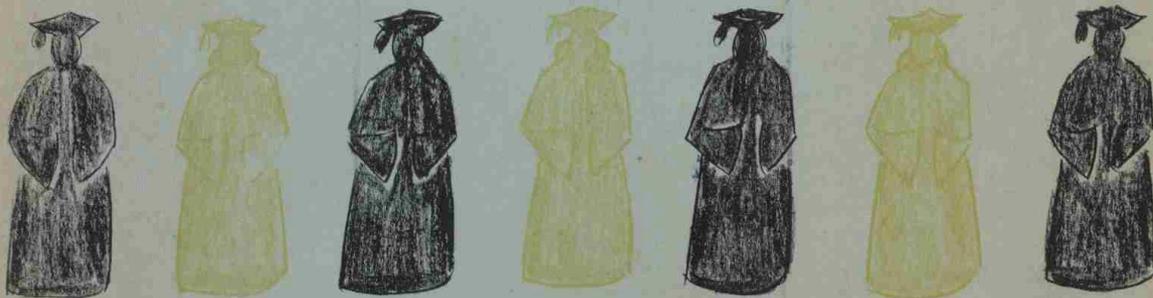


PENMAN'S

PALETTE



JS

The  **ENMAN'S
ALETTE**

254

Vol. III, Issue IV

George Mason Jr.-Sr. High School Falls Church, Virginia

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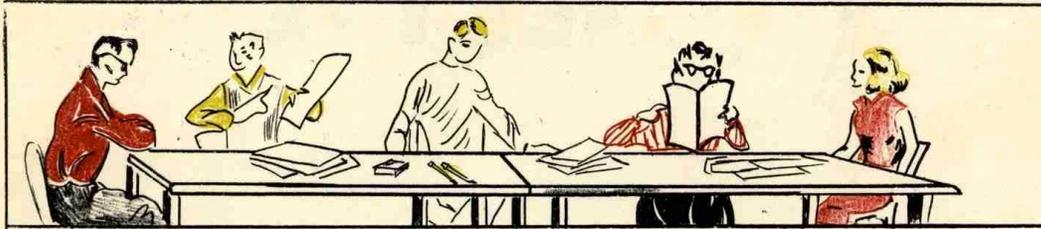
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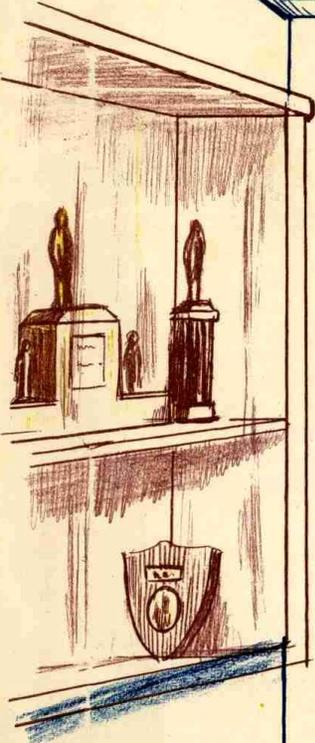
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April Rain



Have you ever stood in the gym lobby at twilight while a spring drizzle makes the cars whisper as they pass by on the highway?

The golden figures in the trophy case reflect the quiet gleam of the hidden fluorescent lighting, frozen symbols of roaring grandstands, sweating cheerleaders, exhausting practices, sore muscles. The rhythmic padding on the cinder track, the convulsion of the ball falling through the hoop are far behind.

The huge, speckled squares on the floor are resting so easily after the thundering herd of the day that you tiptoe across them, rather than wake them up. If you strain your ears, you can hear the soft breathing of the building.

The light sprinkle has changed to a roaring downpour, drenching the air with new-cut grass, musty dandelions, frothy apple blossoms. The veil of sound cuts out the sizzle of the cars outside.

A busy station wagon splashes to a stop in front. The shy spell runs away to hide.

Corky Feagin 156

CPL

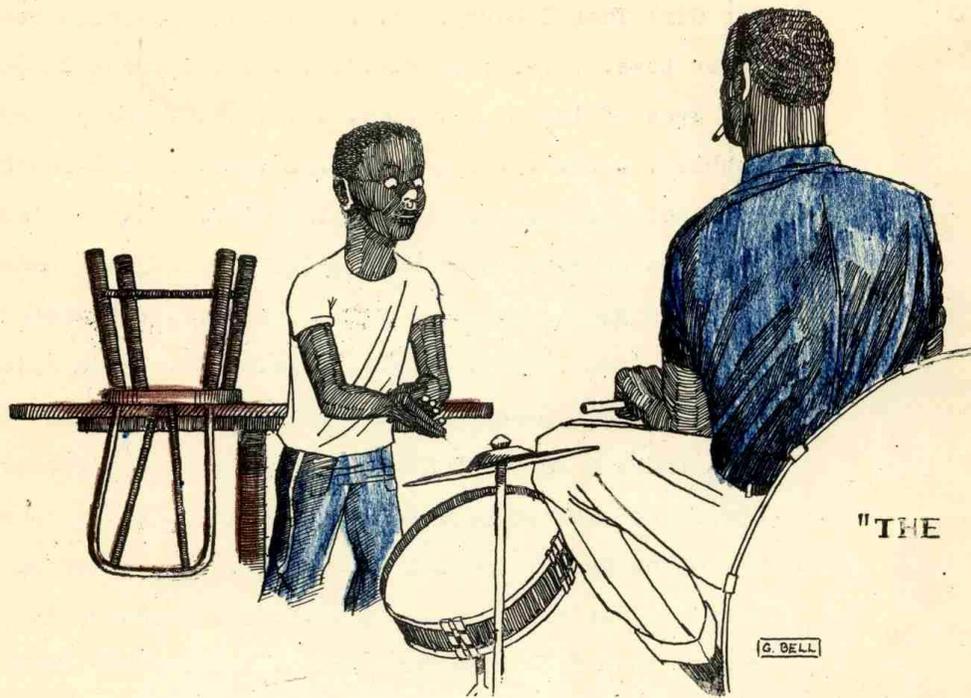
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SENIOR



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P
A
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D
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- ✓ The Girl That I Marry. Karl Larew
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- Davy Crockett. David Smith
- Play Me Hearts and Flowers. Ralph Havens



"THE

G. BELL

"H'okay, boys, tak ten," said the tall negro. Dave sat down and lit a cigarette. His rehearsal wasn't going too well and he was worried. Getting a new combination to click was no easy matter but the opening was only two days away and he had to produce or lose his contract.

"Suh?"

Dave started and looked out over the lights where he saw a skinny negro kid standing on the deserted dance floor.

"Suh," the timid voice continued, "Andy said fuhyou to come to de office when yo is done."

"Thanks kid--an' heah's two bits--git yo'self sumpin' t'eat. Yo' sho' looks lak yo' needs hit," said Dave while tossing the coin to him.

"Yassuh," said the kid obediently but he didn't move.

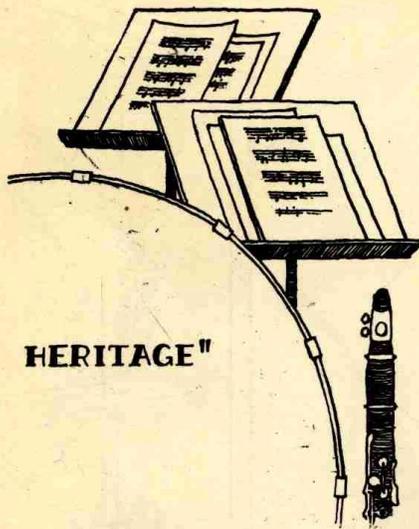
"Whut yo' stanin' dere fuh? Go on an' git," said Dave.

"Suh, I jist wants to stan' an' heah yo' play dem drums. Why Ah spect dat yo' 'is de bes' drummin' man in all Chicago. Ah sho' do wish Ah could play dat way," he blurted out.

Dave grinned knowingly, picked up his sticks, and began to beat out a slow, rocking blues rhythm. The kid's words had brought back long-buried memories of New Orleans. . .

* * *

At ten he had run away from home and gone into the "City" and for the past six years he



had been sleeping in sewers and grubbing for his food. He picked up a few cents every once in a while by shining shoes, sweeping bars, and general handy-work. This particular night found him with ten cents in his pocket so he decided to go to Barney's and get a bucket of beer.

As he walked through the latticed doors into Barney's he was momentarily blinded by the smoke. Through the haze he made his way to the bar. Ordering his bucket, he grabbed a chair by the bandstand and settled down to hear the music. Barney's was famous for good music and he had A. Arlen Roberts beating the leather for him. Dave had heard a lot about this once-famous drummer--how he had played the top places all over the country before dope and gin caught up

with him. Now he was on the way down--in fact, he had almost hit the bottom. But, he still had drawing power and Barney's was always crowded. That night Roberts was really doped and as he played Dave became enraptured. He could not force his eyes to leave those sticks and as the cool night slipped into sultry morning he still sat watching, wondering marveling.

As the first rays of the sun broke into the dirty room Dave realized he was the only patron left. The band was breaking up but Roberts was still toying with some rhythm. Dave pulled his chair closer to the bandstand and studied the reeking man. His eyes were sunk and his face pouchy. His shirt looked as if it had been pulled in and out of the ash can a couple of times and his studs had long since turned green.

"Far cry from de great places he's been in," Dave mused. He wondered how a man could rise so high and then fall so low. Roberts became aware of the careful scrutiny of the youngster and gazed sullenly upon him.

"You play de drums, boy?" he asked.

"No suh, but Ah sho' would lak t'learn. Ah reckon dat yo' is de bes' in N'Awlins," replied Dave.

"Ah used to be de bes' in de worl', boy, but dat was long ago," said Roberts and then he lapsed into silence. Suddenly he said, "You say dat yo'd lak to learn, huh? Well, get yore black hide up heah an' Ah jist might gib yo' some learnin'."

