

Benjamin's

Gazette

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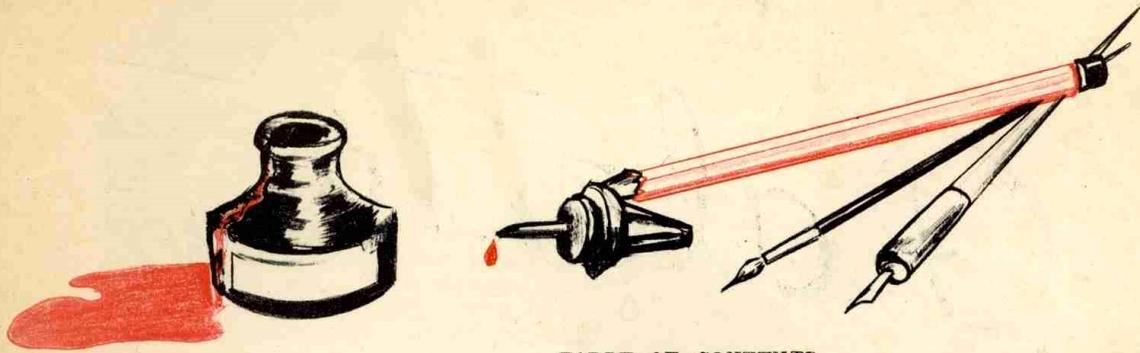


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THE

Palette

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Vol.III, Issue II

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Falls Church, Virginia

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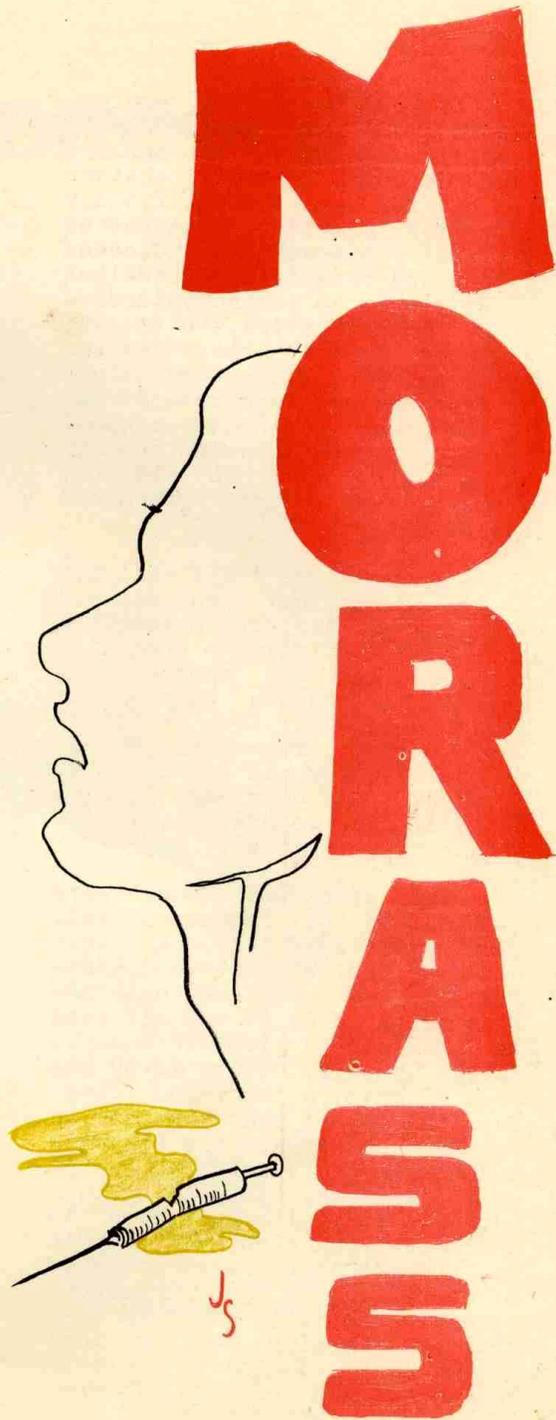
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He was running, running down a long dark tunnel with no end and no beginning. The thing pursued him, he could hear the soft pad of its many clawed feet as they struck the slime underneath. He ran with the agonizing slowness that comes only in a dream, and the thing behind closed the distance between them. The tunnel was vaguely illuminated from an unknown source, and the ceiling dripped water onto the floor. The thing behind him was close now, very close. He could feel its foul, fetid breath on the back of his neck. The stench filled his nostrils, gagging him and sickening him. The thing was almost upon him now, another instant and---

Thomas Spears awoke bathed in a cold sweat. His eyes, dilated and terror stricken, frantically searched the bedroom until they reassured his brain that there was no danger now, and that it had all been a dream, like so many of the others. "How much is a man supposed to take?" he wondered angrily. Things like this didn't happen to other people—having your nights turned into sessions of torture, and being scared to close your eyes for fear of the inevitable nightmare. It had been going on for several months now, he told himself, but tomorrow it was going to stop. Tomorrow there would be some changes made. Tomorrow he would consult Dr. Adolph Huntz, eminent psychiatrist, his boyhood companion and lifelong friend. Dr. Huntz would help him, he told himself. Nodding his head with resolution he extracted himself from the twisted bedclothes and lumbered toward the kitchen, intent on making a pot of strong black coffee. There would be no more sleep for Thomas Spears this night.



At 9:30 the next morning, Thomas Spears found himself facing a small mousy woman sitting behind a desk that looked altogether too big for her. She was finally informing him that, "The Doctor will see you now." She indicated a door and Thomas Spears walked eagerly over to it and entered a plush inner office, obviously equipped for treatment on the premises. Dr. Adolph Huntz got up from behind his desk and advanced toward him, hand extended. His face showed genuine concern as he said, "Nice to see you, Thomas. What brings you here? Business?"

Dr. Huntz was not a well man, or so the medical journals had said, and was subject to fainting spells and difficulty in breathing, and this last was apparent as Spears related his tale of the recurring dream. When the story was over, Huntz drummed his fingers on the desk top and finally said, "I think I can help you, Thomas, but I'll have to make a few preliminary tests first."

The next two hours were meaningless to Thomas Spears. They consisted of inkblots, finger painting, toy blocks, word associations, and other seemingly useless tests. When it was all over, Dr. Huntz rubbed his chin thoughtfully and said, "Yours is an odd case, Thomas, a very odd case. The long tunnel that you seem to run down represents the stresses and strains that surround you in every day life. The thing that pursues you, although even in your dream you don't know what it is, represents the back pressure of everyday life that you subconsciously fear will catch and destroy you, despite the fact that you will not admit it to yourself. You are afraid of life, Thomas, afraid of its little traps and pit-

falls, and you won't let yourself think it, so it comes out in this dream."

This little speech injured the pride of Thomas Spears. He liked to think of himself as a brave man, and the thought of his being scared of something as ordinary as everyday life was a blow to his ego. "Really, Adolph," he began, but stopped. 'After all,' he thought, 'the man is the greatest in his field, he should know what he's talking about.'

"What can you do to help me?" he finally asked.

"Some years ago a shock drug was discovered," Huntz began, "sometimes useful for removing mental blocks such as the one you have. It is used with a sleep-inducing drug of extreme potency. If the sleep drug is used on you, you will dream your dream until I inject the shock drug and it takes effect. The resulting jolt will shake the dream from your mind forever."

"What happens if the drug doesn't work?" asked Spears.

"It will work," replied Huntz. "The only thing that could go wrong would be my failure to inject the second drug. In that case, you would dream and the thing that pursues you in the tunnel will catch you. The emotional shock would stop your heart, and you'd die instantly."

Thomas Spears chuckled dryly at the last statement. Nothing would go wrong. All Huntz had to do was inject the second drug. What could possible go wrong?

Huntz led him to a plush red couch and instructed him to lie down, relax, and roll up his
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THE BROOM

The day was warm and sunny in New Hampshire, and the trail was beginning to slant more steeply upward. It was after one o'clock when we decided to stop for lunch. The ground on both sides of the trail was covered with thick underbrush intertwined between the stands of pine and hemlock trees. There appeared to be no open space nearby, so we decided to eat on a wide section of the path.

There were six of us on the camping trip, four boys, including myself, of about fourteen or fifteen, and two young male counselors to watch over us. Eating lunch in the middle of the trail, we presented a definitely seedy appearance to all oncomers. A number ten can of soup was boiling over a small, smoky fire; knapsacks and packboards were strewn on the path at intervals where we had gratefully dropped them; containers of food were being opened everywhere for lunch; and a couple of the boys were buried in their jackets to escape the mosquitoes.

At about this time we were interrupted by a big man with a grave, serious face, and huge hiking boots. He seemed to be the epitome of hikers. He wasted scarcely a glance on us, and went on quickly up the trail, dodging the food and packs, his wicked-looking sheath knife sawing up and down on his belt with every step. Following him was a string

of boys, we counted eleven, all with excellent equipment and giving the impression of being conscientious hikers. They passed by, grimly pressing on with expressions of disgust engraved in their faces. We looked at each other, feeling a little silly at being found lounging around in the middle of the trail. The feeling vanished, however, and was replaced by astonishment.

As the last boy of the group pounded by, we looked at each other in disbelief, and then stared back at the boy again. To our delight it really was a broom he was carrying, strapped firmly to the back of his frame pack. They soon disappeared around a bend, blotted out by the dense underbrush. Long after they were out of sight, though, we could still hear the sharp click of their metal-heeled

boots against the stones on the trail.

When we finished a leisurely lunch, we loaded up and started slowly up the ever-steepening path. It was our intention to camp for the night at a flattish meadow which one of our counselors knew of on the shoulder of the mountain a few miles away. Our ascent was gradual, but cheerful, and five tiring miles and many rests later we reached our predetermined campsite.

