



the penman's palette

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Penman's Palette, Volume 6, Spring, 1958

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(NOTE: This Penman's Plette should have been identified as Volume 6.)

PENMAN'S PALETTE

Volume X 6

Spring 1958

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- Mrs. Betsy's "sea-green silk" dress, from LIKE BARLEY BENDING, by "Whitty" Jane Whitfield, '60, Art Staff, p. 3.
- OOPS!, by "KS" Kim Smith, '59, Art Staff, p. 6.
- A STRANGE ITALIAN, by "Whitty" Jane Whitfield, '60, Art Staff, p. 7.
- TEMPO CHANGE, by "CH" Carolyn Hambleton, '58, Art Staff, pp. 12 & 13.
- DESIGN OF LIFE & AGED ONE, by "JY" Jean Yates, '58, Art Staff, p. 21.
- SKOLEDAG, by stylized "B" Betsy O'Roark, '58, Literary Editor, p. 23.
Diane Wallingford identified at the bottom of the head a small symbol

looking like a rectangle with a line in the middle, which she believes is a stylized "B."

- From THE ROCKS, by “Whitty” Jane Whitfield, ’60, Art Staff, p. 27.
- THE BITTERSWEET VINE, by stylized "B" Betsy O’Roark, ’58, Literary Editor, p. 29. Diane Wallingford identified Betsy’s symbol at bottom right, both in brown and green.
- BROADWAY ON FIRE, by “MF” Mary Ann Finley, ’59, Art Staff, p. 30.
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- MARCHING, by “BM” Barbara Maratea, ’60, Art Staff, p. 40. Diane Wallingford identified “BM” at lower left of smaller illustration.
- THE DECISION OF THE SUN AND MOON, by stylized "B" Betsy O’Roark, ’58, Literary Editor, pp. 44 & 45. Diane Wallingford identified Betsy’s symbol at bottom of illustrations.
- DANNY AND THE DRAGON, by “DW” Diane Wallingford, ’60, Art Staff, p. 49.
- 2:40 CLUB, by “BE” Bevan Steadman, ’61, Art Staff, pp. 52 & 53.
- ILLUSION, by "Kim" Kim Smith, ’59, Art Staff, p. 54. Diane Wallingford identified "Kim" at lower right under shoe.
- MOON BEAM, by Diane Wallingford, ’60, Art Staff, p. 60. Diane Wallingford says she is “pretty sure” she did this drawing, even though it lacks her signature, because she “was into drawing horses then.”
- THE BLACK AND THE WHITE, by “DW” Diane Wallingford, ’60, Art Staff, p. 63.
- A DAY IN GOPPOS, by “BES” Bevan Steadman, ’61, Art Staff, p. 64. Diane Wallingford identified Bevan Steadman as the artist. She identified at the lower left of the page under the character's right shoe the artist's signature as “BES” with the tail of the "S" extended leftward into a circle ending on top of the "S". She points out that it is the same signature for pp. 52 & 53, but the "S" is very sloppy there.



Like Barley Bending

Raymond Chase '61

The town was a small one, nestling comfortably against the gentle curve of the dunes. The day I arrived a cold north wind was rustling the dune grass eerily and bringing the cold tang of salt air from the ocean.

I was recovering from an auto accident, so my step-father, Christopher Shipley, had sent me to his New England home for a rest. As I was still having frightening nightmares about the accident, the doctor heartily approved of the change of scene.

As I stepped from the train into the tiny, old-fashioned station, the wind brushed a chill finger along my cheek. There was an antiquated jalopy before the station which bore the faded and laconic message across its doors, "Cab." The driver looked almost as weather-beaten as the car. He eyed me steadily with a faded-blue gaze for what seemed eternity.

"You Adrienne Scott?" he croaked. As I nodded, he motioned with one tanned and weathered hand. "Get in. Got orders from Mag Rutherford to drive you to the Shipley house. Hurry up, now. My supper's waiting."

