

ENMAN'S

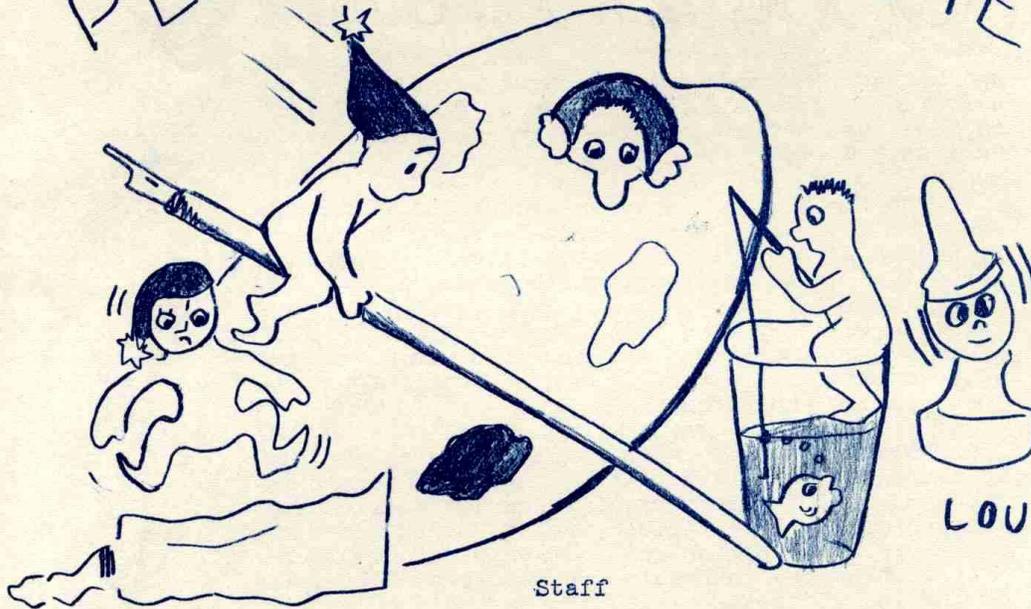
A L L E T T E



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GEORGE MASON JUNIOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

GRADUATION
ISSUE

PENMAN'S PALETTE



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GRADUATION

The hands of the clock are spinning around and around in their dizzy journey. Months have dwindled to days, and days to hours. Time is speeding the seniors toward the event for which they have waited four years.

The final exams have started, and the last announcements have been mailed. Everyone is rapidly preparing for that last glittering round of activities which enliven the last year.

Our teachers have tried their best to instill a bit of knowledge into us. All of us can do rather well in at least one department. Most of us are just average students.

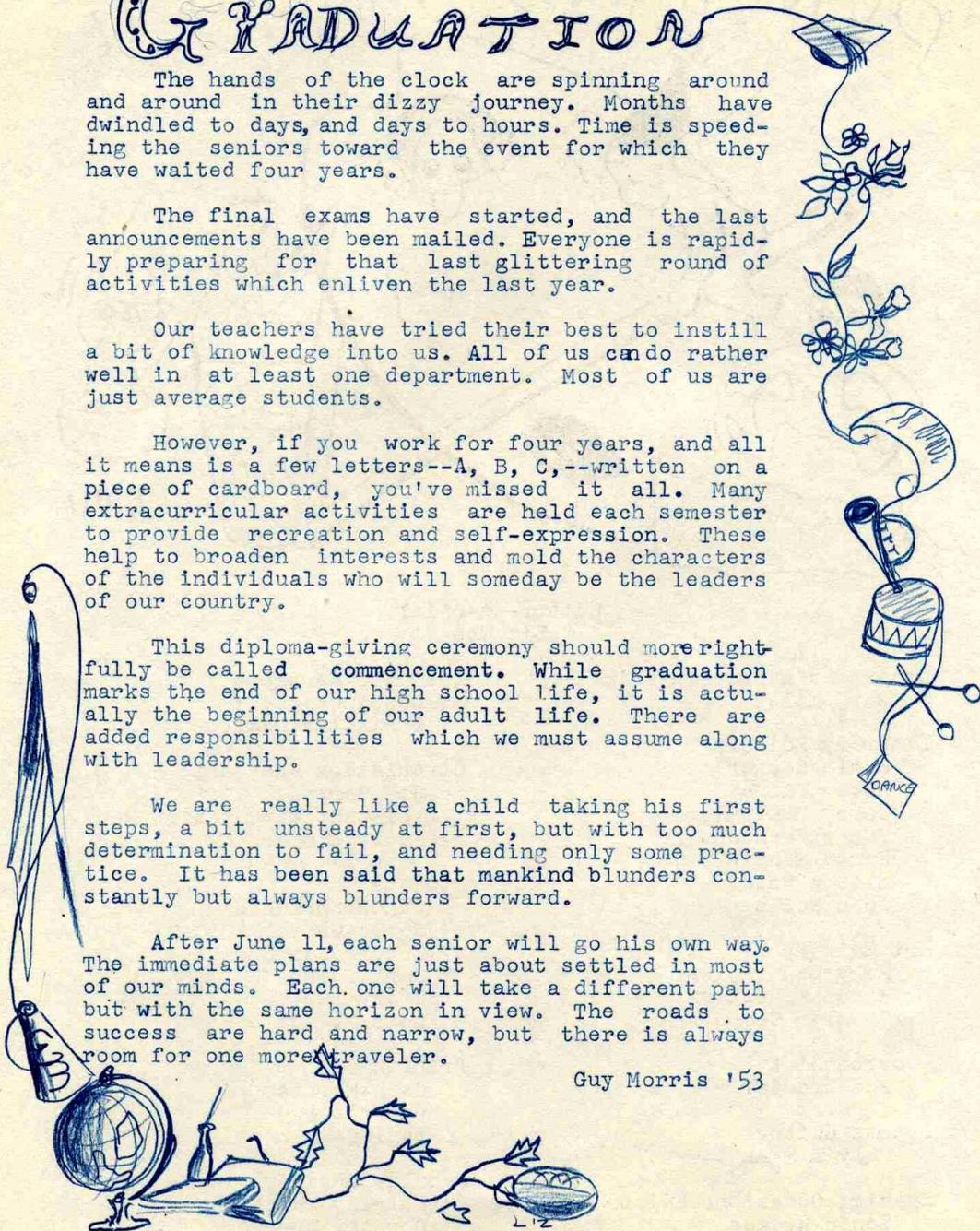
However, if you work for four years, and all it means is a few letters--A, B, C,--written on a piece of cardboard, you've missed it all. Many extracurricular activities are held each semester to provide recreation and self-expression. These help to broaden interests and mold the characters of the individuals who will someday be the leaders of our country.