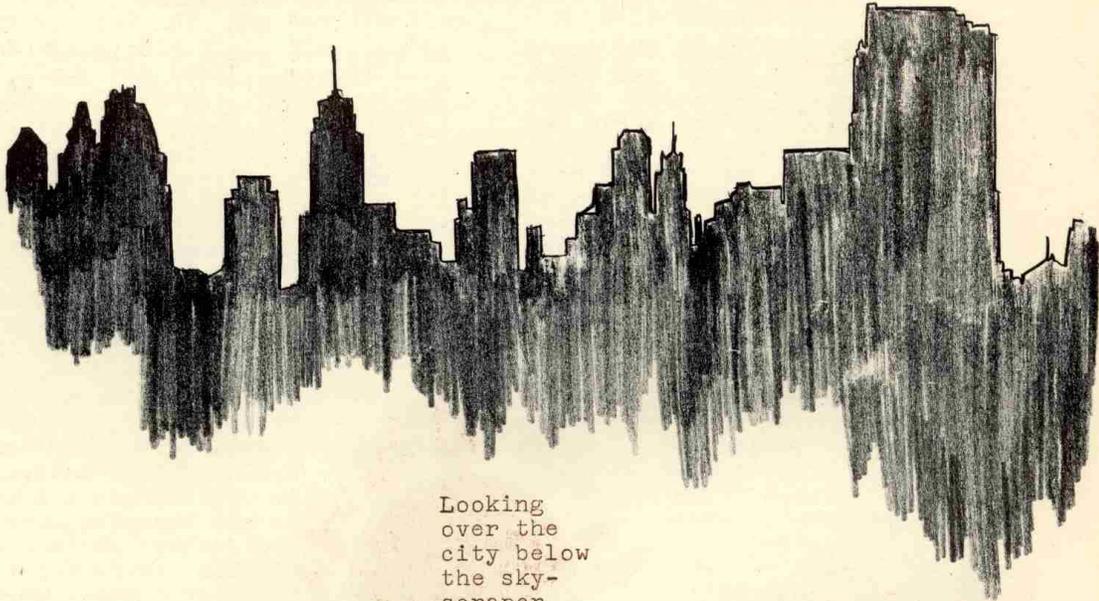
Since it was the only close relatively level ground with wa-

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CP

SKYSCRAPERS



Looking
over the
city below
the sky-
scraper
stands
alone, towering
high into the clouds,
all in a world of its own--
a world where the gold
of the morning sun
glitters bright, while
the street below is
waiting, still in the dark of dawn,
for its share of the golden glow.
A world where the sunset pauses and spends
its last and lingering ray, while deep in
the dusk of the street below,
Twilight has ended the day.

Bill Hansen '59

Black Belt



Fat, sleek cattle, resting in the
shade of a live oak's outstretched arms,
draped with beards of Spanish moss . . .

Tear streaked columns supporting
an old disillusioned mansion on a narrow,
shady street in Selma . . .

Crisp, tinkling glasses spicing the
warm sound of an afternoon tea; whispering
taffeta mingled with low, feminine
laughter . . .

Corky Feagin '56

The Summer



They came like the summer starlings, arriving at the shore in May and leaving in October. They were an average couple in some respects, unusual in others. Looking at the name, "Mr. and Mrs. George Martin," on the mailbox, at the shuttered house overlooking the water, one would have no reason to believe they were different from the many that came to the Florida Keys each year.

Further on down the beach was another cabin, smaller than the first, but neat and well-kept. It was to that cabin that George Martin was walking. He felt an urge, stronger than his migratory instinct, that drew him nearer and nearer until, using his imported binoculars, he could study it carefully. The owner was not around. Disappointed, he turned away, noticing as he did so a spot of color on the golden sand. This was why he always returned.

He looked at her, admiring the raven hair, the lips, redder than a hummingbird's ruby throat, the long, tanned limbs, the scarlet swimsuit. He spoke, rousing her from her nap.

"Vanessa."

She opened her eyes, removed her dark glasses, and smiled at him.

"Mr. Martin. Welcome back to the Keys."

"Aw, Van. How many times have I asked you to call me George? It's wonderful to see you again."

"Thanks, George. Help me up, will you? How's Cyd?"

"She's okay, I guess. How're you?"

"Never felt better." She stretched lazily, knowing the effect it had on him.

"You're beautiful, Vanessa. That suit's gorgeous."

"Thank you, George. A receding hairline looks cute on you; if you don't mind my saying so."

"Please, Van! Don't be coy. You know how I feel."

"Sorry, George. I didn't mean anything about your hair."

"Hang my hair! I love you, Van. Stop torturing me!"

"You love me? What about Cyd?"

"Forget about Cyd! I'm

Starlings

talking about us. I want to know how you feel about me!"

"I'm not accustomed to playing up to married men."

Vanessa turned away. A calculating glint flickered in her eyes and passed away. She made her voice tremble.

"You're a very attractive man, George. I-I don't know. I never dreamed you could care for me. If only you weren't married!"

"I could get a divorce, Van. Cyd wouldn't contest it. You're all I want now or ever."

"Wait, George! How do I know you really mean what you say? For a more mature man like you to get tired of his wife is too common to take lightly. A girl needs some assurance that it's not just a summer thing."

"Come sailing with me and I'll show you."

"All right, George."

"This must be what Delilah looked like," he thought. Taking Vanessa's hand, he led the way to an old wharf where his sailboat was tied. Van climbed in and he unfastened the lines. They unfurled the sails together, the salt breezes dispersing the perfume she used perhaps too liberally. When they were almost a mile from shore he spoke. "This should prove I'm serious." He reached out and drew her hand toward him, placing a heavy box in her palm. Vanessa opened it.

Her eyes widened as he slipped an expensive bracelet onto her wrist. George moved toward her. With a murmur of approval she did not stop him.

.....

Cyd Martinsat outside their cabin, reading a newspaper and idly watching the tiny, far-off sails that danced over the sparkling water. She sat alone as she had done since that day years before when she had lost her baby. Then she had been quite attractive, but years of loneliness had left her empty and broken in spirit, a poor bird following her mate's migrations without knowing why. She brushed back a strand of blond hair and scanned the horizon.

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TATAMONIA

Guam is nothing but a mere hunk of rock and sand about 200 miles square. It is the largest island in the South Pacific. This is a story of a native family of Chormorrans and one of their many superstitions.

Joquina: "Sus, please come down; we must get home before Tatamona time. The children will be afraid. Hurry now, the sun is almost gone."

Sus, high in the top of a coconut palm: "Joquina, forget the superstitions of your grandparents. Tatamona does not exist and even if he did, I, Sus, would not fear him."

Joquina: Hurry, Sus, hurry."

Sus: "O.K. Watch while I drop these coconuts. We make much money on these nuts. Shell, American buy to use for dish, old men make tubs out of coconut milk for feast day and we can sell copra so I can bet on cockfight."

Joquina: "Cockfights, that is where your money goes. The poor roosters, razor blades on their legs! The good Father will not forgive you."

Sus, finally reaching ground: "Let's go home, wife."

As Sus and Joquina load their carabao car, Sus notices a large iguana sunning itself on a

nearby rock.

Sus: "We must organize an iguana hunt next week. They are getting so thick that it is dangerous. I heard last week that one ate the best cockfighter on the island."

Joquina: "You and your roosters!"

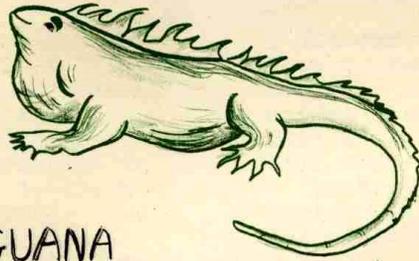
Joquina and Sus arrive at their thatched-roof shack just as the last rays of light fade. As they climb the ladder to the door, Joquina says: "we just made it; it's dark. Close up the house so the evil spirit cannot enter."

Just then Juan, eldest of their eight sons comes screaming to his mother: "Tatamona, Tatamona, he is in the other room!"

Sus: "Quickly, Wife, get the machete. I will kill this finiji. Don't be frightened, Juan, there is no such thing as Tatamona."

Early the next morning as Sus is fishing on the dock, the daily clipper ship lands. The ramp which leads off the plane is set on the dock next to him. The first passenger ashore is a Marine Captain whose height is about 6' 9". Sus takes one glance and screams: "Tatamona, Tatamona!" And he flees homeward.

Dick Weede '56



IGUANA

Remember

Vapors twisted and swirled up from the river, illuminated by lights dimly shining from distant houses, in a night of blackness. There was nothing menacing about the river and its endless darkness; rather the haunting sadness of a half forgotten melody.

On her way across, she stopped and stood looking into the mist with eyes that did not see. Far away, in the loneliness, the fog horn of a river boat penetrated the silence, yet the shadow on the bridge did not hear. For this figure was a woman who in that moment of peace in a restless city stood reviewing the hollow emptiness of her life. And yet she did not cry. For her and those like her, there were no tears.....only acceptance of fate.

Once before, long ago it seemed, two figures had clung together in the shadow of the bridge. That was the night of happiness. They had forgotten what they were and why, for there had been that wondering softness in a hard life that comes on wings of whispering velvet, stays but an hour, then is gone.

They forgot what she was, with the dirt, the degradation, the unseeing tragedy of her useless life. Forgotten was the filth of the gutter, the cheap wine, the false, glittering gaiety of the cafes. In the shadow of the river there was no Paris. The man with the cynical eyes and the ache inside of him ceased for one moment to search for something he would never, in his endless travels, find.

In two lives; hers ugly, tragic, accepting, and his, cynical and hopeless...there was an hour of beauty. One hour to remember all the empty years that would come, each year more shallow and meaningless than the last.

Strangers they were, these two lost people, and strangers they would part. And yet, no



matter where he was, Hong Kong, Alexandria or New York, when fog filled the night with silence, he would remember even as the lonely figure on the bridge remembered.

The softness of the moment would again drift with the mists of a forgotten river, and invade their memory like the song only once heard. But these two people were fortunate...for some people never have that flicker of beauty to remember.