I quickly shoved my suitcase onto the floor of the back seat and climbed in. He started the cab with a sharp jerk before I got the door shut. I wanted to ask a few questions about the town and its inhabitants, but after one look at his uncompromising back, I lapsed weakly into silence.

The drive was short and silent. One approached the house from the back after journeying up a winding road. The house was large and weathered to a silvery gray. It perched on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea, blending into the landscape as if it had been there since the beginning of time. I then understood what gave Christopher's music of the sea such brooding grandeur.

The grayness of the day contrasted with the inviting coziness of Maggie Rutherford's kitchen. Maggie was a big-boned, ample woman with a rosy-cheeked, smiling face. She had taken over the upbringing of young Christopher and the management of the Shipley House after the death of Christopher's mother when he was eight. One could see that she cherished it.

Maggie greeted me fondly and fed me a warm supper before the fire in the den. I sat there, alone with my thoughts. The wind whispered softly through the eaves and the room held the ghosts of old memories.

The next two weeks were clear and sparkling; the sun shone on the water, catching the salt drops flung up by the waves. The gulls soared and dipped in their magnificent freedom, laughing at the gentle wind nuzzling the slender grasses by the water's edge.

As I wandered afield, I met many of the town's children; however, my favorite companion was small Robin Jardine, the son of the local doctor. He was six then, a grave boy with quick



flashes of pixie humor and an intelligence belying his few years. We became fast friends, and it was on one of our rambles that he showed me the grave of Mrs. Betsy. She was buried in the old graveyard of Four Winds. It was quite old, for the people now used the new cemetery near Harbor Head. The old Four Winds graveyard was behind the brow of a hill within the soft crooning call of the sea. The people buried there would have been restless anywhere else. They were children of the sea, captains and their wives, men who had worked on the sea. Here and there one could see a stone on which was written, "In Memory of One Lost at Sea," terse words full of heartbreak. It was quiet there, the peace broken only by the occasional call of a gull, and the soft sobbing of the sea.

Robin sat quietly on the grass as I wandered among the old stones, some broken by the relentless winter wind. I was reading some of the names in a rather delusory manner, which I saw the words, "Mrs. Betsy. Beloved Wife of Captain Jonsthan Rich." Who was Mrs. Betsy? What an unusual name. I asked Robin, but he knew no more than I; so, pondering the question in my mind, we turned homeward.

While I was sleeping that night, a storm blew in, and I woke in the morning to the sound of rain pounding against my window and the rage of the sea flinging furious waves in helpless futility against the bulwark of the cliffs below. It was a day for the remembrance of lost dreams and forgotten memories.

At breakfast, I asked Maggie about Mrs. Betsy. She looked at me for a moment, and then answered slowly, in a faraway voice. "Strange. I had almost forgotten tell of her. After breakfast I will give you the key to her chest. You will understand her."

At my surprised look, she nodded slowly. "She was Christopher's great-grandmother. Her daughter, Tamsin, was his grandmother. It is said that it is from her that he gets his musical talent." No more would she say until after breakfast.

After cleaning the dishes away, Maggie led me up the old stairs and unlocked the door of the attic. The chest was small and old fashioned, with the initials E. B. carved on the top.

"We had better take it down to the library," said Maggie. "I can't have you sitting up here all day; you'll catch your death of cold." Then, together, we lifted the chest and took it down into the cozy room. Maggie handed me a small key and left the room silently, shutting the door behind her.

With my heart beating excitedly, I turned the key in the lock and slowly lifted the lid of the chest.

At the top, wrapped in tissue paper, was a dress of sea-green silk. The material was gorgeous, changing hue every time the light struck it from a different angle. In the bottom of the chest was an exquisitely carved bronze vase, a gold bracelet inscribed on the inside, "To Elizabeth from

Teddy," a few letters with foreign postmarks, some yellowed newspaper clippings, a small diary with a cover of faded red, and a portrait of a girl, wrapped in brown paper. She was leaning against a rock on the beach while the wind blew her hair into a long black ribbon. Her face did not have a conventional beauty, but a haunting, strangely compelling one. Many people would call her beautiful, many others would call her plain; but she had a face that no one could forget. Her eyes were beautiful, large and green-gray, framed by long dark lashes. With a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach, I realized I had seen her before. I also realized where, but what on earth could the famous paintings by Theodore Kent have to do with this girl? She couldn't have been the model for all of those famous paintings, or could she? The resemblance was too great to have been coincidence. I began to read the diary, anxious to find out the character of this woman.

