

DREAMWAYS

PALETTE

CARLA
Henniger

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PENMAN'S PALETTE

VOL. 4 NO. 2

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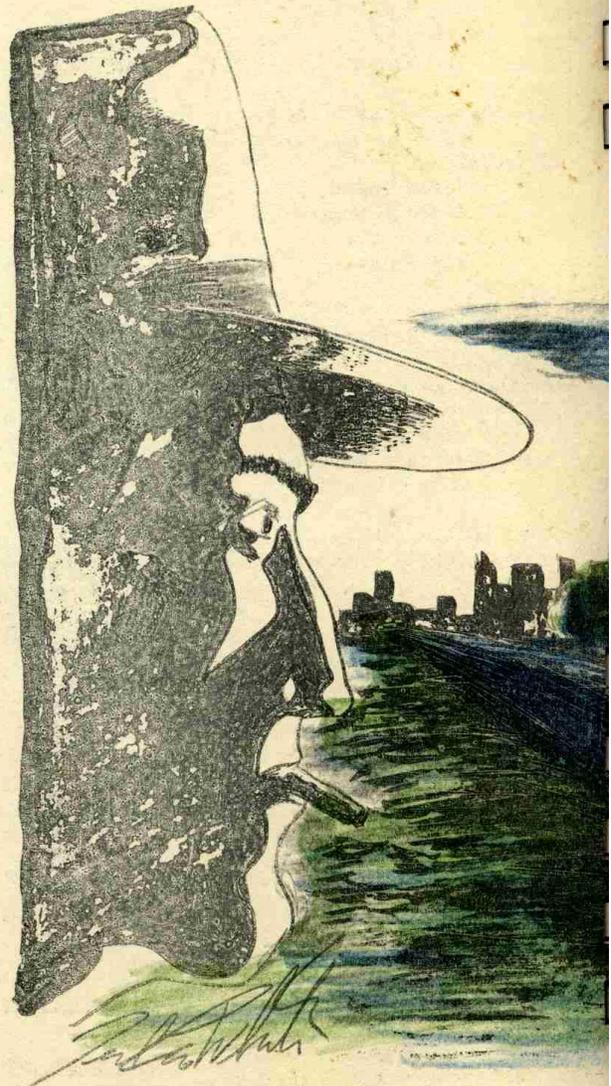
TURNABOUT

"...will be warmer tomorrow with some chance of local shower. And now a word from our--" George Crane snapped off the radio with a nervous gesture. Its typical inanities were getting under his already irritated skin. The boss was mad at him for not working overtime to finish the Green, Charlesworth report, and his ulcers were acting up again. "Ulcers at thirty! It's ridiculous! Shows what this job is doing to me...I'll be dead before I'm fifty..."

He paced, nervously, anxiously, not knowing why he did so. He glanced at a wall mirror on an open closet door. Momentarily, George winced at his reflection; at the already balding, somewhat stoop-shouldered man who peered, tiredly back. He came closer, inspecting his eyes. He was right: they were blood-shot. Smiling, he flexed his arm, and gestured at the mirror.

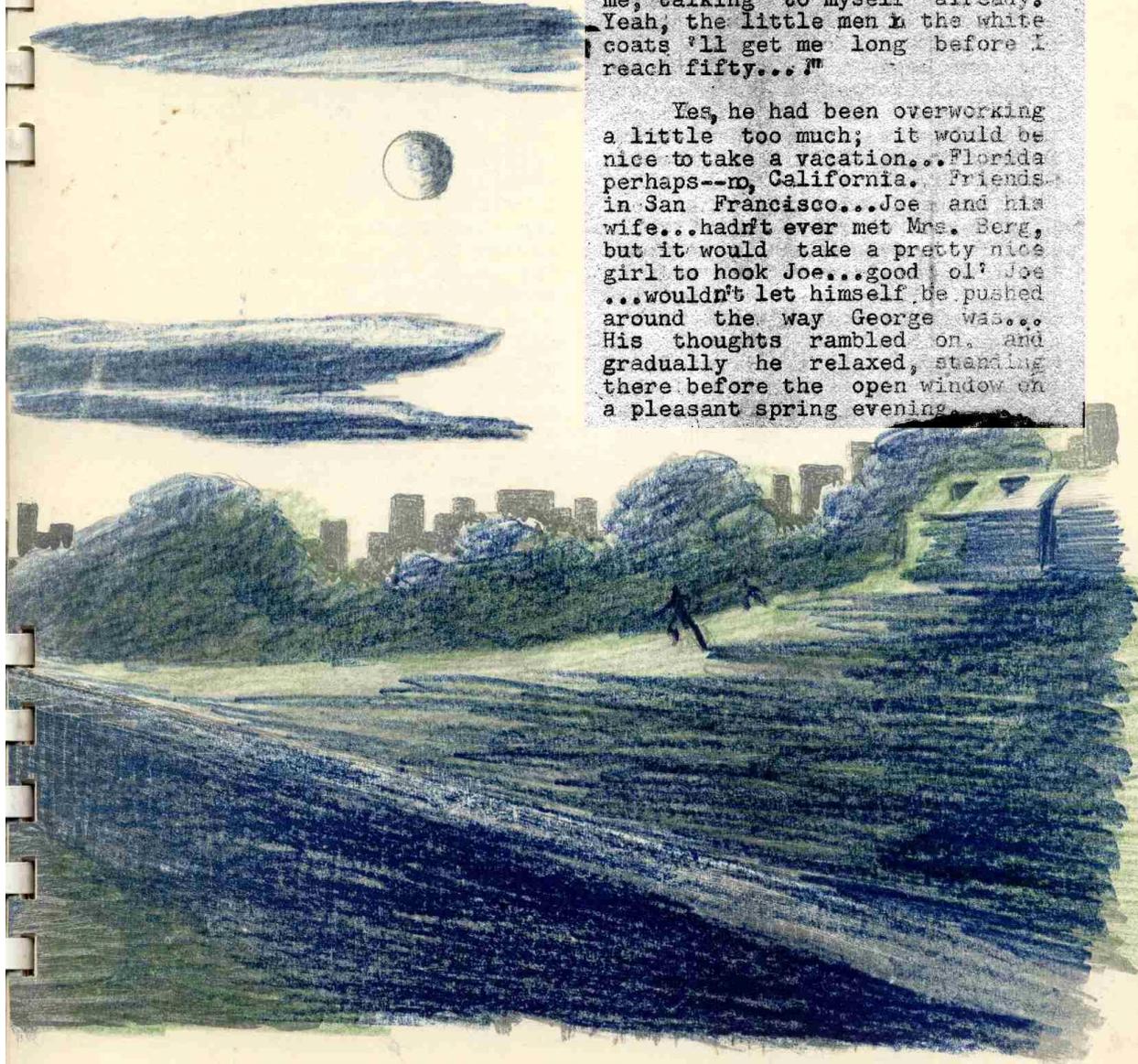
"Behold, oh mirror on the wall (no--door...): the young football player plus ten years!" He smiled again at his reflection, wryly this time. "You've sure gone to pot in ten years, ol' boy. I wonder how you'd do on the gridiron now..."

Relaxed, remembering his great football days of long ago, (but not really too long ago, he realized with a start), he stroll-



BY TED WHITE

'56



ed over to a window, raised it, and looked out into the gathering twilight. The breeze was warm and clean. It did much to refresh his tired mind. "I'm letting things get me down too much...have to try to relax more...enjoy a pleasant day. Look at me, talking to myself already. Yeah, the little men in the white coats 'll get me long before I reach fifty..."

Yes, he had been overworking a little too much; it would be nice to take a vacation...Florida perhaps--no, California. Friends in San Francisco...Joe and his wife...hadn't ever met Mrs. Berg, but it would take a pretty nice girl to hook Joe...good ol' Joe...wouldn't let himself be pushed around the way George was... His thoughts rambled on, and gradually he relaxed, standing there before the open window on a pleasant spring evening.

He looked about his yard. It was a nice yard; clean and neat in appearance, despite the bushes and flower beds scattered at random throughout it. It was funny, the neighbors thought, that he, a bachelor, had such an interest in flowers and bushes and things. It wasn't too surprising, he told himself. After all, he had little other interests, and puttering in the yard was the easiest way he knew to relax and forget about his job...that job! Who did Mr. Griggs think he was, anyway? George Crane, The Man With Three Heads?

Anyway, who cares what the neighbors think...been some trouble recently though... someone had been burglarizing the neighborhood. Have to watch out... lock the door at nights...

His gaze shifted to a clump of bushes near the corner of the house. That was the Hydrangea bush that Joe had given him just before he'd left. Joe was an amateur gardener too, and it had given them something more in common than the fact that they worked together. George had admired the bush so much that when Joe sold his place, he had given the bush to George. A last token of real friendship. It had grown into several clumps, and was now fairly large; about four feet high, and five feet across...and one section seemed much more solid than the rest. "Funny..." George narrowed his gaze upon the bush, and then, suddenly aware that it had been discovered, an object, only a bulky movement in the twilight, unfolded itself into a man, and ran around the corner of the house.

"I'll be--that burglar!
Well he won't get into this

house!" George wheeled, and raced for the side door, narrowly escaping collision with the wall, as he skidded on a rug--"A 'throw rug'", he thought wryly. Flinging the door open, George rushed out into the now-night air.