This diploma-giving ceremony should more rightfully be called commencement. While graduation marks the end of our high school life, it is actually the beginning of our adult life. There are added responsibilities which we must assume along with leadership.

We are really like a child taking his first steps, a bit unsteady at first, but with too much determination to fail, and needing only some practice. It has been said that mankind blunders constantly but always blunders forward.

After June 11, each senior will go his own way. The immediate plans are just about settled in most of our minds. Each one will take a different path but with the same horizon in view. The roads to success are hard and narrow, but there is always room for one more traveler.

Guy Morris '53



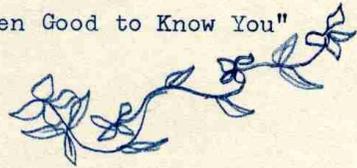


Senior Songs



- Maydele Gardner "Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair"
- Guy Morris "Let's Take the Long Way Home"
- Gloria McGillis "I'm Always True to You Darling, In My Fashion"
- Charlie Yarbrough "There is Nothing Like a Dame"
- John Chambliss "Anchors Away"
- Jimmy Ginn "Aloha Oe" (Farewell to Thee)
- Joan Johnston "Ain't She Sweet"
- Dennis Earman "Dennis the Menace"
- Lynn Llewellyn "You'd be so Nice to come Home To"
- Barbara Lee "I'll be Seeing You"
- Bob Dennis "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better"
- Fred Louis "What is This Thing Called Love?"
- Betty Shelton "I'm Sitting on Top of the World"
- John Lintner "Don't Fence me In"
- Carl Geier "I'll Get By"
- Nancy Altfather "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"
- Peggy Payne "The Man I Love"
- Bert McFarland "I Want To Go Back to West Virginia"
- Frances Holland "Them There Eyes"
- Penny Jackson "Dixie"
- Barbara Zimmer "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"
- Joyce Gray "Golden Earrings"
- Carol Newman "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"
- Wayman Holmes "Home on the Range"
- Roland Stephens "The Girl That I Marry"
- Jay Rountree "Pistol Packing Mama"
- Janet Sprinkle "The Bells are Ringing"
- Jane Stevens "Charlie, My Boy"
- Bill Myers "Bicycle Built for Two"
- Bill Draper "Give Me a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?"
- Sue Maulsby "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right out of My Hair"
- Roberta McCrary "Flamin' Mamie"
- Don Saunder "Lazy Bones"
- Arlan Kinney "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?"
- Kathryn M. Carroll "Yes Sir, She's My Baby"
- Roberta Shaw "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"
- Mel Drisko "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey, Hold Me Tight"

Senior Class "So Long Its Been Good to Know You"



ALMA MATER

CLASS OF 1953

Stu-dents of George Mason High-to sing
your praise this song shall be. You're our friend through
thick and thin, for you we have tried to win all the hon-
ors you de-serve. Long may G.M's col-ors fly,
Bring-ing glo-ry ev-er-more, and for-ev-er may
we live in the spi-rit that you give
and bring hon-or to your name.

we are students of G.M. H.S.,
Faithful, sturdy we shall be,
To our future ALMA MATER,
We are filled with love for thee.
Cheer, kids, cheer for George Mason High School;
Give our school three times three.
We will cherish fondest memories.
Loyal students of you are we!

JOAN JOHNSON '53

KOD BROTHER

One afternoon, in the first part of November, my folks decided to go calling. They also decided that I would stay home and watch "Butch."

Ordinarily I wouldn't have minded at all, but this happened to be the day on which the "Pilots' model club held its Meeting. I couldn't take an eight-year old kid with me as the age limit was twelve. Mother suggested that I explain the circumstances to the chairman and take him anyway. I decided against that as it would not go over with the other members.

After Mother and Dad left, I got to thinking about all the damage, physical and mental, Butch had done in the past week. Here's what it amounted to: molasses on my Boy Scout Handbook, he had gotten into my workshop looking for a nice piece of soft wood to carve on with my new knife, (he found one all right, but it didn't necessarily have to be my best block of balsa wood, not at today's prices); also, he had pushed his finger through the fabric on the wing of my most recent plane; and used half a pint of model engine fuel to start a bonfire, (that fuel is about as cheap as gold.)

As I was thinking about my models, I remembered the F-51 Mustang in the pawn shop window. It was beautiful and the dimensions fit both of my engines perfectly. The only trouble was that I didn't have the money. Immediately I dismissed this from my mind as one of those things that are just beyond my financial reach.