Written on the front page was, "To Bets from Teddy. Have fun!" Under it, written in a feminine hand was "Elizabeth Blythe" and the date, April 5. On the next page the diary started.

April 6, 1880--Teddy Kent gave me this diary for my birthday yesterday. The trouble is, nothing ever happens around Four Winds Harbor worth writing about, except there is some gossip going around about the new tenant moving into the Norton house for the summer. Mother said when Martha Fyfe stopped by she said that she heard it was to be Evan Redlake, the famous composer. Father will almost die if it is. He disapproves so of

Mrs. Norton teaching me to play the piano, but he'll condone it since Mother wants me to learn, but if Mr. Redlake moves in next door, he'll really raise a storm. O, well, at least it will break the monotony.

April 17--It is Evan Redlake! Old Tobias Wetherby drove him home from the station and saw the name on his luggage. Father ranted and raved about it; he is such a rock-bound New Englander he hates strangers and a man who does nothing but compose, conduct, and play music is to be looked on as daft and almost to simple-minded for words to describe.

There is going to be a party at Dorinda Snowe's tonight. Teddy and I are going with Anne Burney and Tom Clayton. Dorinda is giving the party to introduce us to Jonathan Rich and his sister Kathryn.

11 o'clock--The party was such fun! I wore my new green silk dress. Father bought the material in Shanghai on his last voyage. I promised Teddy I'd pose for him, preferably sometime when Father is away. Father thinks art is absolutely silly and that Teddy is absolutely daft, but he likes him anyway. Teddy wants to be an artist, as I want to be a pianist, and with the opposition his mother and my father would put in our way, we both have the barest ghost of a chance of succeeding. Mrs. Kent looks so fragile that a small wind would seem to be able to blow her from her path, but appearances are deceptive. A hurricane couldn't blow that woman one whit from her chosen way.

Continued on page 41



OOPS!

Kim Smith '59



Between the innocence of boyhood,
And dignity of man,
There is a teenage pigskin totter,
Known to every fan.
He's known in every weight and size,
And Jersey color too,
Enshrouded in a mutual creed,
I run, I die, I do.
And according to the fan, this
Is where is to be found
Charging through, on top of
And running all around,
The teams of pigskin totters
Upon the football ground.
They are criticized by coaches and
Idolized by their kid brothers,
Cheered by students, admired by girls
And worried about by mothers.
Their formula is simple,
The finished product unsurpassed,
Shoulder pad and helmet
And bailing wire hold him fast.
The team is in a huddle,
The score is two to one,
All eyes are on the football star,
And this is what he's done,
He dropped not a pass,
He fumbled not a ball,
They tackled him and
Tackled him,
But he refused to fall.
He was the man of the hour,
The guy to save the day,
He ran for a touchdown,
But he ran the wrong way.



Joe Polumbo hardly has the appearance expected of an Italian. Anyone expecting a short slender, dark Latin type would certainly be disappointed. Joe is upwards of six feet tall, bald as an egg, and has thick shoulders, a barrel chest and a considerable paunch. But although Joe's physique does not readily bring Italy to mind, he has the soul of a true Neapolitan.

Joe is a very close friend of my uncle, so close that he has practically been incorporat-



A STRANGE ITALIAN

Carol Rose '58

ed into the family. I first met him one summer while I was staying with my uncle and his family at a lakeside cottage in upstate New York. When Joe heard where we were, he resolved with his usual decisiveness to come visit us, in spite of the fact that we were nearly one hundred and eighty miles from his home. My cousin Joan had told me what a character he was, but had scarcely prepared me for my first sight of Joe as he towered at the threshold of the cottage, holding under one arm an outboard motor and under the other, an enormous sack of spaghetti noodles.

