

THE **GALETTE** STAFF

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Liz Coe

Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Carol Hindmarsh

Business Manager
Lynne Granger
Assistant Business Manager
Christine McAfee

Literary Staff
Joan Wells
Betty Cline
Joslyn Caldwell
Ann Billingsley

Circulation Manager
Patti Regan
Byron Martin
Beverly Eubank
Mary Jane Clark
Nancy Jo McCarthy

Layout Staff
Carolyn Coe
Kathleen Davis
Debby Campbell

Sports Editor
Larry Chaney

Art Staff
Roberta Rucker
Phyllis Nicholson
Marylou Taylor
Elaine Rose
Kathleen Davis
Supervisor
Francis Foster

Typists
Nancy Allen
Louise Geier
Janice Manwaring
Barbara Steiner
Jeannette Watson
Supervisor
Lois M. Adalac

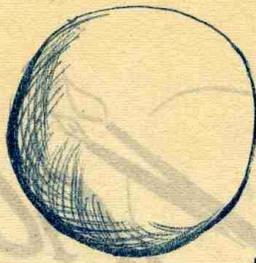
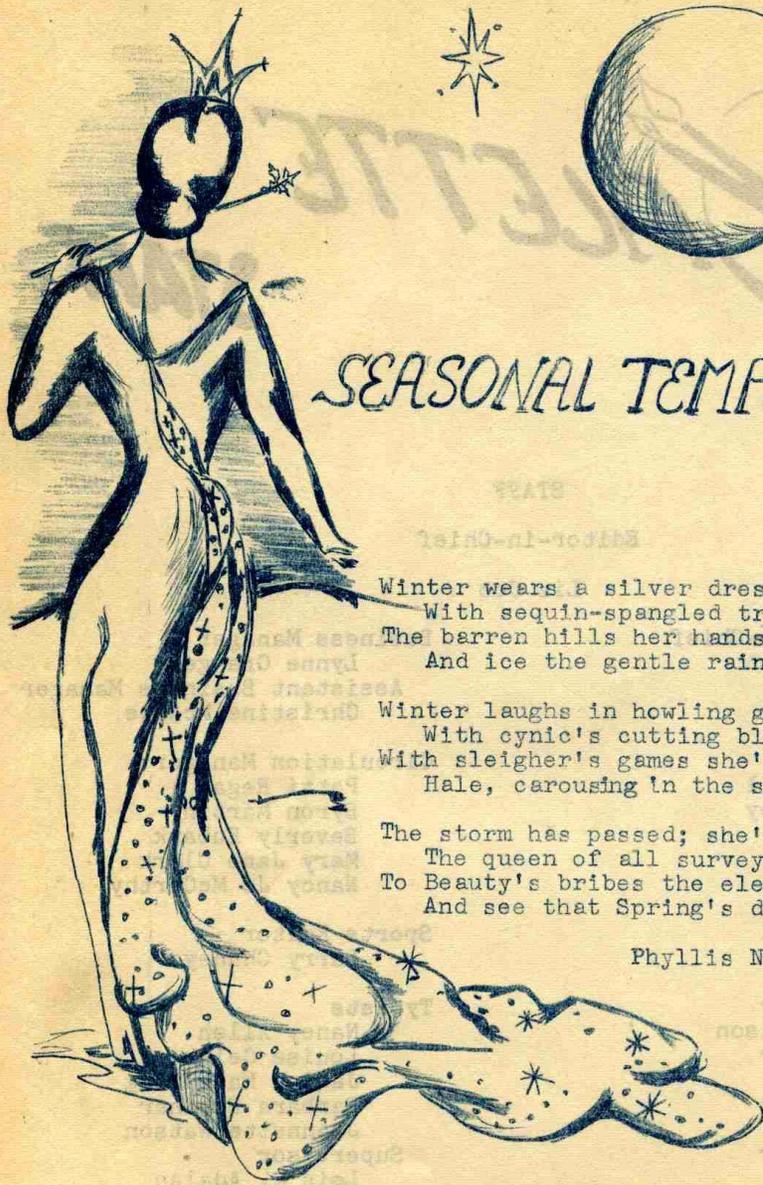
Proofreading Staff
Jane Anderson
Dick Fisher

Printing
Jack Farris
Supervisor
Paul Ballangee

Faculty Advisor
Shirley March

Table of Contents (Added by Steve Callanen, GM '59, on 1-11-2011.)

- Vol. II, Issue 2, February, 1954, Editor-in-Chief, Liz Coe, '54. (Checker Board cover).
- Seasonal Temperament, by Phyllis Nicholson, '54, p. 2.
- King Winter, by Carolyn Coe, '54, p. 3.
- The Discarded Clipper Ship, by Bill Czechanski, '57, p.4.
- I Love The Sea, by John Bradshaw Rankin, '57, p.5.
- Chilblain's Toes, by Joslyn Caldwell, '54, pp. 6 & 7.
- Trapped, by Gabrielle Greer, '57, p. 8.
- The Smallest Of Them All, by Ann Lewis, '58, p. 8.
- Adventures Of The Super Snoop, by John Yarbrough, '54, p. 9.
- Sometimes, by Cheri Lee, '57, p. 10.
- When, by Charles Funk, '57, p. 10.
- Earth Music, by Liz Coe, '54, p. 11.
- I Held A Baby Thrush, by Liz Coe, '54, p. 11.
- From The Ground, by Karl Larew, '55, pp. 12, 13 & 26.
- Twilight Sea, by Kay Shamer, '57, p. 14.
- Dark Folly, by Ann Billingsley, '55, p. 14.
- Mrs. Mallory's Fish Rocks, by Betty Cline, '54, pp. 15 & 20.
- Ian, by Dick Fisher, '55, pp. 16 & 17.
- The Sun, by Gabrielle Greer, '57, p. 18.
- Old Man, by Liz Coe, '54, pp. 19 & 26.
- Firefly, by Bob Hutchins, '54, p. 20.
- Fantasy in Fire, by Patricia Dennison, '54, p. 21.
- Midnight Rainbows, by Theda Fulton, '55, p. 22.
- Nightmare, by Elaine Rose, '54, p. 23.
- The Dance, by Skip McQuary, '55, p. 23.
- Forgotten Yet Remembered, by Patti Regan, '54, p. 24.
- Time, by Joan Wells, '54, p. 24.
- Nocturnal Melody, by Marylou Taylor, '54, p. 25.
- Vital Symphony, by Joan Wells, '54, p. 25.
- A Song of Happiness, by Jeannette Watson, '54, p. 26.
- Crossword Puzzle, by Mel Fink, '54, p. 27.



SEASONAL TEMPERAMENT

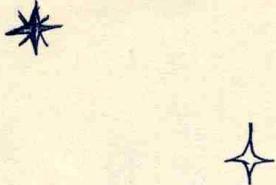
Winter wears a silver dress,
With sequin-spangled train;
The barren hills her hands caress,
And ice the gentle rain.

Winter laughs in howling gale,
With cynic's cutting blow;
With sleigher's games she's hearty,
Hale, carousing in the snow.

The storm has passed; she's quiet now,
The queen of all surveyed.
To Beauty's bribes the elements bow,
And see that Spring's delayed.