Suddenly something else struck my mind, Where is Butch? I hadn't seen him since the folks left. I walked up to the house and went in. I called him, but to no avail. Just then I heard the front door open and shut, and then Butch ran up the stairs. By the time he got to his

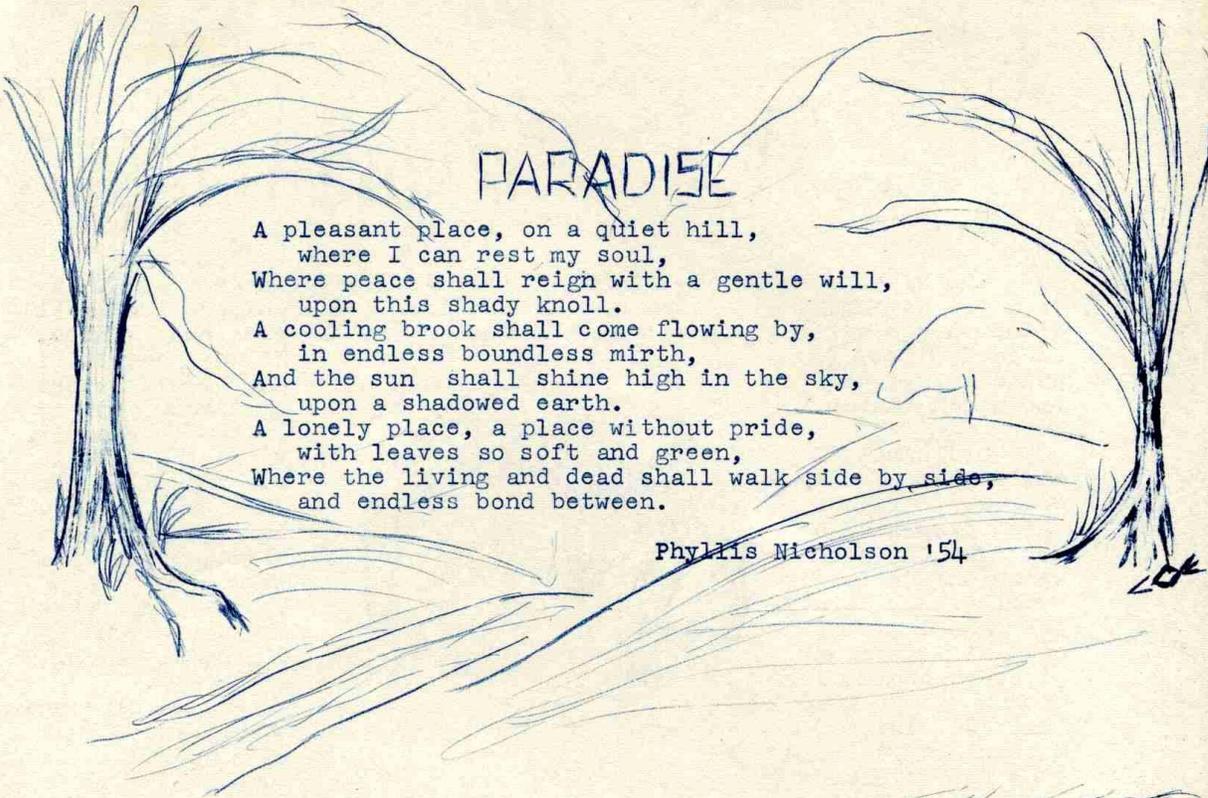
room I was right behind him. He swung around in front of the bed before I could see what he had in his hands. He held it behind his back. "Okay, now what are you hiding?"

"Nuthin'!"

"Come on, I'm not in the mood for games. What is it?"

"I won't tell you."

"Are you going to tell me, or am I going to have to take it away from you?"



PARADISE

A pleasant place, on a quiet hill,
where I can rest my soul,
Where peace shall reign with a gentle will,
upon this shady knoll.
A cooling brook shall come flowing by,
in endless boundless mirth,
And the sun shall shine high in the sky,
upon a shadowed earth.
A lonely place, a place without pride,
with leaves so soft and green,
Where the living and dead shall walk side by side,
and endless bond between.

Phyllis Nicholson '54

THE PEDDLER

As he trudged his way down the road so long,
Not caring whether he took right road or wrong,
From right shoulder to left he shifted his load,
And went on trudging the endless road.

His hair was a tangled mass, brown and thick;
And in his hand he carried a stick.
His clothes were soiled and gray with dirt,
And he walked with a limp, as though he hurt.

What is in that bulging pack?
For the husband--a hammer or perhaps a tack,
For the wife--pretty silks of print and plain,
For the children--a doll or maybe a train.

Nay! Poor Peddler! Your road will never end.
You must keep going, bend after bend.
You must never stop; no matter what you do,
Men, women, and children! All depend on you.

Carol Hindmarsh



SKY

The sky sings with the birds,
Laughs, and scatters her stars,
Cradles her moon and croons it to sleep,
Echoes earth's sadness with tears in her eyes.

