, and the clinking of scales and bottles as the children begin their games.

In the room no more dim, but filled with some wondrous sunshine, the old man hobbles, responding to the adoring children.

Then suddenly as the bright ray of light tires of playing its' beams on the shining glass of the old jars, it becomes dim and fades.

So the antiquated reminder of bygone years begins to arrange the jars upon the dusty shelf.

### The Stallion

High up on the ridge he stands  
His spirit and strength untamed by man.  
He stands with pride and easy grace  
Defiant of the human race.  
Rearing, he turns with lightning speed,  
Gathers his herd and takes the lead.  
Thundering hoofs on the hardened clay  
Die and slowly fade away  
Leaving us there, watching with awe  
Always to remember the sight we saw.

Jay Rountree '53

### Caves of Night

Down the long road of darkness  
Into the depth of deepest night  
Down I walked;  
Wand'ring through realms of blackest night,  
When into a circle of light I stepped,  
Thrown from a lantern amongst the trees  
Softened by patterns of boughs and leaves  
A round globe cradled in leaves of trees  
And gently curving branches.

Into this mass of golden white  
Shimmering, glimmering, lilted light  
I tried to shield my eyes from the bright;  
Tried, but failed and frightened took flight  
Into the comfort of darkness.

Down, down, down, I went  
Moving through space, unheld, unbound,  
Free to drift carelessly round and round,  
Watching the lights, listening to sound,  
Over the patterns of black and white  
Breaking the shapes of dark and light  
Into the corners and caves of night,  
Free as the winds I wander.

Liz Coe '54



## MOM

Mom, you're wearin' a purty dress,  
The first you've had in years, I guess;  
For love, you sacrificed your style  
To give our kids the things worthwhile.

We worked together through the years,  
And shared each other's joys and tears;  
You helped us all through sun and rain,  
But never once did you complain.

Remember, Mom, that awful day,  
When God took little Marie away?  
We thought Marie was too much to give  
And said we didn't want to live.

You shook with sobs, your eyes were dim,  
But still you knelt and prayed to Him;  
I knew right then that we'd come through  
And so I knelt to pray with you.

Remember how we skimped and slaved  
And lost the little cash we'd saved?  
But Mom, you had a fighting heart  
And said we'd make another start.

Remember, Mom, how we were proud,  
The day we sat with that great crowd  
That must have come from every state  
To see our Jeannie graduate?

Remember how you squeezed my hand,  
The day that Jeannie, dressed so grand,  
Came down the aisle, an happy bride?  
We smiled a little; then we cried.

Remember, Mom?  
Of course, you do;  
I thought when all the kids were grown,  
We'd have some pleasures of our own.

But Mom, life's a funny game,  
That time of pleasure never came,  
And still you didn't seem to mind;  
You found your joy in being kind.

They tell me that I shouldn't weep,  
Because you've only gone to sleep,  
And so I'll say good-bye, I guess,  
And gosh, that is a purty dress.

Betty Shelton '53

## Corn Dance

We are driving across miles of desert to Santo Domingo. There is nothing but hot earth with the twisted roots of sage. We drive over a rickety bridge, there is no river bed underneath filled with cool water--just a winding path of hot, damp sand. The brilliant sky arched overhead is hot and as we drive we leave a cloud of dust behind us.



We arrive at Santo Domingo and join the pushing crowd of people. Indians with strings of beads and little pots and bowls are squatting in the dust along the dry adobe walls. They laugh and talk among themselves. There are white and Mexican men in boots and dirty levies with heavy silver concho belts at their waists, white women in print dresses or jeans, Mexican women with shiny black hair, in full swinging skirts and low peasant blouses. The tourists from the East and from Texas wear Santa Fe fiesta dresses and factory made cowboy outfits. Their arms are heavy with silver jewelry. They point and peer and exclaim at everything.