Had he thought about it, George might have wondered how the fleeing man so easily avoided the scattered bushes in his path, but George was having troubles of his own. His ulcers, unused to such slanderous treatment, had turned upon him. He now regretted his hasty action, but he was irretrievably committed. Groaning, George chased the skulker across the back yard, and through his small vegetable garden. His stomach was a ball of fire, threatening to consume his body, burning up into his straining lungs. As he noticed with satisfaction that the other man was having trouble too, George stumbled down a small terrace. The fleeing man was now only ten feet ahead of him, and George was gaining rapidly. It was now or never, for before him, George saw the stone wall that ran along the road in back of his property. It was a waist-high wall, and George knew he could never vault it, as the stranger seemed intent to do. George groaned again, partly out of frustration, partly of pain--he could not continue. In a last attempt, George launched himself forward, in his best football manner, in an effort to tackle the man. He knew he had lost as he felt the other's pants slip from his grasp; then a groping hand found the skulker's foot, and George convulsively tightened his hand, and pulled. The man's legs came back, his feet hitting George's forehead. He relaxed his grip; he had caught the man.



George Crane

As George stood up, he noticed that the other's body was still, very still. Slowly, he turned the man over. The face was unrecognizable, beaten into a bloody pulp by the stone wall. The man was dead!

George was aghast. "I didn't want to do this! Oh Lord...!" He had merely chased a burglar. He had wanted to catch him for the police. But now...He really hadn't wanted to--Oh Lord!

A quick search by shaking, fumbling fingers disclosed nothing in the dead man's pockets. That was strange, too. Why would a burglar go around with nothing in his pockets, not even his "tools"? He somehow looked familiar...there was something strange about this. He thought of the murder mysteries he'd seen. This was a frameup! No! That was absurd. That sort of thing didn't happen in real life...But it had happened, hadn't it.

"What'll I do? Call the cops? Yeah, tell'em I killed a man for hiding in my bushes...What if the boss finds out...?"

Desperately, George searched the area for something; not knowing what he wanted. His eyes fell upon the freshly turned earth of the garden. He hadn't planted anything yet. "If I were to bury the guy, no one'd ever know... wouldn't be any complications... cops...or anybody..."

He wasn't happy about it all, but he finally realized it was the only thing to do. An hour later, George finished cleaning the wall, nauseated, as he remembered the bits of flesh and hair sticking with the dried blood to the stone.

From the yard, he went directly to bed. It was only nine-thirty, but he knew he could concentrate on nothing else that night. But he could not sleep either. Over and over he felt himself running, jumping, catching the man, and then seeing the bloody face. And through all of this permeated the pain of his raw stomach.

Across the street stood a man. He had slipped back away from a nearby streetlight. He seemed quite interested in what had gone on in the garden. He turned, melting deeper into the shadows that already obscured all but his polished shoes. They were abnormally thin shoes, and long. And they had crepe soles. He smiled. He had planned on looting the house, but now...

Slowly, making sure that he was unobserved, a tall, thin shape with shoes that left long, thin prints, slid over the garden wall. There the shape wavered--then, after a few seconds, slipped on. Finally stopping, it looked down at the fresh earth where it was standing. A passing car's lights revealed the smile that played across the man's lips. Turning, he left the yard.

(Continued on page 28)

The Harbor

By Gil Hansen '56

The harbor, meeting place of adventure, a diary of ships and travelers of the sea.

The ocean liners, large, majestic, sounding out their proud, deep voices, move pompously to the waiting piers.

The tug boats, workhouses of the harbor, give vent to their impatience with shrill, piercing calls.

The freighters, slow and clumsy, their low, long, mournful tales they tell to the unheeding harbor.

The fishing boats, their bulwarks reeking with the odors of the sea, toil unceasingly day after day, ringing out their readiness and willingness with mellow bells.

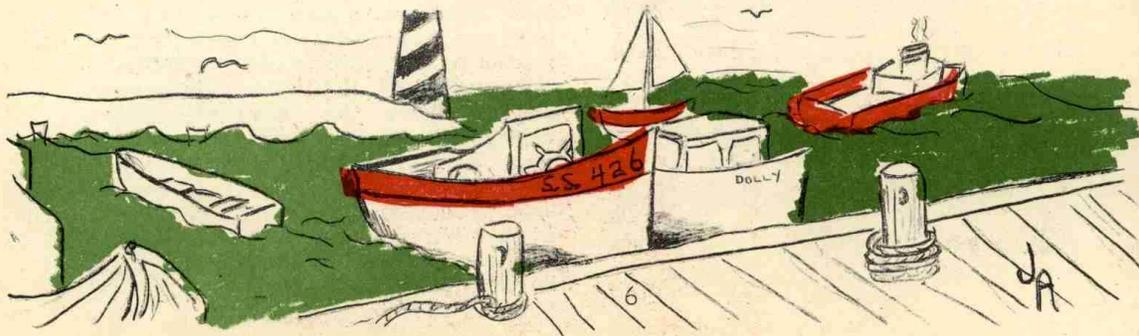
The motor launches, fast and daring, fly noisily over the dark, shimmering waters, and shoot in and out of the waiting ships towering above.

The pleasure cruisers, shining, gallant, their sleek, slender hulls cut the water cleanly, silently; their decks and masts glisten in the sun's warm rays.

In the distance stands the light house, straight and tall, keeping ardent vigil day after day, night after night.

The buoys, markers of the way, imprisoned by their moorings, dutifully guide newcomers through the harbor.

And all the while the gulls and birds of the sea fly continually overhead, their shrill cries incessant.





MARLBORO

BY SKIP SIMPSON '56

At seven o'clock on the day of the races, George arrived at my house in a red and black Crosley. From my house we drove over to Jim's. He came running out of the house with his canteen, stopped long enough to grab a broom out of the back of his father's truck, and climbed into the Crosley. We were on our way.

During the short ride to Marlboro we saw many sports cars. There was the usual assortment of Jaguars and MG's--red ones, gray ones, black ones. When several of the cars drove toge-

ther in a group, they made quite a colorful caravan. One man was driving a Nash-Healy with loud pipes that crackled and sputtered every time he eased off the gas for a turn.

There is a kind of close friendship--a sort of unwritten code among sports car enthusiasts, an equal for which you will not be able to find in any other sport. When two sports cars pass on the highway, it is unusual for the drivers not to give each other some kind of greeting. Wherever sports car owners meet there is

an atmosphere of cordiality; each is interested in the other fellow; 'Have you seen the new manifold for MG's?'; 'I have some plugs in a colder heat range, if you'd like to try them in your Jag.'; 'Were you able to get the injection on your car adjusted?'. In the pits, there is a never ending abundance of good natured rivalry. I overheard the owner of an Austin-Healy, after he had parked next to a 4.5 Ferrari, remark, "Maybe some of it'll rub off."

At about eight-thirty we arrived at the course, and we stopped by the registration booth to sign our waivers and get our pit passes. George disconnected his muffler in an attempt to emulate the sports cars. We then drove out onto the smooth 1-mile black-top course and surveyed our job for the day.

The Marlboro course has five major turns in it, each turn has a flagman, and these flagmen are connected by phones to a central control on top of the grandstand. During a race, the drivers often cut the corners so short that they leave the pavement and ride off on the shoulder. When this happens, gravel is naturally sprayed upon the asphalt. This can be treacherous to a fast-moving car, and many a driver has found himself out of the race because he skidded in the gravel and left the track. This, then, was our main job: between races we would sweep the gravel off the turns. There were to be eight races this day, and we would see many cars and sweep many feet of track before it ended.

Already, cars were beginning to pour into the pit area in the infield. Some people drove their cars; others put them

on a trailer or truck and hauled them. Every so often you would hear a snarl of straight pipes as a dormant engine snapped to life. Technical inspection was getting underway.

Before any car can race, it must pass a rigid safety inspection. Everything is checked, and as noisy as many of the cars are, you can be sure they passed a safety inspection many times more strict than any you could find in any of the state requirements for ordinary passenger cars.

At about ten o'clock the race committee chairman called the drivers together out on the main part of the track in front of the pits. He introduced Tex Hopkins, the chief flagman, who explained to the drivers what was expected of them when the red or yellow flag was displayed. The drivers were familiarized with the course and warned of its more dangerous characteristics.

Then the announcer called over the loud speaker for the drivers to assemble with their cars at the starting line for the first race. After making sure the cars were in the correct order, Tex held his hand high in the air and made a circular motion with his index finger. This meant 'start your engines.' As they started their engines, the drivers returned his signal to show that they were ready. When all the drivers were ready, Tex held the green flag up. Engines raced, and exhausts buzzed like angry bees. All drivers' eyes were on the flag. Tex leaped into the air, and with one sweeping movement, brought the flag down. With a deafening roar of engines and screams of protest from tires spinning on asphalt,

they were away in a turbulent fog of exhaust fumes and dust.

Everyone was curious to see how the thunderbirds would do. By the end of the eighth race, Thunderbirds had placed first and second in one race, third in another race, and fourth in the feature event. This was good, considering the fact that the Thunderbird was never designed for competition.

In the afternoon, an antique car show was held. the winner of the silver plate was a rare Mercedes-Benz 500SS, Mit Compressor. It is a beautiful classic; it has good roadability and speed comparable to many of today's cars--truly the product of engineering perfection and genius.

I took a few pictures of

some of the cars, both in the pits and on the track. One is an interesting action shot of an MG which ran off the asphalt on the inside of a turn, chasing a flagman as it went skidding past.

So this, then, is a day at the races. The sweet smell of hot castor oil; the metallic hysteria of engines wound up to the point where their elegant parts threaten to come through the hood in fragments¹; the melodious symphony of a score or more straight exhaust pipes--all this and more combined to make the sports car races one of the most thrilling tests of endurance ever devised for man and machine.