Liz Coe '54

SUN

Sun on old glass windows
Shining through
Making rainbows

Sun on green leaves of trees
Dancing, twisting
With the breeze

Sun touching, caressing
Everything that lives
And breathes

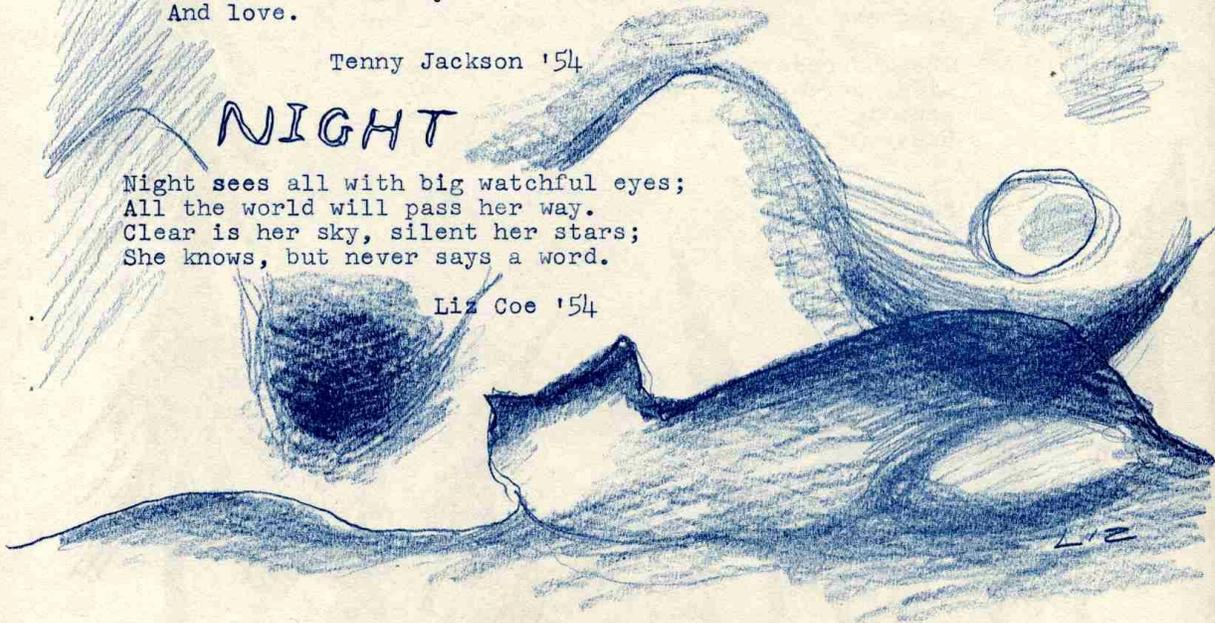
Sun turning a cold world
Into warmth, beauty
And love.

Tenny Jackson '54

NIGHT

Night sees all with big watchful eyes;
All the world will pass her way.
Clear is her sky, silent her stars;
She knows, but never says a word.

Liz Coe '54



LIFE IS COLOR

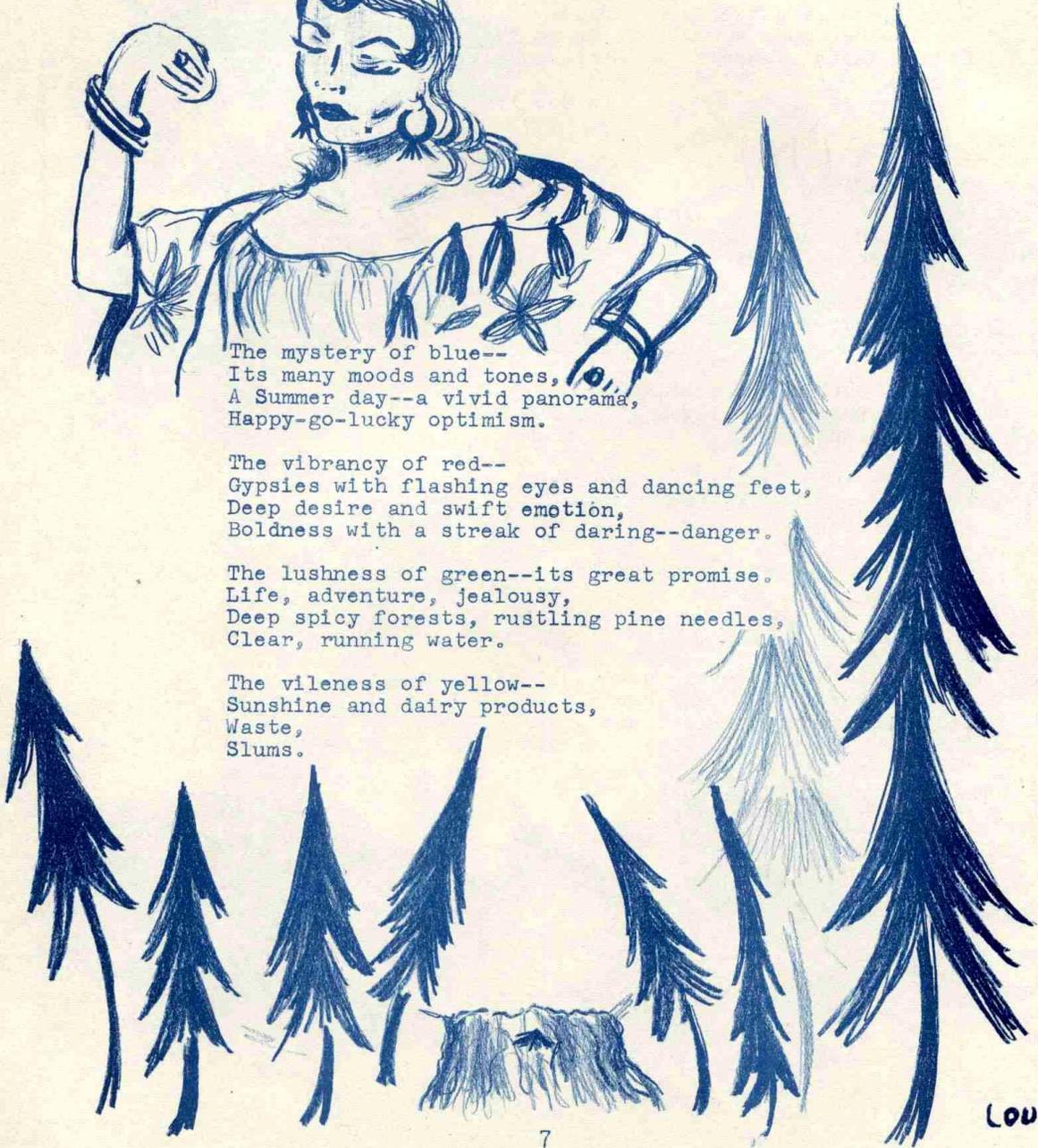


The mystery of blue--
Its many moods and tones,
A Summer day--a vivid panorama,
Happy-go-lucky optimism.