Phyllis Nicholson '54

PHYL



KING WINTER

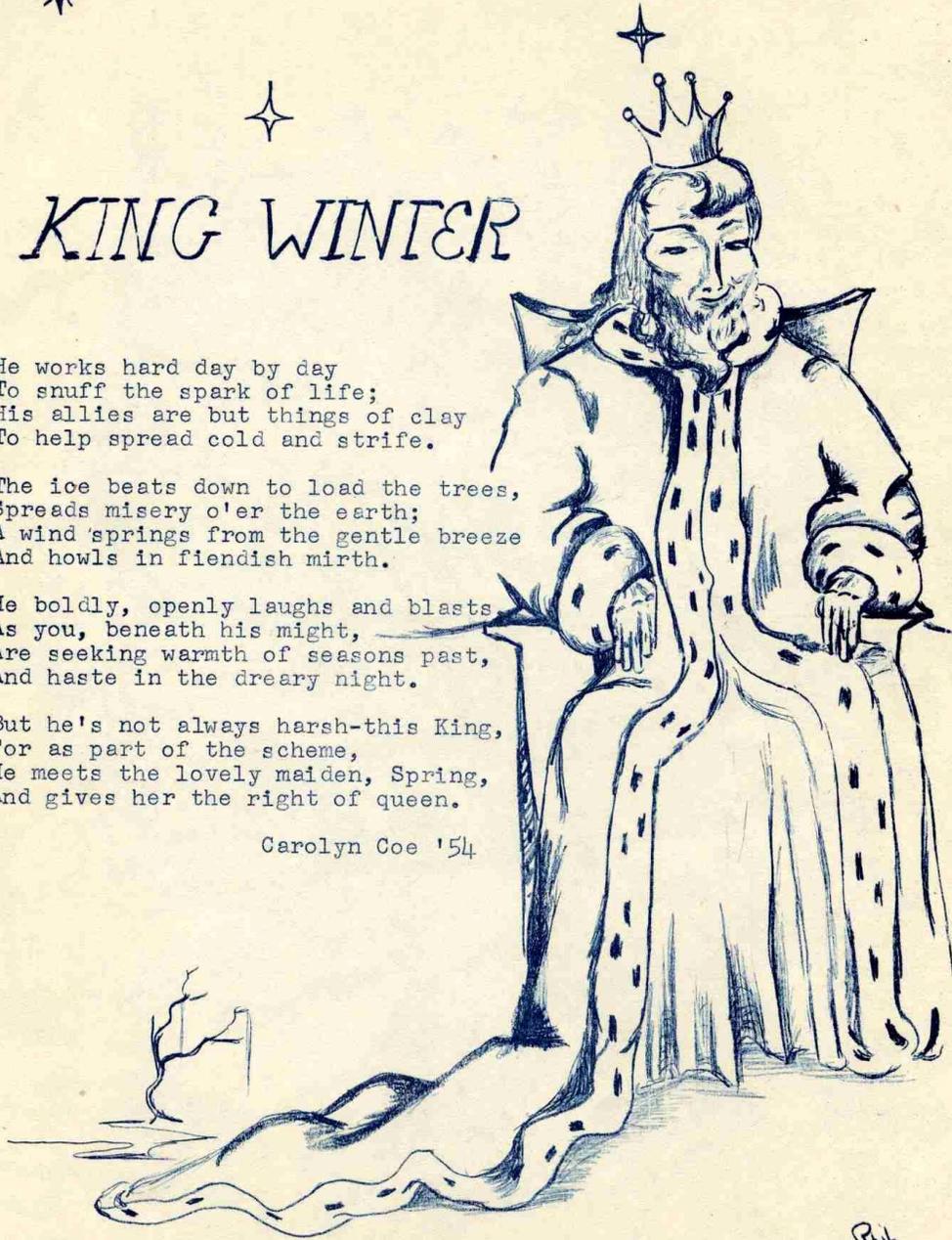
He works hard day by day
To snuff the spark of life;
His allies are but things of clay
To help spread cold and strife.

The ice beats down to load the trees,
Spreads misery o'er the earth;
A wind springs from the gentle breeze
And howls in fiendish mirth.

He boldly, openly laughs and blasts
As you, beneath his might,
Are seeking warmth of seasons past,
And haste in the dreary night.

But he's not always harsh-this King,
For as part of the scheme,
He meets the lovely maiden, Spring,
And gives her the right of queen.

Carolyn Coe '54





THE Discarded Clipper Ship

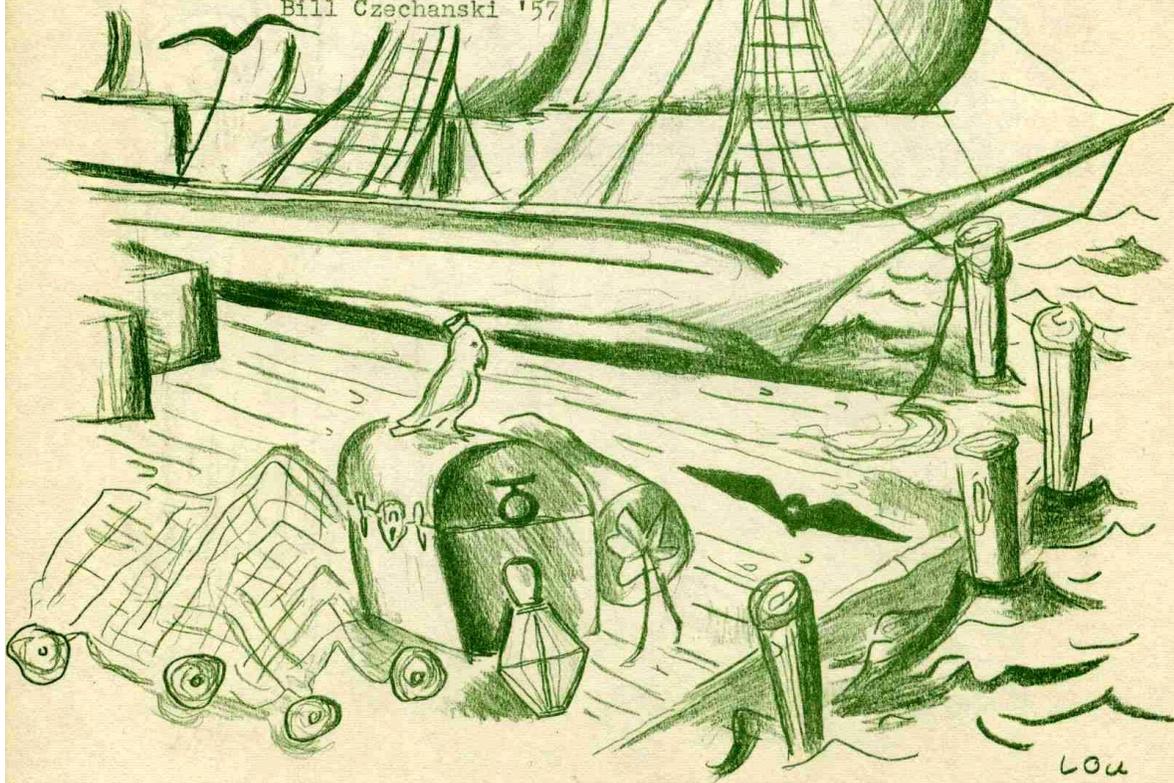
I was once a proud new ship,
With glossy hull and snow white sails.
My decks were made of spotless wood,
Of brass, my shining rails.

My masts were high and varnished,
And my hull was long and white,
My brass and bells were shined each day,
And sparkled in the light.

But I'm no longer a proud new ship,
With sails and hull of white;
My masts are weak, my decks are black,
My brass no longer bright.

For I'm looking for a captain
To steer my ship so fine,
And someday when I find him,
I'll once more sail the brine.

Bill Czechanski '57





I LOVE THE SEA

As I was sitting way above
I felt a sudden distant love
It seemed to me that I could see
The cool moon's light upon the sea.

The stars appeared to dance and glisten
And then as I would look and listen
The sound of waves beat on the shore,
Their gracious humming ancient roar.

The moon and distant stars were shining
The sea beneath a silver lining
The sea was calm, the sea was smooth
Even the waves had ceased to move.

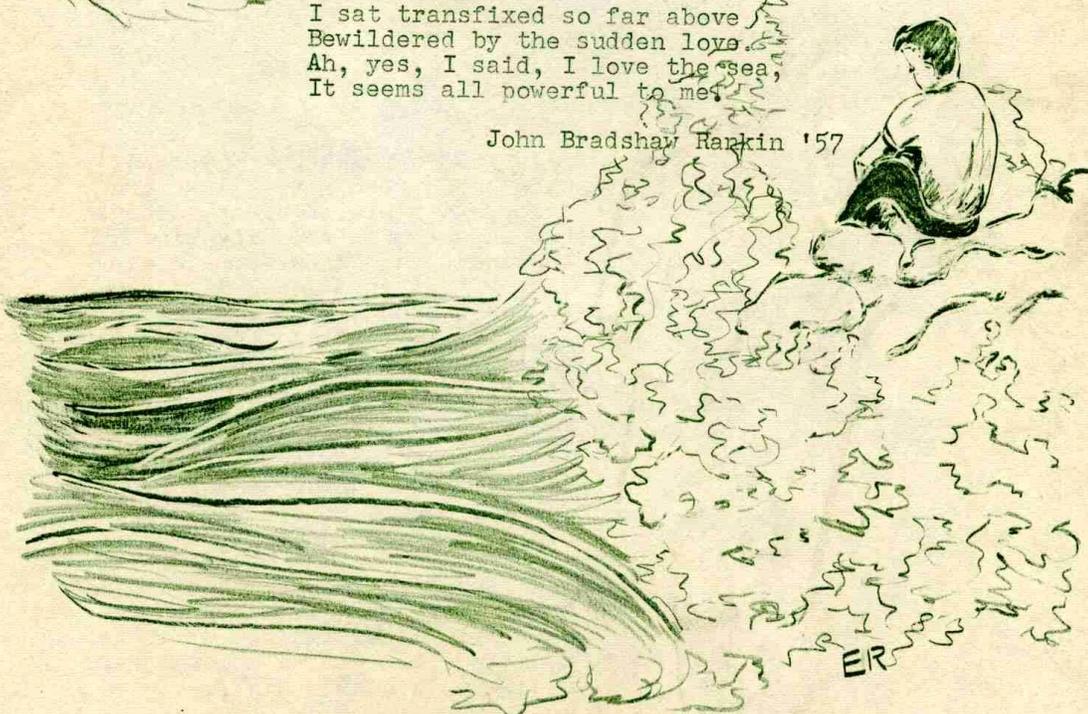


The sea was blue, then blue was green
And suddenly, so fierce; so mean
That all at once mad waves would rise
And swallow ships of giant size.