Karen Jean Brock '55

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER

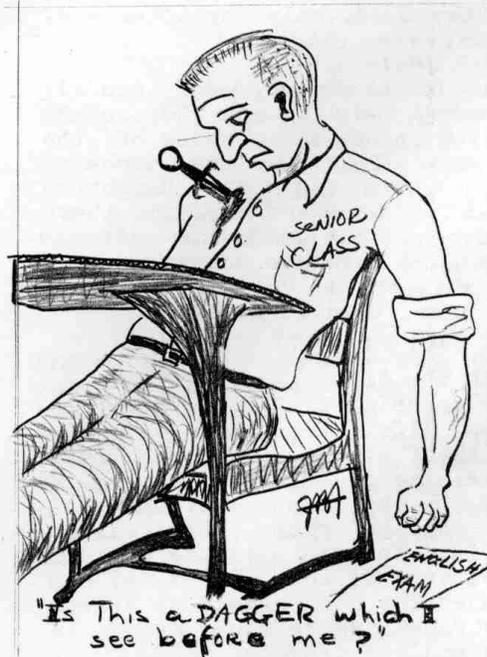
For a long time many people thought that it was impossible to break through the sound barrier. They said that no airplane could withstand the violence of the air blowing over the wings, and other parts of the plane; that the shock of the air would tear the plane apart. All this was true as far as the conventional plane was concerned; it was not built to break the sound barrier. The planes of today, however, are designed to lick these problems; they are built shorter, stronger and most of them are made with swept-back wings. With knife-like edges they cut through the air more cleanly than conventional planes, and are better able to resist the effects of the shock waves flowing over the wings and other parts of the plane.

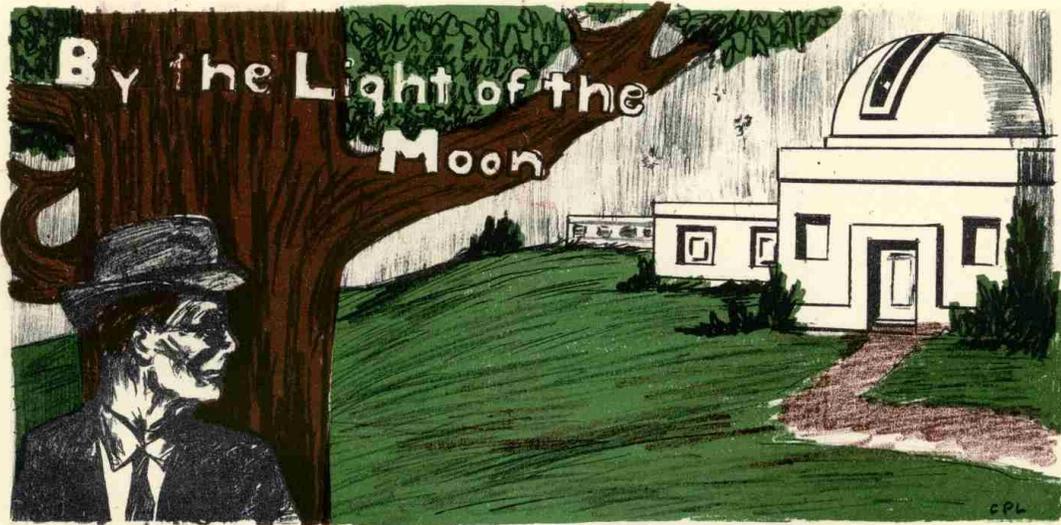
A plane flying slower than sound sets up pressure waves that go out ahead of the plane itself pushing the air aside to make room for the plane. When the plane nears the speed of sound the pressure waves can no longer move fast enough, as the plane itself is traveling as fast as the pressure waves. These pressure waves act like a giant spring which slows the plane down, and hold it back; the waves fix themselves on certain parts of the plane--usually thick parts such as the wing, its front and rear edges, and the flat surfaces of the tail--and shake the plane apart. As the plane increases its speed the shock waves can no longer keep up with the plane and slide off from the front to the rear edges and finally are left behind altogether. This is what is known as breaking the sound barrier. Once you have done this it

is like flying in a huge world of silence.

During the Second World War many fliers would occasionally approach the breaking-apart speed when they went into their dives. Fliers knew about them. People did not believe the stories they told of how they could see the shock waves race through the plane, so some of these fliers took their planes up again, this time taking photographs of the ripples in the plane's structure. These photos were a great help to plane designers, for once they saw how the shock waves acted on the plane, they were able to design wings and bodies that could resist the angry air.

Bob Koontz '55





The men, who were to die, stood grouped around the huge telescope. The room was dark, with the exception of a dim red light behind them. A low hum from the telescope's driving motor broke the silence. Clouds covered the moon. The astronomers hoped the clouds would break and permit a photograph to be made of the moon as it passed in front of Venus.

In a grove of trees outside the observatory a dark figure crouched. He, too, hoped the clouds would break, but for a different reason. He was an astronomer, a colleague of those in the observatory dome. He was supposed to be with them now, but he had begged off "due to illness". He was ill, all right--mentally ill. For he had installed in the observatory, before they arrived, a device that was to blow into bits three astronomers and a \$250,000 telescope.

The murder weapon was a beautiful machine worthy of a prominent scientist. The ingenious instrument was audaciously bolted to the telescope tube. There was

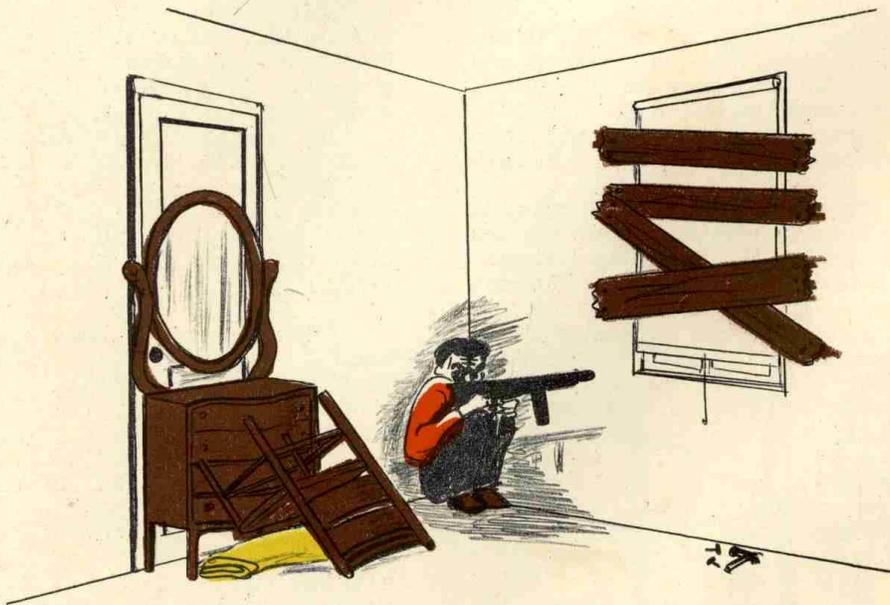
no need to hide it, for the telescope was used by several different organizations, and one of them was always attaching some special instrument to it. The weapon was incased in a black box containing twenty pounds of a delightfully powerful explosive, made personally by the murderer in the university chemical laboratory. The box also housed a photocell, a clock, and a fifteen second timer. A photocell is sensitive to light, moonlight will trip it; but not the light of Venus.

The telescope was tracking Venus. When Venus and the moon met, the moonlight would trip the photocell, set off the timer, and, at the expiration of fifteen seconds, detonate the bomb. When he installed the bomb it was light, so a provision had to be made to prevent its immediate explosion as a result of daylight hitting the photocell. For this reason a clock was added to the mechanism. The clock would not uncap the photocell until ten minutes before the bomb was to

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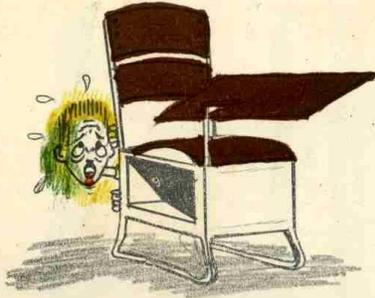


"DON'T YOU JUST LOVE PICTURE WINDOWS?" CPL

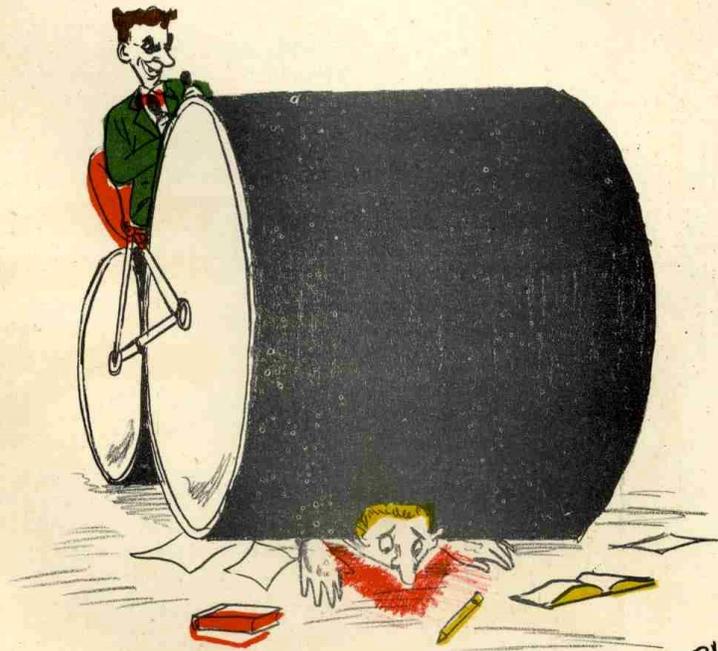


"A MAN NEEDS A LITTLE
PRIVACY."

CPL

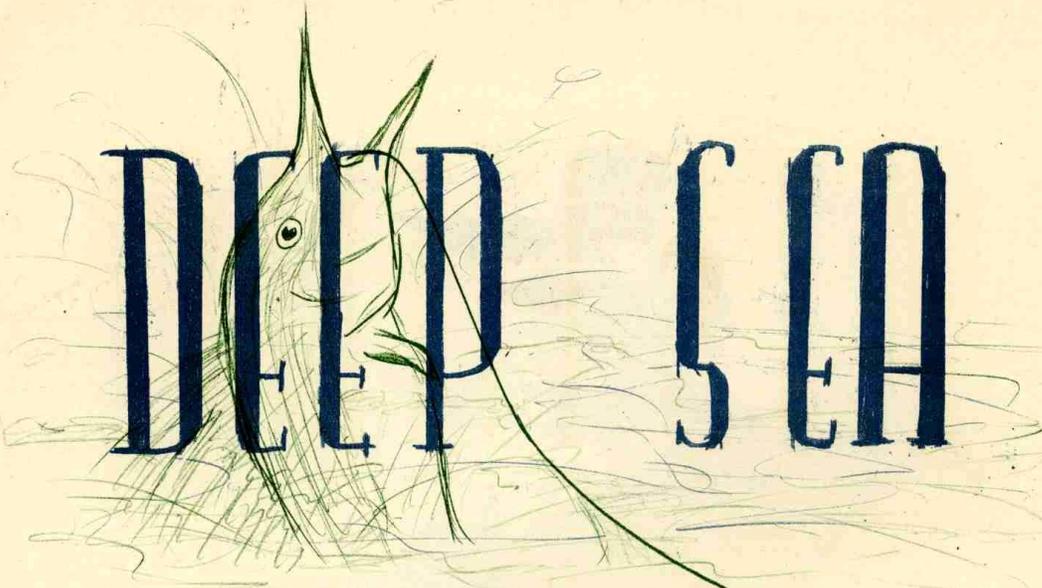


"IS SHE GOING TO CALL ON ME?"