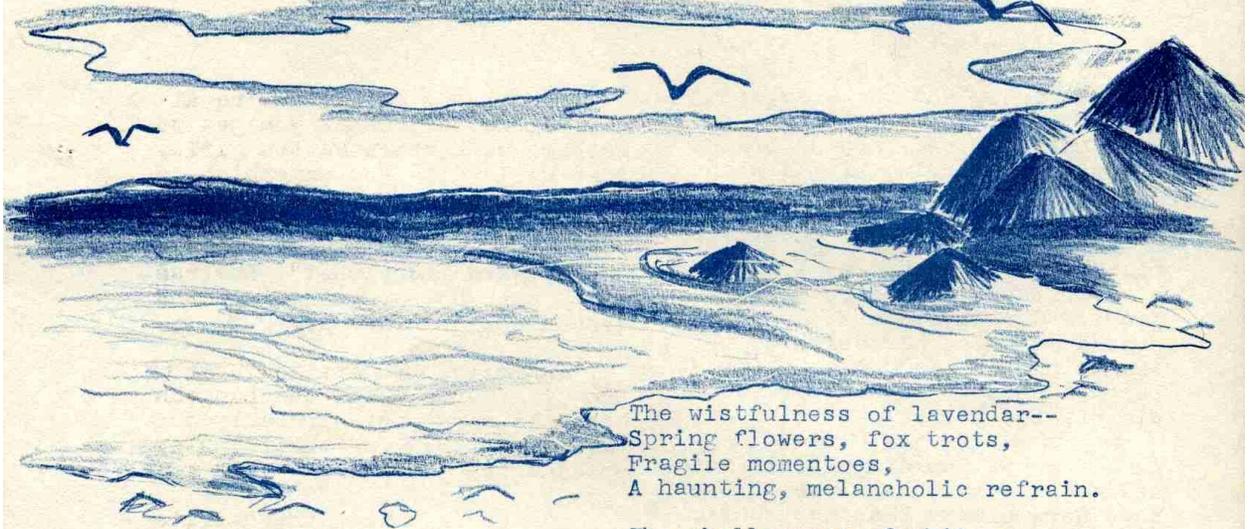
The vibrancy of red--
Gypsies with flashing eyes and dancing feet,
Deep desire and swift emotion,
Boldness with a streak of daring--danger.

The lushness of green--its great promise.
Life, adventure, jealousy,
Deep spicy forests, rustling pine needles,
Clear, running water.

The vileness of yellow--
Sunshine and dairy products,
Waste,
Slums.



COLOR IS LIFE



The wistfulness of lavender--
Spring flowers, fox trots,
Fragile mementoes,
A haunting, melancholic refrain.

The shallowness of white--
Devoid of life or emotion,
Hypocrisy,
Prudish purity.

The friendliness of brown--
Its warm companionship,
Toasting marshmallows by a fire,
Distinctive mellowness.

The inevitable black--cruelty,
Rain falling on leafless trees,
Hopelessness,
Despair.

Aged gray--
Mustiness, hidden nooks and crannies,
Loneliness, old attics, old women,
Bittersweet sadness.

Betty Cline '54



lou

THE COVE

Christy sighed deeply and closed her eyes. The hammock swayed gently and the whispering breeze lulled her. All was serene but for the lapping of the waves and the crying of a distant gull.

Suddenly a piercing shriek raked the air and was followed by shouts of laughter and loud jeers. Christy jumped up and stared in the direction of the commotion. It was just the three Langton boys trying to push Connie off the pier.

She got up disgustedly and started towards the house. Those boys were always teasing Connie, who pretended to be real mad, but she didn't fool Christy one bit. Both she and her sister were disgusting flirts and Christy despised them.

The house was cool and dark. Christy wandered into the kitchen where Aunt Josie was puttering around, watering flowers. She turned and peered over her spectacles at Christy.

"Where've you been, young lady?", she demanded.

"Out in the hammock."

"Alone?"

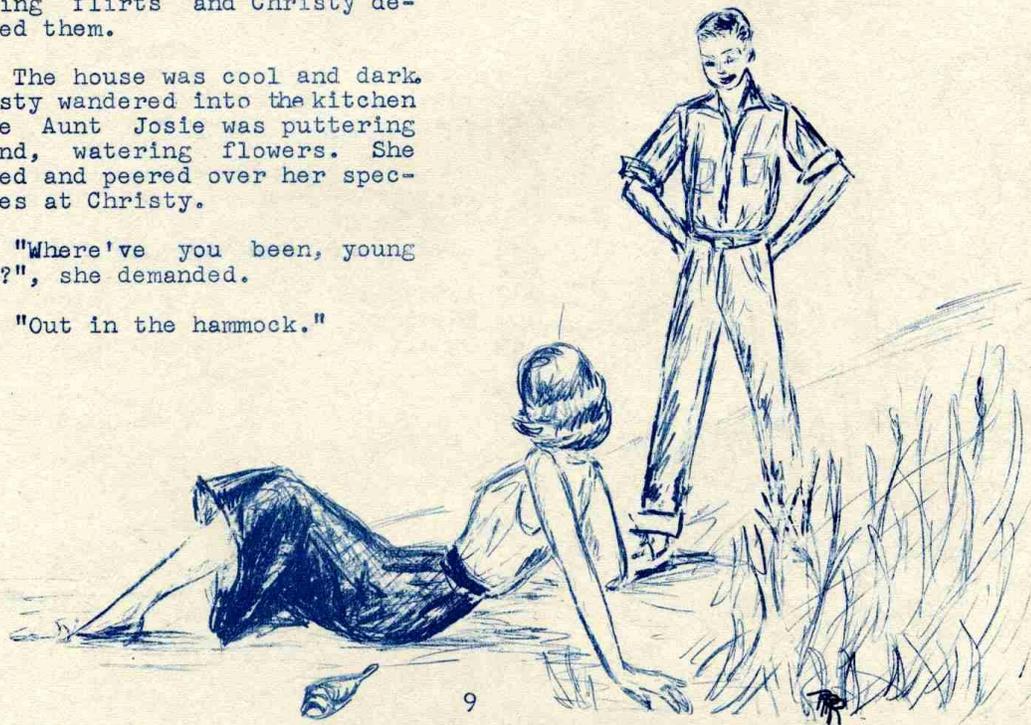
"Yes."