Her plunging waves, her icy foam
Would leap and skip and hop and roam
And then the waves would cease to run
And seek some other means of fun.

I sat transfixed so far above
Bewildered by the sudden love.
Ah, yes, I said, I love the sea,
It seems all powerful to me!

John Bradshaw Rankin '57



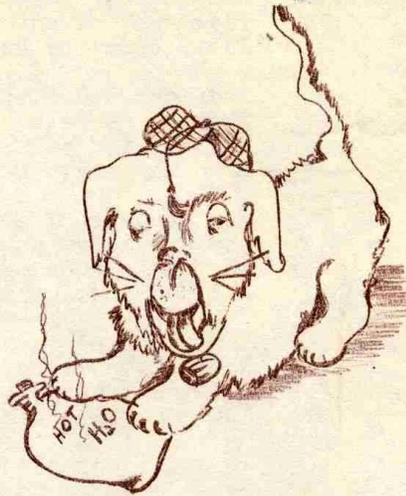
ER

CHILBLAIN'S



 Once high in the Alp Mountains there was an isolated monastery. Within its walls lived a group of monks and Saint Bernard dogs. Their lives were dedicated to helping those men who became lost in the treacherous snow.

Of course the dogs out of necessity were honest, brave, steadfast, and patient. Most of all they had to be warm-blooded. One of them was never warm. His name was Chilblains and he had cold feet. The monks and even his relatives laughed whenever he complained about the snow. Chilblains was embarrassed, frustrated, and very sad.



Phil



At first whenever an expedition set out to save a lost traveler, Chilblains went along. But as soon as he felt icy wind and touched the snow--something inside quivered and died. He couldn't even walk like the other dogs. His freezing toes forced Chilblains to gallop through the drifts. Occasionally he would give a huge bounce and disappear into the whiteness. Then everyone had to stop and dig poor Chilblains out. They never scolded him, they just stared. Chilblains felt foolish.

During the night he had dreams where feet and snow intermingled in a wild maze. In one dream he died (while saving a mountaineer) and even in heaven his feet were cold.

TOES

So down from the mountains came Chilblains. He was a bit homesick but since his feet were feeling better it really didn't matter. They traveled for weeks and then came to a place called Florida--his new home.

What a surprise the bright climate was. Chilblains' toes rejoiced. They played in the warm sand and danced through the grass. Even at night they were never cold.

Everybody in Florida loved Chilblains because he was such a happy dog. He swam and barked and laughed all day. His face wore such a beautiful smile that everyone around him was happy, too. But Chilblains' toes were the happiest of all.



The monks held a meeting and discussed the situation. They discovered suddenly, and a little sadly, that Chilblains should be sold.

But nobody wanted to buy a huge, ferocious looking Saint Bernard with cold feet. Chilblains was quite distressed. His jowls drooped in a mournful pout and his beautiful brown eyes were filled with tears.

Spring came to the monastery and with it some American tourists. They saw the dog sunning his cold toes and asked if they could buy him.

The monks and Saint Bernards thought this was a noble idea. They explained (very carefully) that Chilblains was not normal. The Americans said they didn't care.

Joslyn Caldwell '54



TRAPPED

I entered the room a'trembling and shaking,
A smile and a swagger, shameless faking;
I sat in my chair and opened my book,
Hoping to gain by that last hurried look.
But alas 'twas in vain; I'd forgotten those verbs.
Oh, what is the meaning of all these words?

I chanced to glance up and there by my side
A fellow student was trying to chide
His mind which was not fast in clearing.
We all whirled around, our ears quickly hearing
The slam of the door as teacher walked in.
Her face was lit up in a sinister grin;
I took one last look, gripped tightly my desk,
Surrendered to fate, and hoped for the best.

Gabrielle Greer '57

The Smallest Of Them All

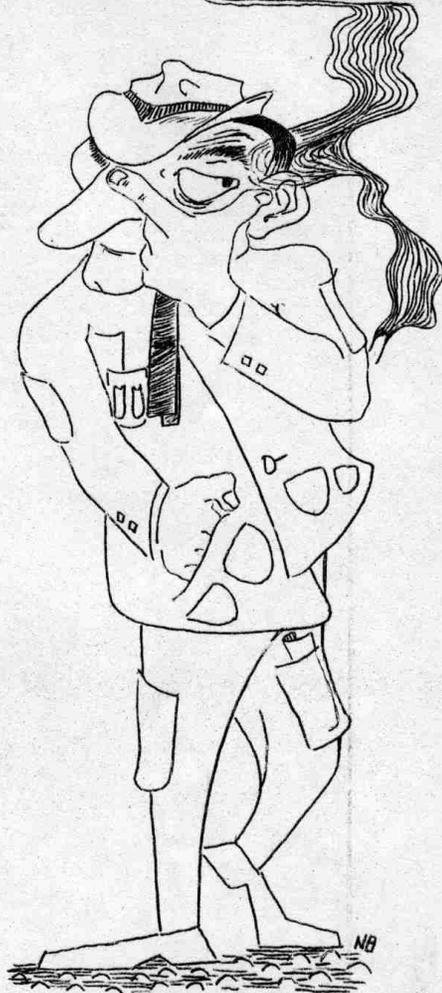
Said the little boy to the fly on the wall,
"Why am I so big when you're so small?"
Said the fly to the germ upon the floor,
"To you I'm a monster many times o'er."
Said the germ to the atom lying there,
"You could be blown away by a whiff of air."
Said the atom to the electron small,
"You're the smallest of them all."
Said the electron, "Oh, dear me,
So small am I that you can't see
Whether I'm red or whether I'm green.
Or whether I've got an unearthly sheen.
I wish there was something smaller than I,
Oh, why did the boy go and talk to the fly?"

Ann Lewis '58

ADVENTURES OF THE SUPER SNOOP

I had just finished a hard day at the office and was on the way home. My beautiful wife, Gertrude, was waiting for me. The night seemed so peaceful and quiet. It was the first night in two weeks that promised a full eight hours of sleep. Little did I know what fate had in store for me on that seemingly uneventful night.

I was walking down Waterfront Ave., one of the more select neighborhoods, located just two blocks east of the tallow factory. I stopped and withdrew from one of my many pockets a deck of Lunkies, removed one from the pack, lit it up, and returned it to one of my many pockets. I don't know whether it was the tantalizing odor from the tallow factory or the burning cigarette I had placed in one of my many pockets, but something made me feel uneasy. It must have been the cigarette, which by now had set fire to one of the many pockets. No wonder I had that "already-been-cooked" feeling. The stillness of the waterfront was broken only by the crackle of the flames that were slowly consuming, one by one, my many pockets. I must act quickly. My alert mind was very slowly shaping a plan. On the face of such a crisis I must be practical. I must not throw caution to the winds. A person in my state needed caution much more than the wind did, and at that time a wind would have fanned the flames into a rampaging fire and caused untold damage to my many pockets, to say nothing of their contents. I could do any one of many things, but I chose to put the fire out. This I accomplished by smothering the flames with a damp hankerchief, it being damp



from perspiration generated by the furious pace of events. After being quite sure no sparks lay concealed within the folds of my many pockets, ready to rekindle at the first opportune moment, I started once more for home. I knew Gertrude was waiting for me.

John Yarbrough '54



SOMETIMES

Across the fields of yesterday
She sometimes comes to me;
The little girl just back from play,
The girl I used to be.

And yet she smiles so wistfully
Once she has crept within;
I wonder if she hopes to see
The girl I might have been.

Cheri Lee '57



WHEN



When I was but a little boy
From my swimming hole I'd spy
A great big silver airplane,
And I'd dearly want to fly.

But I'm a little older now,
And as my plane flies through the air,
I look down at that swimming hole
And wish that I were there.

Charles Funk '57

EARTH MUSIC

Your songs are wonderful,
Sweet and soft your leafy sighs,
My beech-nut trees,
Dear to me your rustling cries.

I love your music, river.
Whip your waves to soft white foam,
Lap and curl against the shore;
Lovely are the songs you own.

The world sings for me;
Her sounds soar to the sky,
Circle 'round like happy birds,
Then flutter to my heart to lie.