¹Stolen from Road and track magazine, Sept. 1953 (Ferrari-7,000 RPM)

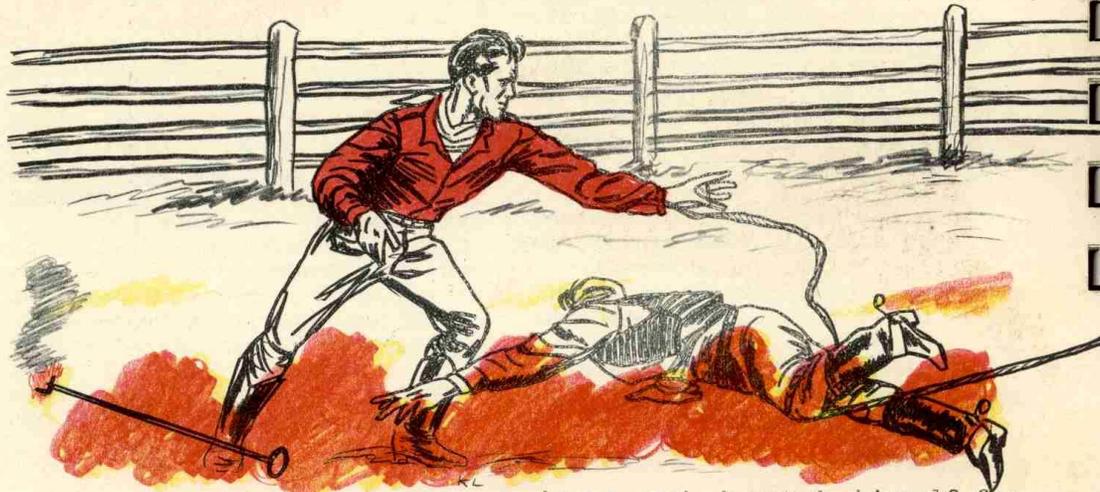
one's eternal soul

Can one describe the beauty of one's love?
Can he describe the flow of her hair,
Or the radiant glow of her smile?
The depth and magnificence in her eyes?
Neither can I, describe the loveliness that is hers,
Nor the matchless tone of her voice,
Nor the comfort she gives to a fallen dream.

But how quickly can all this be changed.
That which was once beauty, can cease
To be beautiful and become hideous, such
As death itself. Death may destroy
Beauty, but the love of the soul shall for eternity remain.

larry cohn '56

THE REBEL by



"Watch it, you blind idiot!" His legs caught in a tangle of rope, Dino fell to the ground, his body enveloped in searing dust. A young steer bolted to its feet, headed for the opposite side of the pen. Dino hauled on his reata, dragging the beast back. "Keep your loop where it won't trip me, or I swear to God I'll break your neck!"

"Don't blow your top, Dino. The old man'll hear you!"

"I don't care if the entire Cattlemen's Association hears me."

"I do. I'm in bad enough with Abe already."

"You can't even hold a steer down any more. The Army ruined you, boy!"

Tom Lake gripped the steer's

horns and berated himself for his clumsiness. Dino might have been seriously injured by the smoldering iron. The stench of burned hair and flesh choked him as Dino branded the animal. He longed to run away, anyplace, until he could breathe. Angel Salero slapped lime on the brand and Dino signaled to release the steer. Tom let the struggling animal go. It dashed to the shelter of the other newly branded cattle, where they stood, licking their burns. Angel leaned close.

"We finish alone, Tom."

This was the worst thing a cowboy could be told to do, leave the pen. It meant he was not good enough. Tom flipped the rope to Angel, watched the round-faced mestizo pick it up with feline grace, and vaulted over the fence. Abraham Lake limped slowly to his side, leaning on a strong cane. He looked

KASHA LARSEN '56



like an infirm Jehovah, his white hair shining in the sun.

"You thrown out of the pen?"

"Your eyes are still good, Abe. You saw it yourself."

"Don't talk to me like that, you young pup! The Army made you a sergeant and now you're too uppity to be civil to your uncle."

Tom turned his back on the old man and studied the dust devils blowing the red dirt across the yard. "The Army didn't do anything to me except show me that people can live, not just exist."

"Takes a lot of work to

make a ranch like this pay off. Get on the ball, chico; you're no help the way you are now."

"Can't you ever say anything good about me? Or is that too much to expect from you? I've been away three years, Abe. Don't think I can take over single-handed in three weeks."

"You're going to take over for me. I can't boss this ranch much longer, crippled up like I am." Abraham leaned against the fence, cursing in turn the relentless sun, his arthritis, and the stubborn pride that had followed the family for generations.

Dino and Angel left the pen. Angel was nursing a gash inflicted by a desperate steer's hoof.

He scowled. The heat of the day had set tempers on edge already, and would be worse by afternoon. The wrong word could start a fight. Dino ran a hand through his damp, matted hair. He was still angry about the fall he had taken because of Tom.

"Lord, Tom, you'd better be a tie man from now on. You'd lose a finger the first dally you tried." He moved nearer to Tom and laid a hand on his arm.

"Lay off me, Dino."

"You're touchy today, chico."

"I said lay off. I don't feel good."

"Too bad, chico. Shall I call a colonel to hold your hand?"

Tom kicked Dino's feet out from under him, shoving on the big man's chest at the same time. Dino sat down hard, swore, and leaped up. Angel stopped him. The mestizo's eyes were expressionless.

"Don't waste your strength, Dino. C'mon, I got to wash my arm."

Dino looked at Tom's tense fists. "Your hands are white. It used to be that only top punchers had white hands." He spat and reached for the water bucket. Tom turned on his heel and walked away. Abraham watched him go.

Tom tried to understand all that had taken place since his enlistment in 1917. He was searching the remuda for his favorite mare, Dolly, when horses milled uneasily. He had broken most of the horses in his string himself, but those he recognized shied

away as if from a stranger. The hands didn't have strings as large as they used to. Fences had shot up all over the grazing lands, where few had existed before. Only the big outfits did their branding outside pens now. Abraham's arthritis was new; in 1917 he had been as spry as Dino, twenty years his junior. Tom surveyed the ranch as a stranger might. It was poor, dry, hot. He thought of Dino, Abraham, Angel and Mama Salero. They had all changed. The Lake ranch had changed. It gave him a desolate feeling.

The Army has taken my youth, he thought. It's robbed me of my rhythm, my precision. He stared at his hands. His reflexes were dulled, his timing gone. It would take a long time to regain his prewar form. He wondered if it were worth the effort. Although his uncle had opposed it, he had enlisted, and Army life had broadened his horizons. He had seen new things, met all types of people. The bleakness of the ranch now appalled him. Mama Salero's shrill voice came from the cookhouse. She was chattering to her son in rapid Spanish. The sound irritated him. He could picture her, standing by the ancient stove, waving a spoon, while the sweat poured down her fat face. Angel strode across the yard, grimacing from the smarting medicine she had put on his arm, and ignoring her exhortations. Dino joined him and they ambled off toward the pens. Their retreating footsteps were a sign of exclusion. Tom resented their easy comradery. He could not decide why. I haven't changed, he told himself. I've just learned some things I never knew before I went away. They're the ones that have changed. He was only half right.

The afternoon brought only an increase in the brooding heat. Abraham sat in a rocking chair in the meager shade afforded by the harness shed. He was mending traces as Tom approached him, an air of determination about him. Neither man spoke for several minutes. Abraham stopped working and began to finger the stiff leather strap he was holding. "Out with it, chico!"

"Don't call me 'chico' anymore, Abe. I've done a lot of growing up."

"And about time. What's on your mind?" Abraham scrutinized his rebellious nephew. From the dark hair to his heavy boots he was the image of his father, but his eyes were his mother's. They were penetrating yet refused to be penetrated. Tom stood defiant, proud. Somewhere in the past three years a dividing line had been passed. Absence had separated them and made them irrevocably alien. The shaky bridge of kinship suddenly collapsed as Abraham stared at the young man's eyes, trying to read them. Pride, the accursed family pride, rendered his voice flat and cold.

"You out for a fight? You used to start a lot of them. You were a hotheaded kid, Tom."

"I'm leaving, Abe."

"Don't be ridiculous, boy. The Lake ranch is your place. You're taking over from me."

"I'm not staying on this miserable, dried-up, Godforsaken hole in the ground."

"Be reasonable! This ranch has been in the family for sixty years. You've got a duty to

our tradition, to me."

"Haven't I got a duty to myself, Abe? This has been on my mind since I got my discharge. My decision is final."

"Why are you going to quit, Tom?"

"Why? Because I'm tired of being a nothing. All my life I've played toady to you and Dino and the rest. I've been kicked around and treated like dirt long enough. I learned something in the Army. I was a sergeant. People treated me with a little respect. I felt human. This may surprise you, but I've got a mind of my own. I want to be something."

Abraham climbed out of the rocker and gripped its back for support.

His reply was bitter. "We've treated you like dirt, eh? Everything you've gotten you've asked for. Sure you know your own mind. The Army pinned stripes on your sleeve; they told you you were a soldier, not a cowboy. Now you aren't happy here. What's wrong with being a cowboy? Your father and his father and his father before him were cattlemen."

"I met men with education like I never had. They talked about things I never heard of. I saw a lot of smart men, men who wouldn't waste their lives in a place like this. They had money and clean clothes. They didn't worry about getting a hand burned off by a rope, or being kicked in the teeth by a horse."

"So you want fine things. Maybe you want me dead, so you could sell the ranch, sell your father's burying place. Then

you'd have money. You'd be a 'somebody' like them."

"No, Abe. I didn't say that. I just want to get away from here!"

"Take my word for it--"

"If I took your word for it I'd slave here till I rotted, for nothing."