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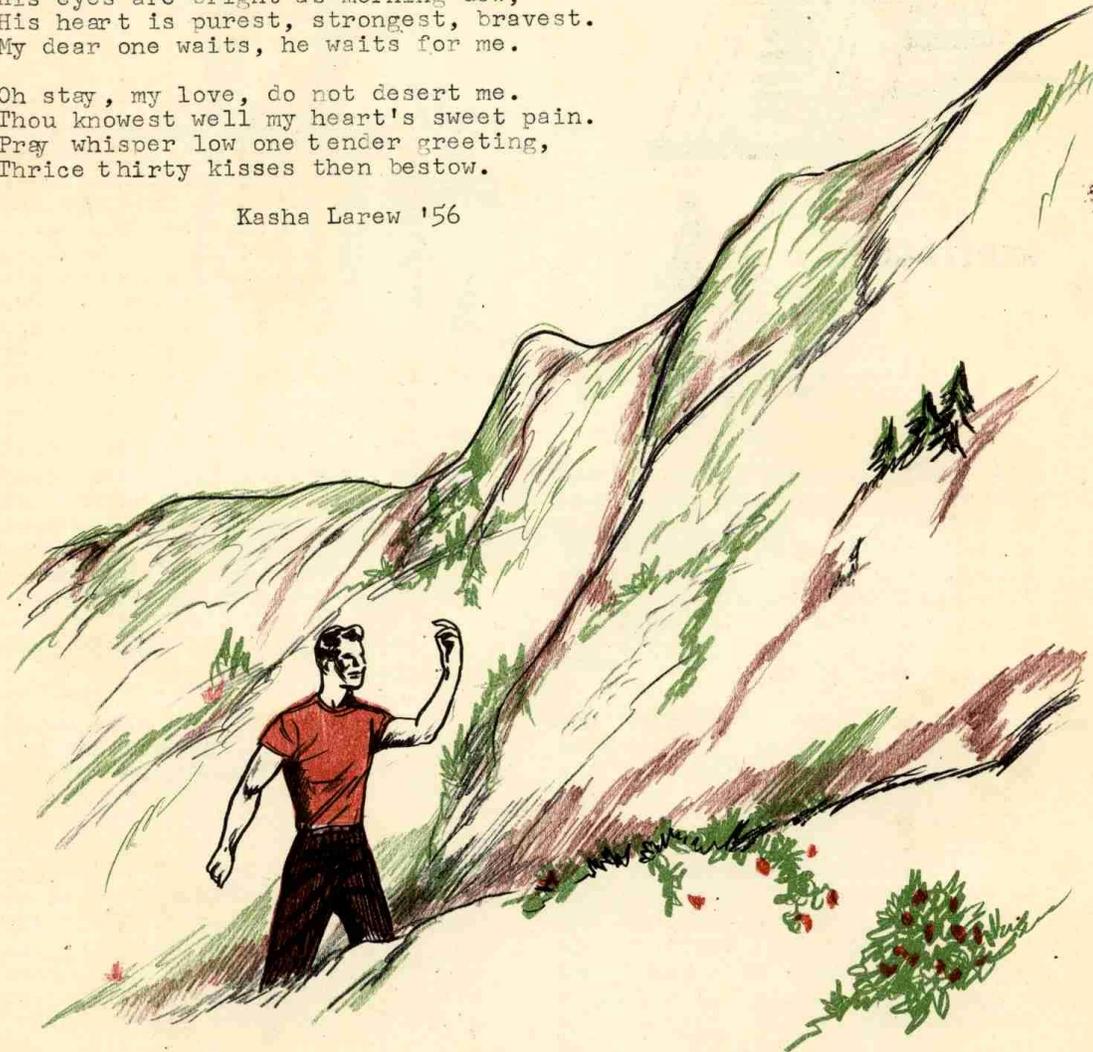
Beyond the Mountain

Beyond the mountain's hoary summit,
Beyond the cold and cruel summit,
There lies a valley steeped with flowers,
Where I'll return when spring buds blossom.

My dear one's hair is demon fire;
His eyes are bright as morning dew;
His heart is purest, strongest, bravest.
My dear one waits, he waits for me.

Oh stay, my love, do not desert me.
Thou knowest well my heart's sweet pain.
Pray whisper low one tender greeting,
Thrice thirty kisses then bestow.

Kasha Larew '56





Silence

There are those about me who seek the throng.
I seek the silence of a winter night.
What have I to do with swarms. . .
And discord. . .
My heart demands the euphony
Of silence.

In the midst of voices
I listen.
There is nothing for me to hear.
Let me rather have the silence of a forest.
Let the heart's sweet music be the only sound.
Is not a symphony of stillness
Finer than man's poor devices?

Is not the silent kiss, the quiet love,
Better than an eloquence that stifles?
If words explain emotion
It cannot be profound.
If it is not profound,
I do not want it.
Come and be silent with me.

Kasha Larew '56

The

ECHO

of

GLEN

I entered the Echo of Glen and found it completely crowded and gay. A variety of everything, everywhere; jeans--taffeta; loud voices--hushed whispers; hot dogs--cotton candy . . . lines for the rides, lines woven by people running, walking, hurrying off to nowhere . . . The hawkers, loud, boisterous, too familiar. . . The band, set off slightly from the confusion, their music knitting together all the noise into something beautiful . . . The music from the merry-go-round and the various booths, people, with food or a cheap toy they had just won in hand, jostling each other. . . The rollercoaster and the screams from it, the laughs from people looking in the crooked mirrors, the curses at a missed shot at a moving duck, the searching for a lost friend in the crowd, the moon trying to outblaze the bright, furious electric lights--not succeeding. Somehow a feeling of oneness, like a warm blanket, fell over the people. I could sense it and it made me feel mellow and glad that I was there.

But after a time I found myself quite alone--only a few fluttering papers around, and just a handful of people. The deep night had finally sent them away. The rides were not empty, perhaps a passenger or two. But I found the place still to my liking; chameleon-like, it provided for hundreds of laughing, happy people; or it sheltered a few lonely, sad ones. I sighed deeply, got up from the bench, and left.

Doris Hawes '55



Power

Modern Man depends on the energy of fuel to do his work. The energy of his muscles now does only a small part of the work of the world. Fantastic amounts of energy derived from fuel are consumed today to power industry and agriculture, and to produce small quantities of aluminum; tons of kerosene and gasoline are used in a short flight of a jet bomber; thousands of tons of coal are burned to heat homes and produce electricity; about fifty billion gallons of motor fuel are consumed annually. Where does all this energy contained in fuel come from? The sun. Man's fuel is oil, coal, woods, (and minor sources such as lignite). They all come from plants, plants which require the sun's radiation to grow. Water power, the only major power source not derived from plants, also functions as a result of the sun's heat.

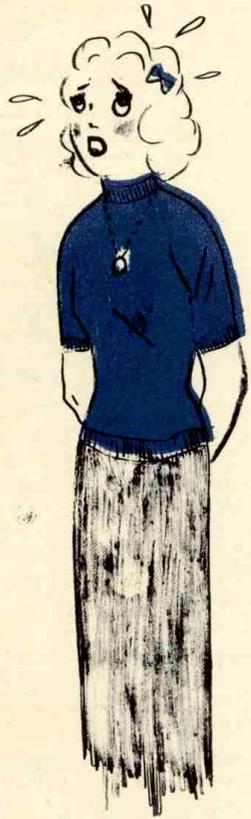
Energy exists in several forms. The energy derived from fuels (such as oil) is in the form of heat. Heat is the disordered motion of the atoms and molecules that compose a substance. Water power is another kind of energy, known as mechanical energy. The energy of a rotating shaft or a falling stone is also referred to as mechanical energy. The energy of a gallon of oil before burning is chemical energy, the energy that certain chemical compounds acquire when they are formed, and which they liberate in burning. When the oil burns, its chemical energy is converted to heat, which, if used to drive a steam engine, is further converted to mechanical energy. Electricity is also a separate category of

energy.

Assuming that one has available energy in any form, (and we shall soon see that one may not), there are many difficult problems in converting energy from one form to another and in storing it. Energy cannot be efficiently stored, (electric batteries are extremely inefficient) it must be produced and consumed almost immediately. When energy is converted from type to type, much of it is lost. The heat of burning gasoline cannot run a car, but when it is converted to mechanical energy, it easily does so. Thus energy often must be converted, even though it is wasteful. In the conversion between electrical and mechanical energy with dynamos and motors, (a relatively efficient process) ten per cent of the energy is lost. An automobile wastes over half the heat of the gasoline its engine burns. The incandescent light bulb converts only three per cent of the electrical energy it used to light. But methods of energy conversion improve almost daily. The new gas turbine is over twice as efficient as the older piston engine; the fluorescent light is about seven times as efficient as former lights. Hundreds of other devices convert energy much more effectively than their older counterparts. Engineering is solving the problem of energy conversion, but, as it does so, another problem is becoming apparent. The increased consumption of fuel, as a result of increased industrialization, has caused many to ask the question, "Where are we going to get energy in any form?"

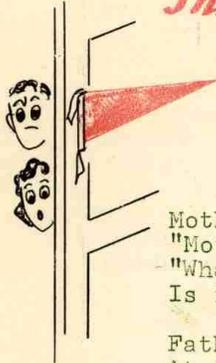
Estimates vary, but it is generally thought that, at pre-Continued on page 28

E. A. Poe —
"The Bells"



"...TO THE SWINGING AND THE RINGING OF THE
BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS,
BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS
BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS BELLS...."

The Palette is Going to Press

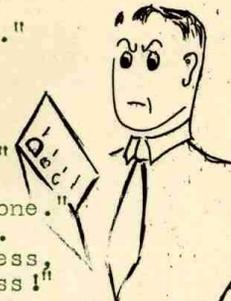


Mother says timidly "Dinner at eight?"
"Mother, I'm trying to concentrate!"
"What's wrong, dear? No, let me guess,
Is it the Palette going to press?"