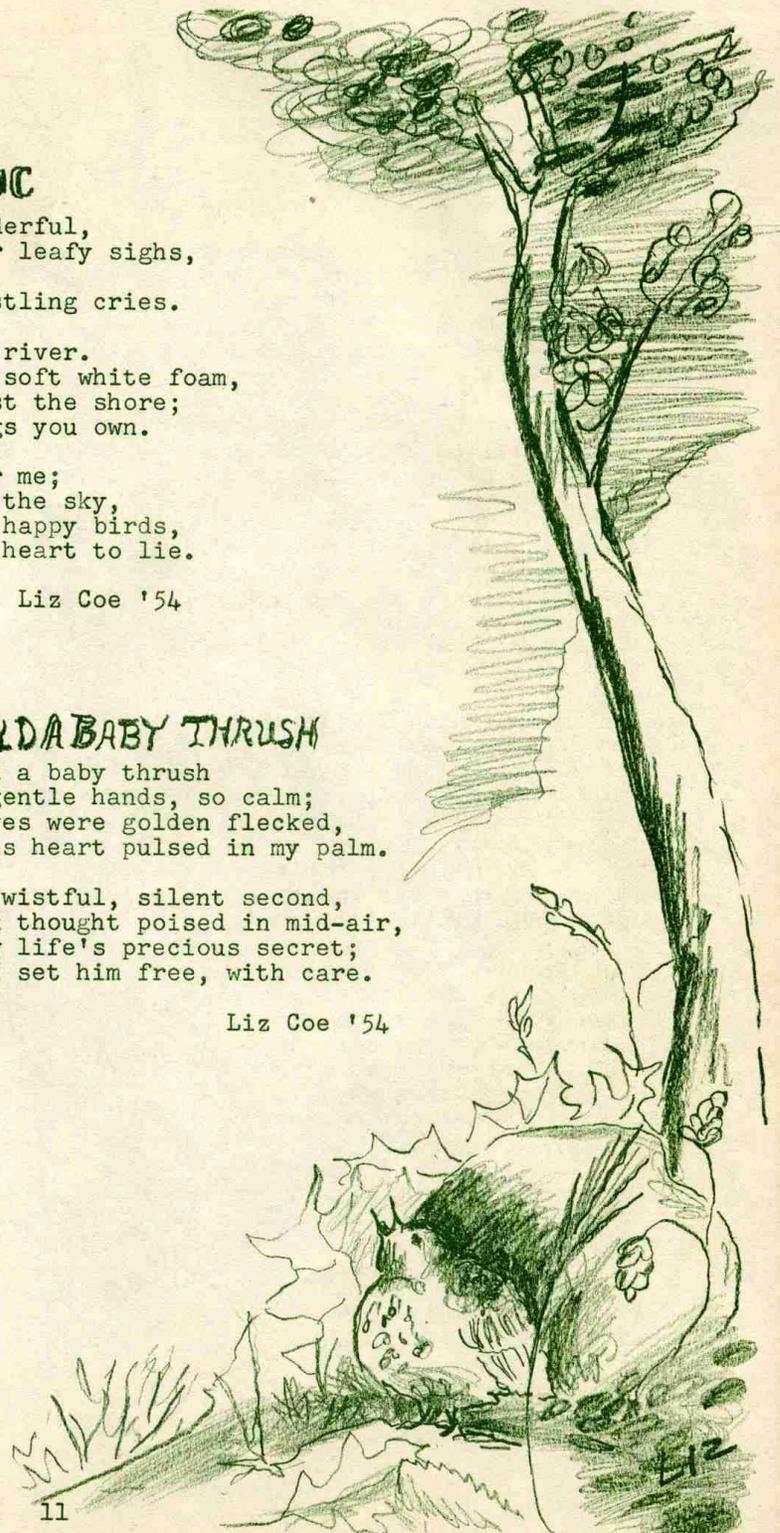
Liz Coe '54

I HELD A BABY THRUSH

I held a baby thrush
With gentle hands, so calm;
His eyes were golden flecked,
And his heart pulsed in my palm.

For a wistful, silent second,
Like a thought poised in mid-air,
I knew life's precious secret;
Then I set him free, with care.

Liz Coe '54



by Karl Larew

From The Ground

I left my home this morning very early. I wanted to start my hike before the sun got hot, high up there in the sky. I like to take these hikes because I like to be alone. It's not that I don't like my family. I love them very much. But they won't let me be! They keep telling me I'm sick. They want me to go to a Home where I can rest. They want me to go to the big Medical Building, because they love me. But I'm not sick. It's just that I've found a way to be very happy. I take these hikes and go very far away. You see, I have a secret place.

This morning I felt anxious to go to my secret place, so I borrowed my young brother's bicycle. It was a wonderful day to ride--the sun was bright and a brisk wind was blowing. I rode for awhile down the big highway and then turned off to travel on a dirt path. I passed the cemetery. It was beautiful! Rows of lovely white stones. Under one of them is my wife. She left us almost a year ago. I used to visit her grave every day and read the words on her stone over and over. But I don't go there much anymore--- somehow I feel she wants to be alone now, like I. So once in a while I'll go and look at her stone--it's a lovely thing--I bought it myself. But I won't stay long--just put some flowers on the ground and then leave her.

I didn't stop at the cemetery today--I wanted to hurry to my place. I turned the bicycle into a field and soon I saw it. I pedalled fast to get there and didn't see the rock in my path.

The bicycle crashed--I was thrown over the handle-bars and hit my head on a stone. I lay on the ground for a moment but when I got up I was still dizzy and swayed a little. The bicycle was damaged so that I could not ride it. I left it there, walked to my place and slumped to the ground.



I was tired. I have a tendency to become tired quickly--that's why they tell me I should go to a Home to rest. I don't know why I'm always tired but I know when I started feeling that way--it was the day they buried my wife. I collapsed and was sick for several days. The doctors said it was my nerves, but I know it was just the hot sun and the
continued on page 13

strain. Ever since I have felt tired. But I do rest. No one can ever realize how wonderfully I rest in my secret place.

I stayed in my place all day, lying in the shade from big trees, watching the wind rustling the shrubs.

When I rest in my secret place, I stay until almost dark-- I wait there until after the sun goes down, but I always leave before dark.

I lay there as the sun went down and began to feel something strange. I feel it every time I'm here at twilight but tonight it was stronger than ever---I was closer to it than I have ever been. It was not a material thing--I know now that it is a force--and I know whence it comes--the ground. I've learned that, as the sun sinks, this strange force rises from the ground. It is made of spiritual beings that I cannot see but know are there. They are happy spirits who dance and love. They will not harm me--they are my friends. But as darkness comes I leave them. I've often wondered what they do when I leave them. Tonight I thought I'd find out--tonight I wouldn't leave them. I would stay and see what they do.

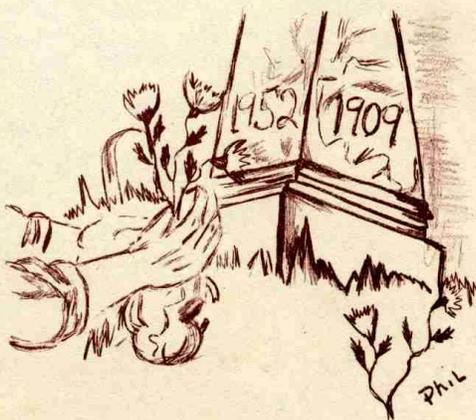
When the sun has set, the spirits are happiest. How they frolic! They love to show me how happy they are. They love me! They want me to be happy and I am because I'm part of them. They enter my body and infest my brain with themselves. They smile because they understand me, and I them.

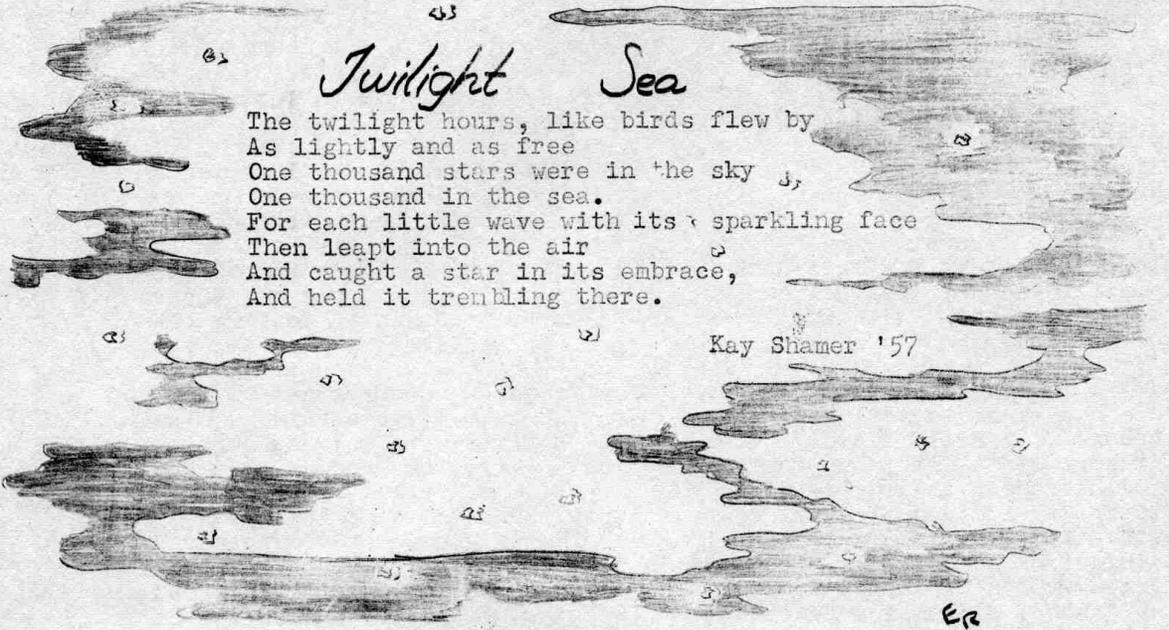
For what seemed like hours I played with them. Then the scene began to change. The spirits seemed to be going away and they wanted me to go too but I stayed. It became darker. My gay-hearted

friends were rising higher and higher. They were begging me to leave, but I didn't. I wanted to see what would happen. I could wait--my family would know I was all right.