CPL

"HE REALLY GRADES HARD!"



DEEP SEA

I awakened feeling excited and tense, for I was looking forward to a day of deep sea fishing. It was early in the morning but it appeared that the hot Florida sun wouldn't be out for a while that morning. The sky was heavily overcast with rain coming down out in the ocean.

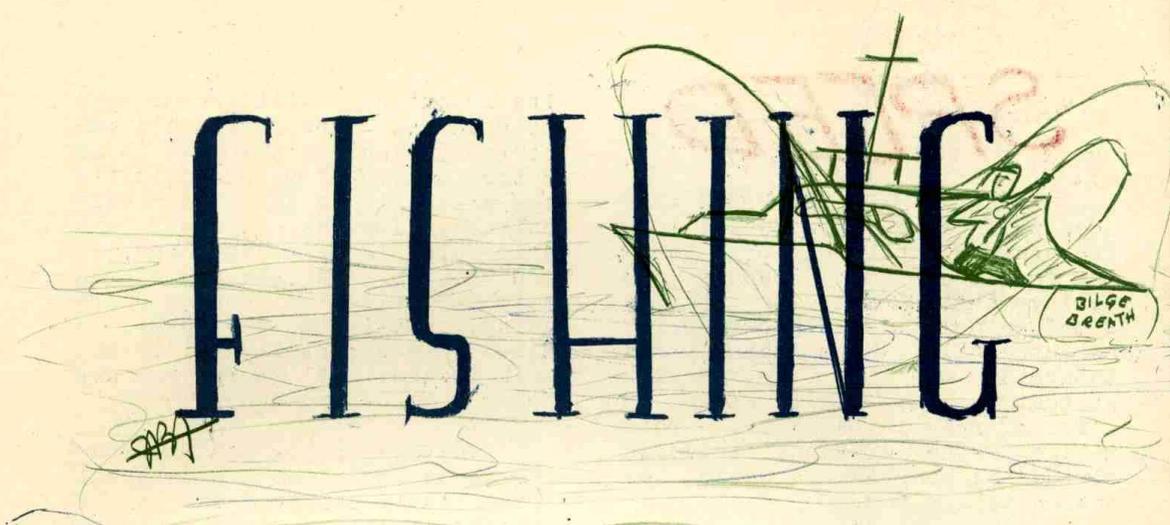
Our boat was the "Sail Ahoy," piloted by Captain Jorgensen. His parties have had remarkable luck during these off months when the sails are mating out in the warm Gulf Stream. The mates took care of the baits and rigged all the tackles. The boat was handsome. She had a large outrigger on either side. Her stern was open with three leather covered trolling chairs. She had a flying bridge topside and two bunks and a gallery forward. The twin motors with a "shore to shore" radio complete with instruments.

We got under way about 8 o'clock along with all the other charter boats. Immediately the mate rigged the baits. He used large compound hooks in a small mullet with its backbone removed.

The line was nylon, probably about sixty-five pound test. The rods were short and heavy, equipped with large Penn reels. Four of the setups we used for surface trolling for the sails. The average sailfish caught off this part of Florida ranges from six to seven and a half feet. If a fisherman follows the ethics of the sport, he is allowed to keep his first sail but is required to release all the others he may catch unless they are tackle busters. The boats work together keeping in touch with one another by "Ship to Shore." The captains inform each other where the fish are biting.

The mate let out the four surface baits as we moved through the inlet into the ocean. As we came into the ocean the breakers rocked and pitched us a bit. The captain gunned the motors past two thousand rpm to get past the turbulent area caused by the inlet. Already I saw small fish in schools, breaking as they were chased by some species with a high dorsal, probably the common bonita.

FISHING



The mate went forward to use the telephone.

"Barn-owl to Sea Dog, Barn-owl to Sea Dog. Over," he repeated.

"Sea Dog to Barn-owl. Just get out?"

"Yeah, we just passed the red buoy. How's it coming out on the reef this morning?"

"Nothing much yet."

"I saw a baby dolphin. First one I've seen this year. Cute little fellow. He jumped right behind our bait."

"Well, let us know if you see anything."

"Will do."

It was raining now and the lightning was crackling around us in zigzag formation. Because of this we were afraid to let out the steel line for deep trolling. The four lines out were in holders around the inside of the stern. Two were on the stern

corners and two rods were in holders between the stern and cabin top. These lines ran up along the outriggers then trailed back about fifty yards so as not to tangle with the stern lines.

We trolled along at a slow speed for several hours with only one strike. By now the sky had cleared a bit and the warm sun rays were beaming through the clouds. Now we let out the steel line. Bill took the center chair. He wasn't there more than two minutes when zing! Something was making the reel scream. He reeled in heavily at first, then the mate told him to slow down. He began to work with the fish, taking it easy when he made his run but gaining ground on him when he stopped. This baby seemed to be big. The reel wound in and screamed out for about twenty minutes. Bill said his arms were tired, but he kept horsing him in until a long blue streak was visible in the churning water behind the transom. The mate grabbed a gaff as I pulled in the line by hand. When the darting

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SPEED

"SPEED LIMIT: 25 MPH." What does this mean? For one thing, it means a slightly unhappy feeling for those many people who believe that 25 miles an hour is a maddeningly slow speed to drive an automobile. More than this though, it means that a car, moving at that speed, would cover 25 miles of road in one hour. This is speed--the distance traveled divided by the time in which the motion took place.

You may think that now, while you read this, you are "at rest". But speed (and velocity, which is speed in a specific direction) is relative. True, relative to the room in which you read this, you are not moving. However, as you know, the earth moves around the sun, and, since you started reading this article, you have moved over 360 miles in the earth's orbit. Of course, you aren't aware of this since everything around you is moving at the same velocity. But this relativity illustrates an important characteristic of speed--when one is measuring the velocity of an object it is necessary to have a set frame of reference on which to base measurements. In airplanes this problem is recognized--speed is recorded in "airspeed", the plane's speed relative to the ground. One plane that is capable of a higher airspeed than another might take longer than the slower plane to go 1000 miles because the faster one could be hampered by headwinds.

It is also necessary in comparing speeds to use the same system of recording time. Perhaps this may seem obvious, but

its importance will become more apparent. There is another important principle involved in the determination of speed, and that's the principle of addition of velocities. Imagine yourself on a ship going 12 miles an hour. If you walk towards the bow of the ship at 3 miles an hour, you are going, relative to the water, 15 miles an hour; similarly, if you walk toward the stern, you are going 9 miles an hour.

That is speed. And remembering these important facts about speed, let's compare the speeds of some familiar, and some not-so-familiar things. A man can go a little over 20 miles an hour; certain birds, the fastest living things, can go better than ten times that fast. Men have devised machines capable of speeds in excess of 5000 miles an hour. That's about the fastest speed one will find on earth. But the speed of a rocket is extremely slow when compared to the velocities of the heavenly bodies. Planets move at speeds up to and over 30 miles a second, stars exceed 100 miles a second. Huge galaxies, "island universes," fly through space at 100,000 miles a second and over. But the fastest thing is not a gigantic galaxy, it is the almost infinitely small "light quantum."

Light travels at slightly over 186,000 miles a second. Remember that speed; it's important.

Light never goes more quickly than 186,000 miles a second, and never goes more slowly. Imagine a baseball thrown off the rear of a train moving at 70 miles an hour too, it will drop still on the tracks; for, when 70 miles an hour forward motion is added to 70 miles an hour backward motion, the net motion is obviously zero.

Now imagine a train moving at 99 per cent of the speed of light. If a beam of light was beamed off the back of the train, one would think it would move away from the train at 1% of the speed of light, about 1,860 miles a second. But it would not. A device resting on the track behind the speeding train would record the speed of the light as 186,000 miles a second. No matter where the speed of light is recorded or from what source, it always registers about 186,000 miles a second. Thus we find one of the basic laws of nature--the speed of light is constant for all the universe.

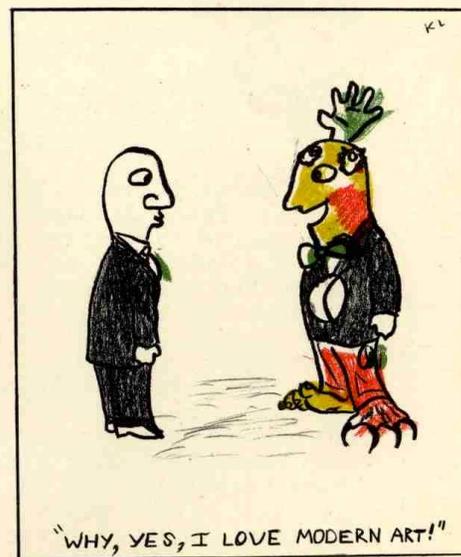
Nothing will ever go faster than light. It is completely impossible. For, as the velocity of an object increases, strange things happen to it. It actually becomes heavier, and it grows shorter! A yardstick weighing 2 ounces thrown at the speed of light would be about 18 inches long and would weigh about 4 ounces. However, it wouldn't become thicker. It would just become shorter, its other two dimensions remaining unchanged.

But the most remarkable thing about extreme speed is the fact that time, itself, passes more slowly as speed increases. If a space ship left earth and flew for 10 earth years at the speed of 167,000 miles a second, and then landed, the occupants would only have aged 5 years. It's as simple as that. "Impossible", but true. Of course, one couldn't actually live longer than the normal life span, because at high speeds one would live more slowly. For, in the above problem, although you would have lived for 10 earth years, you would have been able to do only 5 years worth of living. You would just live more slowly.