Father keeps casting disgruntled looks
At the pile on the floor where I've tossed my books.
Mother pleads "She's in great duress,
Have patience, the Palette is going to press."

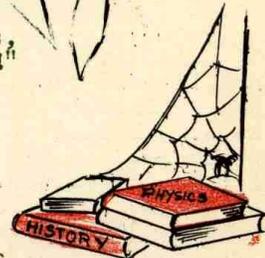


Father is singing the same old tune,
"Must she work in the dining room?
Another D and I'll have her head!"
"But dear she's putting the Palette to bed."

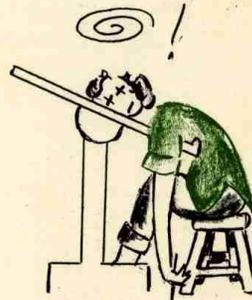
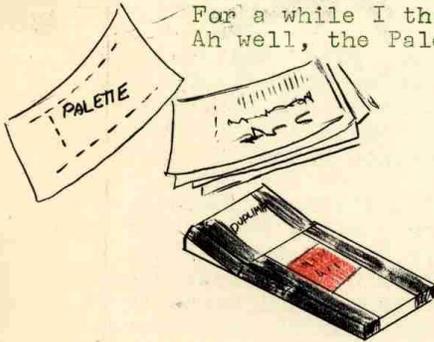


"Turn out your light, dear, it's quarter to one."
"Just six more pages and I'll almost be done."
If I miss Jerry's deadline he'll be in distress,
And you know that the Palette must go to press!"

The colors are set and the masters done,
Now don't tell me it wasn't fun!
For a while I thought I'd be fatherless,
Ah well, the Palette HAS GONE TO PRESS!



Judy Strickler '56



JS

Terry

Towards evening I stepped out of my house and got into the waiting car. I settled in the seat and gazed at the scenery. Day was fighting a losing battle; the purple clouds and dark blue of the sky had outflanked the light and were advancing along a general front. In the west, the sun was making its last stand; waning light; long, slowly changing, formations of multi-color; coolness. In this cynical world it is hard to express such things but I timidly chanced it:

The West:
The Land where sunset glow
a union makes
Of starfilled night and
radiant day.

And it was true--the sunset had indeed fused both darkness and brilliance into a fine picture. I looked at one of my companions--Jean Summers. I waited for her reaction. I suppressed a smile but she leveled her eyes on me: "If you call yourself a Transcendentalist, I'll sock you." I mumbled a retort but the other person in the car, Bill Hayes, driving, said nothing. The silence prevailed until we picked up two friends, Alex Smith and Terry Harris. I was introduced to Terry, but during the trip she and Alex continued what was apparently a conversation started before they had joined us. Alex soon lapsed into vocal obscurity, however, and Bill and Jean took over. I had been quiet in the meanwhile, thinking of the now-past sunset and of Terry. I noticed her somewhat pensive expression as she too observed the

nightfall. I sat back, enjoying the feeling of security offered by the back seat of a car in the night.

In a short while, we reached our objective--the theater--where



a rather good play was being presented. As we got out of the car, Bill turned off the radio which was playing a pretty tune called "Unchained Melody."

"I feel a little unchained, myself," Terry said, and under her breath, "unleashed". She had been looking at Alex, who had his back turned. I began to feel a certain kinship with her as we entered the theater.

Before going to our seats, we stopped at the refreshment stand and bought some iced cokes. Bill and Jean were talking in low tones in a corner but Alex was having trouble getting money

out of his wallet. I sneered at his bungling and gleefully bought cokes for Terry, Alex, and myself. My moment of triumph over Alex caused a glare to cross his face and I was immeasurably pleased because he is not exactly a friend of mine. As a matter of fact, I hate his guts. He is the type-you'd-like -to-be-the-drill-sergeant-of and the idea of destroying his young relationship with Terry appealed to me. (Terry



was a new girl at our Institution of Higher Learning.)

The rest of the time before curtain passed quietly except when I dropped the piece of ice down the back of Terry's dress.

"You remind me of a girl I once knew, name of Eustacia," I remarked. She squirmed a little as the ice melted but was completely composed by the time I returned from the rest room where I had combed some of the coke out of my hair.

There was a bond between us.

On our way to the seats, I

clasped her hand and she smiled her approval. Poor Alex, I thought. Beaten in 30 minutes. But then it occurred to me that Alex might not accept his defeat as willingly as I proclaimed it. "What about Alex?" I whispered to her.

"I'll take care of him," she said and smiled again, this time so that her teeth bared and I noticed how small and white they were and how the canine teeth seemed longer and sharper. I recalled reading a book about vampires that preyed on the blood of their victims and I shuddered.

"There was a czar of Russia named Alexander, once," she said, and then sniffed, "they assassinated him, too."

It is not necessary to go into detail but in the 15 minutes before the play began, she had reduced Alex to a heap of intellectual rubble. She had alternately lied, flattered, insinuated, twisted, and turned until she had convinced Alex not only was he a boob, unworthy of her, but that he was an incompetent intruder, sub-human, unwanted, unloved, and half-dead to boot. Half-dead! Terry resembled a beast gnawing on the bones of a vanquished foe. I was proud of her--and of myself. Alex had been laid low and Terry was mine.

When we returned to our seats after the intermission, I sat next to Terry and, under the pretext of helping her with her coat, put an arm around her as the lights dimmed. Alex was sitting on the other side of Bill and Jean, a blank stare on his face; I grinned at him. "Well done," I said to Terry.

continued on page 30

THE TRAVELING MAN

There came into our presence an aged man of questionable resources. He gave no one a nod, but seated himself on the frigid marble bench.

His head hung low, as if weighted down by some unseen force. One side of his face was completely obscured in the shadows. His hair was straggly and unkempt under the ancient Panama hat perched atop his head.

A withered flower hung from his button-hole, lending its serenity to the man's apparent disposition. His suit, long outmoded, must have been purchased at some second-hand shop, years in the past. A quaint bow-tie nestled itself between the man's bewhiskered chin and his chest. A shirt clung to the man's body with a seemingly hopeless grasp.

The collar and cuffs were frayed beyond recall, and both the coat and pants were a maze of wrinkles and creases.

His shoes were unbelievably new. They were of a poor leather, a cheap brand, but they still held their original finish. They were as two suns in a world of darkness as the headlights of a car on a foggy night.

His hands were calloused from long, hard labor, but these markings were not new, perhaps ten or fifteen years old. The ring and little fingers were missing from the right hand, and a faint longitudinal scar peered from the back of the same hand. Both hands showed previous hard use, but now indicated base disuse and mistreatment.

The face of the man was an

extremely intriguing sight. His brow was like a newly plowed field, the furrows being plentiful. His matted eyebrows almost obstructed his eyes.

A small V-shaped cut was in the right ear, but the skin had healed over this severment. The ear appeared to be that of a pig or cow, ear-notched for counting or branding.

His nose was of a Norman curvature, but his forehead and chin seemed to indicate Oriental ancestry.

His lips were faintly discernible, they were so rough and chapped. They seemed to be locked shut with a key of remembrances, never again to utter a word.

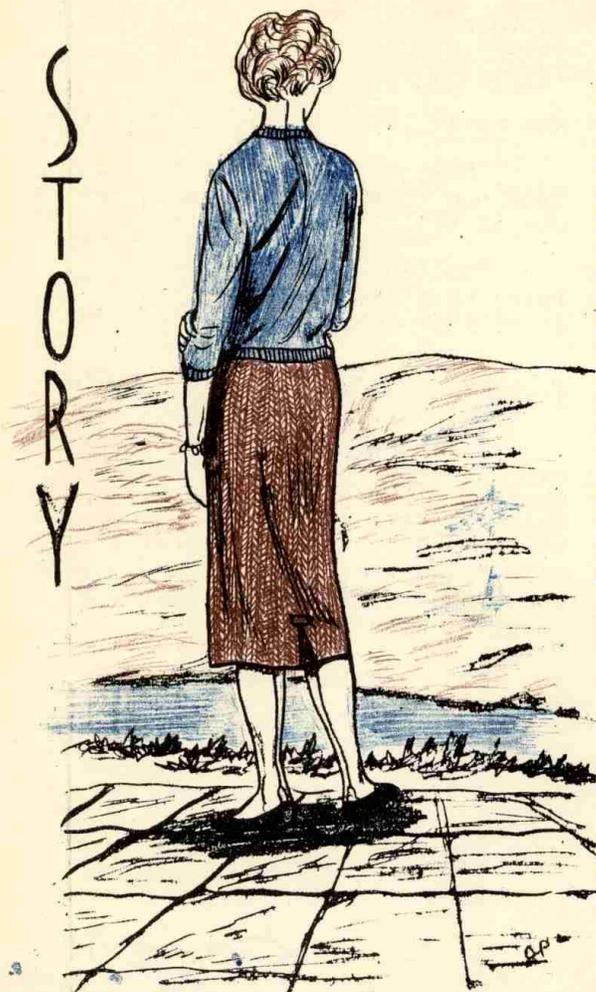
A great deal of suffering shown through the man's eyes. In the deep and darkened sockets lay two whitened orbs which had seen the world in many of its more horrible aspects. They were clouded over with a veil of distrust and suspicion.

A well-meaning policeman walked up and ordered everyone to "move on." So the small band of hobos rose and walked in one direction while the wizened and resigned old man went in the other.

As he passed by a lamp post, I saw a sight which made my blood run cold. Heretofore unseen, on his left cheek, glowing with a livid purpleness, was a scar about two inches square, in the shape of a branded German swastika.

Byron Martin '55

A S T O R Y



This is a story, she thought, and I am its heroine. What a shame I am not beautiful with mysterious, haunted eyes and flowing raven hair. In fact, I'm not at all the romantic heroine type. I don't even have a hero tall and strong to play opposite me in this story-that-isn't-really-a-story-at-all.

Sun shining on the terrace and lovers sitting together in the sun; groups of two dotting the hill, and each couple as alone as if on a desert island.