"WHO'S THIS, FOR THE LOVVA MIKE?" he roared as I cringed in the corner. My cousin Joan came to the rescue, and introduced us. "HELLO, CAROL," he said, dropping the outboard motor and sack of noodles to grab me around the waist and swing me around through the air with wild abandon. When he finally put me down, I staggered dizzily outside to recover, but scarcely had I sat down when he burst out of the house, decked out in the gaudiest swimming trunks I had ever seen, and bellowed: "COME ON, CAROL, LET'S GO WATER SKI-

ING." The man had never water-skied in his life, but when he heard that we had all been skiing, he simply had to try it. Now, as I said, Joe is a rather hefty specimen, and it was a severe strain, both on the boat and on his arms, to get him out of the water, but after exerting Herculean effort, he made it up on the skis. After his first ride, he was tremendously enthusiastic, but he decided that our customary method of starting up on the skis was terribly cumbersome. Instead of sitting in the water and gradually allowing the speed of the boat to bring him up on top of the surface, he announced that he would stand on the pier until the ski rope tautened, and then jump into the water in the skiing position and thus not even get wet. Everything went fine until he reached the jumping stage, at which time he leaped right out of his skis. Soaking wet but undaunted, he emerged from the water to try again, but he never did succeed.

Joe is a marvelous cook, but he is at his best only when he is serving large numbers. His unusual spaghetti feasts are unforgettable. He fusses for hours over an enormous vat of sauce, and then acts as host to thirty people without batting an eyelid. The spaghetti is magnificent, and Joe keeps everyone's plate full until they are physically incapable of holding another meatball or noodle.

Joe's lack of concern with time is notorious. He is never on time for an appointment; indeed, if he arrives within the hour, it is a surprise to those awaiting him. He has a beautiful black watch, but he never sets the minute hand, and he pays

scant attention even to the hour hand.

Immoderation is the very essence of Joe's spirit. The way he buys newspapers is an easy example. Each morning he walks to the corner drugstore and buys every newspaper on the stand while the clerk looks on with an awed expression. One morning a new paper had been added to the drugstore collection; but it was from Paris, and the clerk was awaiting Joe with breathless anticipation. Joe, although he can say little more than "Oui" in French, hesitated only the slightest split second before adding the Paris newspaper to his private stack. As he paid the clerk, he said in a vile accent, "Au revoir, Monsieur". When I asked him afterwards why on earth he bought the French newspaper, he roared, "AND LET THAT WALL-EYED CLERK PUT ONE OVER ON ME? NOT ON YOUR LIFE, CAROL, NOT ON YOUR LIFE."

god's day

Jim Scott '59

The sun shines o'er the field
Where one lonely tree stands.
The brook babbles by reflecting bands
Of color.

The hay stands high where
The myriads of butterflies flutter.
Comes the zephyr that issues but a mutter
Of sound.

Night is nigh,
With it bringing quiet.
This is His day and by it
Life.

STAINS ON THE PAVEMENT

Eddy Guman '58

What's happened to me? Of all the people why did I do it? I didn't see her until it was too late. After all, I'm just an average person. My reflexes are only normal. No ordinary man could have stopped. Then why am I running? I should have stopped. Yes, that's what I should have done. Now it's too late. She's probably already dead.

I wonder if anyone saw me. I don't think they did. There weren't any cars in front or behind me. I remember looking into the rear-view mirror just before it happened. Watch where you're going. You almost ran off the road. Ah, here is the town just ahead. I'll be at the hotel in a few minutes. Maybe things will be better then. Remember to act normal. Nothing has happened as far as you know.