It was very dark. My friends were gone. I was alone. And as I sat there I began to wonder-- why did the spirits beg me to leave? I was lonesome and afraid --my secret place was no longer beautiful. Again a feeling began to come over me. It too came from the ground. It wasn't my friends--when they came I felt joy, but now I was afraid. These new spirits were ugly and horrifying. They, too, were a force, but a force of evil. The friendly spirits had tried to take me away so that I would not be captured by these evil creatures. I ran out of the field onto the road and soon I could not feel the force around me. I walked along the road towards my home. There was no need to walk fast but I began to feel dizzy. I was perspiring. Suddenly I realized the truth--the evil things were again surrounding me. They were rising from the ground all around me. I felt them as they brushed against me. I walked faster but could not escape. I began to run but the things came closer.

continued on page 26





Twilight Sea

The twilight hours, like birds flew by
As lightly and as free
One thousand stars were in the sky,
One thousand in the sea.
For each little wave with its sparkling face
Then leapt into the air
And caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

Kay Shamer '57

DARK FOLLY

I wander through the night with my thoughts as the first snow softly and silently drifts down. The solitude is so peaceful and soothing, the snow so inviting and soft. I sink deep into the snow on my knees, and softly cushion down into its protection. It's so comfortable, and I feel warm and peaceful.

I look up and watch the small flakes drift down toward me. Everything is so light--not the deep darkness of a clear night. There is nothing but my small solitude. The snow blots out all that is beyond me--the houses, the trees, the sounds. It is like a circle around me, a small piece of mind that sees only as far as it thinks.

The snow piles deeper around me and I shut my eyes. I should like to stay here forever, or for even a small space of time, borrowed time, time excluded from time. Time, all my own, in which no one or nothing is present to mar the solitude.

I become aware of a small coldness creeping in. But how comfortable I am, with my eyes shut, knowing I am completely alone. How delightful is the feeling of the snow settling on my eyelashes and my hair. I feel the soft touch on my lips. How odd only one part of my cheek is cold. The wind is rising and I hear it whistling above me. I hear the trees which I cannot see, lashing and tearing, commanded by the wind. I feel much colder. I don't want to move, but I must, for my gift of solitude and peace has come to an end and I must retrace my steps.

Ann Billingsley '55

MRS. MALLORY'S FISH ROCKS

While cleaning out my drawer the other day, I chanced to find a handful of small many-colored pebbles in a bottom corner and I thought that you might like to hear the story that goes with them:

Mother and Mrs. Mallory were talking together in a corner of the room. It was "Grown-up" conversation and I was not included. I began to feel a bit too warm in my blue snow suit. Restlessly my eyes wandered around the room, trying to find an object that would hold my attention. Suddenly, I spied a large bowl in the corner of the room. Upon closer observation I found it to be a goldfish bowl half filled with fish rocks. Those pebbles were the loveliest little stones I had ever seen--pearly white and flecked with blue, green and pink. They seemed to radiate a warm, rainbow glow.

My thoughts turned to the little fishbowl in my bedroom. I thought to myself "Gee, my fish don't have anything in their bowl but a little bit of seaweed and some mouldy old food. I know that they would be ever so much happier if they had some pretty fish rocks to look at."

The more I thought about it the more the idea appealed to me. In a few minutes my mind was made up--I had to have some of the pearly jewels for my fish.

The possession of some of those rocks meant so much to me. I didn't dare risk not getting them by asking and being refused. I glanced furtively at Mother and Mrs. Mallory to make sure that



they were completely absorbed in their conversation. My heart began to beat harder and faster, sending the blood rushing to my face. My hands became clammy and my stomach turned over and over with a jerky, heavy motion. I told myself "Take them now or you'll never get them!"

My chubby hand shot downward with a spasmodic motion and closed around the glowing treasure. I stuffed the stones in my pockets of my snow suit and stood motionless for a few minutes.

Then mumbling something about having to feed the cat, I walked quickly from the scene of my crime. I raced across the lawn, into the house, and up to my room. Having locked the door, I sat down in a chair to get my breath. Then I walked over to the bowl and let the pebbles slide through my hands into the water. But my exultation was considerably lessened, for the stones didn't seem to glow or shine as brightly as they had in Mrs. Mallory's fish bowl.

continued on page 20

IAN



The company lorry, speeding over the snow-packed road, had brought Ian and myself down from Angermünde at noon. Our job was to patrol the Saxon countryside for the British occupational authority.

The lorry stopped and we clambered out. Our boots fell woodenly on the hard road surface and stung our feet. We had to stamp to get our feet functioning again. The lorry drove off with four of our silent buddies still in the back. The incessant hum died out and suddenly we were alone, preparing to assault the terrible cold and quiet that pressed us on all sides.

Ian McLeod was always garrulous and good-natured back at barracks, but nobody talked much on this patrol. Ian had joined up the same year as myself, '42. He was a good soldier and knew his way around. He was strongly attached to the Bren gun and the lieutenant let him carry it on this patrol. It wasn't prescribed for this type of duty, but you don't argue with Ian.

Four hours later we were near the Elbe River. The afternoon was waning and it was growing colder. The wind was coming up again. Not a word had passed between us in almost two hours. We had walked through wood and field, slipping, stumbling, sometimes with a quiet curse. But we didn't miss anything; years of training had taught us that.

We were ascending a small rise on the east side of a huge pasture. It was part of one of the great German estates broken up at the end of the war. A hundred yards away, the sharp outline of forest. We were on the only feature of the field.

At the line of the forest, the skeletal vegetation ascended in a sharp curve from the small monocots up to the treetops. The few evergreens heavy with snow set off the heavy trunks of the larger trees.

We had memorized our route; it was much easier than having to use a map. You'd never be able to open a map in this wind; and if you took off your mittens to try it, your hands would be too stiff with cold to refold it.

We started to follow the bank of the stream-bed, pulling the hoods of our "duffers" farther over our faces. It was already difficult to smile and we settled down to the tedious job of making headway through the two-foot snowfall.

The border jumpers frequently hid in patches of woods during the daytime, so we had to cover all



the little groves in our area.
No refugees.

"If yer ask me, them refugees
are smarter than us," came Ian's
reply to my thoughts. I grunted.

"Alex, I sees mo'ment in the
woods."

"Uh-huh."

"'Alt!"

"They ain't stoppin'."

My Enfield rang in the cold,
clear air. Then, an answering
shot. Just as we hit the deck,
a swarm of automatic fire passed
over us. We could see flickers
of light all along the edge of
the woods and hear, whistling,
over the wind, their deadly mis-
siles.

"Them ain't refugees," said
Ian and my terror was stilled

momentarily by the comforting
conversation of his Bren gun.
Then my Enfield began to crack
regularly and surely, almost with-
out my knowing it.

The snow beside my rifle
suddenly developed red freckles.
My eye darted over to Ian. His
face was spread all over his
faithful machine gun and the frozen
German ground he had died to
defend. I could perceive the
black leather coats coming nearer,
the edge of the forest, and the
"burp-gun" slugs drummed in front
of me, but I couldn't make myself
take the machine gun, a few feet
from me, steam still rising from
it. Suddenly, I wished desperately
to live just so I could tell the
lieutenant that Ian's Bren gun
hadn't jammed on patrol.....But
my attention was called by shouts
of "Raus!"

