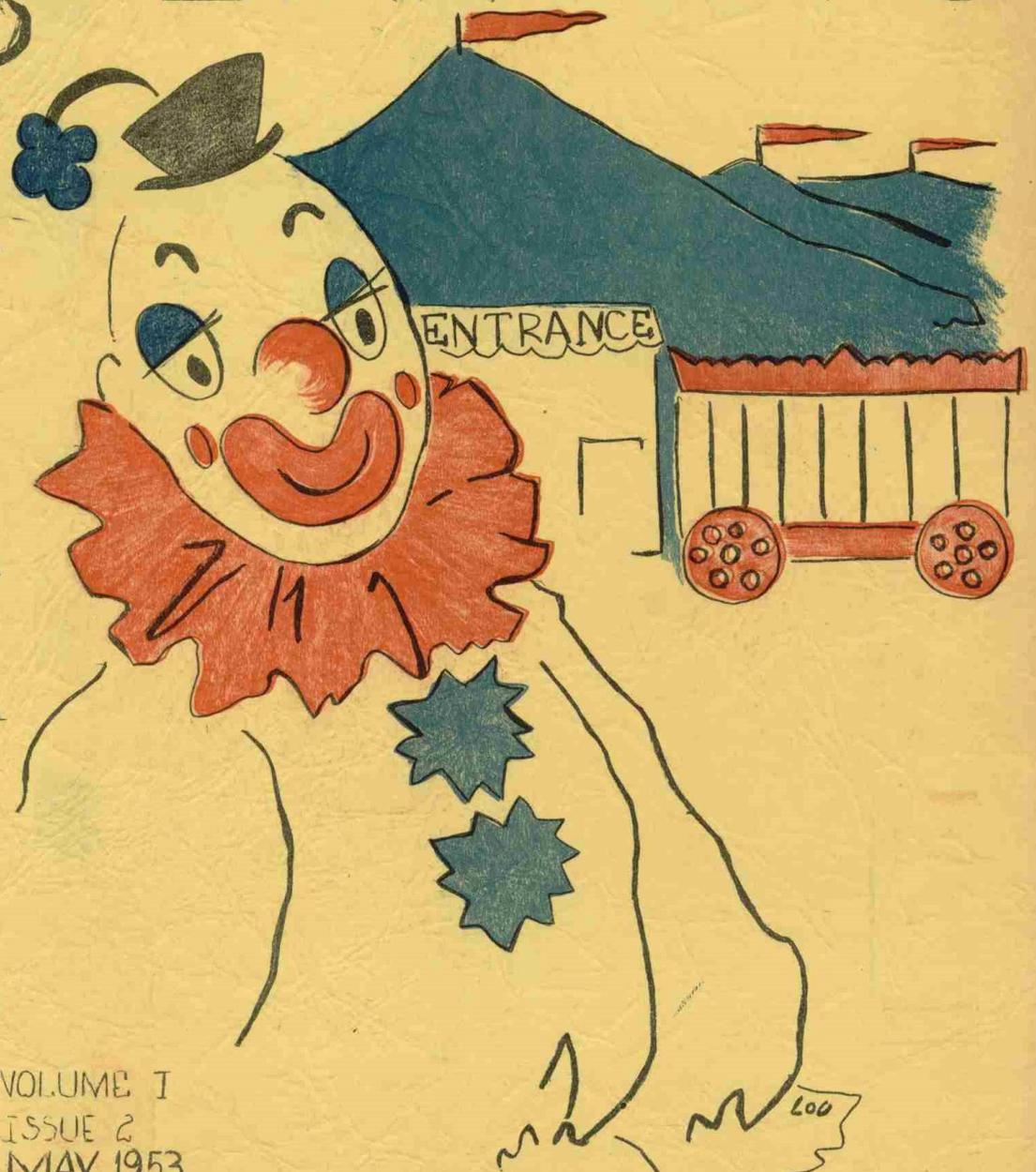


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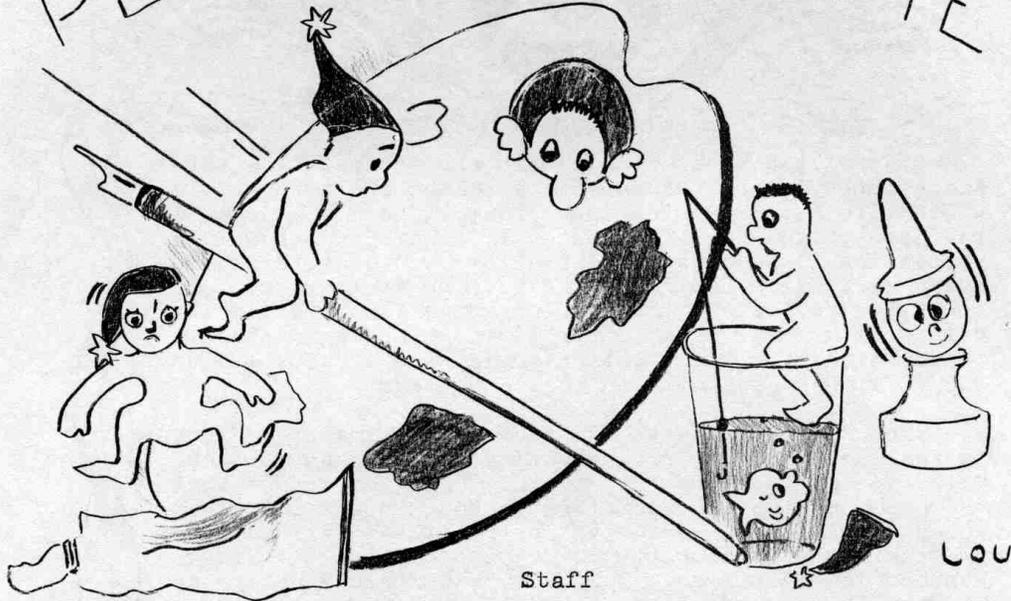


VOLUME I
ISSUE 2
MAY 1953

GEORGE MASON JUNIOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

LOU

PENMAN'S PALETTE



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CIVIL DEFENSE

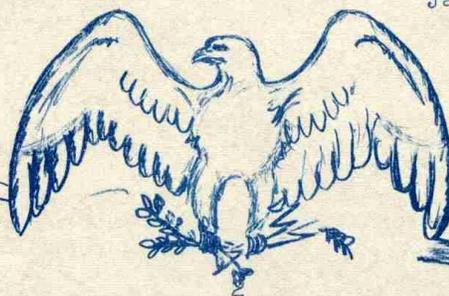
Recently a small atomic bomb was detonated within close range of some houses fitted with shelters and in which life sized dummies were placed. The civil defense representatives were interested in finding out how much protection these houses and shelters would afford the average civilian family during such an explosion. This operation points out that our government is greatly concerned with civil defense for it is gathering valuable information from this test which may prove useful to us should we be faced with an atomic attack.

Too many of us have the idea of letting the other person worry about public safety in such an attack. This type of thinking is dangerous for the reason that the government officials alone cannot protect all of us. Unless we all take an active part in the civil defense program, an atom bomb attack may prove fatal to a large part of our civilian population. Certainly everyone knows what only two atom bombs did to Japan in the last war, although these were comparatively inferior to the present day weapons of destruction.

The only way to prevent such devastation is by having a nation of active and well informed citizens who will know what to do when such an emergency strikes, and the only way to learn is by participating in your local civil defense organization.

It is the duty of each and every American to be ready for an atom bomb attack, not only to safeguard himself and family, but also his community and his country. In the event that we are taken by surprise, let us not be caught napping as we were at Pearl Harbor. Awaken from your apathy and when the call for civil defense volunteers comes, "Stand up and be counted!"

Jack Colley '55



VULNERABLE



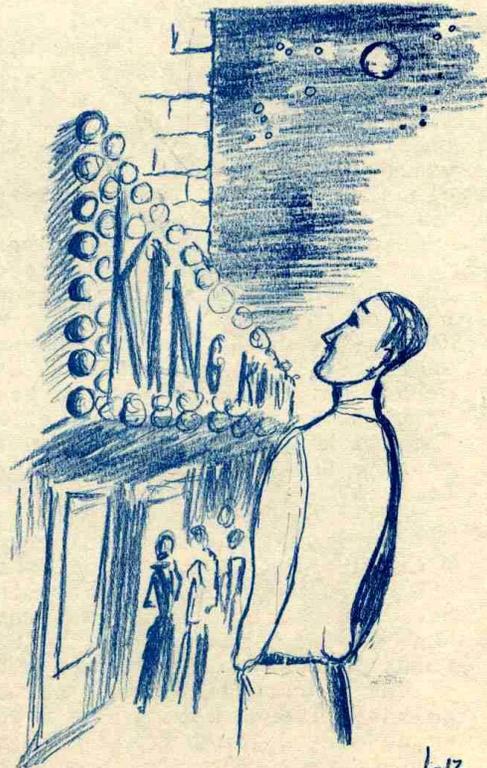
see--out of control, the car hit the edge of the road--the blast threw it over--but there was no suffering.

Bob, like others in the theater, was preparing to leave--they did not hear the whining sirens at all. The flash was unnoticed, too--the girl in the exposed ticket booth did not offer a cry. When the blast hit like a cyclone the old building hesitated under the terrific pressure, then the walls split as the vacuum of the blast tugged irresistably. The roof started up--then down.

(continued on page 4)

It was just an average night. The Johnsons ate together at 6:30. Bob left early to catch the seven o'clock show with a couple of buddies. Dad left a little later in the car to take some paper work to a friend. Grace left about eight for sorority meeting at Birdie Ryan's home. Little Betty had popped off to bed soon afterward and Mother took care of the dishes. At approximately 8:45 p.m. the movie was drawing to a close. Dad was driving home--the radio in the car bothered him so he clicked it off. Grace and her friends were having a riotous time at Birdie's. Betty slept soundly in the back room, while Mother ironed in the kitchen listening to the radio as it sang and talked absently in the next room.