The two stubborn men faced each other, enflamed by the senseless anger that ruled the day. The sun had made Abraham feverish. His words hissed through his lips. "So this is what I've raised--a quitter, a man who'd leave his family home when it needs him most. You're not your father's son! The blame's on that woman he brought here to mock us!"

Tom drew in his breath, choking down the vile words that strove to leap from his tongue. He stepped forward, menacing the old man with closed fists.

"Shut your mouth about my mother!"

Abraham struck him hard across the mouth with the leather strap. Tom tasted blood from the blow. He sprang on the old man, carrying him down with him. He straddled Abraham's body, hitting him again and again. The old man went limp. Mama Salero screamed from the cookhouse. Dino and Angel ran to him, pull-

ing Tom off. Mama Salero raised the white head. Abraham was unconscious. Gently, she and Angel lifted the bulky form to the rocker. Dino held Tom, pinning his arms to his sides. He was snarling in anger.

"You rotten, miserable, little cur! Why don't you try to fight a man who can take it, instead of a crippled old man. You'd be afraid to. I oughta beat you to an inch of your life!" Releasing Tom, the big man stood back, fists ready to strike if his challenge were accepted. Tom did not move; like a statue, he remained motionless, while his impenetrable eyes glanced from person to person. Angel stared back at him; his mother bent over Abraham. Dino strode to the main house. When he returned, he held a shotgun. He pointed it at Tom.

"Get out of here. Get out of here before I shoot. And if you ever come back I'll be waiting for you with this."

Not like this! Driven away in shame like a criminal. Realization came into his mind. To them, to his uncle, he was a criminal. He had been tried and convicted in ten seconds. The strength to resist left him. But the pride remained. Ramrod straight, he walked to the remuda to rope a horse. Ramrod straight, he mounted in their sight and left. But alone at last, the rebel bowed his head and wept.



THE DERELICT

BY SERGEI TIMKOVSKY '56

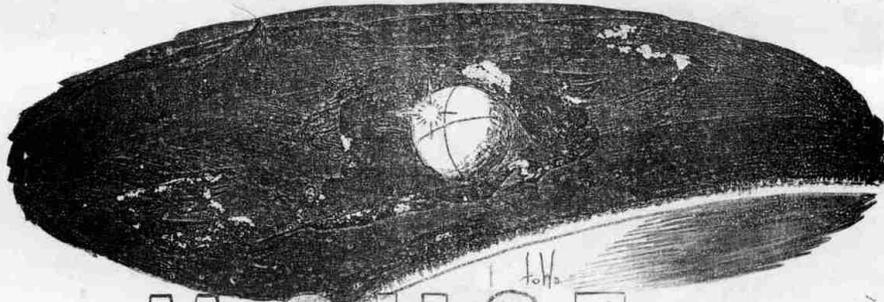


High up on the grassy slopes of a hill stands an old derelict automobile. All around it the long grass flows gently in the breeze, moving this way and that. There are no trees, no bushes, just grass, undulating over long rolling hills. In the middle of this expanse stands the derelict, like a duck among swans.

But it has an attraction all its own. Not just because it is different, but because it has a character, a personality. The broken headlights stare with a sunken sadness. The bumper is bent into a crooked grin. All over the hood, there are spots of rust, the infirmities of age. The windshield wiper is twisted like a crippled arm; a crack in the windshield is a frown formed

by the suffering of hurt and pain. A door hangs open. The upholstery is faded and torn. From the interior rises a musty smell, the faint odor of damp cloth and matting. In the back of the car the trunk door has fallen open, trailing a piece of rubber weather stripping, cracked and parched. The tires are gone from their hubs; the car rests low, near the ground. The ever-present grass flows around it and past it, moving, always moving. The skies change; it rains and snows. At night the moon sails a dark sea accompanied by countless stars. The sun rises and sets.

Yet, still stands the car oblivious to nature and her ceaseless changings.



MOUSE

(MINIMUM ORBITAL UNMANNED SATELLITE OF EARTH)

Little MOUSE,
Little Moon,
Interplanetary basketball
Played with on the court of space,
Are you happy now?
Was the ride in the rocket hard?
Was it too warm?
But it's fine now, isn't it?
You spin around Man's Earth--
You're the first of his inventions to taste
The emptiness of space.

You like being first.
You watch the earth below you--
Glowing, living, spinning.
The Sun, the Lifegiver, beats down on you.
It warms your solar battery.
You are grazed by meteoroids from distant galaxies.
You don't mind; it doesn't hurt.

You're happy.

But, little MOUSE, you're slowing down!
You're beginning,
Imperceptibly
To fall.
Tenuous atmosphere drags you down.
You'll die, you know.
The atmosphere will vaporize your aluminum, your
copper, your plastic.

But you've done your job.
The men that made you will soon follow you into Space.
You're happy, aren't you?
You've done your job.
You've had fun.

Steve Stephens '56

The Saga of Panther Dan

(INSPIRED BY "THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW" BY SERVICE.)

BY CAROL ROSE '58

Now Panther Dan was a frontier man
In the days when men were free.
And there wasn't a coot that could out-shoot
Big Dan, the half-breed Cree.

The father of Dan was an old squaw man,
So Dan was just half white.
Of liquor he'd store a gallon or more,
But never would he get tight.

Now Dan was all of six feet tall,
And his hair was black as coal;
His shoulders were wide as a buffalo hide;
He was known as a man with no soul.

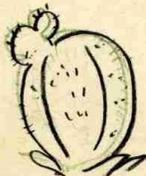
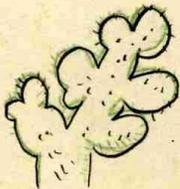
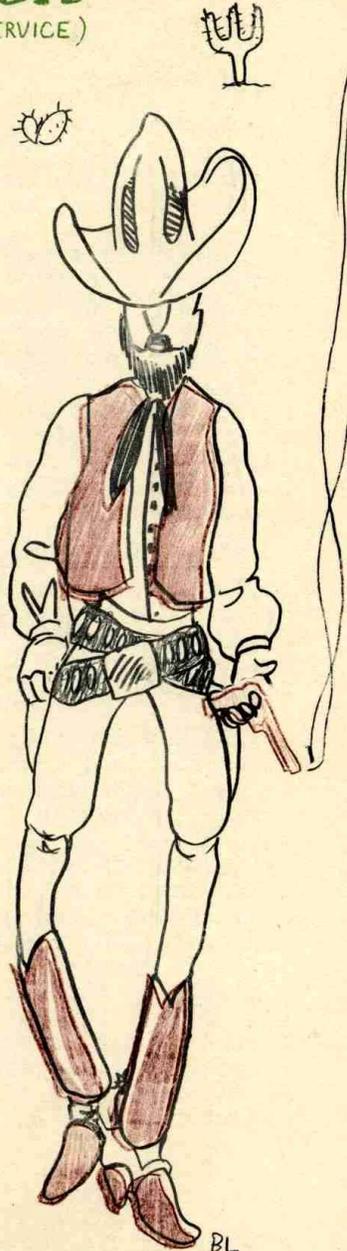
He was fast on the draw like you never saw;
Big Dan had plenty of zip.
He could nail a card at thirty yard,
Shooting his Colt from the hip.

He'd roar into town when the sun went down
And bellow and look for a fight.
He once broke loose from the calaboose
Three times in a single night.

One time in town he was sitting down,
Drinking and playing stud,
When he saw a chest with a star on its vest,
And its owner looked sober as mud.

Like a thunderbolt, Dan reached for his Colt,
And so did the man with the star.
The pistols flashed, but when the smoke passed,
Big Dan was slumped on the bar.

In the days long past, when gold came fast,
At a time when a man was a man,
There was just one coot that could outshoot
A rough they called Panther Dan.



Henry was a big darky. He had a likeable grin which showed his shining white teeth. He had sparkling brown eyes and his general appearance was one of great physical strength. Henry was the night watchman at Greenway's Warehouse--he liked his job and had never missed a night. The other folks who worked at Greenway's were nice too, but Henry didn't see them much. And he didn't object to the pay.

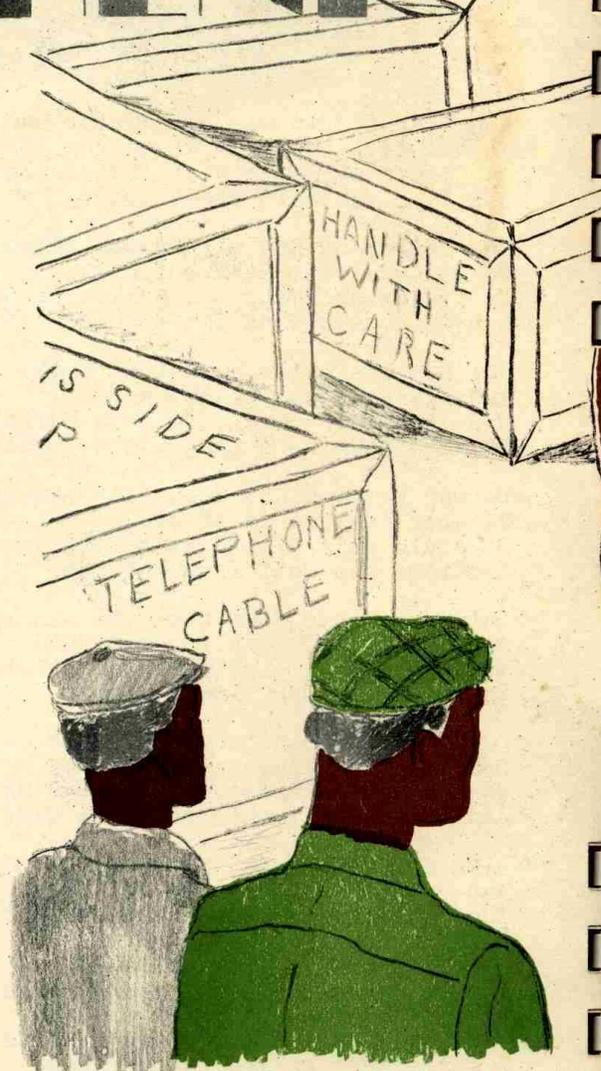
With all these fine things, Henry was unhappy. His girl had left him. The last time he had seen her, she was gallivanting down the street with some no good darky. Henry was in love with Pearl and didn't like the way things were going. He had the walking blues, but he couldn't leave--that wouldn't be fair to Mr. Jack.