But this is not all. When things move faster, they also get heavier. Their mass (which is not exactly weight, but rather means an object's resistance to being moved) increases in the same proportion as their length shortens. At the speed of light, the mass of any body would become infinite. And since it would be impossible to move anything that was infinitely heavy, the speed of light is unattainable.

So, briefly, when something moves very fast, particularly over 90 per cent of the speed of light, it grows shorter, (but, its width and height remain unchanged), it becomes heavier, or more massive, and time moves more slowly to it. At the speed of light anything would become infinitely massive, infinitely short, and, for it, time would stop.

Nothing can move more quickly than light, and light never moves
Continued on page 30



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Judge Werner's gavel resounded through the courtroom like thunder. The people who populated the room rose and stood there in awe. Even the jurymen who had been the deciders stood horrified at the gravity of the thing. But it had been done, and things done could not be undone. The one person whom it concerned the most sat completely alone; alone in a room packed with newsmen, reporters, and curious spectators. His name was Frank Malenti, and just a few minutes ago the judge had pronounced his name along with some other words. Only now did he begin to realize the meaning of those awful syllables. Slowly he rose and was conducted from the courtroom by two muscular men in blue uniforms. He remembered only those words, and they drummed through his head until it ached. "I sentence you, Frank Malenti, to spend the rest of your natural life in the State Penitentiary."

The sky was pitch dark as Frank looked up through the crossbars of his cell window. He recalled how many nights he had looked up through this same window. But this night was different. This night he would know if the air still smelled fresh and clean out there, and not rotten and dead like every breath in this dismal place. Many times he recalled the courtroom scene, many more, the one where he had committed

the terrible sin. He could still see every detail as plain as he could now see the heavy lock barring the exit from this cage. Not that he wasn't guilty; he and he alone had pulled the trigger that dark and deadly night. He had not needed the money, either. But he was 17. His nerves had been like steel when he demanded the cash. The waves of memory engulfed him again; little by little a trembling came up his spine. The owner of the small country store was Ben Hastings. Hastings was not very well liked in the area, but Frank knew that was no justification for what he had done. Ben's wife Martha was a frail, white haired woman whose head came no higher than the third button on her husband's shirt. On that memorable night Martha was at home, and only the heavy breathing of Hastings and this young bandit was heard in the room..

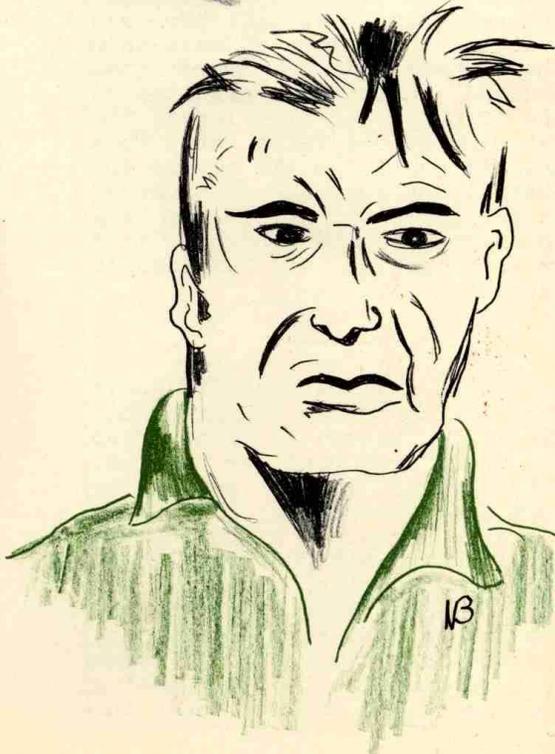
Ben reached for his pocket knife. He would teach this young kid that he needed more than a gun to come in and steal his money. But Frank was in no mood for opposition. He was trembling with fear, and at a loss as to what to do now. He had not expected this turn of events. Scarcely realizing what he was doing, his fingers tightened almost involuntarily. He squeezed the trigger of the black weapon in his right hand. He squeezed it until it spit thunder at the man across from him. He squeezed it only once. But there are times when once is enough.

A sharp rap on the bars of his window jarred Frank back to reality. He got up and they began what they had been planning for months. Yes, he thought, after tonight he could live, again.

Not a single citizen of Twin Oaks would say that Frank Miller was anything but a perfect neighbor and citizen. He gave money to charities, and did many helpful things for his community. Of course, they all admitted that he had his idiosyncrasies. Frank wouldn't have a thing to do with local politics. Once Doc Hammond had wanted to interview him for the weekly newspaper, but Frank was very much opposed to the idea, and wouldn't allow them to use his name. And his aversion to having his picture taken, they admitted, was queer. Why, he would run from a camera as if it were about to blow up. But all in all, these things were really unimportant, they agreed.

Frank had come to town four years ago, when he was 24. He had married one of the local girls and they now had two small children. Where he had lived before he came to Twin Oaks, and what secrets he might have in his past were things the complacent citizens felt were none of their business. The town was populated by approximately two hundred people. Of these, only two knew Frank's secret. Only Frank and one other person knew of the fear and worry that he had felt these past years. Although she never discussed the subject, Frank's wife, Jean, was aware of his hidden secret. Suzy, their little raven-haired daughter of two, and six-months-old Billy, were too young to know or to understand.

The four of them lived in a small modern house, and the mortgage payments had been met regularly. With Jean's love and understanding, and the warm friendliness of his neighbors, Frank's



fear began to diminish slowly, his animal instinct to hide lessened, and his thoughts were turning to helping others and to improving his town. No one would ever suspect that this gentleman was a murderer.

J. B. Collins, owner of the Collins Refining Company, sat before his desk in his dark gray business suit and gulped down another pink pill. He and his associates were confronted with a great problem. Business was falling and sales were dropping. No one had been able to suggest any solution. As J. B. sat there, he thought of something, perhaps just the idea they needed to forestall insolvency. A new road had just been completed from Oklahoma City to Tulsa, a grand new super-highway. J. B. proposed to count the number of cars using the highway and to award five hundred gallons of gasoline to the 10,000th car to leave the turnpike at the Tulsa gate. Thus he would publicize his ailing industry, and the only cost would be the gasoline. He leaned back in his chair, his thoughts lost in anticipation of the plan's success.

Jean and Frank sat in their cozy living room by a warm friendly fire. The two of them often sat here and read or talked. They talked about everything from the caterpillar that Suzy had discovered, to whether the president should vote the latest bill. Everything, that is, but that one big issue. But tonight the subject had been brought up, and the very mention of it seemed to turn the fire into a hissing red snake, and the draperies into

ghostly arms reaching out for them. The talk of his years in jail, the break, and of his changing his name from Malenti to Miller had come as a result of an article Jean had seen in the evening paper. Just a tiny article, but Jean gave an involuntary gasp as she read the small black type. Together they read the article which revived the memories he had long tried to forget, the article telling of the death of Martha Hastings. As Frank and Jean talked, reliving the horrid details, they never heard the light knock on the door, nor the slight squeak it made as it opened to admit fifteen-year-old Darleen, who had come to find out if they wanted her to babysit for them next Wednesday evening. Darlene had knocked, and when no one had answered, she had walked in, as she had done so many times before. She heard their voices, and walked toward the living room, intending to call out. But hearing the tones, somehow she kept quiet. She stood there silent, not immediately realizing the seriousness of the words she heard. As the awful truth came to her, she decided to flee, but Frank heard her as she walked toward the door.

With the speed of a cat, he jumped up and separated Darlene from the exit. It was hard to tell in this little scene who was the most frightened of the three. Darlene shook with fear, she knew she was at the mercy of one who had killed before, and might do it again. Jean was afraid for her husband and children, as well as for Darlene. Frank was more afraid than any of them, but fear was nothing new to him. He was afraid of himself, of what he had done, and of what he might

do. He was afraid of his ruined life if Darlene should reveal his secret. Four humans were at the mercy of this fifteen-year-old girl, yet she was trembling before all of them. As Darlene stood before him, her hair black as that of his own Suzy, Frank knew that he could never harm this young girl. It was not Darlene's fault that she had learned of his awful past.

He walked slowly toward the door. His hand grasped the knob, turned it, and with a thrust he pulled open the door.

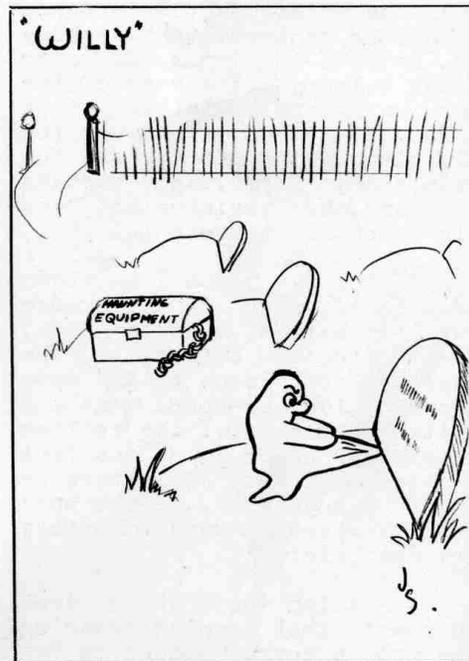
"Go home, Darlene," he said, his voice firm, yet the high-pitched undertones gave away his anxiety. Darlene paused for only a second, then ran out the door. She ran the whole way home, where she burst into tears in her mother's arms.

Jean and Frank knew that they must leave this town which had been the only worthwhile part of their lives. If they could find a new town where no one knew them, perhaps they could still save the children's future happiness. Jean wakened Suzy and carried the sleeping Billy to the car. Frank got Jean's coat, they got in the car, he stepped on the accelerator and they sped away. Frank was running away, yet never in his life had he such a feeling of facing things. He had given up his happy home for one girl. He had sacrificed his life for the life of another. Yet he would not have it any other way.

Frank did not speed, for he knew that the quickest way to attract police was to make a cause for them to be there. He drove slowly and cautiously, but with the haste that a trapped being uses when he faces something

that is new and yet is the same thing that he has feared for years. Neither of them said anything as their car swung left to enter the Oklahoma City-Tulsa Turnpike.