Dad, driving alone, with the radio off did not hear the sudden interruption. It was a cool night and so he had the window rolled up. He thought he heard an ambulance but he ignored it, intent on getting home. The flash was at his left--blinding, searing, battering--he could not



(continued from page 3)

Bob jumped up from his seat--but the wall at his right--a huge brick slab flipped by the enormous power--he was unconscious as the settling masonry squeezed the last of his life out of him.

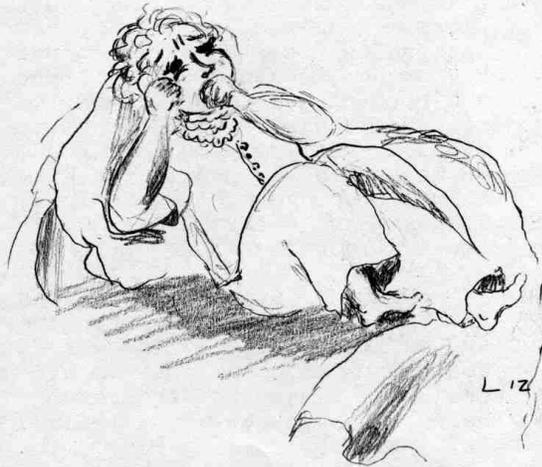
Grace and the rest of the girls had been in the basement but went up to Birdie's room to get their coats. Birdie's mother called up to them to listen--there seemed to be a big fire. Up went the windows and a dozen heads poked out into the crisp night air--rent by the shriek of sirens and whistles. "Happy New Year," said Birdie--and the back yard suddenly lit up. The blast was from the other direction--the front of the house--and the girls were looking from the back windows, but the hideous light was reflected from everywhere, into everything. The blast came with a dragon's breath--the roof rose upward--tore away and the light flooded the room. The front of the frame house kindled--the walls warped--glass sailed viciously everywhere--furniture, small articles, the whole room jumped or flew from one corner to the other--a crazy game of musical chairs--the floor sagged--some of the girls got out--some didn't--Grace, pinned by the bed heard the frantic screams of the others but it all made no sense--fortunately, she fainted before the licking flames arrived to consume the wreckage; she didn't feel it.

Mother left her ironing and went into the living room when she heard the wild shouts coming over the radio. She stood before the radio, gazing out the big front window. The screaming sirens sounded like fools trying to outyell each other; the radio announcer couldn't get a grip on himself; abruptly a second, calmer man began speaking in a dull

monotone--a warning. She stood as a paralyzing fear stole over her from head to foot. The flash was almost in front of her--the dark room was suddenly brighter than day--everything outside lit up with a light that hindered as much as it helped. The picture window slipped from its place and cut her down like a scythe through wheat--the radio fell over on its face and buzzed stupidly--furniture, rugs, drapes burst into flame. Mrs. Johnson on the floor was nearly cut in half--she moaned her husband's name softly as her life ebbed onto the frying rug.

Betty in the rambler's back room stirred slightly as the wail of the warning whistles reached her. The flash lit the room up weirdly through the venetian blinds--the blast shook the building, plaster tore loose and dropped--the electric light popped futilely as the roar encompassed the house--the vacuum took the windows outward and left the blinds tangled and confused--the storm stopped abruptly. Betty began to cry.

Eddie Becker '54



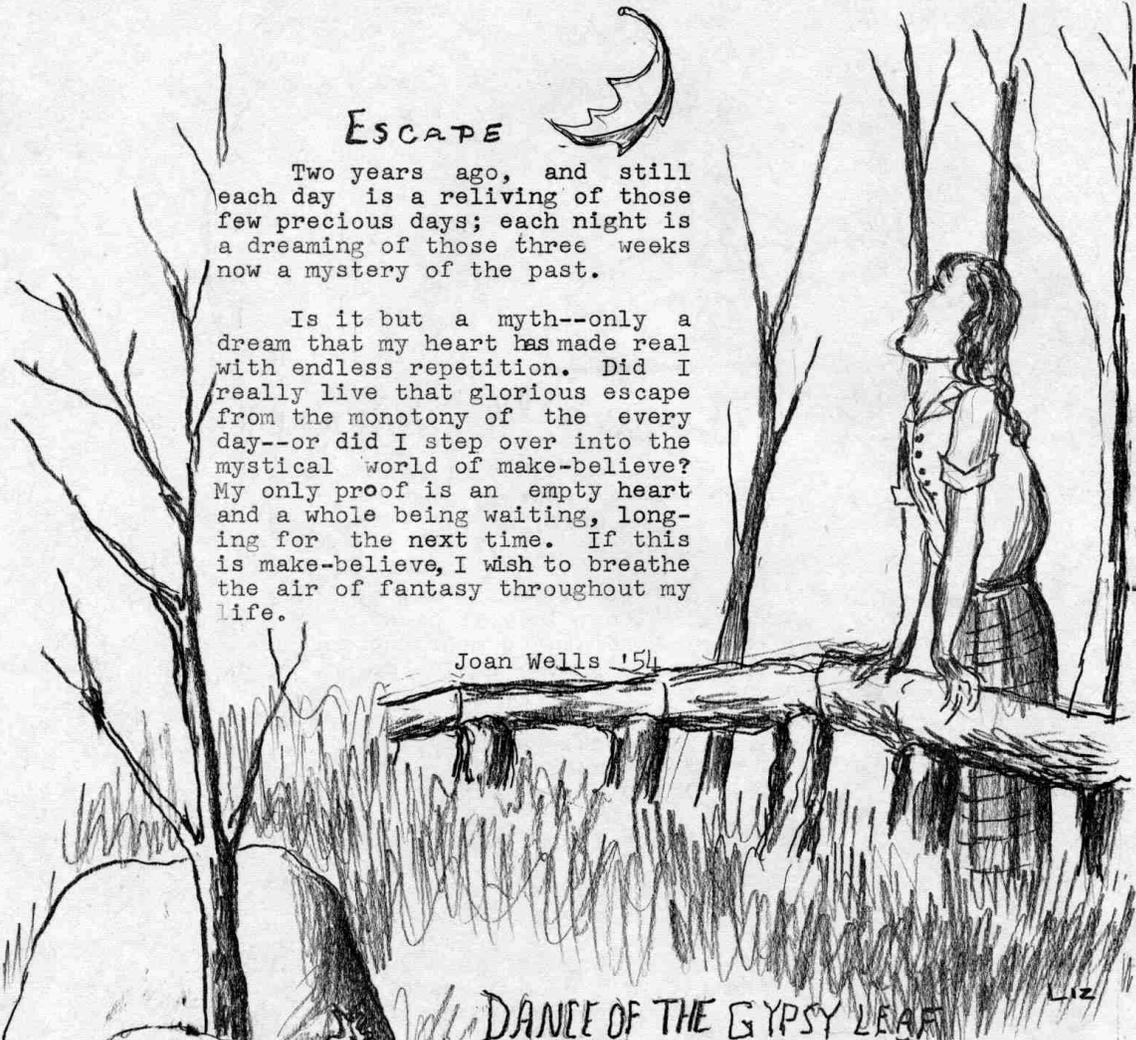


ESCAPE

Two years ago, and still each day is a reliving of those few precious days; each night is a dreaming of those three weeks now a mystery of the past.

Is it but a myth--only a dream that my heart has made real with endless repetition. Did I really live that glorious escape from the monotony of the every day--or did I step over into the mystical world of make-believe? My only proof is an empty heart and a whole being waiting, longing for the next time. If this is make-believe, I wish to breathe the air of fantasy throughout my life.

Joan Wells '54



DANCE OF THE GYPSY LEAF

Did you ever think of a leaf?
Of the gypsy life it leads?
How it swoops and whirls....
How it flutters and twirls....
The dance of the Gypsy leaf.

It laughs....it chatters....it nears the sky,
In gay bold colors it spins on by,
Some day that's near, you may see
When your thoughts are gay and fancy free,
The dance of the Gypsy leaf.

Ann Billingsley '55



O WILL YOU MARRY ME

"I've come to ask your hand today;
I've come to make my plea--
O will you marry me, my love,
O will you marry me?"

"O what'll you do for me, my love,
To prove your love is true?
You must relate to me right now
The things that you will do."

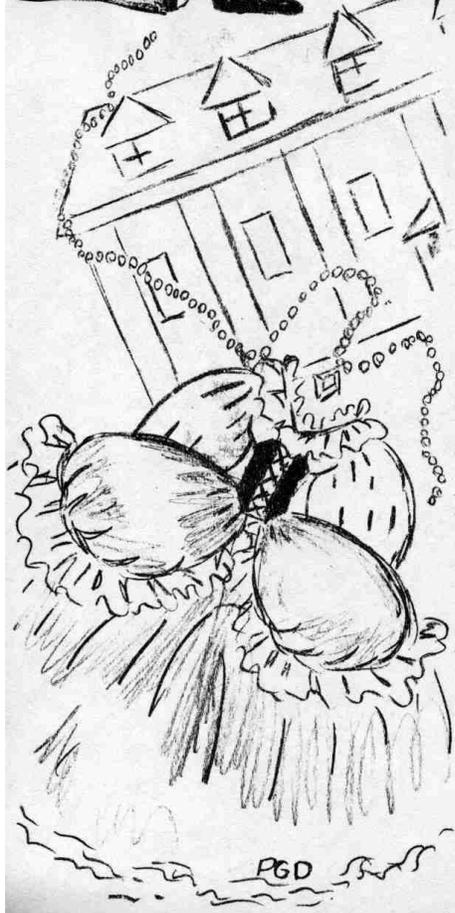
"I'll build a house so fine for us
That overlooks the sea.
O will you marry me, my love,
O will you marry me?"