"This heah's mis'ble weath-ah," said Henry to himself. Henry sounded miserable. "Heah Pearl's gone off with that no good critter an' I jus' ain' up to nothin'."

Henry paced up and down between the long rows of crates. He went over and sat on a crate marked, "Machine Parts-Handle With Care." At this point, Henry wasn't in much of a mood for following rules, so he took out a cigarette and put it in his mouth. It hung there precariously as he mumbled furiously to himself. He threw it on the floor and ground it out with his big foot. He got up and started his rounds. All the doors were O.K. He started going around the various storerooms.

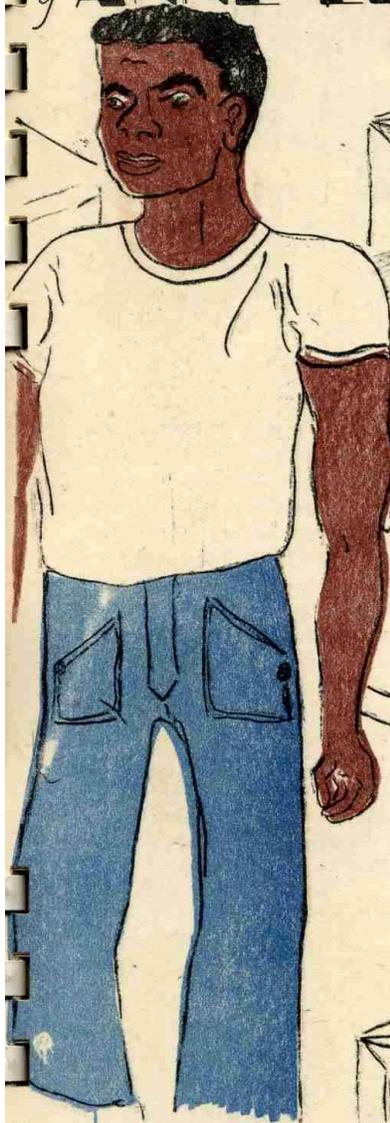
Falling over a low packing case, he cursed violently. "Dey has eithah put some mo' stuff in heah, dey has moved some stuff out, or dey has moved some stuff

HENRY



'roun'. Now, the guys who work heah in the daytime is too lazy to move stuff 'roun', so sho nuff, someone who don' work heah done been heah." Henry went around the warehouse more carefully this time. His mind was

by ANNE LEWIS '58



"Refrigerator--This Side Up". His mind went back to Pearl and her new boy friend. "So help me," he muttered, "if I get my hands on that fella, dere ain' goin' to be nothin' for her to see anythin' in no mo'." Then the pleasing thought that maybe Pearl was trying to get Henry jealous occurred to him. Henry relaxed.

There was a sudden sound followed by a husky swearing. Henry tensed and jumped to his feet. The noise had come from Storeroom #7. There he came upon two men attempting to hide behind a heavy crate marked, "Telephone Cable".

"Git out of there an' git fast," Henry bellowed.

"We're comin'," said a cowering voice.

"Hurry up with it," commanded Henry.

"Yas, Suh!"

"What y'all doin' in theah?"

The two Negroes who had emerged, fearfully viewing Henry's stature, said, "We was jus' lookin', boss."

"Tell me the truth, ya little coward, before theah ain' nothin' lef' to say nothin' 't all."

"Well, suh," spoke up the other, "we was really tryin' to git off with somethin'."

"What?"

"Well, boss, we had heard that that Greenway fella kept some money here 'bouts."

"Ya low-down sneaks ain'

off his personal troubles, and he was far more watchful. Finding nothing, he went back to his packing case. It was midnight.

Henry leaned back against a tall case bearing the notice,

goin' to git no money offa Mr. Jack."

"Yas, suh."

Now, some men are always willing to turn an easy dollar, and Henry was no exception.

"Any reward for you guys with the cops?"

"Naw, suh, we was jus' startin'."

Henry also respected young enterprise.

"Tell ya what, boys," he said in a very businesslike manner, "I'll turn ya loose."

"Yas, suh!"

"But, y'all is goin' to give me all your money fore' ya leaves this heah warehouse."

Two faces showed both despair and mild joy. Young as their business was, it was already in desperate financial straits.

"Now look heah, boys," commended Henry, "ya don' have much choosin' 'bout this. If ya don' give me what ya got with ya, I'll have to give ya to the cops. Now, ya woudn' like that would ya? Make up your minds quick-I'se

in a hurry."

The former businessmen started emptying their pockets. Henry grinned broadly, and said, "Give me dem rings and watches, too." They obeyed. "Git agoin' and don' do anythin' like this agin." They got.

Henry went over and sat on the machine parts crate. All told, he had two wrist watches, a wedding ring, a class ring and \$27.19. "Pretty good," said Henry, pocketing his haul. He began his rounds again.

At 7:30 Henry was back on his crate again. At present he figured that he would spend his wealth alone--he didn't need Pearl. "Good mawnin', Mr. Jack," said Henry pleasantly, as his amiable employer entered.

"Good morning, Henry," smiled Mr. Jack Greenway, "how'd things go tonight?"

"Jus' fine. Mr. Jack," grinned Henry, "jus' fine!"

Henry headed out into the awakening city. He didn't need Pearl. With his looks, he could get himself another girl, easily and quickly. Henry turned and headed for a nearby bar.

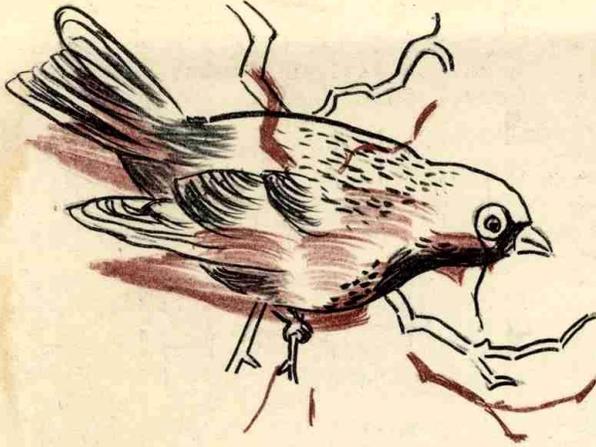


God's Gift

by Carolyn Hall '56

A child is the most
innocent thing in the world
A little bit of God in earthly
dress.
A soul not blighted by our human
traits
Of evil, hate, and selfishness.





SIR CHIPS

GINNY GEBELIN '56

Here I sit, literally a bird in a gilded cage. Let me describe myself to you all. First off, I'm a native of Virginia, my name is Gerald, and I'm two years old. I've heard that I am one of the prettiest parakeets in town; all I know is, that if I turn my head around far enough, my eyes are sort of dazzled by a bright blue color. There is nothing extraordinary about my abilities. I have learned to say, "Pretty Bird," and to whistle when someone comes into the room. My cage is placed right next to a window and I have a fine view to help the endless days go by. However, I am now satisfied to stay at home. Let me tell you of my one big adventure.

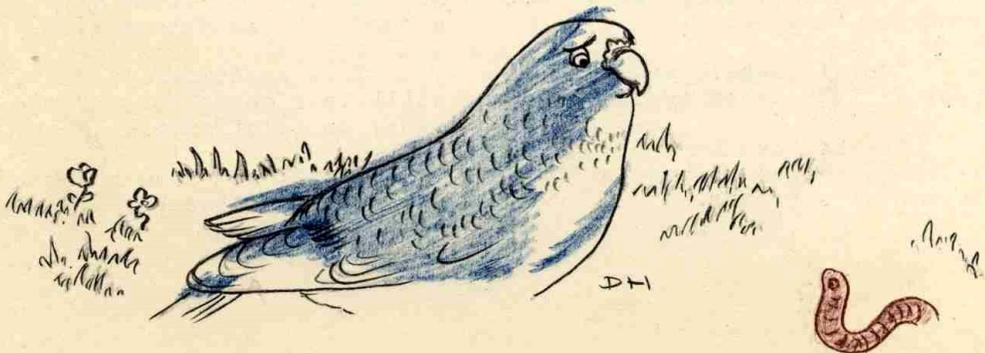
It all started one day as I was practicing turning a somersault from by top perch.

"Hallo, old chap," came a strange voice.

"Oh, who are you?" I asked smoothing a wing feather with my beak.

"I am Sir Chips, a sparrow that has descended directly from the royal family of England," came the proud reply.

We got to talking and developed quite a friendship. Chips came every day to see me and tell me of all his exciting adventures. Always he urged me to escape from my jail and to accompany him to



the wonderful land of freedom outside the window.. The old song, "If I had the wings of an angel," kept running through my mind and I decided my dignified life was really dull indeed. I lost my Southern accent and began to spout a few British phrases. Imagine my master's surprise when he walked in and I said, "Cheerio, old chap!"