Is there anything unusual about the car?	There might be blood on the bumper or grill. What will I do then?	I know. I'll park the car in that alley behind the hotel. No one should see me at this hour of the night. I'll check the car then. It's a good thing there aren't many cars on the road. I've seen only two or three so far. Next corner I can turn. I think this is the one	Yes, here it is.
--	---	--	------------------

Good! Now I'm off the main road. It's darker along here, too. Where's that alley entrance now? I hope I haven't passed it. Ah, here it is, I believe. Wait a minute. Maybe I . . . no, here it is. Now to park without anyone noticing me. There! That ought to do it. Should I go in the front or back door? Hmmm . . . front door. I think I'll take it. Coming in the back way might look suspicious. It sure is dark; I can't find the door. Where is the darn thing! Ah . . . I've got it now. Well, here goes. Don't forget, keep calm.

Oh, no. I thought everyone would be in bed. What in the world is Peterson doing talking to the clerk? Why didn't he go to bed? Maybe I can slip by him.

"Hi, Jim."

Darn, he saw me.

"Ah, oh, hi there, Fred. Thought you would be in bed by now."

"Yeah, so did I, but one of

the police cars just went up the highway like a bat out of hell. I figured I'd stay up and see what the excitement was. The car couldn't have gone far. Siren stopped just a way up the road."

A police car went out? Why didn't it pass me? It must have gone by the hotel when I was in the alley.

"Say Jim. . . ."

I wonder if they found her.

"Jim. . . ."

"Uh, oh, yeah Fred."

"Didn't you just come in from that way?"

"No, I came by way of Route 6."

"Oh well, I hear Mac is doing some night work with the force, and maybe he went out on the call. Anyway, he'll probably come back to the hotel. He gets off in about forty-five minutes, so I think I'll wait up for him."

"I believe I'll go to bed. Good night, see you in the morning."

"Night, Jim."

What's that? It sounds as if a car stopped in front of the hotel. Maybe it's the police coming! They might have. . . .

"Well, if it isn't Mac. How'ya doing?"

"Oh, pretty good. How are you, Jim?"

"Oh, okay."

"Say, Mac, would you know what a police car went out for?"

Yeah, some lady called in and said she saw a car hit a girl and kept right on going."

"You don't say. Who got hit?"

"Don't know. Couldn't find a body. Plenty of signs of an accident, though. There was a pocketbook lying in the road and blood stains near the edge of the pavement. No person around anywhere. Beats me what could have happened to the body, if there was one."

"Might be a prank, you know."

"Yeah, but I don't think so. The lady that called in seemed real upset. We'll find out more about it in the morning. I've got to get back to the station. See you all tomorrow. Good night."

"Night, Mac."

"Good night, Jim."

"Good night, Fred."

Well I got past that one. If the police don't find a body, then they can't say a crime was committed. Now, what do I do next? I'll just play it safe and act natural. Don't worry about the next move. That'll come in the morning. Right now I'll try and get some rest. I'm so tired. Guess it was more of a strain than I thought. I'll just get to sleep.

What's that? That noise! They've found me out! I've got to get out of here! Oh, it's just the phone ringing down the hall. Really had me scared there for a minute. Here's another day. What do I do now? Act like nothing ever happened. Don't think about that. Stop worrying about it.

If you don't worry, everything will work out all right.

My car! I forgot to check it. I'd better get dressed and do it right now. I won't eat any breakfast. I'll go and do it immediately. There's Fred again. What does he want? I'll see if I can get rid of him.

"Hi, Jim."

"Hi, there, Fred."

"Say, Jim, could I borrow your car for about ten minutes? I want to go to the store."

Fine! What if he notices something? I can't say no. He might get suspicious. I've got to lend it to him. I'll go out with him and look at it when I give him the keys.