"The house is not enough, my dear,
To prove your love is true.
I will not marry you, my love,
I will not marry you."

"I'll buy you clothes a queen would wear,
And give you gold so rare.
O will you marry me, my love,
And be my lady fair?"

"Your house, the clothes and gold are fine;
You proved your love is true.
O yes, I'll marry you, my love,
O yes, I'll marry you."

"O woman you are truly bad,
A devil through and through.
I will not marry you, my love,
I will not marry you."



PGD

Gloria McGillis '53

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

My mother had six hearty sons,
Two daughters, too, had she.
Her family lived in deep content,
Down by the blue-green sea.

Her hair in ruffled cascades,
Fell round her shoulders bare.
Her gowns were of the god-hued shades,
Which very few dared wear.

My father was a tall young man,
With shoulders broad and square.
The two lived long in harmony,
Without a want or care.

Our cottage was a glistening white,
The roof a deep grass green.
The place a home of friendliness,
Its like I've not since seen.

As years passed by and we grew old,
Each brother took a wife.
But as for me, my love grew cold,
Alone I'll be for life.

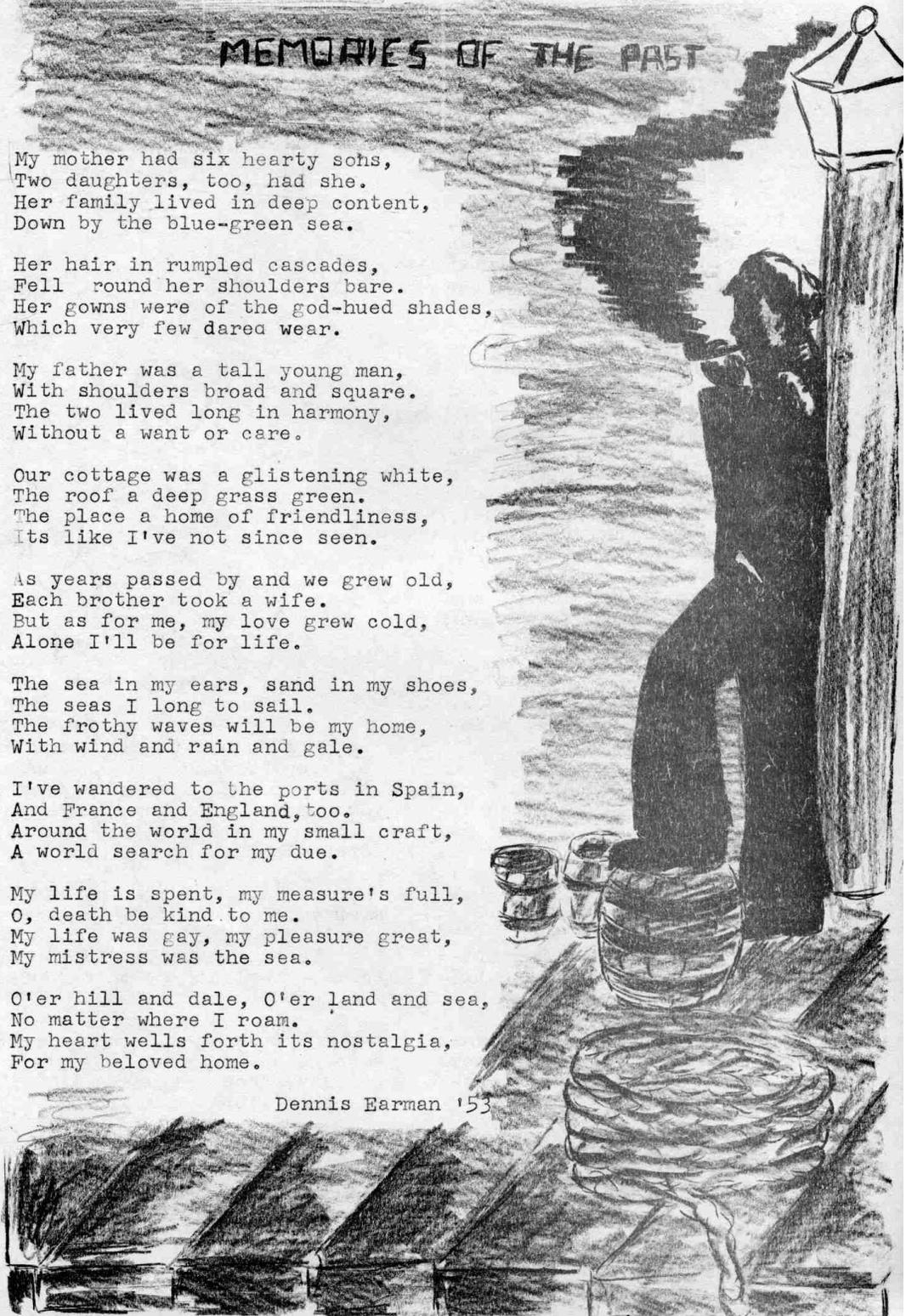
The sea in my ears, sand in my shoes,
The seas I long to sail.
The frothy waves will be my home,
With wind and rain and gale.

I've wandered to the ports in Spain,
And France and England, too.
Around the world in my small craft,
A world search for my due.

My life is spent, my measure's full,
O, death be kind to me.
My life was gay, my pleasure great,
My mistress was the sea.

O'er hill and dale, O'er land and sea,
No matter where I roam.
My heart wells forth its nostalgia,
For my beloved home.

Dennis Earman '53



ALWAYS

It was the first of November, and the brisk, mild autumn winds were maturing into fierce winter blasts which howl and rend the air with their shrill cries.

Mother was busily preparing dinner in the small kitchenette of our Brooklyn apartment when she looked up to see my father wearily trudging up the walk, unshaven, his clothes soiled, returning from a hunting trip. In his hand he was carrying a black, green, red and white feathery creature whose colorful coat shone in the cold November sun.

She stopped her work, and ran to meet him at the front door, pie plate in hand.

"Oh, you're so dirty," she said, with distaste. He just stood at the open doorway, grinning sheepishly at her.

She glanced down at the fowl which he carried gingerly under his right arm.

"Oh, darling," she exclaimed, "You shot a mallard duck, how wonder--"

"Dear," my father interrupted, "this duck isn't exactly dead."

Seeing that in her open-mouthed amazement she could not utter a word of protest, he thought it safe to continue.

"I found him lying near the swamp, shot in the wing. You know, it's an unwritten law among hunters that one should never leave a suffering creature to die, if there is a possibility it can be saved."



Very Sick Duck

Mother had finally regained her breath, "and so you thought it would be a real cute idea if you brought it home for me to nurse back to health," she said sarcastically.

"Well, dear," my father started to protest.

Mother sighed, and turned to me, "What do you think June?" she asked.

"But mother, we already have a cat and dog," I started to say, "And after all this apartment isn't exactly--"

"We would only keep it until it was well," interrupted my father.

"In that case we might as well let it stay," my mother said, knowing she was defeated.

DUCK-A-DUCK

That is how a wounded mallard drake came to live at our crowded apartment in the populated suburb of New York City.

We built a small box next to the kitchen stove where the bird could recuperate with the greatest comfort possible.

We had no idea what the diet of this fowl would be. For his first meal, we tried to feed him bread and milk, which he refused to eat. Instead he lay there helplessly in his box, his wounded wing fluttering pathetically while we watched him. For several days, we tried feeding him something different, in the hope that he would eat just a little. But day after day he stayed in his bed, suffering not from the injured wing, which was rapidly healing, but of malnutrition.

One night for dinner we had fresh, shelled green shrimp which mother had purchased at a water front market. In the evening mother, dad and I sat in the living room, waiting for the dinner to finish cooking thinking fondly of the succulent fish, when we heard a terrifying racket in the kitchen.

We ran frantically toward the noise, and stopped, horrified, in the doorway. There, sitting on the table consuming the shrimp with the relish of a long starved human was our duck.

After that, every morning my mother had to go down to the market for fresh shrimp, for the foundling would eat nothing else, not even day-old fish.

After a few long weeks of being waited upon hand and foot, the bird was able to move about by jumping and fluttering his one good wing. His favorite resting place was on top of the mantle, and he would perch for hours at a time, surveying all about him, the "King on a throne."

Every Saturday morning my mother made her weekly trip to the corner grocery store, to get food supplies for the coming week. One such day as she was making journey she heard some strange sounding footsteps close behind her. Not wanting to be rude to whomever it might be, she continued walking swiftly on toward her destination, fighting the impulse to view the owner of the curious walk. Just then she heard a familiar, "Quack, quack," and fear seized her heart. "Oh, no," she said under her breath, and turned around to see the duck following regally.