Now was the time that the day ended. The sun still had a rosy glow, but the gray fog of night was beginning to envelope the sky. The car with the two dejected adults and their small children pushed onward, away from the town which had housed and protected them. The road was heavy with traffic, but no more than usual. The car's headlights reflected off some distant objects. They were approaching the Tulsa gate. Frank realized that something unusual was happening. A black car stood out from the rest. Not the car alone, but its uniformed driver, Continued on page 31



Word By Word

"It is the slow encroachment, word by word,
of sleep upon the wakened mind...."

R. P. Blackmur
"Scarabs for the Living", VIII

"Good morning, Bill." I was one of the few in the store privileged to call W. H. Lowdermilk, Jr. by this familiar term.

"Hello, there, Mr. Standly."

We entered the high-ceilinged, tiered interior of the book store, familiar as an old shoe. It was not a bright, modern store. It was dark, almost medieval, except for a counter to one side upon which were kept the garish, glossy paper-backs. At the other side, the print section offered a pleasing contrast, very English and antique-looking. The desks on the balcony in the rear of the store were barely visible to us as we stepped in. That was the only place in the store where the efficiency, forms, and dictums of modern merchandising had been able to obtain a foothold.

In the few years I had been here, I had grown to love those rows of shelves, back to back, reaching to the ceiling.... the glass-enclosed cases for the more expensive leather-bound books and limited editions.... the rolling ladders for one to go up ten feet to obtain packets of letters or unbound manuscripts.... the huge cabinets where the maps and prints were kept flat.

I settled back at my desk and spent that morning ordering maps from a correspondent in New York. I enjoyed this kind of

work; it was like being a child turned loose in a toy store. Not a great many customers were coming into the store that day; it was past the time of year when we had many students buying up the text books.

Around the middle of the afternoon, I was lounging at my desk, having finished my ordering. The boss-man was out, and I was on sales duty. There hadn't been a customer in over half an hour and I was nearly asleep when I heard footsteps on the linoleum floor in front of my desk.

"May I help you?"

"No, no, thank you."

It was a young man and woman, I'd say in their twenties. They belonged to one of the largest categories of our customers: those who just come in and look around because they have nothing better to do. They were both somewhat seedy-looking; the young man had on a worn covert overcoat and an ordinary grey felt hat. The young woman wore the working-girl's uniform. It was painfully obvious that they were "struggling together." They looked like they had perhaps married too early and were now aged beyond their years. They would never get out of their grubby little world. I shuddered as I thought how much chance there was of my doing so.

I watched them look up and down the Modern Library counter and swung back to my view of the street outside and watched that sector of life. From time to time, I heard them as they wandered around the store. They seemed to be talking every once in awhile of nothing of consequence. They wandered up toward me and I watched them idly as they glanced over the prints.

I was startled when I looked at the young man's face and saw the tension there. It was not a violent or harsh tension, but a steady, wearing, grinding, oppressive tension. The set of his mouth, the skin drawn over his cheek-bones, the abstracted look in his eyes was unnerving. The girl moved about with an all too obvious air of preoccupation. They spoke of nothing but the prints, making idle and absurd remarks, trying to laugh at some of the more stupid ones. They moved on; I watched them and saw the tension that I hadn't noticed before in the way they carried themselves.

It had been a disturbing scene, not exciting or maddening, only provocative. My eyes were wide open now; I looked at the world outside the door with more perception now, at the store with more concern and interest, and at my life from an unfamiliar and unpleasant perspective. I felt the depression that unguided acuteness of the minds sometimes brings on.

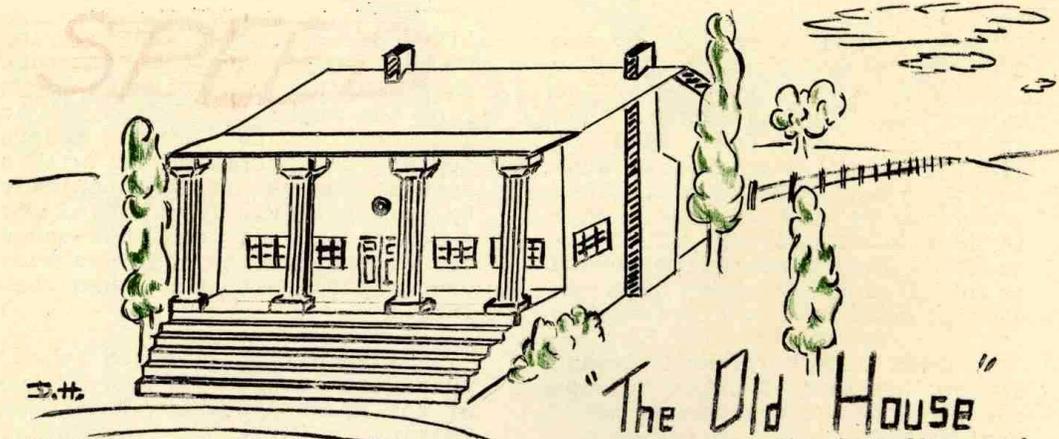
The couple drifted down along the shelf behind me. They were looking over some contemporary poets. I could hear the man pick up a volume and begin talking about its author. He was baiting her; I could hear in his voice that he knew she didn't

like the poet. He was enjoying himself and it irritated him that she wasn't. He began to quote from the book; he forced her to a general statement on modern poetry and received it with a cutting remark followed quickly by an apology. They talked for a moment on this and then moved on, silent, but the chip was more precariously situated than before.

When next I glimpsed them, they were at the far end of one of the great shelves. They were talking quietly but earnestly. I couldn't hear their conversation but I saw in their gesticulations that they were arguing intensely over some small matter. Suddenly, the young man wheeled, shot back, "Forget it!" and walked away as fast as he could without drawing attention. But mine had already been drawn into their drama.

Continued on page 32





PROLOGUE-----

The House was built in 1798. It was a beautiful house of the times, large and drafty, and it stood far back from the road. It was the center of local society, and there were always parties and balls for the elite to attend. But gradually, over the years, the bright fires of activity died out, leaving only embers that soon were to extinguish themselves.

The house, like all those of its time, was located on a large, wooded estate. And the first owner, who loved the house and its surroundings, left provisions in his will so that when he died, the house and its estate were to be kept up exactly as they were left; that nothing be changed; nothing new be added. And, as the years wore on, the country around the estate became built up. Queenstown, only a small village in the latter 18th century, became a thriving city.

Then came the Atom War--and rows of square structures, exactly alike.

And finally there came the Nuclear War which caused the near destruction of the Earth. Around the estate (which for some strange reason had never known the ravages of war) were built long oblongs of concrete-and-lead buildings.

But through it all, the House remained the same.

The captain was a young man who, like all of his generation, believed in efficiency. It was not odd, therefore, that he uncovered records of the House.

"General, that house should be investigated. It is extremely odd that a house of its vintage should survive the wars of our time when all else has crumbled. And may I ask why, until I discovered its presence, no one even

knew of its existence? It's not fifteen minutes flight from here!"

"Calm down, captain, before I forget myself. It will be investigated--by you!"

"But," the captain was aghast, "it's radioactive out there!"

"Exactly," explained the general, "why no one knew of the house. No one ever goes outside any more. And why should they? The human race lives under-ground for the most part now. Only we military remain on the surface. But don't worry;--we've got suits for you and your men."

The blades of the helicopter slowed to a stop, and the copter landed just outside of the still wooded estate. The captain secretly marvelled that anything still grew in this desolated radioactive wasteland.

The grounds were bordered by an old, old fence. It had given way in places, but was remarkably intact. Directly in front of the 'copter was a gate and through it the men could see a pathway leading back through the house itself was out of view, being hidden by a rise.

The day was a sunny one, and the trees were green with spring foliage. The captain was beginning to enjoy the day. It would be almost pleasant if he weren't bothered with the heavy suit.

But he marched forward, blasted down the gate, and led his men up the path. As they progressed, the men stopped talking and the scene took on an oppressive air. As he puzzled, he realized that no longer were the trees green and beautiful; the

woods were dark and dismal, and as they marched on, the ground became covered with leaves.

The men began complaining; they were tired, and they had marched for half an hour in heavy suits, suits weighing over forty pounds. They were unused to such strain. Finally they stopped. One man looked at his 'counter.

"Hey! This place ain't radioactive at all!" The men looked at their own geiger counters. It was true; the count was almost zero. "I'll be d-----! How do you figure that?" said another of the men. "I'm leaving my suit right here!" The others followed his lead, and soon all including the captain were free of the cumbersome affairs.

Then one of those who had looked ahead shouted: "C'mon! I can see the house just the other side of this rise," The men were running now. They were anxious to get to this, the object of their long and tiring march.

It seemed to be getting warmer and the captain was glad he had shed his suit. He walked onto what he knew to be a porch and knocked at the large oak-panelled door. He really didn't expect an answer, and wasn't surprised to find the door loose. He led the men in, and they began to search the place. The men were curious, since this was the first time any had seen, let alone been in, a pre-war house.

In the course of his search, the captain discovered the windows. He was fascinated. Then as he looked out, he noticed that the leaves were no longer on the ground. The trees were green!

Continued on page 29

Morass--Continued from page 4
shirt sleeve. He confidently closed his eyes as Huntz prepared to inject the sleep drug, flinched a little as the needle entered his arm, and then watched trustingly as the Doctor picked up the syringe containing the shock drug that would dispel his nightmares forever.

His look of trust changed to one of horror as Huntz suddenly purpled, and doubled over in a violent coughing fit. The Doctor was having one of his fainting spells, and as he slumped to the floor, the needle containing the precious drug slipped from his hand and rolled across the carpet.

"No!" screamed Spears as he scrambled off the couch and stumbled toward the needle. "Must inject drug! Must! Must!" he babbled.

The sleep drug was already taking hold of him and his movements were those of a drunken man. He fell forward, groped blindly until his hand closed over the syringe.

"'Fraid to die, 'Fraid, " he murmured as he lifted the needle. Blackness swept over his brain in waves, and with his last remaining ounce of strength he jabbed the syringe downward toward his wrist. The needle shattered against his watchband and the precious life-giving drug spilled out over the carpet, staining it a shining yellow. "No," he whimpered, "no, please."

The blackness engulfed him.

He was running, running down a long dark tunnel with no end and no beginning. The thing pur-

sued him, he could hear the soft pad of its many clawed feet as they struck the slime underneath. He ran with the agonizing slowness that comes only in a dream, and the thing behind closed the distance between them. The tunnel was vaguely illuminated from an unknown source, and the ceiling dripped water onto the floor. The thing behind him was close now, very close. He could feel its foul, fetid breath on the back of his neck. The stench filled his nostrils, gagging him and sickening him. The thing was almost upon him now, another instant and-----

A hairy talon closed over the back of his neck and he screamed and screamed and screamed.