"My land, child! You're always alone. Why don't you get together with those Barton girls. That would give you something to do."

"Oh, Aunt Jose, can't you ever leave me alone?" She ran from the house, slamming the screen door behind her.

Angrily, she stalked over to the pier. Connie and the Langton brothers were gone--probably out racing around in their noisy speedboat.

After a while the girl's anger melted in the bright sunlight and each pull on the oars soothed and comforted her.



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The boat was drawing closer, and soon she'd be there. Christy stopped rowing and looked over her shoulder. The cove, with its glistening sand and cool rolling waves, awaited her.

A few minutes later, the little boat scraped against the shore. Christy jumped out and pulled the boat up on the sand. Then she turned and wandered down the beach.

This was her cove, her very own! She was always alone here, in fact, she had never seen another soul anywhere about. It was like being the only person in the whole world.

The girl came here often when she was troubled or feeling especially lonely, and the spacious, peaceful, sunny atmosphere never failed to cheer her up. It was so different, so much better than being back at the house with Aunt Josie and those noisy screaming kids. Aunt Josie never knew that she came here, and Christy never wanted her to know.

Christy smiled, remembering the time when she had stayed here too long. Aunt Josie had become alarmed and sent out a search for her; they had just about given up hope, believing her to have drowned. Then when she had turned up, everyone had treated her like a queen and Aunt Josie had even cried!

Christy dropped down on the sand and closed her eyes. The sun beat down upon her, soaking thru her skin, warming her all over.

She had been lying there in the sun for twenty minutes, or an hour maybe, she couldn't tell,

when suddenly something cold and clammy dropped down upon her. She sat up with a start; it was a wet sea-shell. She flung it across the sand, puzzled.

"Now what could. . .?"

She stopped. Someone was standing behind her; she saw the shadow, falling across her knees. She twisted around and stared up at a lanky, freckled-faced boy, who was grinning down at her.

"Hello," he said and sat down beside her.

"Who are you?"

"The name's Jerry. What's yours?"

"Christy . . . Did you -- drop that shell on me?"

"Well . . . I just wanted to see if you were alive."

Christy peered at him, wondering if he was serious or teasing her.

"Well you found out," she said.

"I sure did! You know, I didn't know anybody knew about this cove. I've never seen anyone here before."

"I thought I was the only one who knew about it. I come here pretty often, do you?"

"Yeah, but mostly when I'm down in the dumps. You know, this place, it sure cheers you up when you're feeling sorta low. I mean it's so beautiful and . . . well, you know."

(continued to page 11)

(continued from page 10)

"Yes, I know," Christy was thoughtful. She knew what Jerry meant because she felt the same way, exactly. She wondered if he often felt lonely, too.

Jerry broke into her thought, "Say have you ever been around the other side of the point?"

"No."

"Well come on, let's go. It's real pretty."

He pulled her up and they started down the shore.

Thirty minutes, an hour, two hours passed. The world was bathed in the red-orange glow of the sinking sun. An evening breeze cooled the air and whipped up dancing waves.

Two figures appeared from around the point and came running up the beach, laughing breathlessly. They stopped beside Christy's boat.

Christy turned to Jerry, "I'd better go now. Aunt Josie'll be awful worried."

"You'll . . . come back tomorrow, like you said, won't you? Then we can explore the rest of the shore."

"Well . . . I guess so, . . . if I can."

She climbed into the boat, and Jerry shoved it away from the shore. She fitted the oars into the locks and started rowing slowly away. Jerry waved, and Christy smiled back, shyly.

The return trip across the bay was surprisingly quick, and shortly she was docking at the landing. She ran up the steps to the pier. Connie was sitting on the bench, reading.

"Hi Connie!" she called over her shoulder as she ran off the pier. Connie's mouth dropped open and she stared after Christy.

Christy ran up the walk and into the house. Aunt Josie, sitting stiffly in her rocker, was nervously drumming her fingers on the arm. As soon as she saw Christy she started up.

"Now young lady, I've been worried stiff. Where have you been?"

Christy ran over and flung her arms about her old aunt and kissed her cheek.

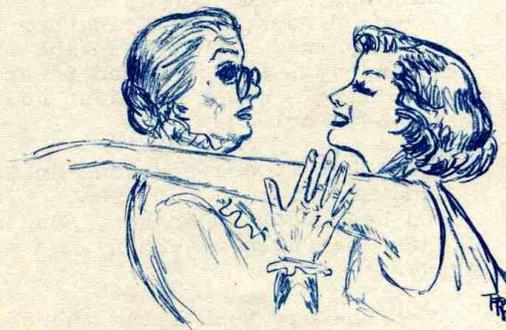
"Oh, Aunt Josie, you shouldn't have been worried. Here I am. What's to eat? I'm starved!"

She broke away and went into the kitchen.

Aunt Josie stood, staring into space.

"Well I declare," she murmured as her hand touched her cheek. "Well I declare!"

Elaine Rose '54



EMERSON AND THOREAU ON MAN AND NATURE

Their thoughts and expressions concerning the common misconception of Nature's existence for the sole benefit of mankind.

Emerson and Thoreau each detected in the average person's mind a complex, though vague and indefinitely-bounded conception of all nature, the sciences, the universe. One viewed nature (here "nature" signifies an all-embracing state of being) as a highly complicated puzzle, hidden by a heavy and high impenetrable curtain of darkness. A few patches, rather pinpoints of enlightenment appear where science's wise men work to unravel the intricate mystery behind this wall of ignorance. One honestly believes that all nature is conveniently molded around mankind, but inconsiderately has not left a key to explain how all the benefits are to be used.

"Why does a cherry tree grow cherries?"

"For people to eat."

"Why is there coal in the ground?"

"For people to burn for fuel."

"Why are there fish in the rivers?"