Dick Fisher '55



THE SUN

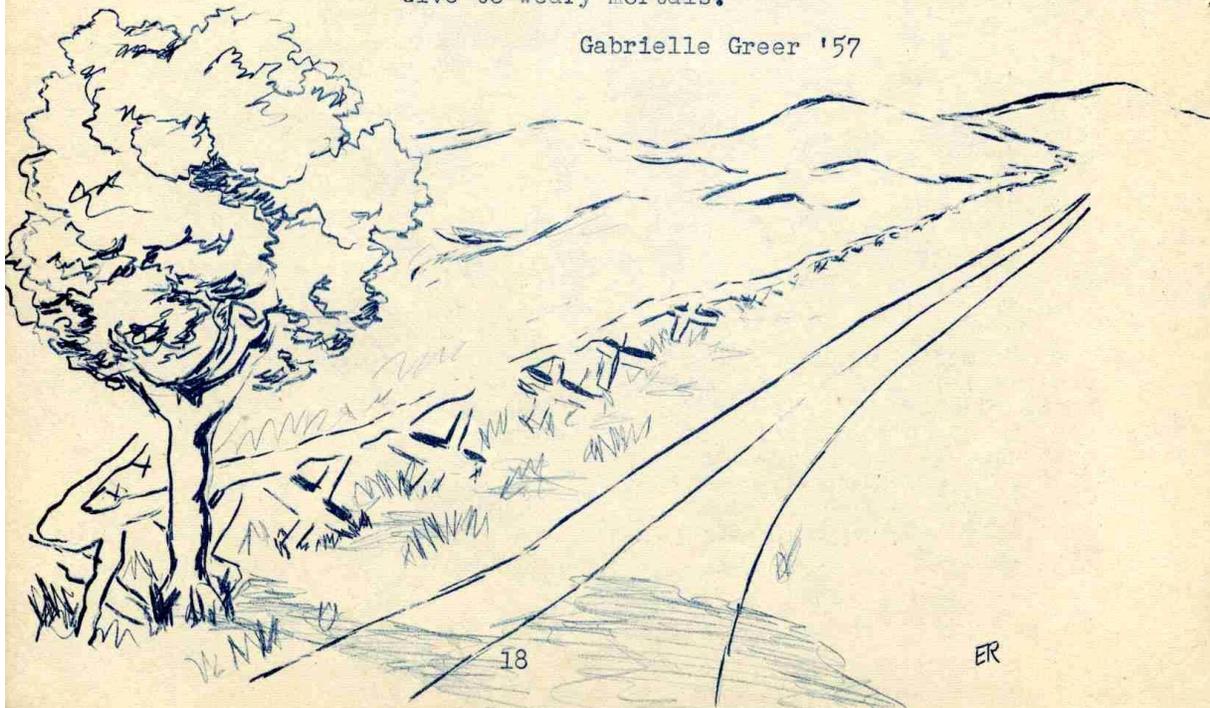
You travel over this lowly sphere,
 Bringing freedom from want and fear;
 And though behind you trails the night,
 Again with dawn you bring your light
 To a dank and musty world.

You touch each crowded street and way,
 Linger there, then pass away
 To radiate your smiling beam
 Upon more distant field and stream
 Where sleeping creatures rest.

You, the sun, shut out the bleak
 And bring forth cheer to poor and weak;
 You travel far from east to west,
 Your warmth and radiance manifest
 The glory of nature's power.

When at last you slip below
 The world's horizon, you set aglow
 A new land eager after night,
 For the warmth which you with all your might
 Give to weary mortals.

Gabrielle Greer '57



OLD MAN



I used to know an old man who had a junk yard at the corner of P. and Elm. Every day when I went to school, he's be scuffling back and forth in a pair of cloth slippers, poking under car hoods and pattering with big hunks of metal. I don't mean I'd really known him--as far as speaking goes--I'd just watched him quite a bit. His shaky hands would explore a motor, and he'd nod some if it satisfied him. When a piece of junk was worthless, he'd shake his head sadly, and pat the piece fondly. "Too bad, too bad."

He kept quite a few cats around, not mangy ones like you'd expect. He had a sleek tabby for a long time, and there were other pretty ones too. I'd tell my mother about those cats and she just couldn't understand where the old man got the money to feed them. "Lord!" she'd say, "It's plain as day he's starved himself! I never said anything to that, but I know the old man wasn't starving. I knew he just wasn't hungry. To my eyes he wasn't poor. When I came home from school, he wouldn't be working. He had a bench by the door of his little shack which the sun hit in the afternoons. He'd be sitting there with that tabby on his knee, or sometimes one of the others, and chewing tobacco a bit and smiling to himself.

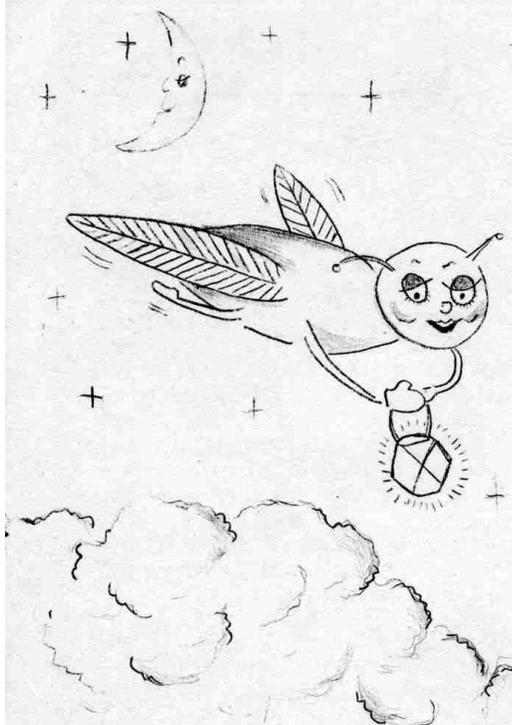
Mr. Lodges, our boarder, would get pretty mad when I told him that. He worked all day and even when he got home he didn't just sit around. He thought that the junk heap was an eye-sore. He kept saying he was going to get some one to clean it up if the old man wouldn't. He couldn't stand the way that corner made our street look so shabby.

In the evening, if I was walking by, I'd look in the window of the shack. The old man had a kerosene lamp hanging from the roof inside. That lamp was another thing some people didn't like. He'd be sitting on his bed looking at a lot of postcards. I guess he must have had about a thousand there. Some looked dirty and torn, but I saw that he had some new ones. I'd seen the old man buy them when he bought his tobacco at the drug store up the street.

Other times at night the lantern would be out and I supposed the old man was asleep.

One day when I came home from school, I saw a lot of trucks in the old man's place. They were carting away his junk, and some men were taking down his house.
continued on page 26





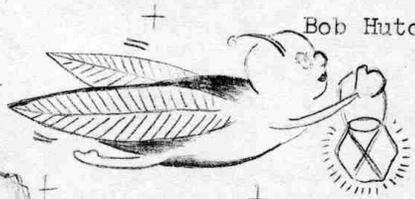
Firefly

Eerie little firefly,
Whither on thy way
With your little lantern
To light the night to day?

You're like a star that's falling,
As I make my wish tonight,
While the winds are calling
To the rhythm of your flight.

Dancing through the tree-tops,
Now darting to the ground.
Little one, won't you tell me
What makes your world go round?

Bob Hutchins '54



600

MRS. MALORY'S FISH ROCKS

continued from page 15

That evening as I lay in bed my conscience began to trouble me again. I didn't sleep very well that night or the following nights. Each day I awoke with a weight on my shoulders--a weight that never left, no matter how hard I tried to rid myself of it. I could see myself taken before the police and then sent to reform school. No one would ever speak to me again. Mom and Dad would be so ashamed of me. I tried rationalization, "Betty, you know she didn't want or need all those rocks. Besides, you didn't take them all."



But a voice would answer back "How do you know? You didn't even ask. You stole them."

Finally I decided I couldn't stand it any longer. I would confess to Mother. I couldn't decide how to break the horrible news to her. But about two days later my opportunity presented itself. Mother and I were chatting in the kitchen when she happened to mention that Mrs. Jones had told her what a very nice little girl I was. That did it! I broke down, and with incoherent, sobbing sentences confessed my crime.

It was decided that I should go to Mrs. Mallory and tell her what I had done. I went and confessed to our very understanding neighbor. She praised me for my honesty and then presented me with a gift of two additional handfuls of rocks.

Betty Cline '54

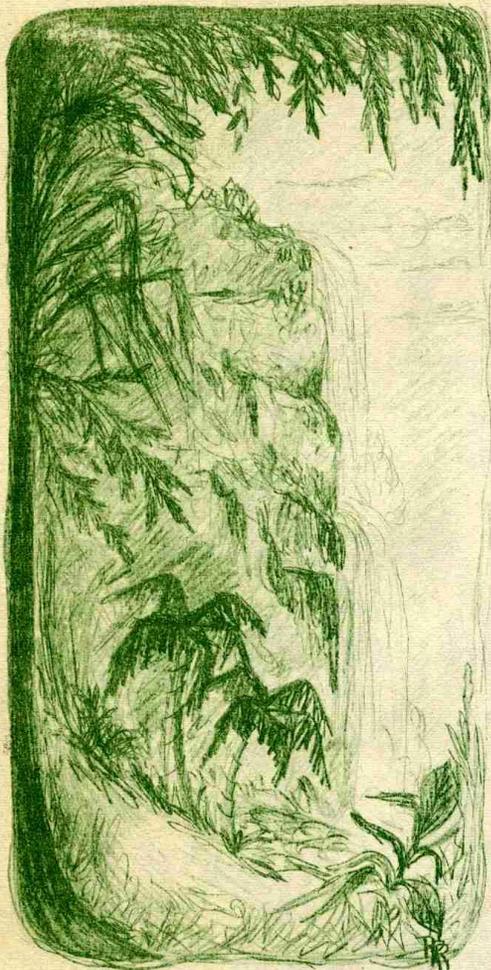
FANTASY IN FIRE

Eyes ablaze like fire, yet deep brown, and warm; flashing teeth, white as new-found pearls; lips vibrant and inviting, full lips, red-hued like burgundy wine; a smile and a laugh which reminds one of a clear effervescent brook, bubbling over the bright, shiny stones in its depths; all this is set off by long enshadowing lashes, slender brows, and dark sleek hair, black as ebony and night. And, still more flattering is the body, petite, but strong and ample.