(cont. on page 22)



For you

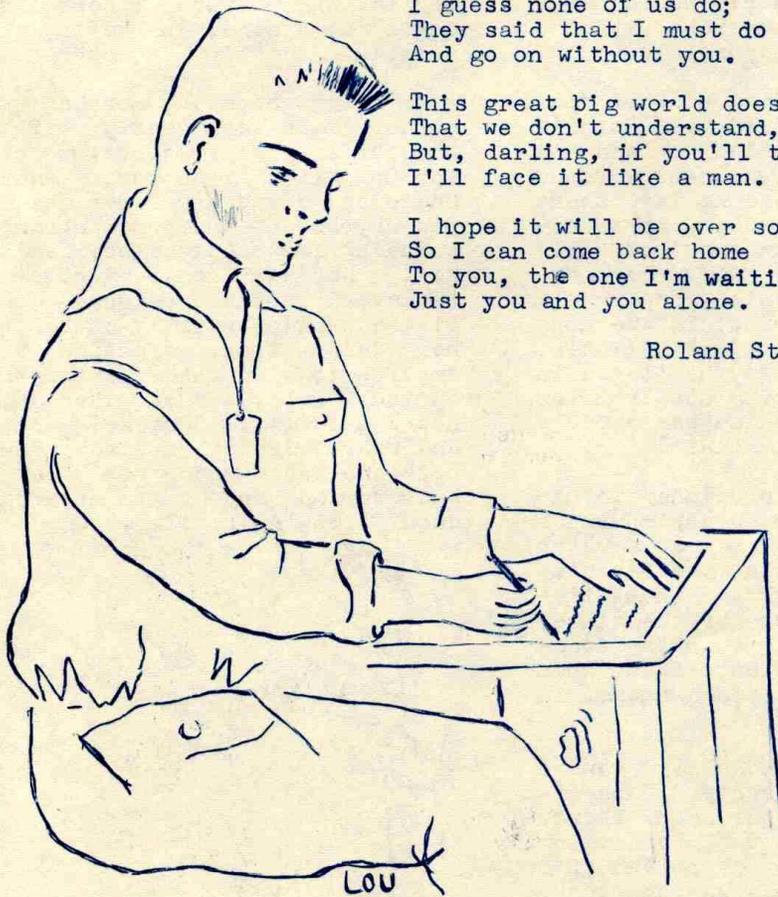
I'm writing you a line or two
To try and let you know
That I'll return to you real soon
Because I love you so.

I didn't want to go to war--
I guess none of us do;
They said that I must do my part
And go on without you.

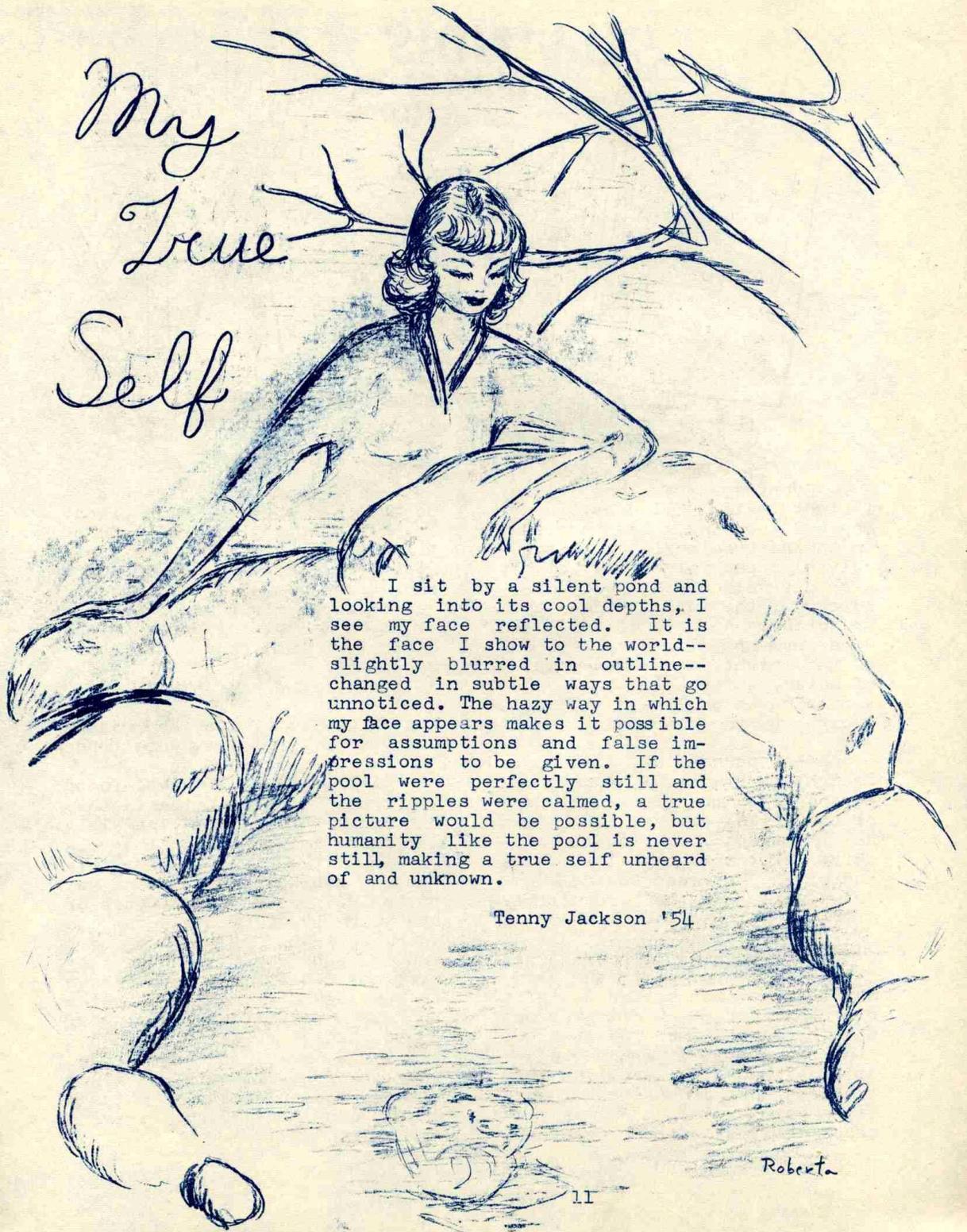
This great big world does funny things
That we don't understand,
But, darling, if you'll trust in me,
I'll face it like a man.

I hope it will be over soon,
So I can come back home
To you, the one I'm waiting for,
Just you and you alone.

Roland Stephens '53



My
True
Self

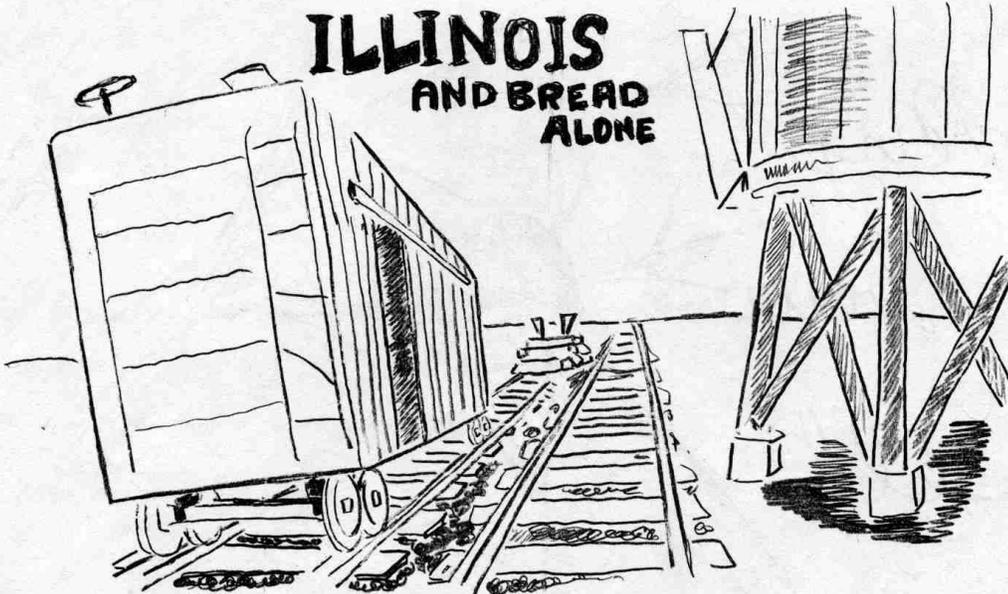


I sit by a silent pond and looking into its cool depths, I see my face reflected. It is the face I show to the world--slightly blurred in outline--changed in subtle ways that go unnoticed. The hazy way in which my face appears makes it possible for assumptions and false impressions to be given. If the pool were perfectly still and the ripples were calmed, a true picture would be possible, but humanity like the pool is never still, making a true self unheard of and unknown.

Tenny Jackson '54

Roberta

ILLINOIS AND BREAD ALONE



Everyday the long, grimy freight trains rolled by, lurching and knocking, heading away on the prairie rails to that peculiar groan of rusty steel. Each day numbers of them lumbered out of the yards, guided South or North by a track of steel and wood and gravel. They came out of the night, a dark profusion of noise, which hid other sounds, a roaring assemblage of elements wrought by the dwarf man.

The thunderous sigh of a freight is a wistful, lonely utterance over the lifeless spaces of the silent plains. Such men as those who clung on the outskirts of the Mooneyville yards had often harkened to the long-drawn wail of the locomotive-driving, pulling to somewhere.

They dragged through lives half lived, rooted to the grim, suffocating earth and ash of a station spur. A tired, wornout boxcar served them for shelter; other necessities were begged or stolen--though on occasion they ventured forth in search of work of a day-to-day character. Across the main line from the

rail-car home stood a tank supported on wooden stanchions. Trains stopped before it sometimes to take on water for their monstrous thirsts. By day the sun bore down upon it, a dusty, depressing structure in the light, but not more so than the histories of these men whose wanderings followed the tracks of steel, pine and gravel.

Like lost fowls they rested, weary of flight. They were three.

Arthur Spears, "Gravel-foot", was their leader--if indeed they had one. "Gravelfoot" was a big man, his main hold on the role of chief; he had black hair--graying behind the ears--and was rather cumbersome afoot. Much of his youth had been passed on the undercarriages of freight cars and at backdoor jobs when they were available. Once he had been to New York City, riding inside an "mty" hooked to the string of a red ball express. That had been his greatest experience. The log of his nomadic existence also contained visits to Chicago, Omaha, and Denver each leaving
(continued on page 18)

Aunt Kizzie

The Kizzikia Sharps of James View, Virginia are fast fading away, and fortunate are we of this generation to have known one. Born into slavery in North Carolina over ninety years ago, she still remains loyal to her native state, though she has lived in Virginia over fifty years. Her first greeting to my Mother was "You ain't gonna like me, Miz Cline, 'cause I warn't bon' in Virginy."