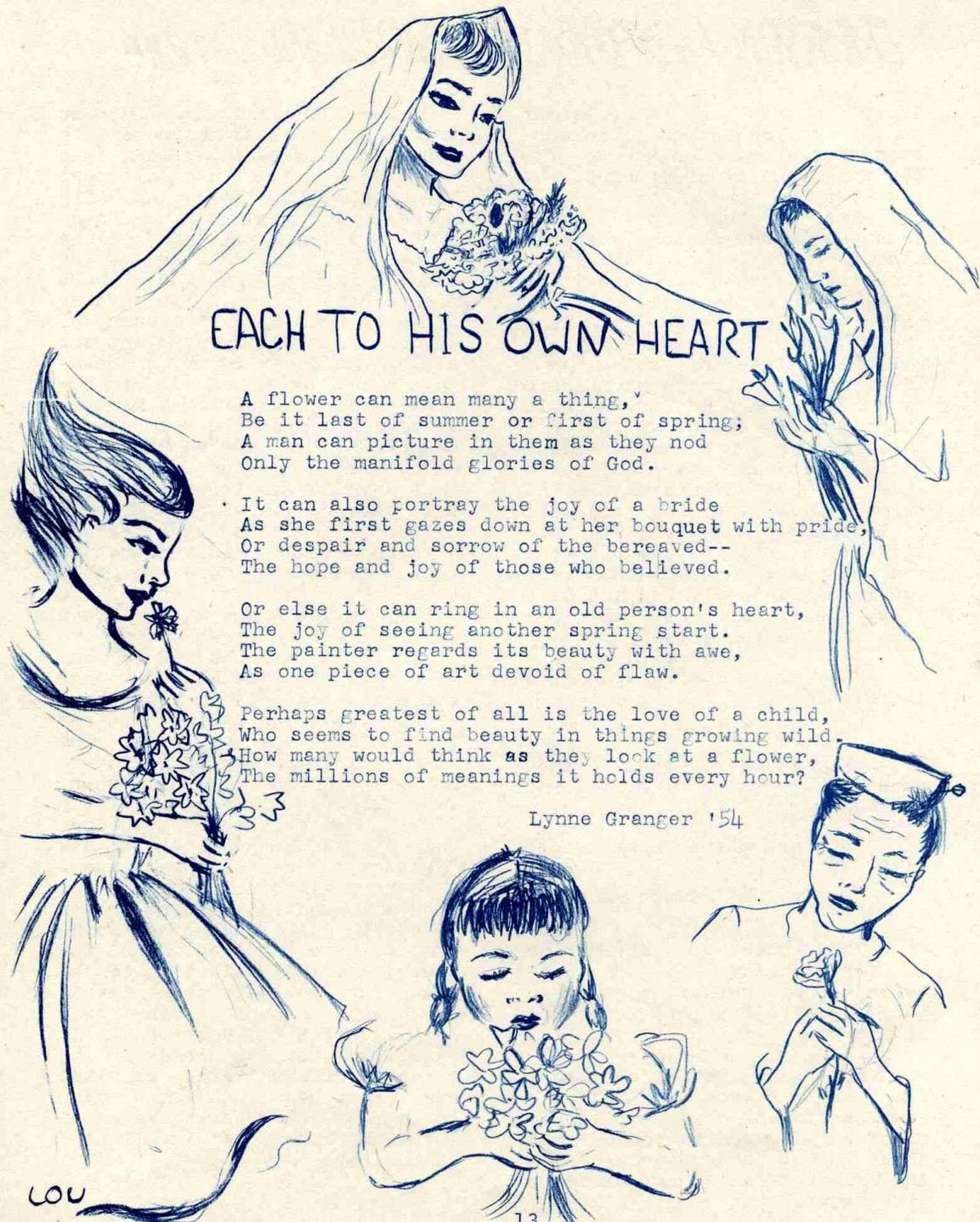
"For people to catch and eat."

They insist upon attempting to force nature to fit themselves--they refuse to allow themselves to fit into the scheme of nature.

But this nescience isn't due to ignorance of nature's laws, the extent of the universe, or of the many undiscovered facts about us, but to a misunderstanding as to man's relationship with nature.

Here Emerson and Thoreau try to explain that nature exists not as a hand maid for man, but man exists as an integral part of nature. In "Each and All" Emerson points out that any fraction of nature isolated from the rest is nil and worthless. The same is true of man--man without nature has no worth. A warning to those held by a "tyranny of things." Just as every plant and all of the lower forms of fauna have a different place in nature's balance, so every man has an arranged position and use in respect to the entire universe. Emerson stated a number of times that any man who tries to change this pattern of nature, to buck nature's current, must perish. He also tried to explain that no man is greater or more valuable than any other faction of the whole. He was asked why a flower should exist where no human eye could appreciate its beauty and he replied in "The Rhodora" that the power that placed him there placed the flower, also, but not for him alone by any means. The plant was in no way compelled to exhibit its beauty to man--there were flowers long before the first human existed. The Rhodora had just as much right to ask "Whence this man" as he to question the existence of the flower. With or without man nature exists as such. Countless other forms of life have vanished from the earth, and the extinction of the human race would in no way impair or change nature. The lower animals do not question their existence nor wonder as to the extent of the universe. No plant ever asked what makes the rain to fall or how does the rain get into the clouds. It is all part of the pattern.

(continued to page 15)



EACH TO HIS OWN HEART

A flower can mean many a thing,
Be it last of summer or first of spring;
A man can picture in them as they nod
Only the manifold glories of God.

It can also portray the joy of a bride
As she first gazes down at her bouquet with pride,
Or despair and sorrow of the bereaved--
The hope and joy of those who believed.

Or else it can ring in an old person's heart,
The joy of seeing another spring start.
The painter regards its beauty with awe,
As one piece of art devoid of flaw.