And I stand here, watching the sun spatter light and shadow on the terrace, and everything is ridiculous and incongruous. These people can't be my friends with whom I have laughed and lived all my eighteen years; rather, they are strangers who whisper and laugh beside the Seine. . . it is Paris, and Spring. I drank wine in a small bistro, sitting at a little, lonely table, watching an old flower vendor and smelling the flowers. . . and feeling my loneliness. Then because I was restless, I wandered through the narrow streets, my footsteps echoing. . . and I came here, to the edge of the shining Seine. And since this must be a story and I could only be in Paris. . . he will come to me. As I watch the Seine and the lovers, a shadow will fall across my thoughts; it is he, standing in silhouette against the blue sky. Love is in his eyes, and in his touch as he takes my hand.

But when the shadow falls, and I look for him, I see nothing. A cloud, too, makes shadows move across the hill.

Face it, she thought, this is not Paris, there is no Seine. And Spring has passed into Summer. It is the day after the Prom. I stand alone; not a heroine whose lover, story-like, will come to her and take her hand. I am alone, and I have short hair and sadness in my eyes. There is no story.

Karen Jeanne Brock '55

The Fair Gift

"Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
"Grow your fixed subject because you are true?"
"The Indifferent", John Donne

Often you hear somebody say that a person or a situation will drive them "crazy" or "mad" or just "nuts." But I've found that I don't use those expressions much any more; I guess I just sort of stopped without noticing it. But I do know the reason: it's because I once saw a man fighting to maintain his sanity--as a matter of fact, I'll tell you the whole story...

It was the first snowy night of the winter. The sleet had started early in the afternoon and turned to snow at twilight. I sat in my apartment with nothing to do, gazing at the streetlights. Snow in the city was pleasant and refreshing for the first few hours, before it got sooty. It reminded me of the snows before I came to the city. I put on my top-coat and boots and set out for a walk--no hat--the snowflakes on my face were a bracer, not a burden.

I was walking along some row-houses and as I neared the end of the block, I heard a commotion around the corner. I quickened my pace and rounding the corner found a number of people clustered in the middle of the street, talking loudly and excitedly. A cab was nearby, sideways in the street; a patrol-car screamed up. Everybody gave answers before the police could ask the questions--

"I didn't hear no scream, just a thump."

"She just run right across--

she never looked--I couldn't stop."

"Ahh, you crazy cab-drivers-- they oughta put a leash on every one of ya'."

"Oh, the poor, poor girl, lying here in the wet 'n' snow. Ain't that ambulance come yet?"

"Now just take it easy, lady, I hear the ambulance now."

I stepped over to a young man standing near me. "Wonder who the girl is. She live across the street?"

"She don't live around here; she lives in the south part of town."

"Oh, you know her?"

"Yep."



The ambulance rounded the corner, all heads swung toward it. But I was looking at the young man. He looked like the people in this neighborhood. Dark, probably a second-generation American. I noticed how his mouth was set. That was the only note in his face, however, that didn't bespeak a mind at ease. I'll admit, 'though, his eyes were rather odd--sort of glazed--I got the impression he didn't see too much of what was going on. But he just stood there, like myself and several other onlookers.

The doctor was bent down in the middle of a little circle being restrained by the policemen. The circle backed away and the stretcher was lifted into the ambulance; the light was bad, but it looked like her face was covered. I hailed one of the neighborhood men walking away, "She's gone, huh?" The man nodded.

"Who'd you say she was?" I turned again to the young man.

"I didn't--name's Maria."

"What kind of girl was she?"

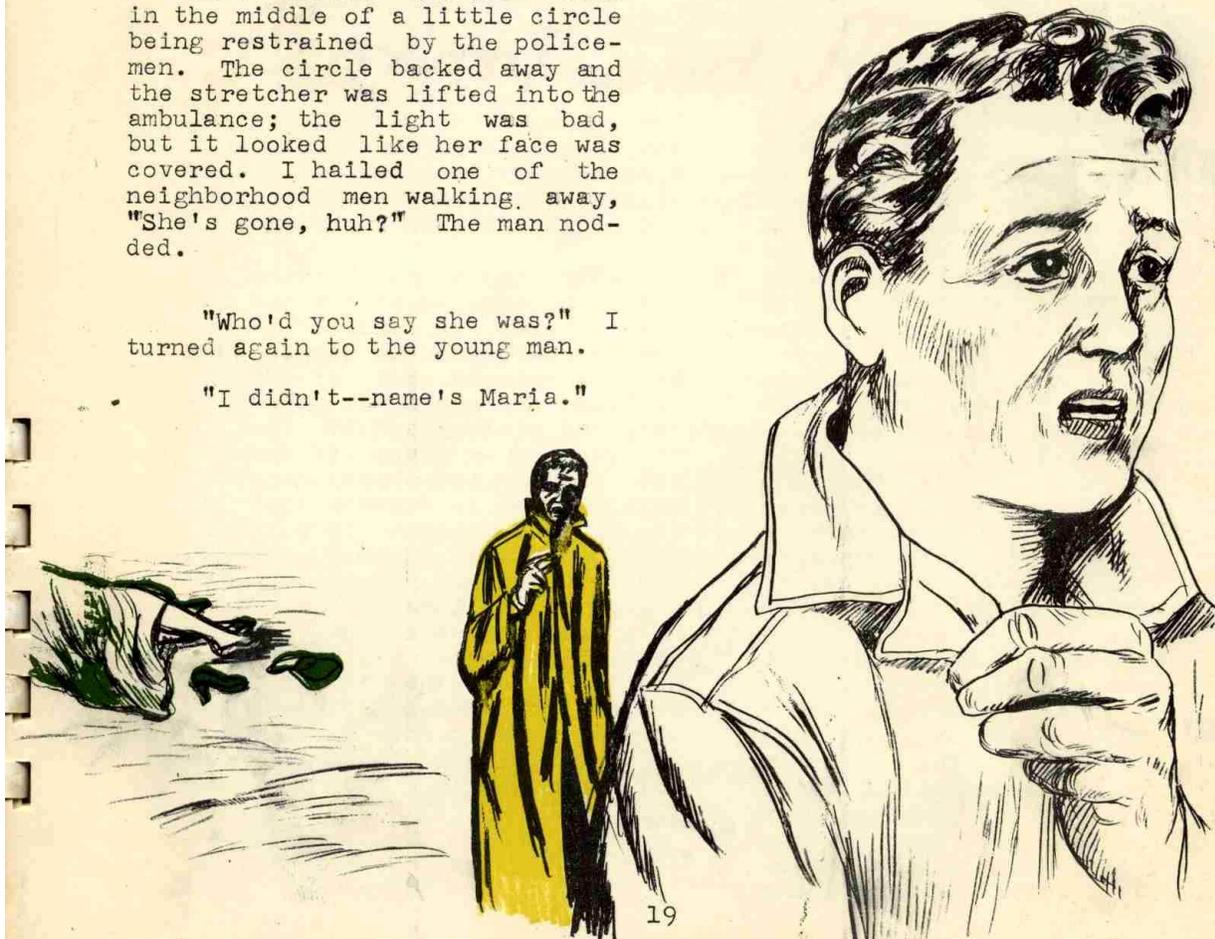
"She was a good girl."

I realized what I had stumbled on, but he looked like he'd better not be left alone.

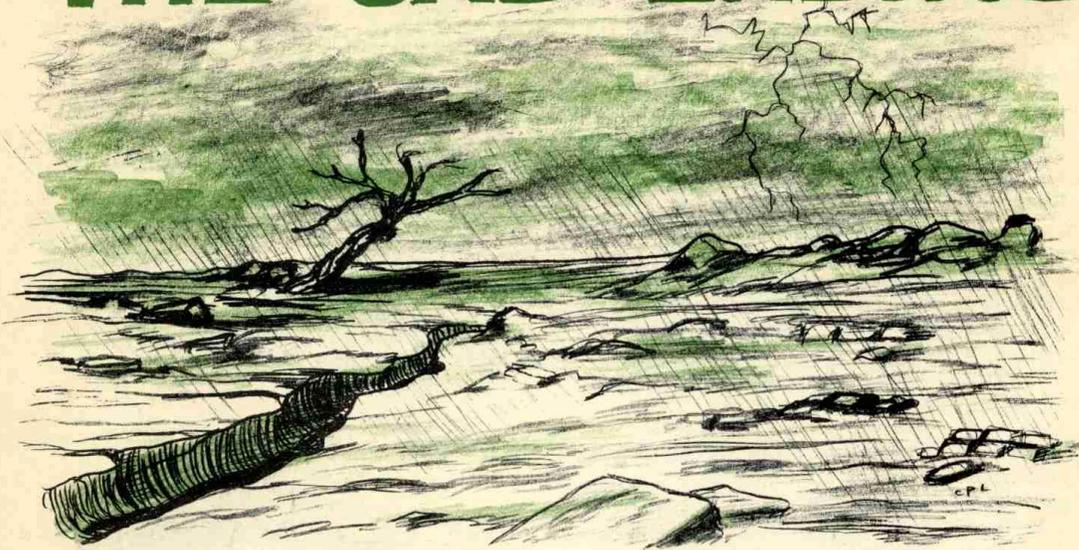
"You went with her, didn't you?"

"Yeh--look. . ."

"How about a cuppa coffee?"
continued on page 35



THE SAD ENDING



The rain beat heavily upon the grotesque land forming deep gullies between the piles of stone and rubble that lay scattered upon the sodden wasted earth. In the horizon earth and heaven met, blended by the opaque skies and deep intransient mists which enhanced the dismal scene.

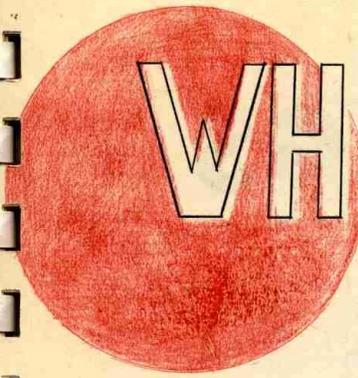
In the midst of this gloom stood a lone tree, ragged and barren, pitiful in its grave solitude. Once it had seen other trees and had felt with them the wind rushing through its laden boughs. But now there were no other trees and on its withered limbs there were no leaves; it was naked and alone.