Master always let me out of my cage for two hours every day. Once as I was investigating the mail slot in the front door, my chance came. Just then the mailman came, and as he stuck his hand in the slot, I pecked him hard on the finger. Boy, did he jump back! Best of all, he left the slot open! I squirmed through the hole and was free--free as a bird! Naturally, since it was my first time in the open I was confused, but not for long.

"Say, Gerald old boy, is that really you?" There on a limb sat Chips, looking very surprised.

"Yes, suh. Shall we take a tour of this country?" We soared over the tree tops, dipping and diving like two crazy young hot-rod pilots. It was grand, being able to see everything. I got what you might call a "bird's eye view" of things. It was a good thing that I had Chips with me, as I had never been in this region before, and I'd certainly never been able to find my way home. Home! My goodness, I didn't have a home anymore. This was a rather sobering thought.

"Gerald, shall we light and rest a bit?" asked my companion.

It was here in some unknown backyard, that I had my first lesson of survival.

"As I feel rather hungry, we might be well off to rout out some chow," Chips said.

"But I don't know what to do, Chips. I've never had to forage for myself," I answered, more than a little apprehensively.

"Here, watch me, old boy. Look, there is part of a nice juicy worm! Grab hold with your beak and pull. They make a very nice luncheon."

I followed Chips' advice and grabbed the worm. My, he was slippery! I grabbed again, braced my feet solidly in the grass, and jerked. I jerked this way and that but that ole worm just wouldn't come up. I was getting flustered, and was so engrossed, I didn't hear Chips yell the first time.

"Gerald! Look out for the CAT!"

Oh, dreaded word! Rushing down on me was a huge grey and white monster. I let out a squawk and escaped, leaving behind one of my beautiful bright blue tail feathers.

"Are you all right, old boy?" Chips queried.

"Oh, sure," I said and gulped. Scared?--I'd never been so scared before in all my life. I sat trembling on a sturdy limb. My feathers were all ruffled, and as I looked down I could see one of them tumbling to the ground like an autumn leaf.

This encounter left Chips still in fine fettle, and he was ready to be off again.

"Shall we find ourselves a nice spot to sleep?" Chips asked.

"You know Chips, I've always wanted to sleep in that dogwood tree outside our house," I replied.

"Oh, you don't want to get near your home, Gerald. You might be caught."

"I guess not, Chips," I said. But worry nagged at me. Was my master all right? we found a nice thickly leaved tree to pass the night in. A mother robin hopped over to investigate, but satisfied we wouldn't hurt her young, left us alone. Chips brought me a juicy worm and a beetle for himself. Squish-oh, how I wished I were chomping on "Tweetie" bird seed. Chips crunched into his fare and watched me quizzically. I guess my blue must have turned slightly green because Chips said, "There is a bird bath in the next yard, Gerald, if you care to take a dip and wash

down your supper."

"Thanks, Chips, but I think I'll snuggle up here and catch forty winks." I hunched over and put my beak under a wing. It was sort of cold and I thought of the nice warm cage at home. Home, gee!

It began to rain; the water pattered down on the leaves. Chips scratched at some lice with his right foot and remarked, "I guess we might get a bit wet."

The night was endless. The hours marched by like tired tortoises. Dawn came and I heard Chips begin to sing, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" He was slightly off key, I'm afraid.

When he noticed me blinking sleepily at a column of ants traveling up the trunk, he stopped his song and greeted me cheerfully.

The Wallflower

By GABBY GAIER - '57

Poor little wallflower--see her there,
The brooch round her neck, the rose in her hair,
She's watching, waiting, sipping with care,
The night folding gently about her chair.

You handsome young beings with shoes of white,
Dwell on the wallflower, take note of her plight,
Pity the hands, trembling with fright,
Pity the animal, shunning the light.

Before turning round, glance back her way,
Think of something pleasant to say.
The dull eyes will kindle, the face become gay.
Long after you've left, your chatter will stay.

Poor little wallflower--see her there,
The brooch round her neck, the rose in her hair.
She's watching, waiting, sipping with care,
The night folding gently about her chair.

"How's the old boy this morning?"

"Chips, I want to go home," I stated.

"Oh, don't flip your lid, old bean," he said worriedly.

"No, Chips, I've been thinking and I want to go home."

"All right," he said and sighed. "I guess you weren't cut out to be a wild bird like me. Let's go."

This time we went slowly, without the crazy antics of our previous journey. I had a strange feeling in my stomach. I couldn't tell if it were that worm acting up, or if I were slightly scared at the reception I would receive at home. Would master be angry? I had that unusual feeling I've heard called, "butterflies." As we approached my backyard, the sun broke through the familiar dogwood tree. Master was out in his night clothes, calling for me in a plaintive voice. "Gerald! Gerald!"

I flitted to a low branch on the dogwood tree and watched Master. Were those bags under his eyes from no sleep? He saw me and walked across the yard with his hand extended. Chips began pleading with me to escape while I had the chance. My mind whirled. I glanced toward freedom, took a step in that direction, then Master called to me again. I flew quickly to his finger like a homing pigeon, and jumped up on his shoulder to nibble his ear.

"Pretty bird? Pretty bird?" I asked hopefully. Master reached up to smooth my ruffled feathers, and exclaimed over my missing tail piece. Chips flew about,

squawking at me to come with him.

"Good-bye, Sir Chips," I said as I was carried to the house.

"Cheerio, Gerald, I'll come visit you again." He flew away sadly defeated.

"Gerald, there is a nice present for you in your cage," Master said.

I flew in the door and what I saw made me turn green again. There was a big juicy worm!

Swamp

Lying death-like, *Rosalie Stuart '56*

Rot and slime,

Quagmire swamp of evil ooze;

Reaching forward,

Ever clutching,

Sucking sand of silted bog;

Molding morass,

Fen of sedges,

Sluggish slough of reeking mud.

LIFE by DAVE HUBBELL

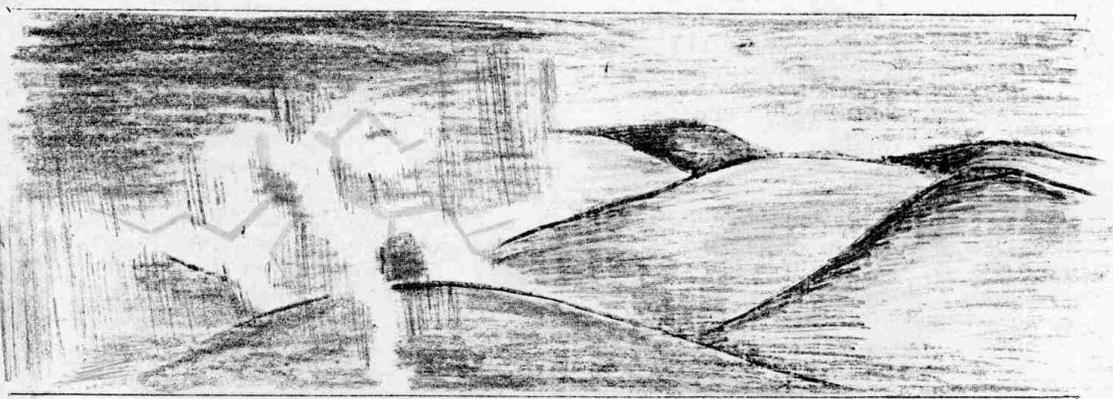
Sultry late afternoon and clouds gather silently in black, ominous
mounds in the West.
The sun has struggled in vain; all is shadow.
A low, rolling rumble sweeps through the valleys.
It promises for the dark mass beyond.

Late evening and the clouds reluctantly dissolve.
Ribs of shadow, their purple tints fading to dark blue.
Vermilion glory lost for another day.
Fickle shadows, to give beauty for rain.

Cool breezes of midnight and the stars blink out, one by one.
The rain murmurs peacefully,
.....caressing the parched, powdery dust,
.....and disappears into it thirsty depths.

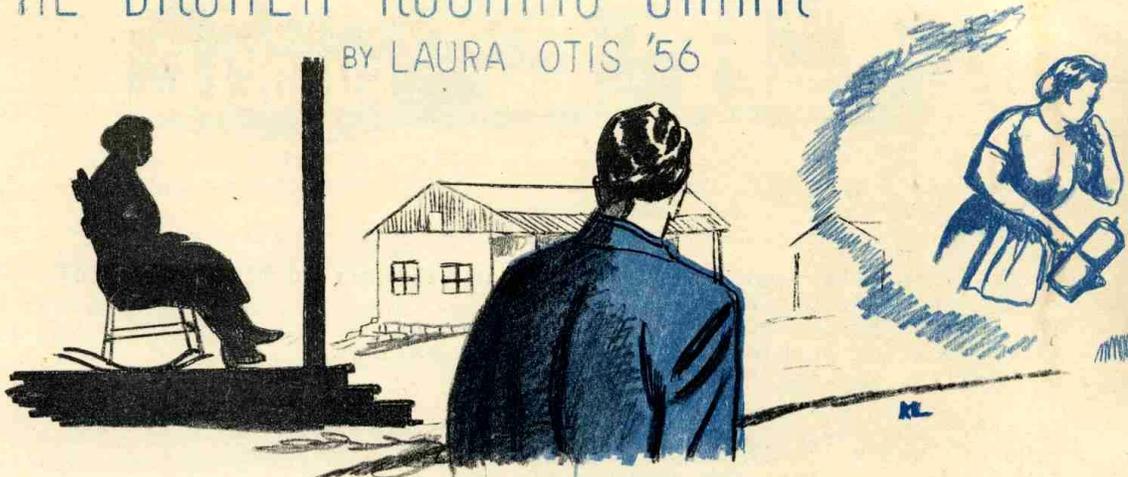
Not hurled to the ground by a wrathful God
Midst furious stabs of lightning and thunder,
But given gently and graciously, quietly
to the grateful earth.