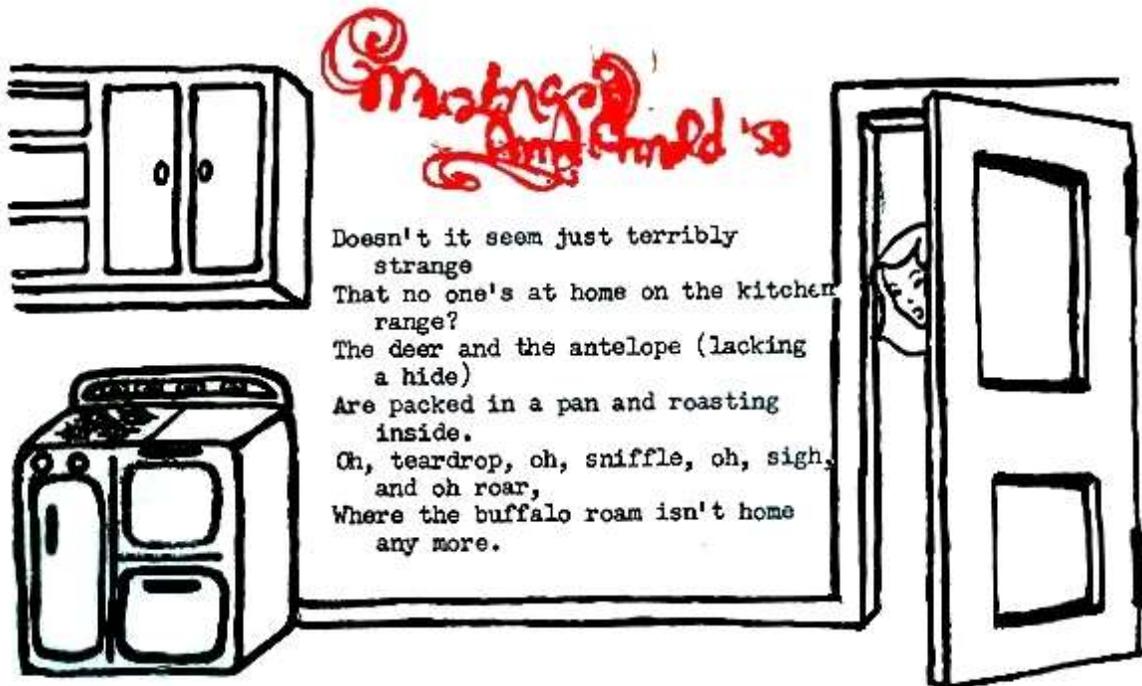
"Yeah, I guess you can borrow it. I want to have a look at it anyway. Here we are. Don't take too long, I want to"

"What's that? It can't be! It, it"

"Oh, my God. What's hanging from under the car?"

Sure is taking the jury a long time. Why don't they hurry up?

I can't stand it much longer. What will they do to me? A sentence of death? Maybe. I might get off easier. Just exactly what do they do to people who leave the scene of a crime, especially if they've struck someone and dragged him a mile. I wonder.



Silence. Dusk falls upon the vast barren emptiness that is the Great Prairie. The last embers of a faded sun linger on the horizon....soon swallowed by engulfing dimness. Small life-forms move about aimlessly, dislodging a small pebble which bounds to the dry depths of an arroyo. An apprehensive calmness descends, broken only occasionally by futile attempts at life. In the distance, a coyote's mournful wail mounts, degenerating into plaintive yelps. Again....Silence.