She is loveliest at right when her eyes grow melancholy at the sight of the big yellow moon which seems to beckon to her. Then, as the fire flames higher and the strains of the haunting gypsy music float to her from the violins, her eyes widen. The music grows stronger and faster. She tears herself from the beckoning, relentless light of the moon and leaps toward the blaze. She whirls around it, once, twice, stops, and tantalizes the hungry eyes of the onlookers. She smiles, teasingly at first, then her eyes grow savage, throwing a wild challenge as she turns to the fire. She begins slowly to dance, all the while making strange intonations and chants, as if pleading with the fire.

You see a haze enveloping her; weird phantoms arise out of the inferno, answering her. She dances, faster, faster, faster. The music rises, sends her into a frenzy and she leaps, whirls with animal-like grace. The swelling notes mass together and suddenly soar to a high maddening scream, and she is gone.





MIDNIGHT RAINBOWS

I want to travel. Looking at a globe or a world map makes me want to cry. I think of all the little tropical islands I'll never see, the tiny Swiss villages, the sun-dried huts along the Amazon, the Sahara Desert, the mountains where the Nile begins, Scandinavian fjords, Russian peasant dwellings, and the frozen wastes of the north regions.

I visited an island once, which by size takes up about 1/1,000,000 of the Earth's surface, yet on this one piece of world I saw high mountains, sunsets from on top of the clouds, dark fern grottos where there are tiny rivulets falling from 500 foot-high cliffs. I heard the legends of the people and tasted new foods. I saw canyons and volcanos, huts and estates. There was a rainbow arched over the water at midnight with a bright white moon hung over its left shoulder. I basked in warm salt water and white sand, saw pineapple and sugar fields, tasted that pineapple just before it was ripe, and met a people so friendly that there was no introductory awkwardness, a people that would do anything for you, even though a stranger.

Yet what have I seen of the world? I want to go places by camel, boat, plane, horse, train, elephant, rickshaw, bicycle, cable-car, sleigh, burro, or foot. I want to ski down the slopes of an Alaskan mountain and warm myself by the fire at a lodge in the Canadian Yukon Territory. I would like to meet the women of the streets in Paris, eat porridge with Polish peasants and talk to the freedom-loving people of Czechoslovakia.

I want to see sultans' harems and oil wells jutting up out of the desert. I yearn to smell the stench of rice paddies and meet the quiet Oriental who goes about his daily tasks so humbly. I want an audience with the Dalai Lama of Tibet and I want to climb high mountains peaks and swim in far-off seas...Someday, maybe I will.

Theda Fulton '55

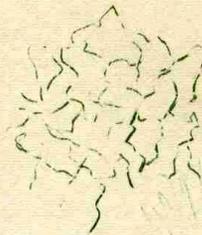
NIGHTMARE

I am walking down a long, narrow hall, the sharp staccato of my footsteps echoing between the walls. Thin, wispy cobwebs brush across my face. Somewhere a clock is ticking--counting out the seconds and tucking them away. Dark, ominous shadows begin to creep up the walls, dimming my vision.

Suddenly the hall closes up. I stumble forward, my hands outstretched. There is a door. I fling it open--to stare into a pitch black interior. Timidly, I step forward, my hands stretched out, feeling my way along.

My foot bumps against something. Slowly, I stoop down, to put my hand on it--so soft and furry. I rub my hand, back and forth, feeling its silken fur. It begins to move--crawl up my hand, squeezing my arm in its furry grasp. Frightened, I try to shake it off, but to no avail. Slowly it twines around my neck tighter and tighter; hotter and hotter. I can't breathe. I sway dizzily and topple over--my hands grab for something. But I am falling. . . falling. . .

I sit up in a cold sweat, my eyes staring into the darkness. The bed--the covers, why it was just a dream--just a bad dream. I feel exhausted..I need something cold, a glass of water. Throwing back the covers, I step out of bed. My foot touches something soft--and--furry. Terrified, I jerk my foot back. Oh, no! That was just a dream, just a dream.



Frantically, I fumble for the light switch, press the button. The room is flooded with light, and there before my eyes, staring up at me, is . . . Smoky, my very bewildered cat.

Elaine Rose '54

THE DANCE

I knew that sooner or later I would have to. I had been avoiding it all night. Now this was the last dance. Perhaps I could duck out before I was seen. Too late, I thought. Here she comes. The music started and I felt foolish. I kept excusing my clumsiness, although I knew it wasn't my fault. The music stopped as soon as it started and the dilemma was over. After a "thank you," I retired. Have you ever had to dance with your younger sister?

Skip McQuary '55

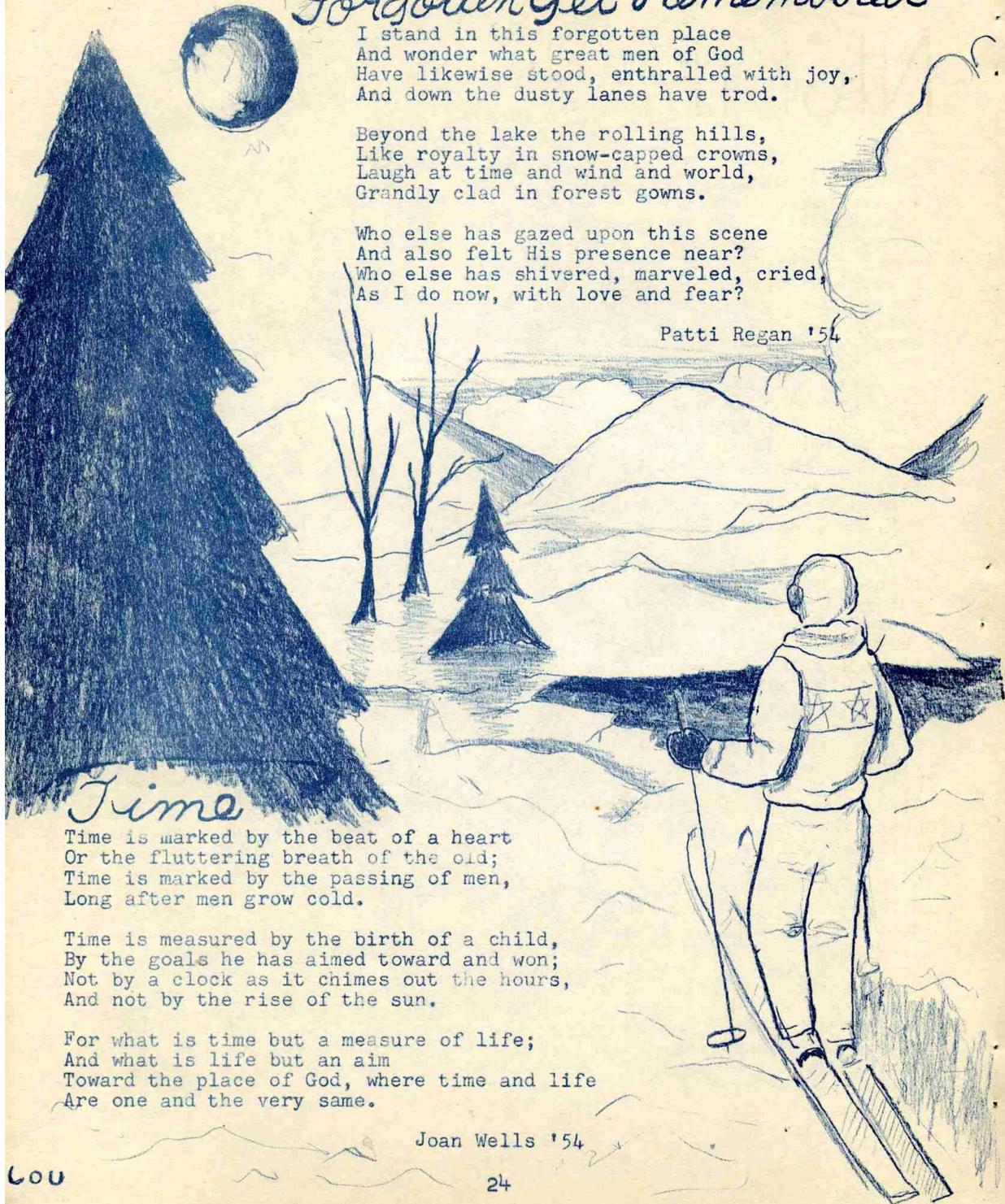
Forgotten Yet Remembered

I stand in this forgotten place
And wonder what great men of God
Have likewise stood, enthralled with joy,
And down the dusty lanes have trod.