Aunt Kizzie, an old colored woman, is about ninety years old. I say "about" because she isn't sure of her age and there is no record of her birth. She has lived alone for about forty years in an old log cabin on a remote part of our Virginia farm. At an age when most oldsters have retired to life of knitting and vitamin pills, she "totes" her own water, washes her own clothes, chops her own wood, cooks her own food and is virtually independent. At one time she raised chickens but "had bad luck 'cause the foxes got 'em. Mostly two-legged ones!"

Being very knarled and bent Aunt Kizzie barely exceeds five feet but must have been about five-five at one time. Though almost blind her eyes have a piercing quality. She has a negroid nose, a small mouth, blue eyes (now almost white) and high cheekbones, which would indicate a goodly amount of Indian blood. Aunt Kizzie is never seen without a snuff stick in her mouth. The snuff stick is a root found along the banks of the James River.



LIZ

She chews the root until the end is similar to a small water color brush and then dips it into "Tube Rose," her own special brand of snuff. A snuff dipper, like a tobacco chewer has to spit! Aunt Kizzie paid us a visit at the farm one winter afternoon and we invited her to sit with us in front of the fire. During the course of the conversation she had to spit and upon doing so nearly extinguished our fire!

Her two room cabin is immaculate. She has worn out many a homemade sagebrush broom sweeping her floor and the area around her cabin door. On the floor beside her little wood stove is to be seen her iron which she heats by filling it with red hot coals. In a dark corner of her cabin, propped up against the wall and loaded, is a rifle, her only protection against the wilderness and "two-legged foxes."

(continued on page 16)

CIRCUS!

Blare of band music and raucous laughter,
Smells of jungle beasts and sawdust,
Endless processions of wondrous marvels--
Carnival of sight and sound,

High-strung horses, tense and urgent,
Pounding round and round the ring,
Dancing in a crazy circle,
Giddy swirl of dust and heat.

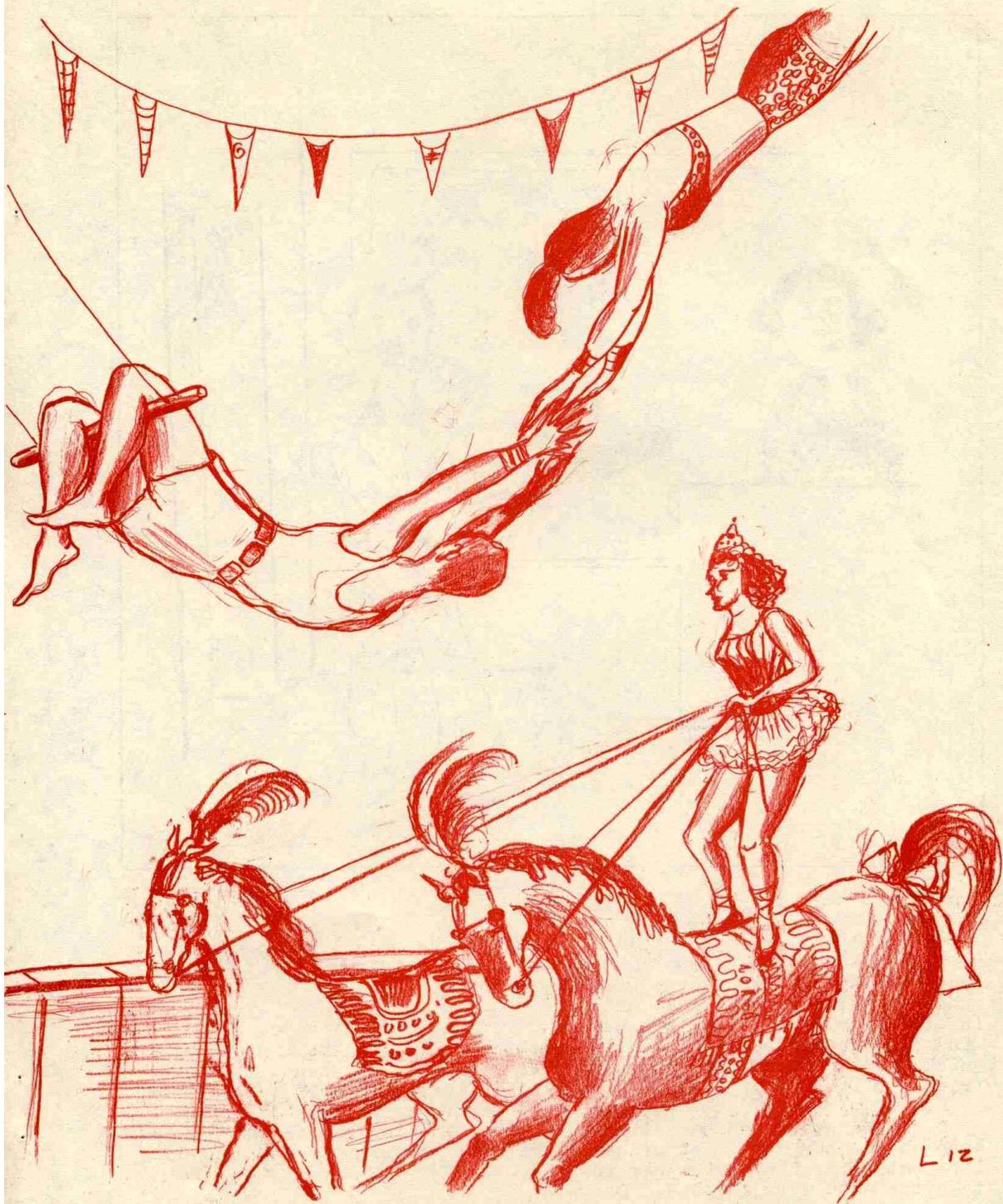
Ropes stretched taut across the big top
Little figures inching, pausing,
Precariously balanced on a pinpoint,
The hard, busy world so far below,

A man stands high on this tiny platform,
Takes the trapeeze in his two strong hands,
Poises for an instant, undaunted, daring,
Then plunges hard, and swiftly downward,

The pulse of the crowd, the beat of its heart,
The thrill of an instant, roars of applause,
Sight after sight in constant parade,
The people stare, shout and adore.

Liz Coe '54







(continued from page 13)
Aunt Kizzie is a lady in the true sense of the word; well mannered, neat and genteel. She is totally illiterate but her mind is very sharp and she is quick to note whether you are friend or foe.

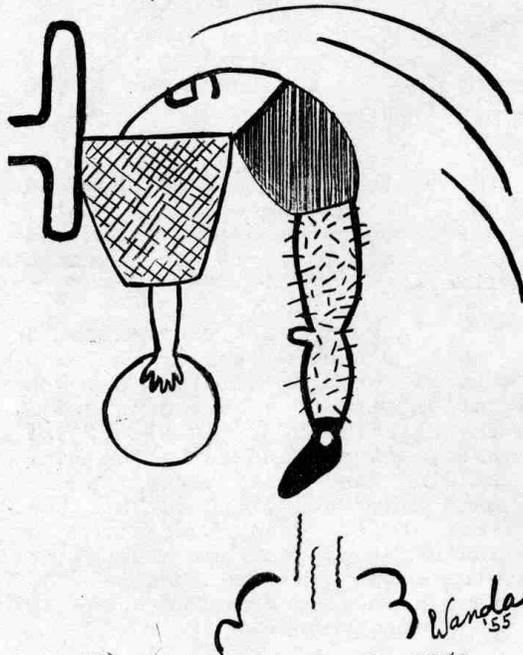
She is stoic and hard times have been her lot most of her life, but time has taught her to take the good with the bad. Due to her solitary life she is

suspicious of all strangers, but no one could ask for a better friend.

Aunt Kizzie says, "I don't think I'll last the winter out." We who know her hope that she will, for her humble cabin would look mighty forlorn if spring did not bring her bed of "tech-me-nots" growing around the cabin door.

Betty Cline '54

SPORT SHORTS



The Mustangs began the 1952-53 season dismally as they dropped their first four games, two by one and two point margins. They found their winning style as they trounced Herndon, 62-38, and followed up by whipping Nokesville 64-40.

Winning two of the ensuing 5 contests, the Mustangs established a 4-7 record. In the next four contests, George Mason defeated Warrenton, Quantico, Nokesville, and Occoquan. A school record was set as GM mauled Quantico 71-42. In the Nokesville game Mel Drisko set the school one man scoring mark as he put 21 points through the hoops. With the Occoquan game, George Mason clinched a berth in the District G Group III tournament.

After losing to St. Stephen's, the Mustangs ended the season with a 9-8 record by beating St. Dominic's 66-54.

In the District G tournament, held at George Mason, the Mustangs found themselves matched with strong Leesburg which had beaten them easily in two previous encounters. An inspired GM team tied the score and put the game into overtime. During the overtime period, GM held the Leesburg team scoreless while sinking three vital points to win 53-50. John Tasker broke Drisko's record as he sank 25 points. When the final gun sounded, Mel Drisko elatedly hit the ceiling--with the ball. Amid all the excitement at the end of the regular game, plus the added uproar of the overtime period, Carolyn Maulsby fainted. Upon awakening, her first words were, "Did we win?"

In the final game of the district tourney, the GM boys led all the way to rout Marshall 75-54, breaking the previous record and setting a new team high.