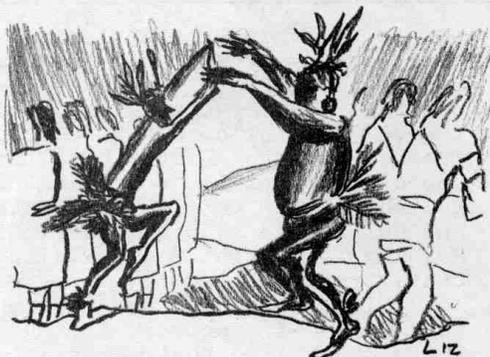
Then we hear the drums and hurry to the plaza through this mass of color and noise. Dirty little boys push in and out carrying cups full of crushed ice and sweet cherry syrup. The drums are louder and you find yourself moving with their steady rhythm.

Now we can see the dancers. The men are in two long lines, facing each other, their women behind them. They are completely absorbed in their dance. They seem unaware of those watching them, of the bustle and the crowd, even the little children at the far end of the line.

The men are handsome, built solidly and squarely. The young men have crew cuts, but the older ones wear their long, black hair loose. They wear a sort of kilt made from monk's cloth and each man has a silver fox pelt dangling from the back of his belt. They are breathing heavily, and their bodies glisten with sweat. Their feet beat down into the earth and up, and down hard, and up. Sometimes they shake the gourd rattle in their hands.

The women, mostly heavily built, wear black dresses, with the right shoulders bare. On their heads they wear high wooden tiaras. Cut into the wood are symbols of rain and sun, which these people worship. In their hands they hold boughs of evergreen, symbol of everlasting life. Their hands move up and down with their feet, but just a little. They trip lightly on tiny feet, following their men in the intricate patterns of the dance, very erect, with eyes cast downward.

The Koshari act as policemen of the tribe, but they are also known as the clowns or "Delight Makers." During the ceremony they not only keep order, they also add an element of fun. They are old men, naked save for a loin cloth. However, they do not seem so as they are covered from head to foot with either a chalky white substance or black paint. They wear their beads, and attached to these buns are cornhusks.



The head Koshari is a striking man. He is tall and fat, and painted black. Blue streaks of rain are drawn on his chest and great hunks of turquoise hang from his pierced ears. In spite of his great bulk he is incredibly graceful and weaves in and out of the lines of dancers, bowing and swaying. He is rain--his fingers droop slightly. Now he is the sun--his arms form a circle over his head; and now he is harvesting. He stops to correct a child out of line and ties more securely a dancer's fox pelt and then returns to his pantomime of corn growing and rain falling.

Two other Koshari men are joking and the Indian spectators laugh.

And we, the spectators, who have no part in this ritual, huddle against the adobe walls, trying to escape from the heat.

Half-blinded by the glare, our throats choked with dust, our senses drunk and reeling with color and sound, we wonder at the beauty and timelessness of this ancient ceremony.

Liz Coe '54

(continued from page 15)  
dog, so he was writing to God whom he hoped would perform one.

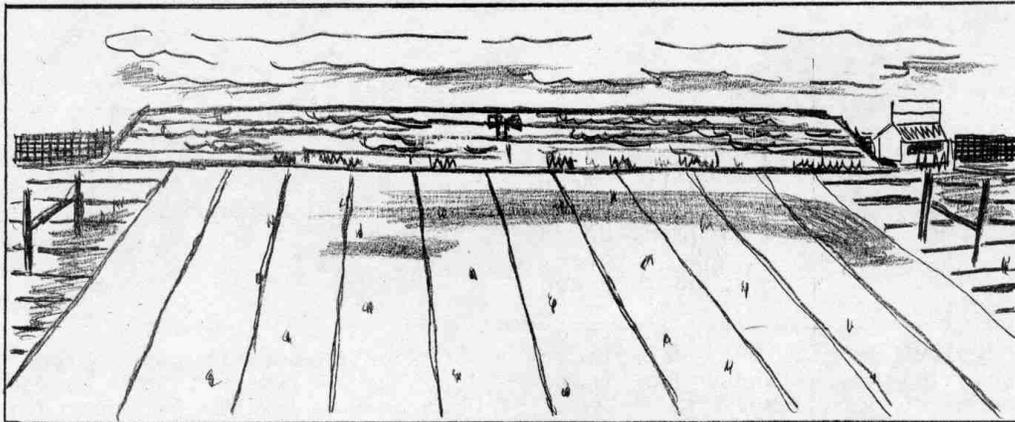
The postman took the letter and told Donny that he would send the letter right away. After Donny left, the postman put the letter in a drawer by itself and locked it because he didn't know of anything else to do with it.