Where brown wisps were, and waste and despair,
Now are green blades, and life and hope.



THE BROKEN ROCKING CHAIR

BY LAURA OTIS '56



Sad, wrinkled, and grey--out of place in the rough, busy world of a mining town. This would be the impression the withering old woman would give a casual observer. But you, Jim Marx, can see past the forlorn eyes and paling cheeks. You, the coal miner, can read the chapters written in the heart of an old woman. For you have seen women wilt and fade in the unending war between their men and the mines.

What are you seeing as you watch her rocking in that broken chair? What is it that makes your eyes fill? You are remembering your mother and all she stood for. You remember how she looked when your father died. You were twelve then, Jim, the youngest of three boys. Your father supported his family by digging coal ten hours a day. He didn't have much money but he managed to feed you well and keep you warm in the winter. While Mr. Marx was down in the mine one day, the dreadful wail of

the emergency siren sounded.

"Momma, Momma!" you screamed, running into the house; "Something dreadful's happened! The mine's fell through and Daddy's down there!"

Everything was in a turmoil. Men and women were hurrying to the shafts. Dogs barked, children cried, and the never-ending siren cried over all. But through everything, Jim Marx, your Mother remained comfortably calm. For five hours she made coffee and bandages for the rescued men. Her whole house was turned into a hospital.

There were approximately twenty-five men in the mine at the time of the cave-in. Five hours later, only fourteen had been found. Two were dead. Your father was not found when the fire broke out in the sixth hour. It seemed there had been some faulty wiring and an aftermath of falling rocks created a short circuit in the new wiring. In



spite of your age, you knew the danger of a fire in the mines. You knew that gas pockets could explode and completely demolish the caverns in an instant. Your mother knew it, too, because her father had been killed in a mine fire. Yet she was composed, and continued to make coffee. This time, however, it was for the firemen and search parties, which had been formed. Only when your brothers joined the searchers did she break down. Then she was unable to work or even talk. She just sat on a chair near the kitchen door, listening and waiting. But the bandages had to be made and the coffee kept hot, so you took over in the dingy kitchen.

Suddenly there were voices at the door and when your mother opened it, two men entered carrying pitiful, limp bodies over their shoulders. They were your brothers.

"They were caught in the left tunnel..." was all that the men could say.

Your mother was crying now, rocking the still faces in her arms as if they were little children who had fallen off their

bikes at play. But they were not children any more. They were men now and they were dead.

For two hours the stricken woman wept and rocked. You could do nothing for her, for who can do anything for one who has lost two dear ones in one terrible blow? Who could make her understand that her boys were dead and not resting after a minor accident? She was awakened to reality only when the firemen entered the little kitchen carrying your father on a stretcher. He was still conscious but dying fast. At the sight of her husband, the beaten woman became silent. Crossing the room, she knelt down beside him and clasped his hands. There was no insanity in her eyes now, no fright nor worry. Neither was there any hint of relief or thankfulness. Instead, she appeared numb, oblivious to the happenings around her. She stared at the man beside her without seeing. When he died, a few minutes later, she did not even move, she just kept staring at the dead man's face.

For four months, Jim Marx, you nursed your mother. Physically, she was perfectly well, but all she did was rock in a broken chair all day. She aged terribly in those four months. Her hair turned grey, her cheeks paled, and her skin wrinkled and withered.

She's dead now, but there is something of her alive in this coal-mining town. There are other women like your mother, women such as the one you stare at so hard right now. There will always be women, sad and grey, rocking in their broken chairs of memory, as long as there is sorrow.

When George rose in the morning he had had two hours of troubled sleep. He called the office to say that he would not be in, then regarded himself once again in the mirror. He was gaunt, haggard--he looked terrible. He made himself some coffee, and then found he could not drink it. He became rather sick. But never did it occur to him to dig up the body and call the police.

That afternoon, George went out in the yard to see how things looked by daylight; to see if he had cleaned everything up. He walked into the garden, his feet sinking into the still-fresh dirt, and stopped. For there before him were footprints, different prints, mixed in and on top of his own! He stared at them in dumb surprise. They were long, narrow prints. Certainly he had never seen anyone with feet that distorted before. George wore size 9-E himself. The tracks led directly to where the body was buried. There they were deeper, as if the owner of the shoes had stood some time on that one spot. Then they led across the garden, in the direction of the wall. George hurried to the wall, wondering what he might find there. On top of the wall there were bits of dried dirt, but that was all.

George returned, shaken, to the house. Someone had seen, after all! It seemed an excellent time to sell the place and take an extended vacation.

* * *

George sighed, and leaned back in the easy chair. "That was a good meal, Mrs. Berg. Makes me glad I came out here--just to eat your cooking once a week."

"Thanks," ~~she~~ laughed, turn-

ing to the kitchen. "It's nice having you, even if you do say the same thing each time."

"Yeah, here it's been five years you've lived in San Fran, sponging off us." The bald man laughed with his wife.

"Well, Joe, you can't say I haven't been invited..." It was nice having a friend like Joe, who'd found him a nice comfortable apartment in the city, and who invited him out to dinner every Sunday. Yes, Joe had been a ~~real~~ nice guy about everything...made a guy happy to have friends like Joe...

A grunt of surprise brought George out of his reverie. Joe had found something in the newspaper.

"Say, George, listen to this! Police were unable to identify the body, due to the estimated five years in the ground, but are hunting the former owner of the property, George Crane, who left for California several years ago.

"They're talking about you George! What is this?" He turned to face a startled George.

"I don't know...must've happened after I left..." His voice trailed off as he realized how unconvincing he sounded. "I'll notify the police that I know nothing of the whole affair, of course."

"Yeah. It just struck me as being a bit odd; your leaving the same time the body was supposed to have been buried." Joe stood up. "Guess I'll see how Jean's getting along with the dishes."

As Shadows Lengthen *by Kasha Barew '56*

As shadows lengthen on a winter night
Until the world is covered, calm, and deep
In velvet wraps, my love has claimed the right
To cloak me in its glow and drug my sleep.

You stand beside me and my lips are pressed,
Two quivering doves you hold in your command,
That long to fly to you as to their nest,
But must remain, and sigh, and kiss your hand.

At altars 'round your wreathed and jeweled throne
I'll humbly kneel, until I sacrifice,
And call your name, and hear you breathe my own,
And raise my head and gaze into your eyes.

Then would I tell you of the many ways
My love for you has grown to fill my days.

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting home, myself." George raised his voice. "Thanks for a wonderful meal, Jean!"

It was a nice, spring day, so like the fateful one five years ago. The air was balmy, and birds twittered about. Flowers of course were blooming, for this was California, and they bloomed all year 'round. It was such a nice day that George decided to walk instead of taking a bus; it wasn't far, and besides, he had better contact the police, for they would track him down sooner or later, anyway.

The distance was farther than he had at first thought, George realized, as he sat down on the park bench. It was those

confounded hills that did it. Made six blocks seem like twelve. He stared at the passersby, not really seeing them. Suddenly, he started. That man; he had such thin long feet! George almost lept to his feet before he realized what coincidence it was that he should see such feet. Looking about now with an idea in mind, he discovered a number of men with long narrow feet. He sank back into his seat again, once more relaxed.

George didn't sleep too well that night. His ulcers were bothering him. And a dream. In it, he'd been trampled by a man with long narrow shoes. The man, his face a bloody mess, had somehow managed to leer down at him, as he brought his heel down-- and George had awakened, sweating.

Monday night found a worried George, returning home from work. He had not done too well at work, and the boss had bawled him out for it. This, added to his worries over the discovery of the body, left him in a troubled state of mind. The only thing he didn't worry about was the man with the long thin shoes. At first he had feared blackmail, but either the man hadn't been able to follow him to San Francisco, or hadn't cared. George had not heard from him, at any rate.

As he started to unlock his apartment door, George sensed trouble. His door was already unlocked! He opened it, entered hurriedly, closed it, and regarded the thin, tall man who was sitting on the sofa.

In turn, the stranger smiled at him, like a friendly salesman. He was dressed well, though not to perfection, and was obviously a man of fair means and good taste. He crossed his legs, revealing a pair of extremely long and narrow shoes.

"Well, just how much do you think you can bleed me for?" George felt strangely well, happy that at last something had happened to lift the cloud of suspense from his shoulders.

The other regarded George with a fatherly manner. He smiled, and to George it was the wolf licking his chops. "George, we need you."

George stopped his pacing, surprised, and stared at the man. "We...need...me...?"

"Yes. I am now a member of a small select group who do not like things as they are now. We

got the idea that you would be just the man we needed."

"Originally, I intended to blackmail you, but when I joined 'The Brothers,' I didn't need to. The point is, we need a human for our experiments, and you need a place to hide. The police are getting more and more suspicious of you. We can hide you where the police will never be able to get you."

Suspicion dawned. "You're going to kill me!"

"Don't be ridiculous. We fully intend to keep you alive. The experiment, in order to be successful must allow humans to live. Besides, we can force you to come...blackmail, you know..."

"Humans...?"

"Yes, I told you we can go no further with animals. And they lived with no trouble..."

"Well, there seems little point in defying you. Let's go." He could see nothing else to do, so George surrendered.

That was the last any of his friends saw of George Crane. He was taken to a small, but complete lab built on a ranch in southern California. For a week, he was given physicals, and other tests. None of the men he saw would talk to him, but after a while George resigned himself to what was to come. He doubted that he would be allowed to live whether the experiment succeeded or not.