For the Northeast Regional Tournament, the Mustangs journeyed to Fredricksburg to face teams owning much fancier records. This, however, did not faze the Mustangs. They defeated King George 60-47, leading from early in the second quarter. The following evening, the Mustangs, behind by seven points with four minutes left to play, went on to edge Madison High School 60-54 and gain the regional crown. Charlie Yarbrough scored all 9 of his points during these last four minutes.

Facing a cool Meadows of Dan team, the Mustangs met their match, dropping a 47-45 decision in the last minute of play in the first round of the state tournament held at Lexington. The
(continued on page 18)

(continued from page 17)

Mustangs trailed all the way 'til with one minute and 19 seconds remaining, Mike Hodges made a set shot from the right corner to put GM in the lead, 44-43. Claude Wood, Meadows of Dan center, could not be halted, however, as his two last minute baskets sent the Mustangs down to defeat.

Scoring 293 points in five post season games, the Mustangs raised their team total to 1147 points in 22 encounters an average of 52 points a game. Their opponents were limited to an average of 48 points.

Contributing 78 points in tourney play, John Tasker upped his yearly total to 240 points which led the Mustangs attack. Mel Drisko followed with 216. Charlie Yarbrough, Bill Berger, and Bill Jeffrey made up the rest of the top five.

John Tasker and Mel Drisko received top honors as the two were chosen to the All-District G team. Charlie Yarbrough teamed up with John to represent GM on the Northeast Regional Team.

The Mustangs had a fine season and set a high standard for future teams. After a mediocre record last year, according to Coach Joe Crain, "the boys got to know each other better, to know each other's habits, and to work together."

A roundup of the baseball season will appear in the next issue of the Penman's Palette.

Melvin Fink '54

(continued from page 12)

its distinctive impression. His eyes no longer strained at finding in the distance a rim to the Middle West.

Spears was a man with a hate for an indefinable something and now, massive, brooding and ugly, was degenerated by the years and hopelessly lost in his strange life.

"Angel" Steinbery was a small, ratfaced roller-bum who feared people, mainly those who toiled with grudges and hatreds. The third, most jovial of the trio, was a plump, talkative man, balding and middleaged, whose name was "Gabby." Budd was the rest of it. Gabby Budd with his incessant speech could keep the other two away from themselves, though they were not infrequently angered by him.

Gravelfoot's vindictive comments caught Gabby ill at ease once in a while. Angel would say that he talked too d--much. Still the diversion that Gabby offered was welcome, in a way--not openly, however.

Drops of water fell like a stream from the hoisted spout of the tank making it cooler in the shade on that side.

Corn, for its versatility of preparation, beans, and thin "stews" of water and bread were their main stay. Such meals as they could invent from these things, they ate under the tank devouring them with as little relish as possible.

Nat Browder '54

HEAVENLY DAYS

The water is calm and smooth, the sky sunny and I decide; what a wonderful day for fishing!

I make a trip to the shed out back and find two battered ol' fishing rods, a bag of sinkers and hooks on the floor, and a bottle of salted shrimp left over from our last fishing trip, outside the door. After gathering up these and some other necessities such as: sunglasses, pillow, magazine, extra gas tank, towel, sun lotion, and sandwiches, I stow these goods into the boat and hop in. Just as I'm about to shove off Sissy starts hollering that she wants to go, so to shut her up, I say okay. She scrambles into the boat almost upsetting it in her haste.

After fifteen unsuccessful attempts to start the motor, it finally decides to run on one cylinder, and we putt away at the speed of two miles an hour.



An hour later we arrive at the fishing nets, and I cut the motor. Gathering up the rods, hooks, and sinkers, I try to put them together and after poking the hook into my mangled finger five or six times, I succeed. I pick up the jar of bait and open the lid. A nauseating odor drifts to my nostrils and I quickly take out two pieces of shrimp and clap the lid back on the jar.

Then I put the shrimp on the hooks and hand a rod to Sissy, who immediately wants to know how to cast. I demonstrate--the next thing I know Sissy's rod clouts me on the back of the skull and a million little dots dance before my eyes. When I recover I give Sissy a good bawling out and tell her to watch what she's doing, then I fling my own line neatly into the water and wait.. and wait...and wait!

My back is getting tired, so I settle back against my pillow.

"Sissy, shut up! You'll scare away the fish."

"What fish?"

I'm beginning to wonder myself so I wind up my line to see if my bait is still there. It isn't.

I dread the thought of opening that bottle again, so I very sweetly ask Sissy to. She gives me a suspicious look and shakes her head.

"You coward," I say and pick up the bottle, holding it as far away as I can and slowly unscrew the lid. I make a grab for a piece of shrimp but, in my haste, I drop the bottle with a loud splash into the water. Sissy

(continued on page 27)

SELF-RELIANCE

"Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." In his essay "Self-Reliance," and throughout his life, Emerson urged men to search within themselves for life's basic truths rather than follow blindly an accepted principle or belief.

Every man, Emerson believed, has access to wisdom. All great men have lived in their own times, and have found beauty and truth in their own country and towns. The same things that inspired them, that they may have described vividly, rocks, trees, skies, hills, birds, wind, sun, rain, ideas, people, are about us today. The opportunities that were theirs are ours. It is not necessary to travel to distant lands to find happiness, understanding, stimulation; it is only necessary to know one's self, and to be aware of one's surroundings.

Another man's life may have greatness and glamour in our eyes, but it is only because this man has known himself well, has cultivated his talents, and followed his own conscience. But we can do this, also.

In being completely true to himself a man often is condemned by his neighbors; but if his life has a consistent pattern, if each act is true to his nature, others will come to see his real worth.

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness

the independence of solitude."

To do this a man must be happy within himself, must be independent of others' opinions and follow his own course. "And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motive of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for taskmaster."

"Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet." Our lives are so complicated and involved today, that many of us have lost sight of the more fundamental values in the maze of trivial events. Our civilization has become too materialistic. We have all sorts of devices which aid us in our common tasks, yet in their invention and use we have forgotten the task itself. We must rediscover the simpler, more basic elements of our lives.

These, I believe, are the main ideas which Emerson has incorporated in his essay on self-reliance. This was the great message he had for Americans when they looked humbly to Europe for culture and learning. "Stand on your own feet!" he said. This lecturing had a profound effect on people of this country, he helped men to think and to discover themselves.

Today we can apply Emerson's message to our own lives. The things he discovered one hundred years ago are still true and will help people for years to come.

Liz Coe '54

MORNING

Imagine yourself standing on the top of a mountain, not a high mountain, rising far from civilization in snowy solitude, like one among the Rockies, but a lower, more friendly, mountain, such as one of the Appalachians. Let us place this mountain in New England, for you will find that the mountains of New England are rocky and open on top, and that is what we want. To one side the mountain falls not too steeply to the valley below.

There you stand, long before sunrise on a chilly autumn morning, looking eastward, while the cold, frosty air circulates about. Below, all is dark; above, the twinkling stars reign supreme.

Finally, the sky in the east begins to brighten. Now, you can see the small, fleecy clouds outlined against the lighter sky.

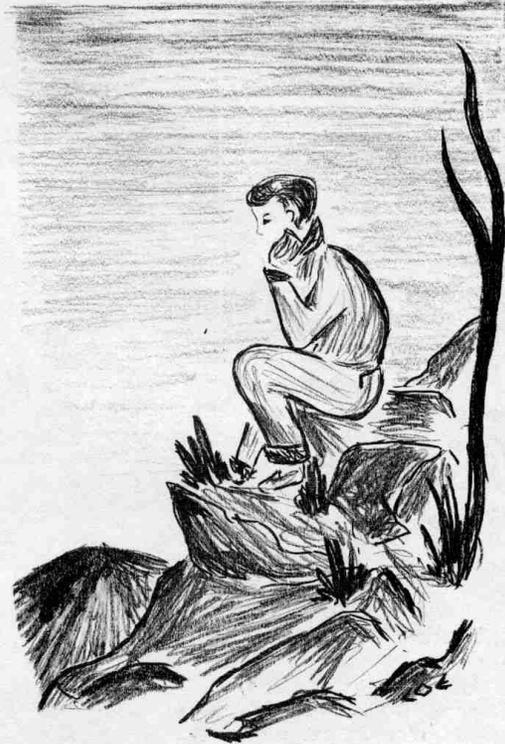
Next, the whole eastern sky turns pink, then blue, while only the clouds retain a pinkish tint. But, you are yet in the gray of early morning.

The things around you take shape; there are boulders nearby, and that porcupine-like object over there is really a tuft of grass. Behind, all is dark.

Suddenly, the sun peeps over the mountain to the east, and you are bathed in the red light of early morning. Turning quickly, you watch the sunlight touch the top of the mountain to the West, and then creep slowly down its side.

Below, the valleys are still dark, as they will be for some time to come. However, the cry of a lone rooster, which must also have witnessed the spectacle just

MIST



described, comes drifting up out of the dark void. He is soon answered by the single bark of a dog.

The sun is shining brighter on the neighboring mountains; but, away off the West, the last ridge in sight has just received its morning's crown.

Bits of cloud drift across the sky as they are pushed by the morning breeze. A solitary crow flies slowly by, as it caws out its waking message, and you realize that it, too, has watched the sun rise over the mountains.

Robert Dennis '53

(continued from page 9)

While she was making her purchases in the store, the duck stood on the street corner, honking furiously and watching with eagle eye his strange surroundings. Since ducks cannot focus their eyes like humans, the drake viewed his environs with his head moving back and forth like a spectator in a tennis game. Thus was the beginning of a Saturday morning ritual.

Wanting to get rid of him as soon as possible, Mother would take him outside in the front yard of the apartment house and try to teach him to fly. She would wear a glove on her right hand, and the mallard would rest upon it, while Mother would wave her hand back and forth in the air trying to entice him to take to the air.