Perhaps greatest of all is the love of a child,
Who seems to find beauty in things growing wild.
How many would think as they look at a flower,
The millions of meanings it holds every hour?

Lynne Granger '54

LOU

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is Life?

A question asked by princes and paupers,
By poets and saints,
By priests,
And all the human race.

What is Life?

That it may be taken away without warning;
Anytime, in any way, the breath of man may vanish.
Only a memory remains,
But life continues as before.

What is Life?

The happy laughter of children
On a sunny day, the sorrow of bereaved ones,
And the new, fresh love of couples in spring,
A quiet walk in autumn among the falling leaves--
This is Life.

The meridian of well-leaved trees against the
cloudless sky,
The welcome smile of a good friend,
The first smell of blossoms in spring,
After a long, hard winter has passed--
This is Life.

The loves, the hates, the friendships
and the passions--
Life is all the small things one enjoys
Woven into dreams, memories, experience--
This is Life.

It is the tangible and the intangible, the abstract
and the concrete.
And we who live for so little a time
Can only know it for a few, brief years,
While time passes by, and new things are created--
This is Life.

The young, the old, the great,
The small live on;
"And yet do humans ever know life as they live it?"
No, because--
This is Life.

Patti Regan '54

Love

(continued from page 12)
 So Thoreau sums up: "The secrets were not behind the stars; they were in the mind of man." There are no secrets in nature, no complex puzzle, no curtain of darkness--she lays bare every segment and section. No answer is withheld from the soul. Mankind is trying to answer a question not yet asked--Mankind is trying to "feel out" a huge combination lock on a door that is already open.

Eddie Becker '54

1. Cook, Reginald, Passage to Walden, Houghton Mifflin Co, Boston, p. 126.

ANSWER TO LAST CROSSWORD PUZZLE

e	v	a	n	s		w	a	f	
l	a	n	e	s		h	e	a	d
i	s		t	u	b	u	l	a	r
d	e	n		s	a	n	d		
e	l	i			l	a		g	o
	i	n	f	l	a	t	i	o	n
a	n	n	s		h	i	c	e	
h	e	y		a	c	c	e	s	s
			o	n	e				p
f	r	o	w	n		o	m	a	r
i	e		l	u	l	l	a	b	y
n	o			l	o	d	e		

(continued from page 14)
 "Please don't, Bob," he pleaded.

"He had me puzzled. Suddenly I struck. Grabbing him by the collar with my left hand, I snatched the package with my right.

I began to tear off the paper, not realizing that it was gift-wrapped. Then I saw the box. It had written across the top: F-51 Mustang by Handikraft, Inc. I searched through the paper 'till I found the card. It said: Happy birthday to Bob from Butch." I had forgotten that my birthday was the next day.

I looked up at Butch. He was biting his lip, hard. Then I looked around and saw that his knife was not at his belt and his B-B gun was not on the shelf.

"Did you hock 'em?" I asked.

He nodded, swallowing hard.

I stopped to think what a heel I'd been.

"Forgive me, Butch?" I asked, feeling pretty bad.

He said, "Sure, Bob." as though nothing had happened.

"Come on, get your cap. We're going to the "Pilots" meeting if I have to get the rules changed.

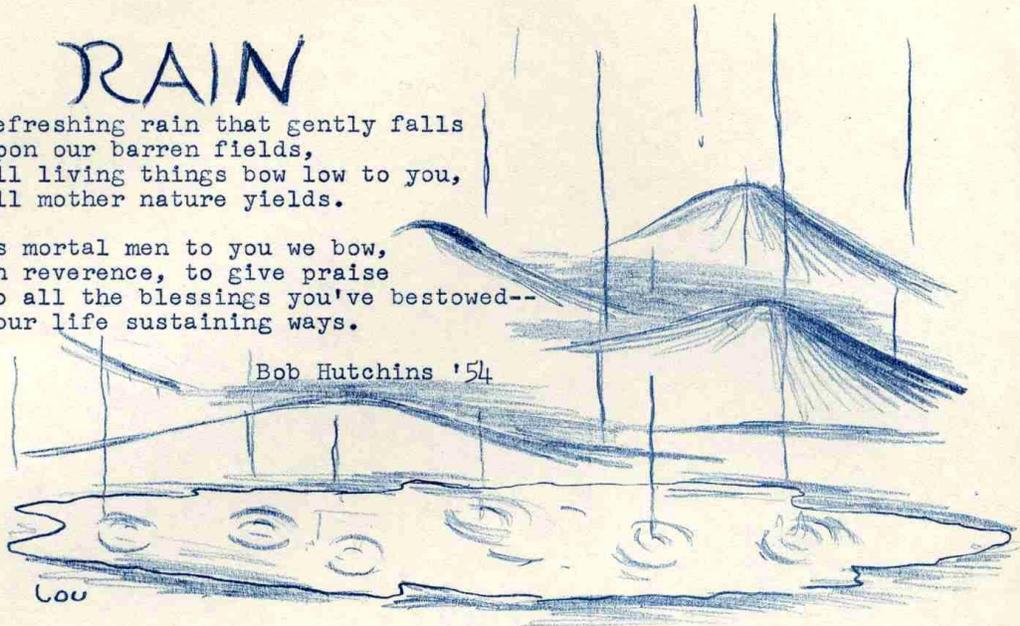
Bruce Medaris '55

RAIN

Refreshing rain that gently falls
Upon our barren fields,
All living things bow low to you,
All mother nature yields.

As mortal men to you we bow,
In reverence, to give praise
To all the blessings you've bestowed--
Your life sustaining ways.

Bob Hutchins '54



The little skunk's a pretty sight--
A two-tone job of black and white.
The little fellow needs no horn;
His came built in when he was born.
You know he's coming before he's there;
Just smell the fragrance in the air!
But all in all he's not so bad;
He's done the best with what he had.

The Skunk

Do avoid at any cost,
The poisonous fumes of his exhaust!

John Yarbrough '54