Karl Gould '55

I Am Everything

I am the sketchbook of God,
The stars, the waters, the land.
I live in the minds of men
everywhere.

I am their hopes, fears,
Their wants, their loves,
Their everything.

I am the song of the world,
I begin, I end,
I start, I finish.
I am everywhere.

I see all, I hear all,
I know all, I do all.
I am everything,
I am all.

Bob Ferguson '56

The Old House - Continued from

page 27

The captain didn't like this place. It was large, multi-storied and flimsy. He had all the information he needed. There was no use wasting further time here. The captain wanted to go--and fast!

He called to his men--funny, they'd been awfully quiet for the last few minutes--but no one answered. He called again. Fear and anger were in his voice. Where were they? Damn them, they'd better come a-running when he called! But there were no answers to his frantic calls. Well, he'd had enough of this place. Men or no men, he was leaving. And thoroughly fed up and not a little scared, the captain walked out the front door. And sat down rather abruptly.

Directly in front of him was what he had once seen in a museum--back when they had anything called a buggy. It was not antique as was the one he had previously seen; it was well worn, but newish looking. Feeling as though he had been kicked in the stomach, the captain ran up the path. It seemed only a minor shock that his suit was not where he had left it.

But then he had noticed that the leaves were on the ground again. And the captain, all semblance of dignity gone, bolted down the path. As he ran, the light seemed to flicker, as if a giant candle was to be held high up in the sky. He didn't notice the intermittent piles of leaves as he stumbled through them.

And strangely, it did not take long--not over five minutes--before he approached the edge of the woods.

He glanced fleetingly at the gate, searching for the helicopter--and did a double-take. The gate was not old; blasted--but new!

And then he looked beyond the gate--seeing for the first time the town of Queenstown in the distance.

EPILOGUE-----

And though they wondered at the strange thing that had happened, the people of Queenstown buried the body of the strangely clothed man in their churchyard on that day of June the third, 1799.

Ted White '56



Speed-continued from page 19
at a speed other than 186,000
miles a second.

There are several fairly simple equations that explain all this. In them we designate the length of our moving body while "at rest" as x , its width as y , and height as z , and the rate of its clocks as t ; and, we then designate its length while moving as x' , its width as y' , height as z' , and rate of clocks as t' . Have v be its speed, and c be the speed of light; also have m be its mass at rest, and m' be its mass at rest, and m' be its mass moving.

(1) $y' = y$ (2) $z' = z$

(3) $x' = \frac{x - vt}{1 - (v^2/c^2)}$

(4) $t' = \frac{t - (v/c^2)x}{1 - (v^2/c^2)}$

(5) $m' = \frac{m}{1 - (v^2/c^2)}$

Whether you want to bother with these or not is your own choice; just remember, they're simpler than they look. Under any circumstances, it's just as if Nature put a huge sign up in the universe, SPEED LIMIT 186,000 MPS.

Steve Stephens '56



Deep Sea Fishing-continued from
page 17

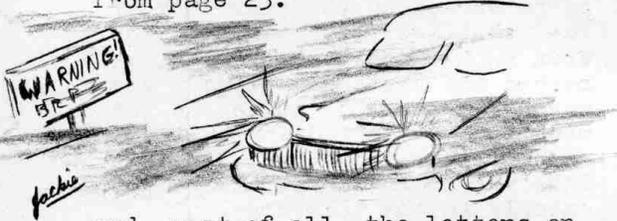
blue shape was up close enough, he gaffed in the large hook and wrestled him up over the stern into the large bait compartment. It was a splendid specimen of a wahoo, brother to the king mackerel.

After this we hauled in a large barracuda, two bait size bonita, about fifteen pounds each, and a big white marlin, about two-hundred fifty pounds. The marlin took two hours of exhausting, line-burning struggling, but what a prize. We used the block and tackle and a boom to haul

this one in. We headed back in about four o'clock. It was a thrilling day, filled with constant tension and surprise. When we got back to the dock, all the people fishing nearby came to examine our catch. They were awed when they saw our marlin. We hung up our catch and proudly took pictures. The mate was to take care of the marlin and to see him smoked. So we stuffed the mackerel in the trunk and headed home, tired, but with pride and a feeling of accomplishment.

Ray Rollins '56

It Might Have Been - continued
From page 23.



and most of all the letters on the side door, Oklahoma State Police, flashed before Frank. His nerves vibrated like a tightly wound spring that has just been released. The palms of his hands grew cold and clammy. He pulled to a stop at the gate with all sorts of questions shooting like piercing needles through his brain. Had Darlene already called the police? Were these people going to take him back to that cell?

When he heard the man at the gate say, "Would you pull over to the side for a minute, sir?", Frank's foot hit the accelerator like a lightning bolt and the car was off. Speed, speed, and more speed. The police car followed close behind him, its wailing siren filling the air. Somewhere a howling coyote joined in the ghostly music. Two solitary cars sped through the night, one the hunter, the other the hunted. The strange thing was that the hunters were not aware of their role. They were only chasing after some driver to tell him that he had driven the prize-winning car through the Tulsa gate, and who was now getting into a lot of trouble avoiding the prize.

Frank had taken all he could, he had finally reached the breaking point. He did not know what to do, he was no longer able to think rationally. He wished that Jean, Suzy, and Bill were

not in this with him. He wished, he hoped, he prayed, and he sped faster down the dark road. He swerved to the left with a force that threw Jean against the car door. The fog was growing thicker and thicker, until the very road was almost swallowed up. The fog had swallowed up something more. Neither Frank nor Jean noticed the roadside sign, "Warning! Bridge Out!" It was only a split second before it happened. Suddenly the road disappeared from beneath them, and it was like sinking into the depths of nothingness.

The rain slowly drizzled down the window. Upon awakening, Darlene had gotten her breakfast, yet she had not felt like eating. Last night she had told her parents the whole story between sobs. Her mother and father had talked it over for a long time. They knew Frank was a reformed man, they thought of all the good he had done for their town. They were the kind of people who took a man for what he was, not for what he had been. Both knew that just as Frank could not harm their daughter, neither could they destroy his entire life with one phone call to the police. Yes, they agreed, in the morning they would go and reassure Jean and Frank that what Darlene had overheard would never be revealed.

Darlene toyed with her egg, then slowly took a bite. Listlessly she picked up the morning paper. As she read the headlines she knew, and as she knew, the rain came down harder and harder, the sky became grayer and more dismal, and the day was black.

Linda Stahl '56

By the Light of the Moon - Continued from page 13
go off. By then the observatory would be dark.

But why the fifteen second delay? Very simple. When Venus and the moon met, the astronomers would gather colselly around the telescope. The fifteen seconds merely gave them time to move near the telescope and thus near the bomb.

"Anexcellent murder weapon! Something only a brilliant mind likemine would conceive!" thought the murderer, as he lay outside in the grove. "They deserve to die! To think of Professor Wilson giving the appointment to Jackson just because of my argument with him! I was the logical choice!... If only it will clear off and the moon will come out so they can die Ah! It's clearing now!"

The moon came out from the clouds just fifteen minutes before its rendezvous with Venus. But in a minute it was back in the clouds, this time for good.

Disappointed, the astronomers left the observatory. The murderer, disappointed for a different reason, waited until after they had left and then approached the observatory dome. He was going to remove his device, to prevent its discovery, and to save it for a later application. Broken-hearted, but, with an "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" attitude, he climbed up to the dome. Knowing the main doors would be locked, he had immediately gone to the huge shutters on the dome. When these shutters were opened, it was through them that the telescope was aimed.

The moon was out again, and as he worked on the weak lock of the shutters, its light shone down on his back. Straining, he pushed the shutters open, and pausing a moment to admire the moonlight reflected in the telescope's lens, dropped silently into the observatory. He walked quickly to the telescope.

His arm was reaching for the bomb as it exploded.

Steve Stephens '56

Word By Word - Continued from page 25

The girl set her jaw and walked in another direction. In a short while, they were together and talking, and I knew the thread was wearing; soon they would be released into the Purgatory of a mental duel with one's better half.

He turned away again with, "ALL RIGHT, damn it!" and started to walk fast toward the door. The girl came after and grabbed his sleeve violently and faced him with an anger that cowed the stoutest. They exchanged their blows in hot, urgent, awful whispers. Soon the young man could no longer talk but just clamped his jaw to hold back the flood of oaths that would have wilted an oak. I felt every muscle in my body tighten as I was drawn into this violent contest of wills. Finally, the girl hissed a "damn" through her teeth and strode out of the store. The young man stayed, gripped by a violence of passion I could only imagine. I watched him as he walked about the store. . . freezing cold and burning hot. His eyes shone through his lids like hot coals, they saw nothing, they betrayed

Finis

Having passed the glass road
And left the silver endless thread
Of ecstasy behind me

Renounced...

I pass now through dark woods
Cold, hopeless, my life--these woods.
I breathe a prayer,

Forgive me.

Karen Brock '55

no sign of reason....reason had left him. He stalked about, taut as a drum, his clenched fists thrust in his pockets, and then he too strode out the door.

I sat for well over an hour, haunted by the cruel, violent vignette I had witnessed....the look in his eyes I would not soon forget; I would think of them when the image of a torn, turgid, tormented soul was called for. The strain in that lean, young-old face stamped itself on my memory... the anger and fright of that girl's face.

I went home that night with my mind beneath clouds, thunderheads. I was saddened to the point of despair.

"Hello, dear. How'd you get along today?" My heart went

out to my wife eagerly, hopefully.

"Oh, that stupid receiving clerk drove me crazy. I've got such a headache..."

"I'm sorry, dear. Let me fix dinner. I'll fix dinner for you."

"No, no. I'll do it."

"But, I can..."

"Please! Just forget about it. I can take care of it."

I said nothing and sat down in my chair, and allowed but a single tear to squeeze out of the corner of my eye.

Dick Fisher '55

The Broom-continued from page 5
ter near, no one was surprised to see our previous acquaintances there. They had set up a neat, immaculate tent for shelter. For cooking they had a small fire laid and a pile of freshly chopped wood stacked up. They were not bustling around, though, but just sat there staring vacantly at nothing.