The stones and waste that lay strewn carelessly, incongruously over the sordid landscape were once a strong and beautiful city. The majestic buildings and monuments of peace had tumbled into nameless deformity upon the ground; the roads, pitted and scarred, were rendered unintelligible among

the homogeneous mesh of ruins, and the bones of the city's multitudes lay rotting in uneasy silence beneath the city they had built and then destroyed.

The incessant beating of the rain began to relent and the wind slowly to stir. The oncoming darkness of night soon hid the ominous array of clouds, and the wind grew. It gained in fury and violence until finally it reached a pitch of sadness and pain in its high monotone which seemed to express the misery of the broken land. Then with a sudden furious gust it took the naked tree into its angry midst, loosed its frail hold upon the earth, and carried it high into the unseeing darkness. Suddenly the wind subsided and soon reduced itself to a low murmur, then to morbid stillness, while the cold of night took its grip upon the land. It was just 2100 A. D.

George Bell '56



WHITE ARMIES

Silent rows of cold, cold stones
Stretch into the distance,
Glowing with mute lustre,
With magnetic beauty.

They're calling me,
Drawing me between "front lines",
Regiments of stark, white figures--
White armies.

I see them--they're lovely;
My mind wanders--I'm happy. . .
Now, coldness and numbness--
Loneliness.

Armies moving in,
Pressing close and closer
In perfect battle line. . .
I will die!

No! Take me away!
Fear and flight,
Darting, veering--
No breath--

Someone is there!
Who are you, all in black?
Leave me!
I scream--

Falling--
Each white soldier running to me,
But I am one of them--
A cold, white soldier.

Jane Anderson '55

SPORT OF KINGS

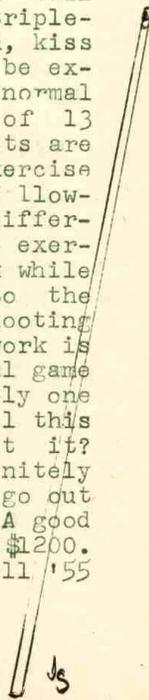
The sports of racing, polo, chess, and other time-devouring pastimes have often been referred to as the "sports of kings." From this statement, it is demanded by certain promoters that thousands of people should devote their lives to one of these sports. In this work of literature, I will challenge and correct this misconception for the benefit of all mankind, namely Americans. Just a close look at this phrase should show the weakness of it: "the sport of kings" or "all kings play this game" or "if you are a king, you should play this game." I ask a question: exactly how many kings are there in the United States? Taking a good guess, I would say about none and with a look at the last census, I would say exactly none. Why should anyone go crazy over the sport of kings unless he is a king? One hundred percent of the American people are non-kings, therefore one hundred percent will not want to play any kind of king-sport.

Now that I have decisively exploded this theory. I am obliged to replace the former sport with a much more suitable one. For red-blooded Americans I recommend the highly accomplished game of pool. This game, even as viewed by beginners, is unanimously regarded as the leader of all sports in every aspect. To prove its worthiness, I point out that some very famous men play this game. As an exam-

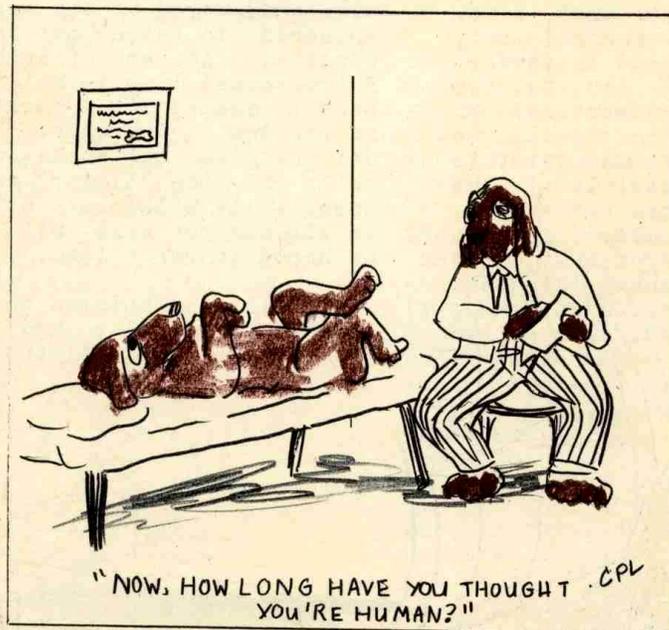
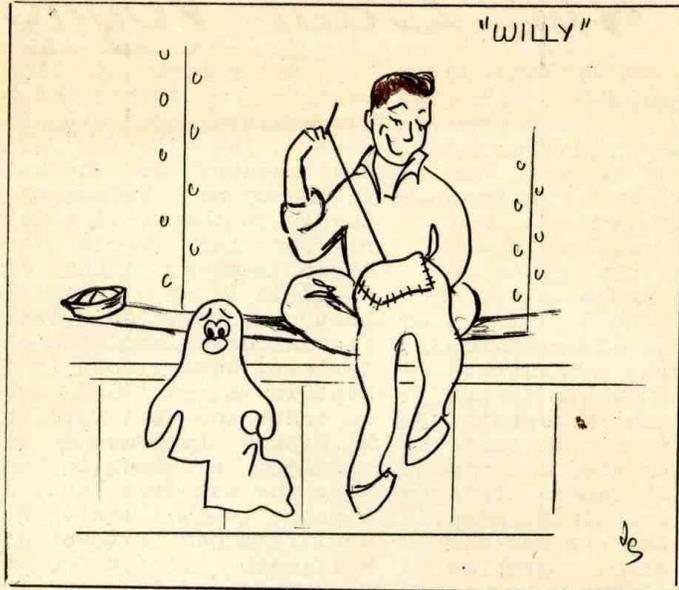
ple, take Willie Hoppe, a very good pool player. What? You ask why he is famous? Why, he's famous, naturally, because he's the best pool player there is.

I can hardly attempt to name all the benefits of the game, but I will attempt to name some of them. There are both physical and mental benefits. Because the game requires much thought, like, which is the best shot?, or, how can I get in line for another shot?, or, how can I best sew up my opponent?, it quickly develops the figuring powers of the brain. In some cases, an extremely developed brain is needed to figure the best way to get a certain ball in, as in the case of a triple-banked, double combination, kiss shot. (These terms may be explained by almost any normal ruffian between the ages of 13 and 130.) Physical benefits are as follows: excellent exercise is given to the eyes in following 16 balls which go in different directions, tremendous exercise is given to the back while leaning over, and also to the arms while carrying or shooting the cue stick. Good legwork is also provided (in a normal game a person walks approximately one billion millimeters.) All this sounds very good doesn't it? Now that you all are definitely convinced, I suggest you go out and buy your own table. A good table retails at only about \$1200.

Hank Farrell '55



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The Last Voyage

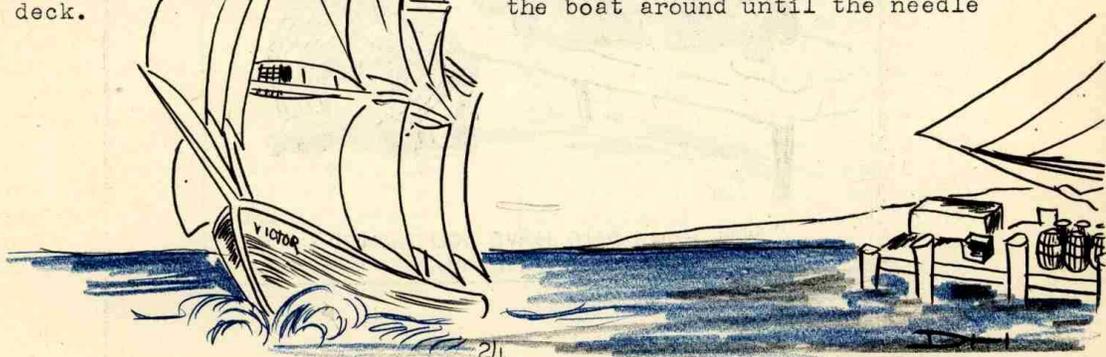
May 9, 1876:

The brigantine, "Victor," a merchant vessel, was five days out of her home port, Liverpool, steering a course toward the treasures of the West Indies. The captain, Jonathan Sharp, was a shrewd English businessman who knew how to turn the gifts of nature into hard cash.

On the morning of the ninth, he sat in his cabin, concentrating on a report the ship's doctor had just submitted concerning Seaman John Wilkinson. The doctor had been examining the man all morning for he had shown signs of ill health. As Captain Sharp read over the report, he was aware that a serious problem presented itself. One of his crew had contracted the Bubonic Plague, the most dreaded disease facing medicine at that time. It was kept under control only by quarantining all those persons affected by it. But how was a man to be quarantined on board ship? No one would be able to go near him and yet this was next to impossible in the cramped hold of the brigantine. To turn back would result in serious delay and possibly great financial loss. Sharp digested all these facts and, upon making a decision, rose and climbed to the deck.

After taking notice of the weather conditions he began to issue several orders to his first mate. The "Victor" began to lose headway as the sails were furled by men balancing precariously on the weblike network of rigging far above the deck. Other members of the crew prepared to lower the ship's long-boat over the side. Twelve day's provisions, along with other materials, were placed in the boat. Captain Sharp found everything in order and sent word below for Wilkinson to come on deck. As his form appeared in the hatchway, the men drew back, clearing a path to the boat. Realizing what fate had bestowed upon him, Wilkinson offered no argument and proceeded to board the boat, indicating that he was ready. The long-boat was swung over the side and lowered to the sea which appeared to reach out for its captive. As an afterthought, Sharp tossed down to Wilkinson a packet containing charts and navigation instruments. The order was given to "shake-out" the sails and the "Victor" gathered speed while Wilkinson attempted to rig his own sail with which he hoped to reach land.