Beyond the lake the rolling hills,
Like royalty in snow-capped crowns,
Laugh at time and wind and world,
Grandly clad in forest gowns.

Who else has gazed upon this scene
And also felt His presence near?
Who else has shivered, marveled, cried,
As I do now, with love and fear?

Patti Regan '54



Time

Time is marked by the beat of a heart
Or the fluttering breath of the old;
Time is marked by the passing of men,
Long after men grow cold.

Time is measured by the birth of a child,
By the goals he has aimed toward and won;
Not by a clock as it chimes out the hours,
And not by the rise of the sun.

For what is time but a measure of life;
And what is life but an aim
Toward the place of God, where time and life
Are one and the very same.

Joan Wells '54

Nocturnal Melody

Hazily,
Through the darkness of night,
A melancholy melody floats
Uncertainly.
It touches your heart.
It brings back memories
That you thought you had forgotten
Long ago.
You muse a minute; it lingers
And then floats away into the night--
Perhaps never to return again.

Marylou Taylor '54

Vital Symphony

Life is a song--a melody
filled with laughter and weeping.
Each note rings its poignant tune
before vanishing forever into
nothingness.

Sometimes the notes come
softly, sadly, filling your eyes.
Often the melody soars suddenly
to a peak, then drops again to its
sweet, even beat.

The gay and erratic tune of
youth gradually turns to a more
thoughtful, more beautiful song
of contentment and peace.

Near the end of the melody,
each note becomes sweeter and is
held longer. At last, the final
note sings joyfully toward the
heavens, leaving only the empty
memory of its being to fill the
silence.

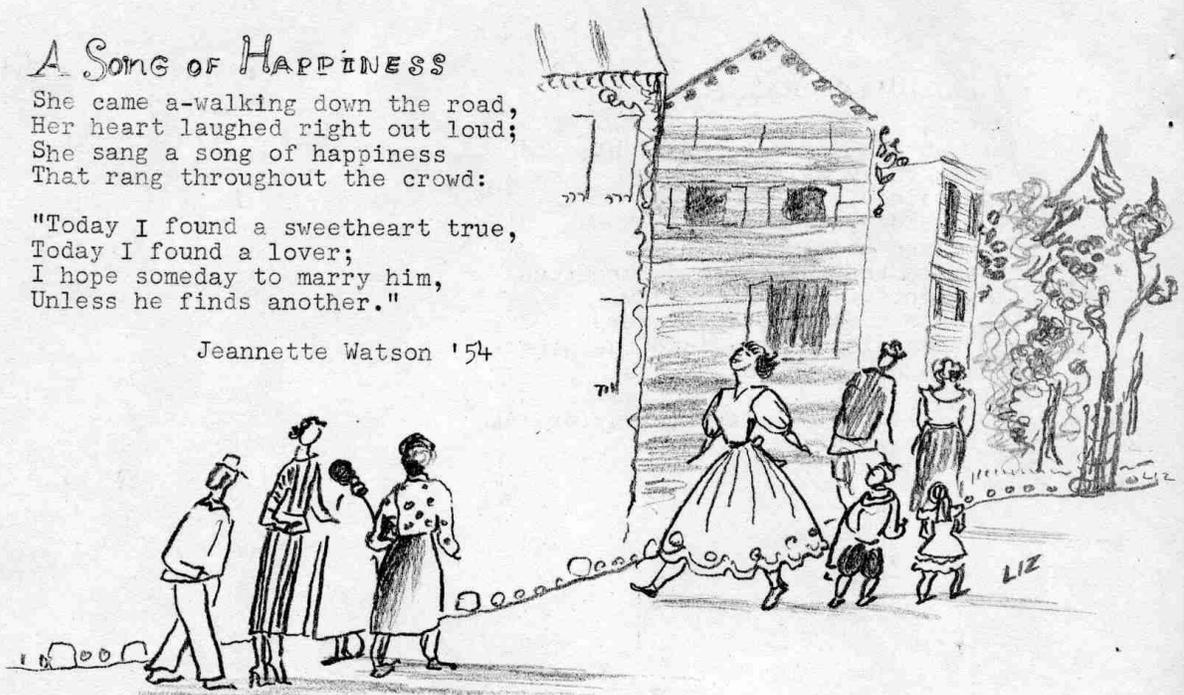
Joan Wells '54

A SONG OF HAPPINESS

She came a-walking down the road,
Her heart laughed right out loud;
She sang a song of happiness
That rang throughout the crowd:

"Today I found a sweetheart true,
Today I found a lover;
I hope someday to marry him,
Unless he finds another."

Jeannette Watson '54



OLD MAN

continued from page 19

The roof and two sides were down, and I saw his bed and covers were gone. The bench was still there, and the lantern too. A lot of postcards were on the ground and the box he kept them in was tipped over, sitting under the bench. A man standing next to me was saying to another man, "It's really too bad." And the other man shook his head and said, "Darned shame."

I watched for awhile before I went home. I told mom about the trucks and those postcards after supper but she didn't say anything. I didn't see those cats around anymore either.

Liz Coe '54

FROM THE GROUND

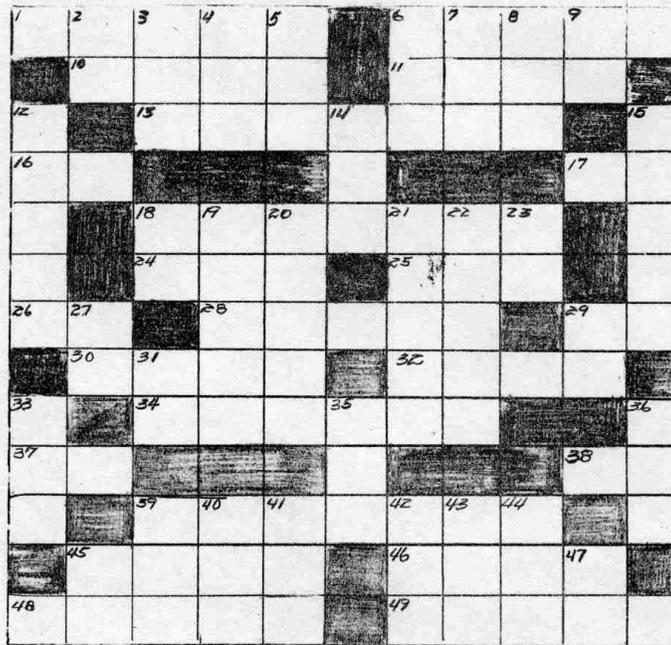
continued from page 13

My family would not come. They were at home, sitting around the fire laughing. They weren't even worried about me. They did not want to save me because they hated me--they tried to force me out of my home by telling me my mind was cracking up. The things were closing in. My family was at home laughing. I was being held tightly by these monsters. They were pulling me down. My family was at home--laughing at me--they wanted me to die--I was being pulled down--my family was laughing at me and I was falling--falling--down--down--down--

Karl Larew '55

CROSSWORD

PUNZLE



DOWN

- 2. a scale on a slide rule (abr.)
- 3. help
- 4. body of water
- 5. eat
- 6. friend
- 7. unit of numbering
- 8. possessive pronoun
- 9. southeast (abr.)
- 12. slopes
- 14. equal value
- 15. dull
- 18. street (abr.)
- 19. attempts
- 20. vehicles
- 21. makes gentle
- 22. speaks imperfectly
- 23. printers measure
- 27. expressing skepticism
- 29. cubic centimeter (abr.)
- 31. note in vocal scale
- 33. lyric poem
- 35. consume
- 36. fiery
- 39. part of corn
- 40. to be in debt
- 41. National Labor Relations (abr.)
- 42. an army aviator
- 43. is able
- 44. high explosive

- 45. note in vocal scale
- 47. electrical engineer (abr.)

ACROSS

- 1. a container
- 6. self-possession
- 10. instead of
- 11. before
- 13. spotted or spots
- 16. indefinite singular article (part of speech)
- 17. Spanish for "the"
- 18. scare
- 24. faithful (phonetic)
- 25. to direct
- 26. a request for silence
- 28. things
- 29. carat (abr.)
- 30. a fatty substance
- 32. narrative tale
- 34. to value
- 37. accomplish
- 38. river in Italy
- 39. to touch
- 45. bird
- 46. a source of sugar
- 48. a military weapon
- 49. to gain admission