Finally, the day for the experiment came. He was administered a sedative, and placed on a large table, not unlike an op-

erating table. He was wearing the same clothes he had left home in, stripped of all identification. One of the men began to strap electrodes to him at his ankles, wrists and temples.

He paused for a moment, then turned to another of the men. "Paul, where do you suppose it will dump him?"

"You know what it's set for."

"I mean, what place. Will he stay still in space, or will he follow his own life-line?"

"Don't ask me. That's one of the things we've got to find out."

"Okay, I've got 'em all fastened."

A switch closed, and George's body began to glow with a purplish light of its own, then slowly disappeared.

As George's atoms reassembled, he dropped into a clump of bushes. He gazed around, startled. They--what had they done? There was a house, only yards away. The sound of a window rattling attracted his attention. He could see a man, standing at the win-

dow, gazing into the gathering twilight at the beautiful rose sunset. George watched the man, horrified, yet unable to tear his eyes away. His mind reacted slowly. The man at the window switched his gaze to the clump of bushes George was crouched in. And with that action, George knew with a searing certainty what would happen. Yet, he knew he must run, run for the wall. The Thin Man had told him that they hoped to make changes...maybe he could change this! With that fleeting hope, George launched himself out of the bushes and around the house. He could hear the man's shouts behind him, as he ran on, dodging plants and bushes with the ease of familiarity. Suddenly he realized that he must be watching. George mentally damned the Thin Man, as he strained to reach the fence. If he got out of this alive, he would strangle the man! He could hear his pursuer, close behind him now, shouting curses at him, as he reached the wall. He started to jump, then felt the sliding grasp on his leg. George's feet flew out from under him, and he sensed, rather than saw the stone wall come up to meet him...

The cycle had been completed.



JUNIOR HI SECTION

The Reason for the Pelican → by Pat Johnson '59

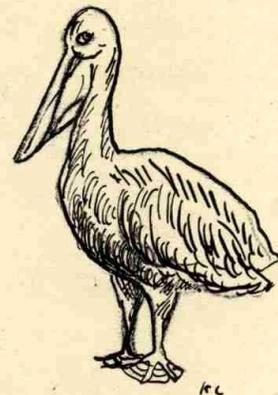
The reason for the pelican
Is difficult to see.
His beak is clearly larger
Than there's any need to be.



It's not to bail a boat with,
He hasn't got a boat.
Yet everywhere he takes himself
He has that beak to tote.

It's not to keep his wife in,
For she has one too.
It's not a scoop for eating soup,
It's not an extra shoe.

It isn't quite for anything,
And yet you realize
It's really quite a splendid beak
In quite a splendid size.



A Prayer

by Carole Roelofs '59

Dear God, give me the strength
To meet each new born day,
And add a little bit
Of joy along the way.

Oh God, give me the eyes
To see each thing that thou
Hath made for man to see,
Each blade of grass, each tree.

Give me the hands to do
Each day a new kind deed,
Preparing things for some
Poor friend so much in need.

Make me a well-loved friend
With open heart and hand,
Ever faithful to the end,
I pray to thee, Amen.

Thoughts

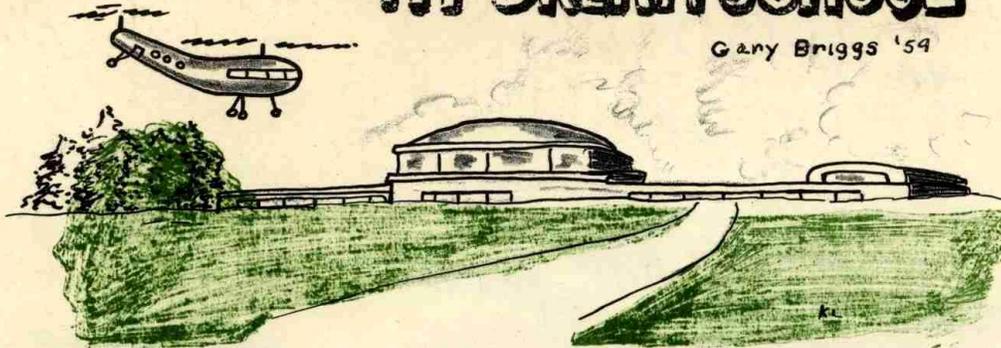
by Claire Walter '60

The world is full of big gods.
They own the world. There is
usually one god to each one
of us. My god is wonderful. He
is my world. He commands my
every move. I love him. Here
he comes now. He is coming to
me! He is leaning down! He is
saying something to me. "Good
dog, Rex!"



MY DREAM SCHOOL

Gary Briggs '59



The year is nineteen-?, and you are waiting on the corner for the helibus. Soon you feel the wind of its whirling blades. You and your friends board quickly, for you are anxious to see the color newsreel and 3-D cartoons at the back of the helicopter-school bus.

When you arrive at school you ride up the escalator and down the hall on a fast-moving plastic belt to your locker and homeroom. Soon your principal appears on the large color TV screen in front of your room and gives the announcements. There is a camera in the office which broadcasts to every room. Below the screen there is a phonograph, a radio, and a tape recorder.

In science, first period, your teacher calls the movie room for movie number X-291-G to be telecast to your classroom. The teacher pushes a button and the curtains close. All of the movies are interesting, for you have a choice of color or 3-D.

In English you have some literature to read, so your teacher calls the library for the books. They soon ride down on a conveyor belt in the wall. An appointed

student opens the window, takes out the books, and distributes them.

After English you ride down the hall to lunch. You select a seat, put your money in the correct slots, and that portion of the table drops below on a conveyor belt. In a matter of seconds it returns on the belt to its place with the ordered food.

Later that day, after your gym period, an assembly is scheduled. All students are ordered off the gym floor while the coach turns a key. Automatically the baskets are drawn up into the ceiling, while sections of the floor are turning, leaving the playing floor face down, and exposing an attractive auditorium floor with comfortable seats. There are bleachers for your band and glee club, a giant TV screen, cameras for telecasting to rooms in the school, and radio equipment for broadcasting to the community.

Soon your school day is over, and you head for home in the helibus. That is what it would be like in my dream school, which I will build as soon as I get a few million dollars--well, it's a good dream school.

I WAS THERE

KAREN HAUSMAN '59



As we parted the bushes and stepped onto the main street. I saw the tank rumbling along. "Look out," yelled the sergeant, and we all dodged behind the bushes.

* * *

Only a few hours earlier, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mother had snatched me from school with the news that a famous political leader had been assassinated. Expecting trouble from the Indians and laborers we'd hurried home and had no sooner arrived when we were proved right, for the radios broadcasted the constant advancing of the mobs toward the residential area.

Dad, who was trapped in the American Embassy, called with news of the downtown--how buildings were being burned and people shot. Mobs were running frantically through the streets. "I'm

sending over a man from the office, and he'll give you instructions," he told us.

As soon as the sergeant arrived, we all bundled up in blankets and old clothes to conceal our identities as Americans. Silently we advanced toward the park. It was dark and uncomfortably quiet. Each of us moved cautiously through the shrubbery and hurried across the open spaces. Finally we came to the other side. Mother peeked through the bushes. Over her shoulder I could see an enormous tank, obviously given instructions to shoot all moving objects. As it approached us we all ducked behind the bushes.

Finally it passed and we made our last dash toward an apartment building which was under army guard.

It felt good to be safe.



Mistletoe by MURIEL ARCHER '60

Watch out for the Mistletoe
over the door,
It's waiting for someone whom
you adore.

It has pretty green leaves
and little white berries;
Everyone knows the message
it carries.

So beware at Christmas when
you pass through the door;
Look over your head
and not at the floor.

When Day Is Done

by Jackie Watson '59

Isn't it fine, when day is done,
To rest in rays of the setting sun,
Gently fanned by the Western breeze,
To list to the hum of the drowsy bees,
To gaze at the earth and the skies of blue,
And know that it all belongs to you?

Isn't it fine at the close of day,
To scent the breath of the new-mown hay,
And the mellow sweetness of golden grain,
To stroll in the dusk down a country lane,
To watch the moon rise, round and gold,
And know that it all is yours to hold?

When all the sounds of the day are stilled,
I like to stroll through the fields I've tilled,
Where I've labored with brain, heart, and hand
To wrest my food from the vibrant land,
To gaze at the earth and the sky's blue dome,
And know that it all is mine to own.

Oh, I'm glad that you need no gold to buy
The earth or the stars or the friendly sky,
The scent of a rose, or a night bird's trill,
Or the sun sinking slowly behind a hill.
Now I am rich as a man can be
For the whole wide world belongs to me.



The Coming of Winter ~ by Barbara Portch '59

When winter closes in
And haystacks brim with mice,
The river's wrinkled skin
Becomes a hide of ice.

The blizzard tries his teeth
On barren garden plot,
And smoke displays a wreath
On every chimney pot.

The world's a frozen clod
And life a sealed cocoon,
The midnight sky a pod
That holds a withered moon.

A wind blows off the pole
And drives the bear to den,
The woodchuck to his hole,
And me inside again.

Pay the Piper

BY SIGRID
CHRISTENSEN '59

Last month the maples and gum-trees
Were carrying treasures of gold;
Each branch was a hand that held
new minted coins--
They shone in the sunny cold.

But the wind rushed by and shouted
"Oh trees, won't you dance with me?
But of course you must pay!" And the
trees swayed and hummed
And nodded happily.

Then the wind took the gold of the maples
And shook the gum-trees bare;
Then he danced with the willows
and tore the gilt threads
From their long and silky hair.

Now the trees are poor and go begging,
Bare arms are stretched as in pain;
But next fall they'll make merry
and squander their gold
And dance with the wind again.