He was just beginning to learn when, somehow, he developed the idea that the cat and dog should not live in peace. When they would start to eat their food, he would fly down at them in a scream of rage biting their noses with his sharp beak. After this incident occurred a few times the two despairing animals developed neuroses, and would slink

around the apartment like criminals fleeing from justice.

One night I picked up the telephone, which at the moment was occupied by our party line, and was just about to hang up when I overheard the word "Duck" mentioned. I thought for the good of our family I had better listen. It turned out that Mr. Sherman, the resident who lived in the apartment above us and was the other member of our telephone line, had gone to see his psychiatrist that day because he kept hearing wild ducks honking in the apartment. Worriedly, the doctor had told him to resign from his job and prescribed a long rest cure in Florida.

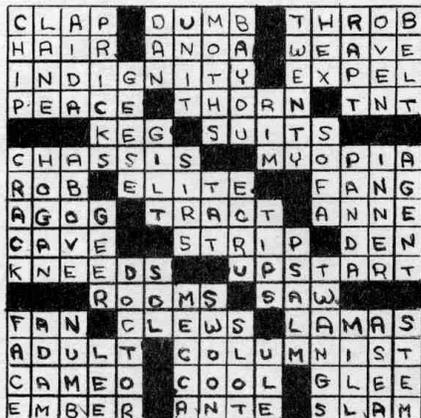
Finally came the momentous day when the family decided that the duck was well and able to take care of himself. Mother took him down to the wharf and seeing that he seemingly gladly took to the water, she sighed with relief and trudged toward the car. There, to greet her sitting in the front seat of the car, was the foundling.

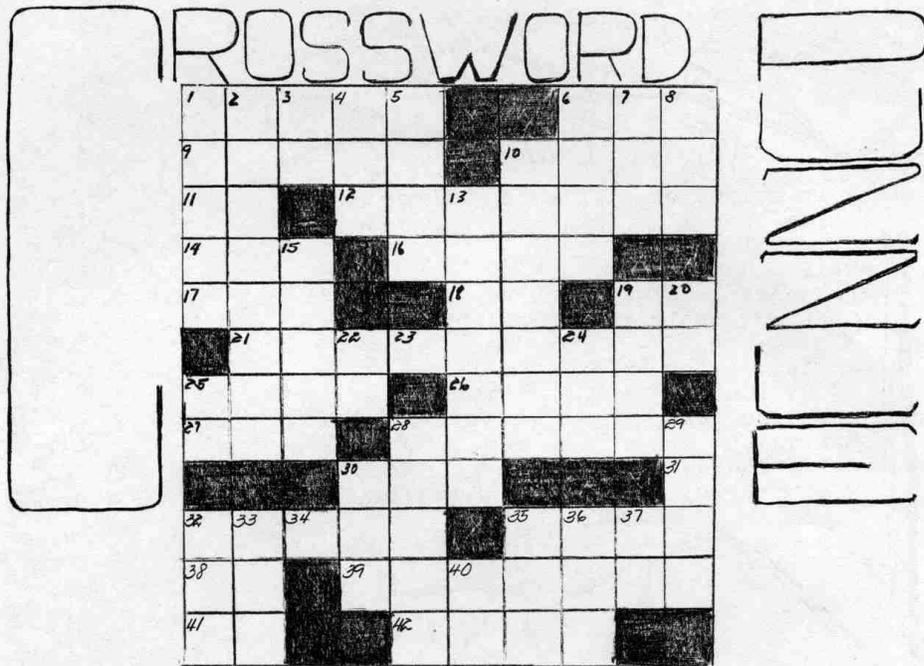
After that we tried to take him to the zoo, but the caretaker said if we put a strange bird in with a wild flock, they would kill it. After having nursed him back to health for so many weeks, we could not find the heart to let this happen to our orphan.

Finally, after almost giving up looking for a place to take him, we chanced upon a bird sanctuary which would accept him.

A few months later, in our cabin in the Minnesota woods, my mother glanced up to see my dad coming up the walk, dragging a deer behind him. "Fred," my mother called, her voice shaking with determination, "If that thing's alive, I'm leaving!"

Patti Regan '54





ACROSS

- 1. Ex-Washington Nat catcher
- 6. Women's Air Force (abb.)
- 9. Narrow passages
- 10. To go before
- 11. Third person singular of be
- 12. Tube-shaped
- 14. A cave
- 16. Ground rock
- 17. Nickname of eastern football team
- 18. A California city (abb.)
- 19. To proceed
- 21. Rise in prices caused by expansion of paper money
- 25. Belonging to Ann
- 26. Kind
- 27. An interjection calling attention
- 28. Approach
- 30. A unit
- 31. Chemical abb. for phosphorous

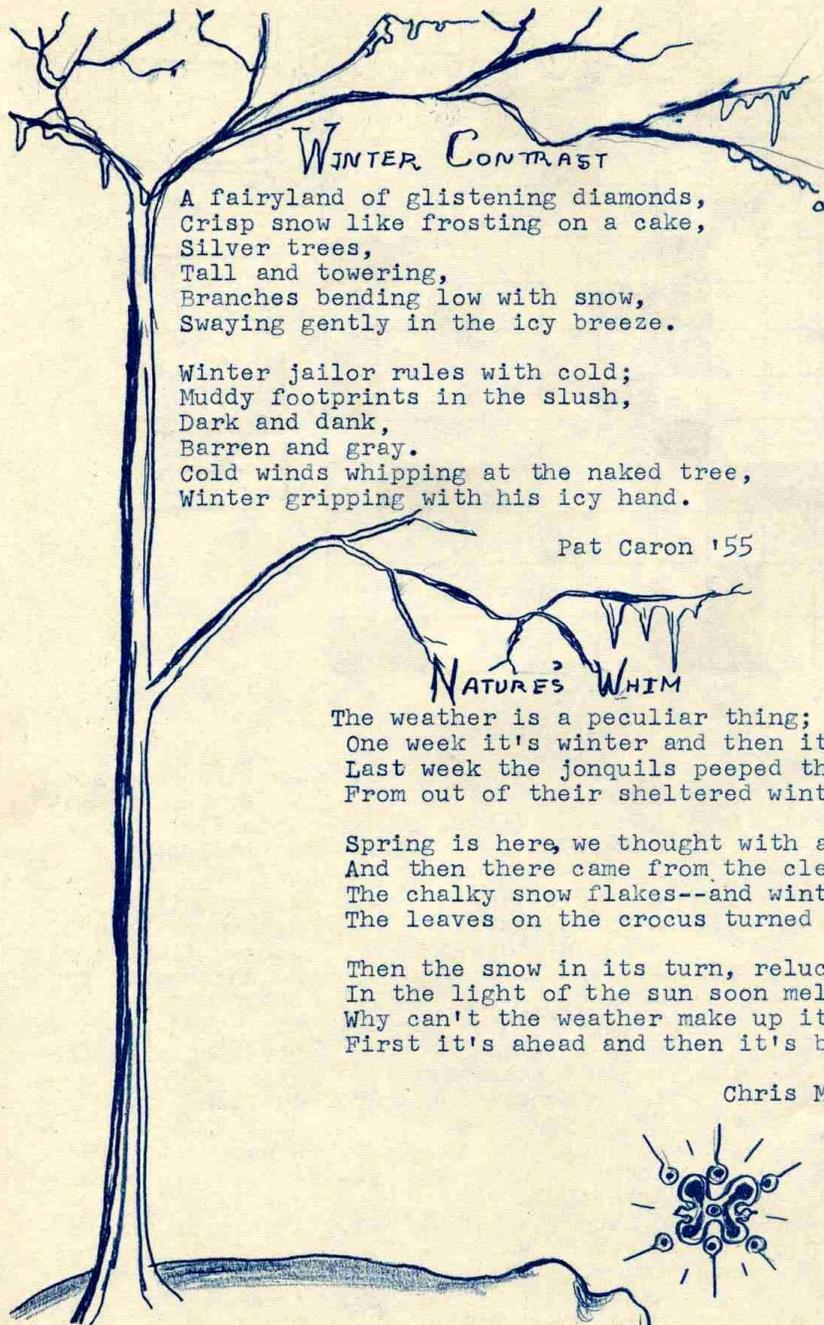
- 32. Scowl
- 35. Author of the Rubaiyat (first name)
- 38. That is (abb.)
- 39. A cradle song
- 41. A word used to express dissent
- 42. A veinlike deposit

DOWN

- 1. To omit something in pronunciation
- 2. Trademark of a product used as an ointment
- 3. An article
- 4. A lacelike fabric
- 5. New U.S. ship
- 6. To unite the heat
- 7. American Automobile Association (abb.)
- 8. Thirty-second president (initials)

- 10. An insane person
- 13. To arrange symmetrically
- 15. A simpleton
- 19. Departs
- 20. A preposition
- 22. Author of Lone Ranger (initials)
- 23. Roman numeral for 50
- 24. Solid water
- 25. An interjection expressing satisfaction
- 28. Abolish
- 29. Nimble
- 30. A nocturnal bird
- 32. A winglike organ on fish
- 33. A make of trucks
- 34. Chemical abb. for oxygen
- 35. Aged
- 36. Girl's name
- 37. By (Latin)
- 40. Look!

Jerry Roylance '55



WINTER CONTRAST

A fairyland of glistening diamonds,
Crisp snow like frosting on a cake,
Silver trees,
Tall and towering,
Branches bending low with snow,
Swaying gently in the icy breeze.

Winter jailor rules with cold;
Muddy footprints in the slush,
Dark and dank,
Barren and gray.
Cold winds whipping at the naked tree,
Winter gripping with his icy hand.