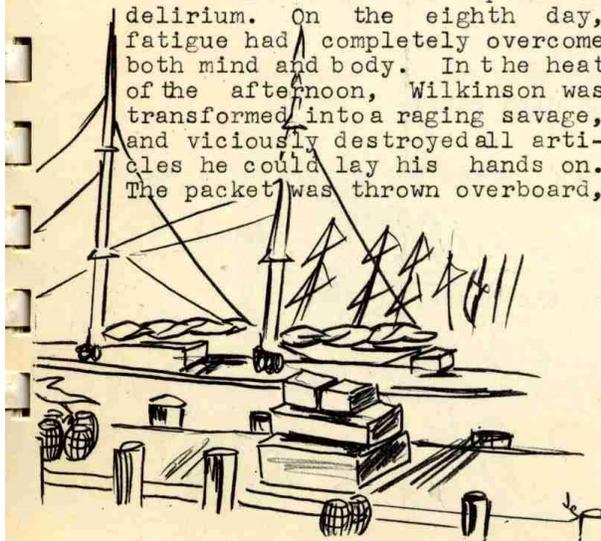
Wilkinson hoisted the sail, grabbed the tiller and turned the boat around until the needle



of the small pocket compass pointed at his desired direction. His provisions were carefully stored under heavy canvas in the bow of the boat. The packet of charts and instruments were kept at his side in the stern.

His position became cramped after a few hours in the searing sun. Hours turned to days and with no one to spell him, Wilkinson slept only sporadically, leaving his position occasionally to satisfy his hunger and thirst from his rationed stores. After three days it was a luxury just to close his blood-shot eyes to relieve the pain. His body, weakened from exposure, no longer knew pain, only numbness. His mind, exhausted from worry over future developments and ever-present navigational problems, began to taunt him whenever he was able to capture a few fleeting moments of sleep. Then, he would awake, screaming, back to another nightmare of reality.

As more days passed in slow agony, Wilkinson was bothered time and time again with hideous dreams and occasional spells of delirium. On the eighth day, fatigue had completely overcome both mind and body. In the heat of the afternoon, Wilkinson was transformed into a raging savage, and viciously destroyed all articles he could lay his hands on. The packet was thrown overboard,



the waterkeg lay splintered on the floor boards, and the food stores were tossed in every direction. As he regained his senses he flung himself upon the bottom of the boat and wept in despair as he vainly attempted to capture the precious fluid seeping out of the keg.

* * * *

As the morning tide receded, two small Portuguese children walked down the cobblestone lane to the village beach. They were filled with excitement for they had been allowed to rise early that day in order to search the beach for treasures left by the sea. They decided to head toward a clump of jagged rocks where they hoped to find shells caught in the grooves and crevices. As they ran happily toward their goal, the soft sand gave way under their bare feet.

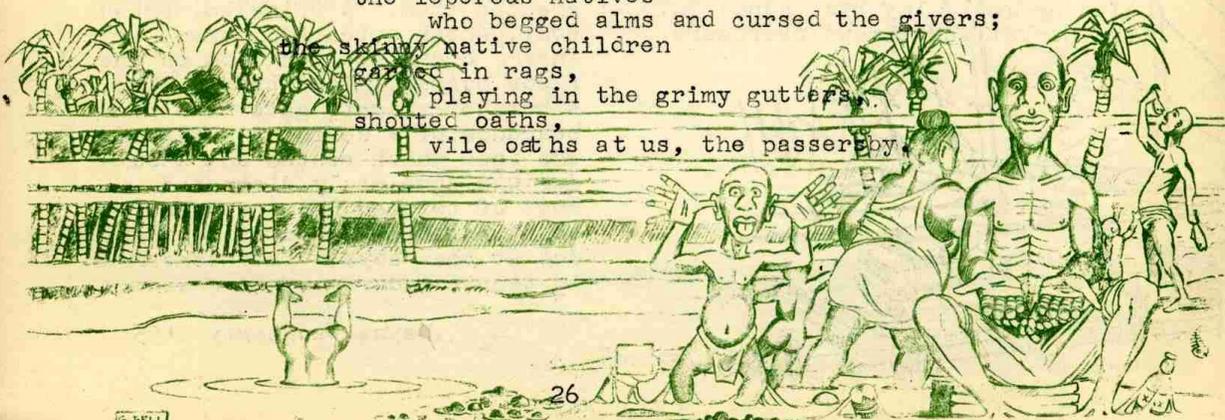
Then they discovered it---a boat left on the rocks by the departing sea! It appeared to the boys as a magnificent ship. How proud their father would be when they presented it to him! After several attempts to move the boat, they decided to lighten the load by removing any articles inside. They hastily climbed over the side and stopped suddenly---horrified. A ghastly sight greeted them. A wrinkled, dried body, which appeared human, lay in a crumpled position on the floor boards. The brown skin, stretched tight, gave the appearance of a deflated balloon. The face which rested on a shoulder was completely distorted. A knot of twisted hair crowned two cavities which appeared to stare out at the boys. They screamed in terror and ran...and ran.

Wayne Daugherty '55

Through the mist we smelled it;
hot,
damp,
rancid,
reeking.
Rounding a bend in the river, we saw it
Standing in the middle of the jungle,
muddy,
filthy.

Its squalid earthy buildings staggered against the
heavy gray clouds.
Buildings roofed in tarpaper, cardboard,
And waterproofed with old newspapers.
Tin cans,
paper cartons,
oil drums
infested with scorpions,
boa constrictors,
bushmasters,
lice,
rats.

Its heat oppressed even the natives,
the filthy,
poor,
foul-mouthed natives
with eyes like evil snakes.
the black, sinewy,
sweaty,
swearing natives;
the arrogant natives with
tattered pants held up with rope;
the diseased natives,
the leperous natives
who begged alms and cursed the givers;
the skinny native children
garbed in rags,
playing in the grimy gutters,
shouted oaths,
vile oaths at us, the passerby.



BUENAVENTURA

And we,
hot,
tired, afraid,
and awed,
returned to our haven, our safety,
our ship.

The river,
giver of life
and death,
oozed sluggishly beneath us,
garbage-laden,
putrid, smelling,
a part of this town,
this grey-brown, reeking town,
this town of the black, snake-eyed
natives.

Grey pelicans swarmed over its stagnant surface
like clumsy vultures,
wheeling,
diving,
fighting,
squawking,
flapping,
arguing with one
another.

And quietly, through the smelly mist,
we sailed.

Cynthia Powell '56

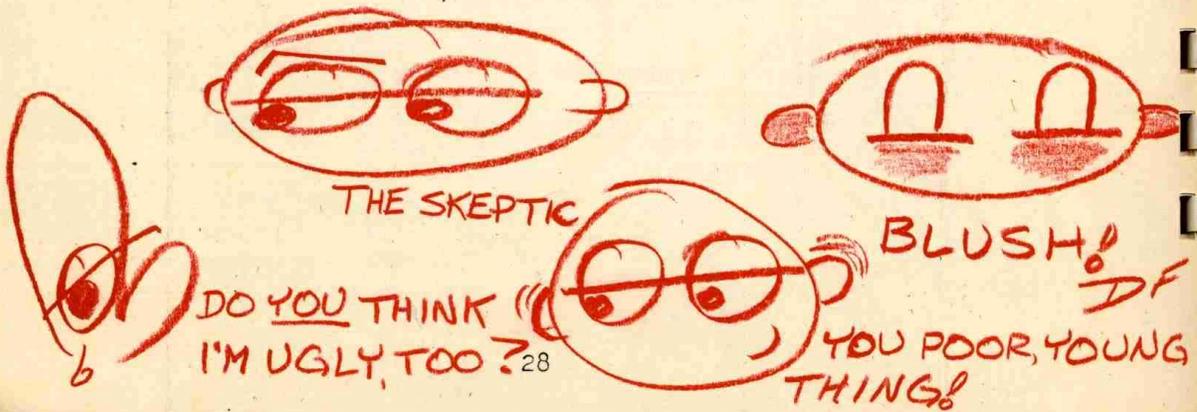
POWER--Continued from page 11
sent consumption, coal and oil reserves will be completely exhausted within several hundred years, possibly within the century for oil. Several centuries may seem a long time, but, barring the C-Bomb, man expects to be around much longer than that. Also, of course, "present consumption" is probably less than what consumption will be in a number of years, so we may run out much sooner than expected. Water power, which is, to a certain extent replacing coal as a producer of electricity, is often located in out-of-the-way areas, and is expensive to exploit. Two obvious substitutes for these limited reserves suggest themselves--the use of heat from the sun directly, and atomic energy.

At present atomic energy can be used in only one practical way. Radioactive elements such as uranium are allowed to fission (split) at a controlled rate in an atomic pile. They produce heat--the same as burning coal. This heat makes steam from water, and the steam is used to turn a steam turbine. The turbine turns a dynamo which produces electricity. Per unit of heat, as much is wasted as in a coal-fired

electrical generating plant, but uranium can produce more heat per dollar. It's a good way to produce electricity, but it's no panacea. Electricity in wires can't fly airplanes or drive cars. Also, the radioactivity is annoying, and much more research is needed to perfect methods in atomic plants. Even with its present limitations, atomic power is an answer to a great many problems of power, and, if it continues to develop as it has in the past few years, it may be the final solution to the sources-of-power problem.