That night when Donny went to bed, he prayed a special prayer for his little dog, Skipper, in hopes that God would hear and answer it.

The next morning Donny was so nervous he couldn't eat any breakfast at all, so his mother finally took him to the veterinarian's. Donny and the vet went in to see Skipper and after a quick check-up the vet said, "Well, Donny, Skipper is showing signs of recovery, so I think he's going to be all right."

Donny left the vet's this time with a new feeling in his heart, one of gladness and thanks. He ran straight to the post office and told the man that Skipper was going to be all right and he wanted to thank him for sending the letter. The postman felt a little sheepish, so after Donny left he unlocked the drawer to take the letter out and found that the letter was gone. It had truly been a miracle that had saved Skipper.

Shirley Clatterbuck '54



(Continued from page 16)  
 with 150 yards rushing to Lincoln's 126 passing yards. Bringing their record up to 2 wins, 3 losses and 1 tie, the Mustangs played a good game. Final score, George Mason 13, Lincoln 12.

The Mustangs lost 14-9 to Warrenton on the victor's field. Although they out-gained Warrenton by 80 yards, Coach Crain's players lost 45 yards as a result of penalties. A heads-up play by Mike Hodges produced the only touchdown for G.M. as in the second quarter, he grabbed a fumble deep in Warrenton territory and raced 10 yards for the tally. Suffering their 4th loss, the G.M. men led 9-7 going into the 4th quarter. But on the second play, Warrenton scored on a pass interception run-back. This play climaxed the game, for the Mustangs did not recover.

Cruising to an easy victory over Occoquan, the garnet and gold had a total gain of 288 yards to the 77 of their foes. They made 13 first downs to Occoquan's 6 and scored a T. D. in each quarter except the first. Bob Heeter made both extra points and one touchdown. The other scores were made by end Mike Hodges as he took 2 passes from John Tasker, one for 40 yards, the other for 31. A good game for the Mustangs, the final score was 20-0 in their favor.

The concluding game of the season brought the G. M. record

up to .500 percentage winning 4 and losing 4 as they downed Berryville 13-6. Fruland recovered a Berryville fumble on their 33, followed by a pass from Tasker to Heeter for the score. Berryville scored in the second quarter on a 25-yard pass and Mel Drisko scored the final Mustang T. D. with Heeter adding the extra point.

Finishing out the season with a 4-4-1 record, the Mustangs out-gained their opponents 959 yards to 779 yards. But the statistics show that they were penalized 380 yards to only 220 for their opposition.

They covered 502 yards passing to 409 for the opposing teams and made 64 1st downs against 63 for the foes.

Howard Bronson, a freshman guard has been selected by the Washington Post to the second-string All-Suburban team, with John Tasker receiving Honorable Mention.

The Mustangs plan on a more challenging schedule next year and hope to do as well as our fine team this year.

Melvin Fink '54

\* \* \*

The teacher who is usually all wet is the swimming teacher.

Richard Fruland '54

Paradox

We welcome the New Year  
With ecstatic embrace;  
Yet when she is with us,  
What folly our waste!

Liz Coe '54

Ring in the New Year

The clock upon the shadowed wall  
Has just begun to chime  
To bring the New Year ringing in  
And black out Father Time.

Sonia Krages '54

New Year's Morning

Bright bits of color rested gently here and there, and dark rings make fascinating designs on the table tops. Empty glasses caught and reflected the morning sun, and various eye-catching objects were scattered in nooks and crannies: a slender slipper, a sparkling bit of jewelry draped gracefully over a volume of "My Life and Hard Times," delicate ends of cigarettes -- some laced in red -- brimmed out of the ash trays onto the table top where they formed frozen whitecaps on the sea of brown, overturned chairs and stools flung their legs awkwardly to the ceiling. Dainty noise-makers, feathered and be-ribboned, perched precariously on the edge of the littered piano. The room resembled a momentarily still kaleidoscope.

Betty Cline '54