We began to gather wood for our own fire when one of the boys from the other camping party came over, as if delegated by the others to come. The boy went nervously to our counselor and asked sheepishly, "Have you got a match?"

Rob Coe '56

The Summer Starlings-continued
from page 9

"Always I'm alone," she thought. "Always I sit here and wait for George." Cyd rose and slowly entered the cabin. She gazed at herself in the full length mirror her husband had bought for her the first summer they were married. Then she walked into the kitchen and began preparing dinner. A flamingo flew by overhead. . . .

That evening Cyd didn't notice any change in George's attitude. Nor, as summer wore on, did she find anything unusual in his frequent trips to town, for George was a restless man. She never saw the bills for the bits of jewelry he bought Vanessa. She did not learn of his long distance talks with his lawyers. She knew only a bitter emptiness being married to the man she loved, and yet not being his wife. June and July passed in this manner.

. . . .
On a bright day in August a green convertible drove along the beach. In the sailboat, Vanessa glanced at it. She turned to George.

"I've never seen that car before. I wonder whose it is. Vacationers generally go to resorts this time of the year."

"I don't know, Van. The car looks expensive."

"I'd love to have one like it, darling."

"When my divorce comes through we'll be married. I'll give you one for a wedding present. If Cyd doesn't demand too much alimony, that is."

"You said she wouldn't contest a divorce."

"True, but Cyd has no way to support herself, and the courts would be generous with her. That's why I want to wait until we leave to start actions. An 'other woman' might make it hard for me. I couldn't afford too much and still keep you as well as you deserve."

"You're an angel, George. How I do love you," she said, kissing his brow. Her mind raced, "Alimony! That would take a lot of his bankroll!"

. . . .

Cyd watched the convertible. She raised an eyebrow as it turned into the drive and stopped. She raised the other as the occupant stepped out. He was a tall young man, rather nice-looking, and richly dressed.

"You're Mrs. George Martin, aren't you?"

"Yes. Won't you sit down?" Cyd thought of the plain dress she was wearing and wished she looked better. The youth took a seat facing her, and introduced himself.

"I'm Ken Harvey. The old man at the general store in town said you or your husband could direct me to the spot where the sailboats are kept. I just bought one and I'd like to try it out as soon as I can. Cyd noticed a spoiled look about his mouth, "Probably from having a silver spoon in it too long," she thought. Absently she wondered if he'd ever been denied anything.

"I can, but the directions are a bit too complicated to remember easily. I'll get a pitcher of lemonade and some paper to copy them on." She walked into the cabin, picked up a sheet of stationery, a pitcher, and hurriedly dabbed some powder on her face. When she returned, she was glad she had done so. Without watching she knew Harvey's eyes were assessing her figure, studying her proportions. It gave her a strange feeling. "He's never been denied anything he wanted. Anything!" she decided. It felt unusual to be looked on as a woman. . . . George stared right through her, if he noticed her at all.

"I do hope you didn't go to any trouble for me, Mrs. Martin," remarked the young blueblood.

"Not at all, but please call me Cyd," she replied, thinking, "He thinks he's a regular mariner in his tailored sailor's outfit."

Harvey listened carefully as Cyd explained the directions

she wrote on the paper, but his eyes wandered over her. He asked mentally, "How old are you, Sweetheart? Thirty-five? Put on a sharp dress and a little eye make-up and you'd be a doll I bet."

Cyd sighed with relief when Ken Harvey left, then wondered why. Walking by the mirror on the way to the kitchen, she glanced at her reflection and dropped the empty lemonade pitcher in surprise. She gathered her skirt up around her hips and pretended that she was wearing high heels. Strolling leisurely back and forth she studied herself, realizing that the youth's stares had put her in an entirely different frame of mind.

"I'm good-looking, really! That--that wonderful wolf! He showed me I'm still attractive. If only George--" Her excitement paled and she let her skirt fall. "Why act like a school girl because some junior Lothario who ought to be spanked ogled you?" She wearily picked up the broken pitcher and started to fix dinner.

.

During the remainder of August and half of September, a new sail was visible along the Keys. Ken Harvey took his boat out regularly, filled with the happiness of a new toy in his possession, but by the end of that time his competence more than equalled his earlier thrill and he became bored. Gliding easily over the water, another boat nosed close one day, affording him one glimpse of a tall girl with raven hair. He turned about and chased the smaller vessel. Coming abreast of it he yelled a challenge to race, hoping to see her again, but the person to shout back was a man.

He declined the invitation and headed towards the shore. Ken shrugged and continued, but the memory of her appearance, lolling against the mast, made him note the other's destination. The little island was dull. Black hair and tanned skin were pleasant viewing. . . .

Next morning he brought his boat into the harbor next to George's. Vanessa stood on the bow, her raven hair glossy about her shoulders, her scarlet swimsuit shining in the sunlight. He waved to her and she smiled back.

"What's your name, beautiful?"

"Vanessa. What's yours?"

"Ken Harvey. Waiting for someone?"

"Maybe." She looked at his costly clothes, a huge emerald glittered on his finger. "Maybe not. Why do you ask?"

"I thought you might be hunting for that middle-aged guy you were sailing with yesterday. He's too old for a dish like you.

"He's nice, George is, but I prefer younger men."

"How about going for a spin with me?"

"No tricks. A girl can't walk back from a boat."

"Would you want to?"

Vanessa eyed his emerald again. "Wealthy," she thought.

"I doubt it."

"Hop in then, baby, 'cause I can show you a real good time!"

"Just a minute. We can't let George get jealous. I'll have to leave a note." She scribbled a message, propped it on the bow of George's boat, and then climbed into Harvey's. He grinned and took the tiller. The boat glided silently away. Overhead a flamingo flew by. The harsh cries of the seagulls slowly ceased. Far to the south a radio chattered warning of impending devastation. . . .

George Martin strode to his boat, filled with the excitement of meeting Vanessa again. With puzzled disappointment he read the note.

"Why would Van go to town when I'm going to take her out to the fishing fleet. Said she's been gone all day, too." He frowned and crumpled the note. With a burst of jealous anger he ran from the wharf, determined to wait for her return. "She didn't go to town! That kid in the fancy sailboat took her away!" He mounted a dune, where he could watch her cabin, and sat down, blindly furious.

.

Afternoon wore on. Clouds gathered. . . .

Cyd rumaged around in her closet, for want of anything better to do. Her little radio hummed merrily. So engrossed was she in unearthing the souvenirs of past summers that she didn't hear the worried voice of a newscaster describing a fast-moving hurricane. The music blared forth. Cyd reached over and turned off the set, hauling a vermillion suit out of the closet as she did. She dusted it off thoroughly, then laughed. It was a costume forgotten many years before and

had a short skirt.

"How out of style can you get?" she giggled. "I left this behind in '46. I was going to wear it driving north, then changed my mind and wore a dress I had already packed. This just stayed. Poor little suit, I was heartsick for you, but next year you were old hat. I didn't even look at you. I wonder if you still fit."

She tried it on. It fit smoothly over her hips, the brilliant color emphasizing her blonde good looks. She laughed again. "My figure is the same as it was eight years ago. George will be home soon if it stays dark. Maybe -- maybe he'll think it's funny too. He liked the color."

.

Small-craft warnings went up.

The sky was heaped with murky clouds. The wind grew stronger. George peered at the darkening horizon as a sailboat tied up to the wharf. Ken Harvey and Vanessa stepped out. They ran to her cabin, dodging the first drops of rain. The small house was soon shuttered and closed. No light showed anywhere. George leaped to the front door and pounded on it. Only a high laugh answered him. Huge palms began to sway and creak.

"Jezabel!" he screamed. "All you ever wanted was my money! I hate you! I hate you!" Hurling epithets at the shrieking winds he dashed away; blind, jilted lover.

Hurricane! Great sheets of water, windwhipped, wild; gray ocean, seething, rising to the

thresholds of the cabins. George Martin struggled on, bucking the stinging spray and sand. His sense of direction was entirely lost. Palm trunks crashed around him, as he sought haven. There was a light in the distance: a lantern, held by some person who had braved the storm. Who? His intellect was dulled. He clawed his way toward the faint gleam.

The figure sheeled, its cry lost in the gale. Then she was in his arms. He had to shout to make himself heard across six inches of searing wind.

"Cyd!"

"George! The storm! It's the worst in a decade! The radio went dead--I had to find you--I love you, George!"

He held her against him to protect her. Together they headed toward their sturdy cabin.

The island was bathed in sunshine. Trees lay where they had fallen. Everything had a fresh, clean look. A lone car drove along the causeway, traveling toward the mainland.

"The storm is over," Cyd said.

"In more ways than one," said George.

"Silly, that's what I meant."

"Lord," thought George. "she's beautiful. More beautiful than any cheap black-haired witch could possibly be!" She leaned against him, her blonde hair glowing like a halo. "We're young," he realized. "We're young. We could try again. She might not lose her baby a second time. What an idiot I've been!"

The Dream

I dreamed of a wondrous, wondrous ship
Afloat on a silvery sea,
And bathed in the light of the magical moon
It sailed my vision to me.
It was golden and silver and decked out with stars
'Til it sparkled like burgundy wine,
And its riggings and sails were of gossamer silk
Spun of dewdrops and crystal so fine.

The wind filled his cheeks and he blew out a breeze
To hasten this mystical barge,
Which followed a course that was constant and true
Though the heavens around it were dark.
Thus I gazed at my dream ship as it drifted by,
And I saw through its carlines and beams
All the longings and secrets that I'd ever known,
For it carried my hopes and my dreams.

Kasha Larew '56

"George?"

"Yes, angel?"

"There was a brunette on the island, wasn't there? Would you prefer a brunette?"

"I'm partial to blondes. Blondes in vermillion suits that just reach the knees."

For a minute or so the sedan weaved dizzily. George grinned.

"Don't you know better than to kiss the driver while the vehicle is in motion?"

"Then pull over. We've a lot of time to make up for."

They came like the summer starlings, driven by a strange compulsion, migrating by instinct. In a sense they were birds themselves, lacking only flight as they wandered in search of a nest. Time stood still for them now, and the spell of the Keys came over them. A flamingo soared above two people learning the magic of love, the secret of marriage. A loon echoed its haunting farewell.

Kasha Larew '56