Less well known, and certainly less spectacular than atomic power is solar energy. Still, it is potentially almost as useful as atomic energy. The reasoning behind solar power plants is simple: "All of our fuel derives its stored energy from the radiant energy of the sun. Why not employ the sun's energy direct, and skip the intermediate step of oil, coal, wood and waterpower?" The sun's energy is used directly in much the same manner as it is used indirectly; that is, it provides heat which is converted into mechanical and electrical energy. To concentrate the sun's rays so

DIRECTORY:



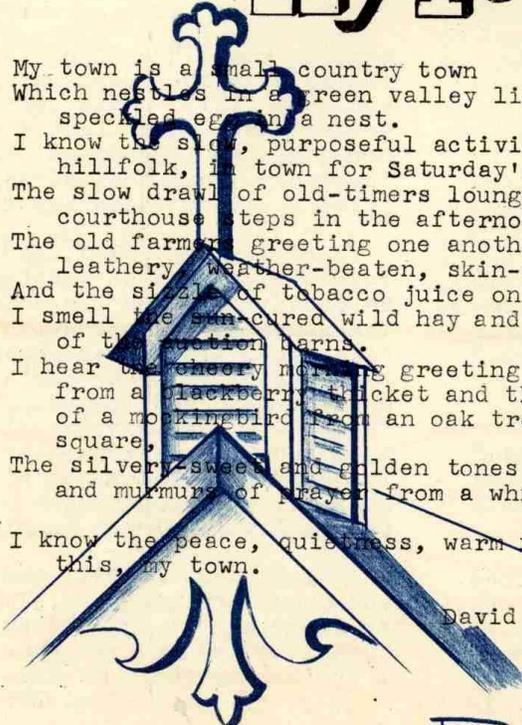
they will boil water, (which would power a steam engine), giant, curved mirrors are used. The mirrors are concave in form. The sun's radiant energy hits the mirrors, and is concentrated at a point a little above the mirror, and in the middle. This area gets intensely hot, and water running through a pipe in that area is soon vaporized. The steam engine, of course, turns an electric generator, which produces electricity. The main limitation of solar power plants is that they simply need sunshine, and would not function on cloudy days.

Thus many devices and pro-

power problem: New exploration methods are finding more oil and coal; better engines are using fuel more efficiently, thus conserving the supply; the fantastic power of the atom is being used in more and more varied and effective ways; atomic piles now use many more varieties of fuel than the original piles; atomic fuel is being produced more effectively than ever before; and solar power plants are showing great promise, even though hardly in the experimental stage. The problem of how to provide the energy to replace the strength of Man's muscles is, while not yet solved, approaching solution.

Steve Stephens '56

My Town



My town is a small country town
Which nestles in a green valley like a lone
speckled egg in a nest.
I know the slow, purposeful activity of the
hillfolk, in town for Saturday's shopping,
The slow drawl of old-timers lounging on the
courthouse steps in the afternoon sun,
The old farmers greeting one another with wide,
leathery, weather-beaten, skin-cracking grins,
And the sizzle of tobacco juice on a hot sidewalk.
I smell the sun-cured wild hay and animal sweat
of the section barns.
I hear the cheery morning greeting of a bob-white
from a blackberry thicket and the throaty trill
of a mockingbird from an oak tree on the town
square,
The silvery-sweet and golden tones of church bells
and murmurs of prayer from a white frame church.
I know the peace, quietness, warm friendliness of
this, my town.

David Hubbell '56

To A Small Sister

Little girl with golden hair
Innocent, yet knowing eyes,
Laughing mouth, and happy air,
What makes you, so young, so wise?
Who taught you how to get your way?
Where did you get that bag of tricks?
The charming manner you display?
Little girl, you're only six!

I'm certain you have always known
One of your smiles bewitches me;
I'm in your power, that I own,
Though you're but six, you clearly see.
Little girl with sparkling eyes,
What makes you, so young, so wise?

Nancy Boone '55

Terry, continued from page 15
She wiped her hands as if there
were blood on them and nestled
her head against my shoulder.

After the show we walked
out into the chilled night air.
Alex moved slowly.

"Sorry I can't take you all
somewhere for a soda or some-
thing," Bill apologized, "Better
gethome and do some of my work."

"That's O.K." I said.

"It's perfectly all right,"
Terry put in, relinquishing her
hold on my arm, "I have a date
for dinner tonight, anyway."

I had just started to force
the words past my drying throat
when a chore-covered car pulled
up to the curb and a tall, dark-
haired boy I didn't know opened
the door and helped Terry get in

beside him. "Goodnight, all,"
she said as the door was closed
and the tall boy's arm went
around her. The last I saw of
her was her lips drawn back in
laughter and the street-lamp
shining on her white teeth.

Bill, Jean, Alex, and I got
in Bill's car and we started off.
He drove fast and then faster.
The stars shone brightly in the
blackness. I slumped back into
the security of a car's back
seat atnight and looked. In the
front, Jean was sitting close to
Bill and they were talking soft-
ly. Beside me, Alex was slumped,
staring at nothingness and I
felt a little closer to him.

I looked at Bill and Jean
and they were together; I looked
at Alex and he was blank; and
then I looked and saw myself but
I was hardly there at all.

Karl Larew '55

BASEBALL AND THE YANKEES

The spring means just one thing for the average American sports fan -- baseball. This is the great game which divides the nation into distinct groups of fans. If you happen to be a National League fan you'll place your hopes in one of eight teams ranging from the colorful New York Giants to the famished Pittsburgh Pirates, who haven't won a pennant since Buster Brown suits were the fashion for young boys.

On the other side, there is the legion of fans who follow the American League teams. One particular team in this league deserves further study, the New York Yankees. The Yanks without a doubt reign supreme in the national pastime.

Last year was one of the few years they failed to make the World Series. It is the opinion of many people that they deliberately refrained from winning the American League flag last year for fear that they would destroy the little competition the League affords them.

In any case, the New York Yankees are still the best. They possess manpower, speed, good pitching, poise, and all other qualities necessary for a perpetual winner, which they are.

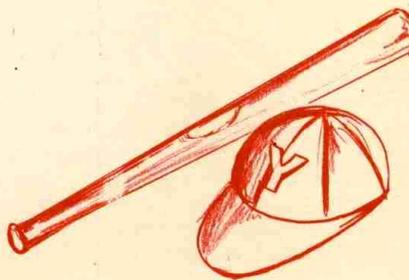
However, the Yankees are not without enemies. In acquiring their fabulous reputation they have had to consistently defeat the other ball clubs in the League. The supporters of these clubs have developed an attitude

of hatred and jealousy for the Yanks as a result, but they conceal their frustration by convincing themselves that the Yankees' success is due to unusual luck.

One of these poor souls wrote a book, The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant, expressing his bitterness toward the Yankees as a loyal fan of the Washington Senators. The author, Douglass Wallop, is indeed an unfortunate person. For the team he follows is strictly from hunger. If there ever was a name synonymous with defeat, it's the Washington Senators. They are to baseball as a lame horse is to racing, with about as much chance of winning the pennant as Outer Mongolia has of winning the 1956 Olympics.

I could continue to show how inferior all other teams are to the Yankees. However, actions speak louder than words and there is no doubt in my mind that the Yanks will continue to act as they have in the past.

Dave Harrison '55



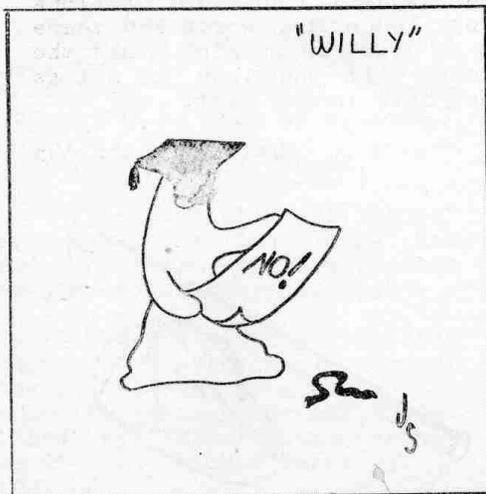
The Heritage, con'td from page 7

Dave jumped up onto the platform and gingerly grasped the sticks. Roberts began by telling him how to hold them and showing him some simple beats. For the next hour Dave toyed with the snares and became convinced that he was going to be a drummer. Abruptly as it had begun the lesson ended.

"Dat's all, boy. Ah cain't spen' mah time teachin' some no 'count beggar how t' play de drums," said Roberts. Dave nodded and got up. "Tell you boy--if yo' was to be heah tomorrow mawnin' at dis same time Ah might teach yo' some moh."

"Yassuh," said Dave, "Ah'll be heah---an'--will, Ah'll be heah."

"One thing, boy, and dat is Ah'm not spenin' mahtime teachin' yo' if yo' isn't goin' to learn good. If Ah don't lak de way yo' is goin' Ah'll jist stop dese lessons." Dave nodded in agreement and jumped down from the platform and ran happily out into the teeming streets.



The next morning Dave appeared at Barney's at the unearthly hour of seven o'clock and waited for Roberts. After what seemed like a century he came in and began where he had finished the day before. When a couple of hours had passed Roberts ended the lesson and told him to return the next day. So, the pattern was set. For the following year Dave went to Roberts for his lesson. Actually, never has there been a stranger teacher-pupil relationship or a more haphazard, hit-or-miss program. Sometimes Dave had to show up for six or seven days in a row when he would be driven beyond endurance and then at other times Roberts wouldn't come for ten or twelve days. At times he drove Dave so mercilessly that he wanted to quit--but he hung on and sweated his way to that far-off goal. Meanwhile, Roberts became more and more erratic. He continued to fall farther into the hell he had made for himself. He was getting more doped and filled with gin as the days passed and Dave heard rumors that he might lose his job. Still, he taught Dave all he knew about his trade in return for the lad's friendship and saint-like adoration.

After a year of lessons Roberts said to him, "Well, boy, yo' has done moh an' better dan Ah eber thought you would when we started. Ah've giben yo' all Ah knows an' Ah'm gettin' tired ob dis place. Ah'm leabin' de city in a couple ob days but Ah've got yo' a job. Be heah tonight at six an' Ah'll tak yo' to de place. Hit ain't much, but hit's a start."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts." said Dave. He couldn't believe that his lessons were over and
Continued on next page

Solitude

The sun shines warm on a wind-swept cliff.
Below the great white horses of the sea,
Playfully tossing foamy manes, race each other to the shore,
While above the gulls soar on sun-silvered wings,
Watching the ever-changing pattern of a restless sea.