Pat Caron '55

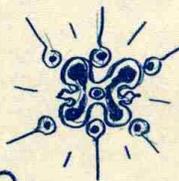
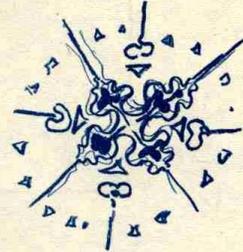
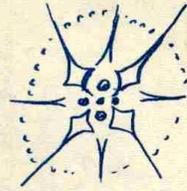
NATURE'S WHIM

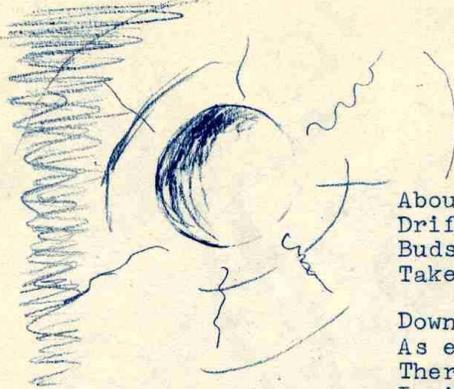
The weather is a peculiar thing;
One week it's winter and then it's spring.
Last week the jonquils peeped their heads,
From out of their sheltered winter beds.

Spring is here, we thought with a sigh,
And then there came from the clear blue sky,
The chalky snow flakes--and winter was back.
The leaves on the crocus turned dark and black.

Then the snow in its turn, reluctant to stay,
In the light of the sun soon melted away.
Why can't the weather make up it's mind?
First it's ahead and then it's behind.

Chris McAfee '54





SPRING SONG

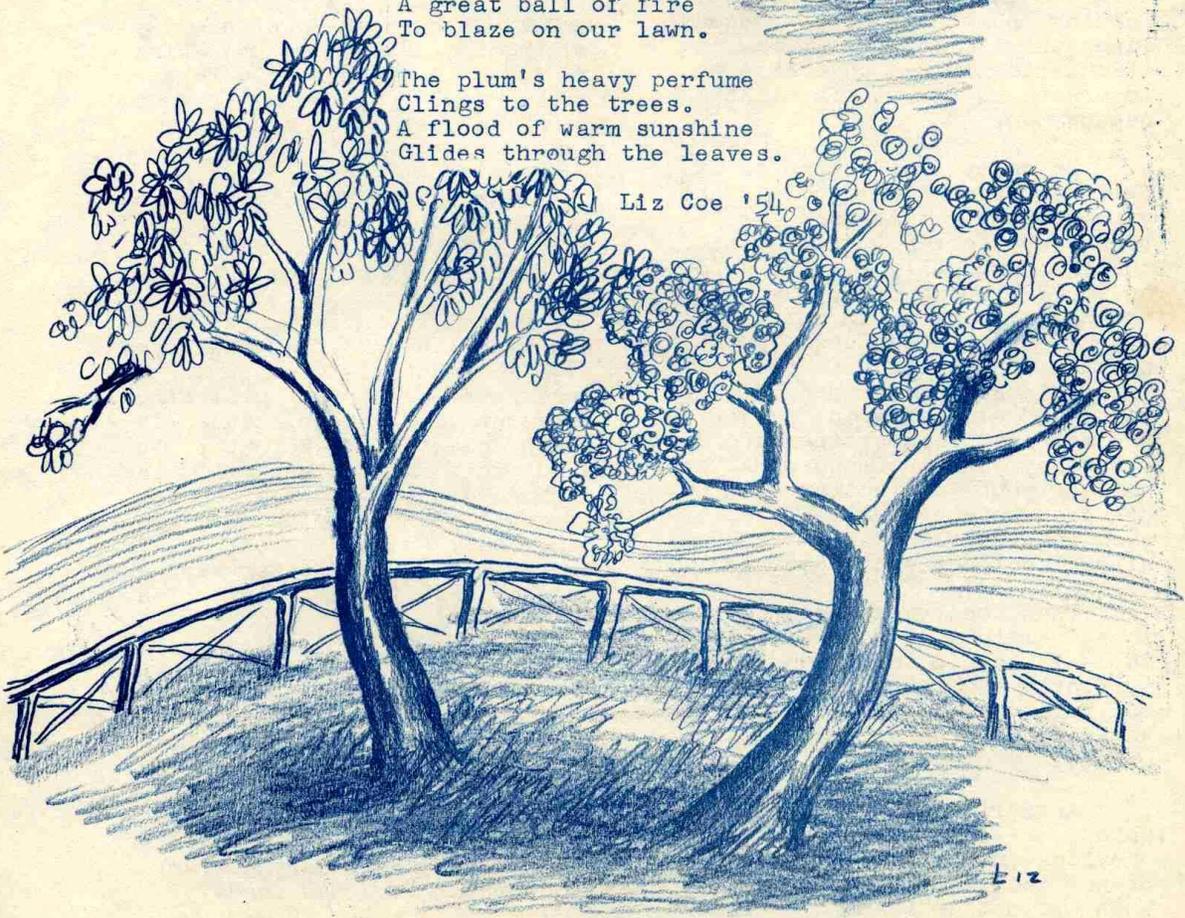
About winter's bleak forms
Drifts a mist of pale green.
Buds on the maple
Take a silvery sheen.

Down in the thicket
As evening draws near,
There's the shrill hum of peepers,
Insistent and clear.

The golden forsythia
Bursts into bloom,
A great ball of fire
To blaze on our lawn.

The plum's heavy perfume
Clings to the trees.
A flood of warm sunshine
Glides through the leaves.

Liz Coe '54



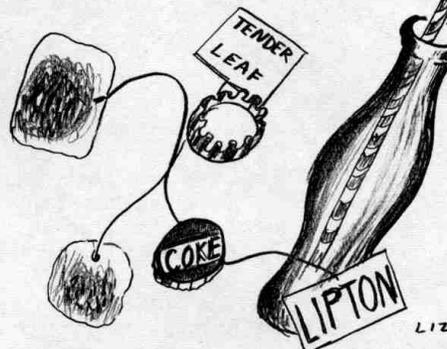
Collector's Item

Everyone has, at one time or another, according to my calculations at least, collected things; it occupies your mind when you run out of homework, housework, lessons, club work, homework, spectator and participant sports, outside jobs, errands, homework, plays, yearbook and newspaper meetings, parties, movies, homework, television, baby-sitting, and homework. If by any chance, you are not collecting something now, you may find the following discourse stimulating enough to arouse your interest in this fascinating occupation.

To enjoy collecting to its fullest extent you should start with something that holds no interest whatsoever in your opinion, and then gradually let it "grow on you." For example, maybe you could start with an intriguing item like used tea bags, paying particular attention to the make, the sogginess of the paper, flavor vintage (whoops! wrong subject) and methods of advertisements employed by that company. After while, your collection could branch out into new tea bags, or even into coffee beans. Personally, I collect empty bottles.

Then, too, you could dig up some remains of your childhood days--I have a friend who has a perfectly delightful collection of burned toast, which she has saved from breakfast for the remarkable period of ten years!

Actually one of the finest points of collecting is that it provides an excellent excuse for never getting rid of anything. When your mother is able to force



her way into your room one day and inquires, "When are you going to dispose of this old Pepsi-bottle cap?" you can look up plaintively and innocently declare,

"Why mother, I'm starting a collection." After all, no one could expect you to throw away anything you're collecting!

This system does have its draw-backs though after you have a "collection" of 20 or so identical Pepsi-caps, you will find that your collector's excuse is not so plausible. Perhaps, to remedy this situation, a little beforehand thought could be used; you could plan to drink Tru-Ade Orange Ade, Royal Crown Cola, Cherry Smash, and other variations of what is commonly called the soft drink.

To really collect things, you should live in a large house where there are several rooms at your disposal. Naturally, this is so that when the time arrives that one room is full of your objects d'arte, you will be spared the humiliating ordeal of cleaning it up, and can merely transfer yourself to a new abode.

(Continued on page 27)

BOYS

The old dance program lying there,
Brings back memories hidious to bear.

There was sweet Pete, who danced on my feet,
And sparkling Sam--what a ham!

Snobby Bert was really a squirt,
And darling Dave who needed a shave.

I'm really not trying to be at all coy
Can't people realize I'm just a tomboy?

Debby Campbell '54

(continued from page 26)

Relaxation is another feature of collecting things--nothing like a full-blown collection of automatic nut-crackers to take your mind off your troubles.

The collectors fever seems to have attacked me again and I simply must rush off to complete my accumulation of handleless door-knobs. I wish you all the best of luck, and hope you too, may some day journey to that collectors paradise, the "Happy Hunting Ground."

Phyllis Nicholson '54

(continued from page 19)

starts calling me all sorts of names and I tell her to dry up--that she is just as glad as I that I dropped that stinking bottle in the water.

Since I have no bait, I can't fish, so I decide to take advantage of all that sun and brush up on my tan. I lean back and close my eyes. Everything is peaceful for a while--then Sissy lets out an ear-splitting hollar, her face red with excitement (and sunburn, too, I suspect) and starts reeling in as fast as she can. I jerk back my hand, covered with slime, and race around, hunting for a knife.

* * * (Continued from page 19)

"We've got an eel, we've got an eel!" Sissy yells.

I scramble back to her; the eel has half the line around his body and is dragging still more in. Before I know what's happening, the eel has all the line and the rod flips over the side after him. Sissy makes a wild grab for it, misses, and plunges into the water. I collapse on the seat, laughing helplessly. Sissy comes up, sputtering, and using some words I never imagined she knew. I haul her back into the boat and wrap a towel around her shoulders tell her how funny she looks.

She scowls at me and says, "Let's go home." I agree, start the engine and off we go.

Elaine Rose '54

PRIDE

They say I'm proud,
Well, maybe I am,
But pride was essential
In Greece and Siam.

It built these countries,
Both bold and strong,
And, so I ask,
Is pride so wrong?

Ann Albaugh '55