Roberta Rucker '55

that his teacher was leaving him. He turned and walked slowly, sadly, to the door.

When he got back to his room he lay down with the idea of getting some sleep. After hours of tossing and turning he finally threw in the towel and got up. He dressed carefully and left for the saloon. It was only four o'clock but he wanted to beat the leather before Roberts came for him.

As he rounded the corner of Basin and Conti Streets he did not see the familiar front of Barney's--instead he saw a crowd milling around a pile of smouldering embers. He let out an exclamation and ran up the street. A brick wall, hot ashes, and debris were all that remained of Barney's. He saw the bartender, Mooney, standing apart from the crowd and ran over to him.

"Whut happened heah?" he asked.

"Lawd, boy, Ah dunno. Ah left dis place about two hours ago and when Ah cum' back dis was all dat was left. When Ah left Roberts was still dere trying some new routines for you. He sho' thought a lot ob yo'."

"Whut do yo' mean 'thought'? Wheah is he?" cried Dave.

"Boy," said Mooney, "dat's jist hit. He was in dat mess."

Nothing in his experience had prepared him for what he had just heard. Turning from Mooney, he broke through the cordon of police and ran into the smouldering debris to where the bandstand had been. Choking back his sobs and brushing aside the pain, he grubbed through the hot
Continued on next page

Sacrifice

Out of chaos came order,
Out of war came peace,
The confused understood,
And all was well.

All this was wrought
Not by hate,
But by the love
That with His sacrifice came.

Carolyn Yates '55

ashes.

"Hey, git dat boy," called a policeman and three husky firemen pulled him back onto the sidewalk.

He sat down on the curb and, burying his face in his seared hands, he sobbed uncontrollably. Mooney walked over to him and laid a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Whut's he carrying on fuh?" inquired a policeman.

"Roberts was in dat mess an' he was a good friend ob his," replied Mooney.

"Huh," snorted the policeman, "dat rummy? He was probably too drunk to know when to git. Ah sho' wouldn't waste no sympathy on dat guy. Eb'ryone know dat he wasn't good for anything. Nevah did nothin' fuh nobody. Hell, he might hab been sumpin' once but he ended nothin'.

but a rummy. An' dat ain' all he was--Ah knows he kept mos' ob de pushers in N'Awlins in business.

Mooney looked down at the pathetic figure huddled at his feet and then turned sadly to the charred ruins.

"Ah dunno 'bout dat, boss," he said, shaking his head slowly, "Ah dunno. . ."

* * * * *

Dave finished playing and pushed the memory from his head. "You lak dat, kid?" he asked the spell-bound figure below him.

"Yas suh, Ah do Ah sho' wish Ah could play dem drums lak dat, Mr. Dave."

"Well den," said Dave, "Yo' git yo' black hide up heah an Ah jist maybe'll teach yo' how."

Paula Margolf '55

THE FAIR GIFT-continued from page 19

He didn't say anything, he just walked the two blocks to Marr's Cafe with his hands in the pockets of the thin coat he had thrown on. The wind was cold, it must have been about 20° outside, but he shivered not a bit. His steps were as regular as the tick of a clock and he slipped once on a curb but appeared not to notice it.

We sat at the counter---no other customers in the place. We both started our coffee--I enjoyed my first cup and called for another--no word from the young fella. The coffee was strong, fresh--

"We were supposed to get married someday."

"What?" I turned toward him; his head was lifted--trickles of water had run down in his collar off his hair--his eyes were very wide open, dry, too dry, and staring straight ahead, unfocused. I knew he'd never hear me speak.

"Why was she over at your place?"

"We never set a date. We needed money--needed money. . ."

"Why was she at your place?"

"Her folks were nice--her old man. . ."

"How come she was at your place, huh?"

"I forgot I loved her--"

"Hey!"

"I forgot -- What?" He turned toward me; he looked right through me.

"I told her to stop gripin' about my job."

"What job?"

"She mademmad--I got mad.."

"What for?"

"She wanted to talk to me-- she just wanted to talk to me, say she was sorry. I told her I didn't wanna see her--I wouldn't even answer the phone---so she came over to talk to me."

"Want some more coffee?" I was getting scared and the cooky was staring.

"She's dead now--she wanted to talk to me--she musta took the bus--I'll talk to her!! No--she's dead."

Dick Fisher '55



Signing Off~

Margaret Sabar

Carol Kind

John Anderson
Pat Carson
Carole
Linda
Sergei
Targie

Jerry Kovak
"ALABAMA"

Club
Mary Jane
"M D"

Jack Farrell
Jack Zimmer

"Reg" Jones

Ann
"Ann"
"Ann"
"Ann"

Paul Hodges

Ferry Kovak

John Anderson
John Anderson

Constance
"Constance"
"Constance"

Alan "Horse"
Elinore "Rote"
"Elly"

Sue
"Sue"

Maggie

Henry Brown
De W. Collins
"De W. Collins"

John
"John"
"John"

Carol
"Carol"

Paul
"Paul"
"Paul"

Carol

Maggie

Paul

Paul

HI JUNIORS

Mozart and Music

This book should be of interest to all music lovers. It was especially interesting to me as I play many of Mozart's pieces on the piano.

Mozart was born in Salzburg, Austria, where his father was concert-master to the Archbishop of Salzburg. When he was four, he composed a minuet. The following year, his father took him and his sister Maria Anne on a tour of the European capitals. The performances of the two young musicians caused great astonishment and they were admired by all the royalites of Europe. They were given gold and much attention, but remained unspoiled. Everywhere Mozart went, he was acclaimed a genius, and soon the Pope made him a Knight of the Golden Spur. In his own country Mozart did not receive the praise due him. Nobody recognized his talent.

When he was twenty-one, he

settled at Vienna, and there gave music lessons and composed the beautiful music for which he is famous.

He married Constanza Weber who helped him through hardships. Constant work and actual want, however, caused ill health and he died when he was only thirty-five. His last days were spent working on a "Requiem", and the night before his death, at his request, some of his favorite singers came to his home to sing it for him. He was buried in a pauper's grave.

During his short life, he wrote 789 compositions, including operas, symphonies, concertos, quartets for both piano and violin. As a pianist, or as a composer, Wolfgang Mozart stands in the front rank of the world's great musicians.

Gail Stetson '60



The Martyr of Spring

Many years ago, an artist stood dreamily dabbling at his paints. There were only three seasons then, Winter, Summer, and Autumn. Winter was a cold, dreary time of year, when people shut themselves in houses and huddled by the fires. Autumn was a working time, and Summer was a time to lie in the shade sipping lemonade.

Where was that missing season? The season for buds to burst into blossoms the colors of the rainbow, to run and skip in the sunshine, for green sprouts to shoot up from their beds in the ground.

Where kindness, companionship, and joy were born again. Where was that missing season of the year?

In the artist's imagination, he saw all of this and his brush glided smoothly over the paper. Adding the finishing touches to his painting, he knew it was a masterpiece.

After the painting was hung in the Museum of Fine Arts, it was brought to the attention of several prominent men who helped rule the country. They viewed the work with considerable suspicion, for such beauty could easily spread dissatisfaction among the people. The people might demand new rulers who would give them the beauty in the painting. They might even make the painter their ruler!

So a committee of five visited the artist and told him that he was going to be put on trial the next day.

But after his death, strange things began to happen.

Shoots of grass grew deep and thick, looking like velvet green carpets. Buds were soon beautiful full grown flowers and trees put on heavy coats of leaves, while birds sang their melodies of love and happiness.

Many people say that it was the artist and his painting that brought about Spring. Others say that Spring came as a memorial to the artist. But all agree that he was a Martyr of Spring.

Babs Bolser '60

Enchanting Jenny Lind

When Jenny Lind was a little girl in Sweden, she was unhappy in her home. Her father had to be away quite often and her mother was always scolding. However, it was decided that she would live with another family who lived near her grandmother.

One day, when she was nine, she was singing to her cat. A girl heard her and told her mistress, Mademoiselle Lundberg, about Jenny's singing. Her mistress asked the girl to bring Jenny to her. When Jenny went and sang, Mademoiselle Lundberg said that she must be educated for the stage.

It turned out that Jenny had a beautiful voice. She took training and finally appeared in an opera. After that she toured Sweden and sang for the Queen.

She went to France, but the trip was a wasted one. She returned to Sweden and became famous. Later, she toured all of Europe, singing in England at the request of the Bishop.

Jenny met Phineas Barnum who wished to have her sign a contract. In it, she would go to America and sing. Jenny signed.

When she was almost through with her American concerts, she realized that she was in love with Otto Goldschmidt, her manager. She had been engaged to two other men, but somehow the affairs had never worked. She had fallen into a deep reverie, when she heard a knock at the door. It was Otto. He told her that he loved her.

Barbara Saintsing '60

Why the Seasons Change

Once, long ago, there was a goddess of the grain. She was called Ceres. She had a lovely daughter named Proserpine. They were very happy. Since they were happy, the mortals were happy, too, because Ceres tended the harvests and made them abundant. One day, however, this happiness was shattered. Proserpine was kidnapped. Ceres found that the culprit was Pluto, who had taken her daughter down to his underworld.

Ceres was so unhappy that she neglected her work. She pleaded with Pluto to give up her daughter. He finally consented to do so. He said, though, that if she had eaten anything down there, she would have to remain there a certain part of the year. Proserpine had tried to keep from eating, but she became so hungry that she had eaten six pomegranate seeds. Pluto said that since she had eaten the six seeds, she would have to stay down in the underworld for six months each year.

Ceres was overjoyed to have her daughter back with her. During these six months, the Earth was a beautiful place. But, when Proserpine went back to the underworld, Ceres was unhappy and nothing grew. The six months that they were together were Spring and Summer and the other six months were Fall and Winter.

This, according to an old legend, is why the seasons change.

Barbara Saintsing '60