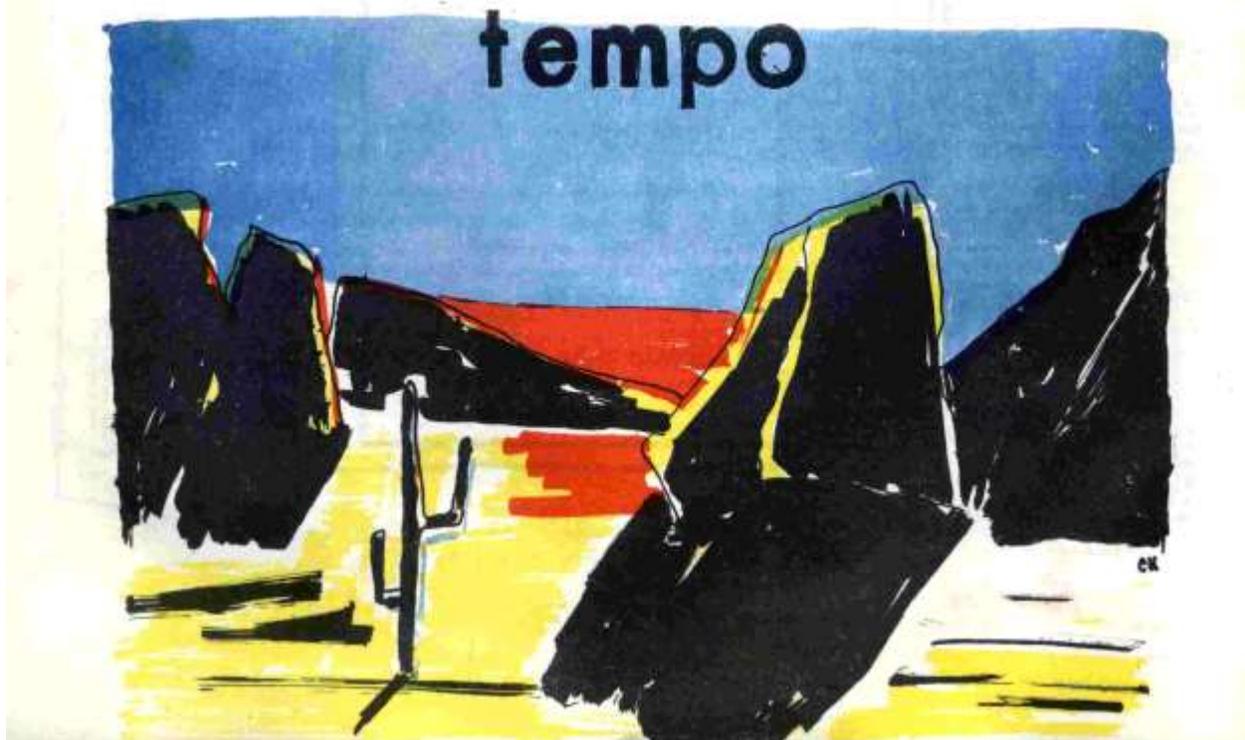
A gentle moonbeam cuts delicately through the overcast leaving a silver trail of faint luminescence. The darkened earth laps hungrily at this dissimulation of warming sunlight. New crispness is added to the already chilling air.

Far in the distance....a

deep-throated rumble as if the vanquished herds of buffalo again were moving. Then again.. Silence.

Now, swiftly, tension mounts in the electrified atmosphere. A terrifying roar replaces the low rumble in the distance. Fear, anxiety anticipation can be tasted almost as physical qualities. The ground seems to tremble expectantly. Nearby mountains cower lower, clinging to their soundly imbedded bases. Still darkness.... broken now by a sharp splinter of light.

Suddenly, as a rawhide lash would strike, the tempest unleashes. The skies tense, and explode, with all the fury of a thousand primed bombs. Lightning flashes, again and again.



casting a frightening illumination upon the defenseless earth.

The primeval savagery of forgotten years again rages thru the Heavens. With the wrath and malevolence of a tortured beast, Nature flails the prairie. Cold, biting rain and sleet lash in waves against the rocks, dust and small cover plants. Like countless quantities of shrapnel they tear at the soil, clutch eagerly at each pebble and stonerend the shrubs mercilessly.

Reaching a new pinnacle in its fury, the wind whips violently at the mountains almost forcing them to sway under its power.

Vainly, life-forms cling to small shelter, powerless to defend their existence against the omnipotence of the storm.

Instantly, an immense mass of water moving at an impossible speed rushed through the arroyo.

Like the Biblical deluge, it sweeps all life and beauty under its flow and passes with a deafening resonance.

In a drunken orgy all the pernicious defiance of Hell itself is poured upon the land. Without pity or respite the elements flay and flog the Prairie to insensibility.

Abruptly, with the same decisiveness that marked its arrival, the storm is gone. Again. Silence.

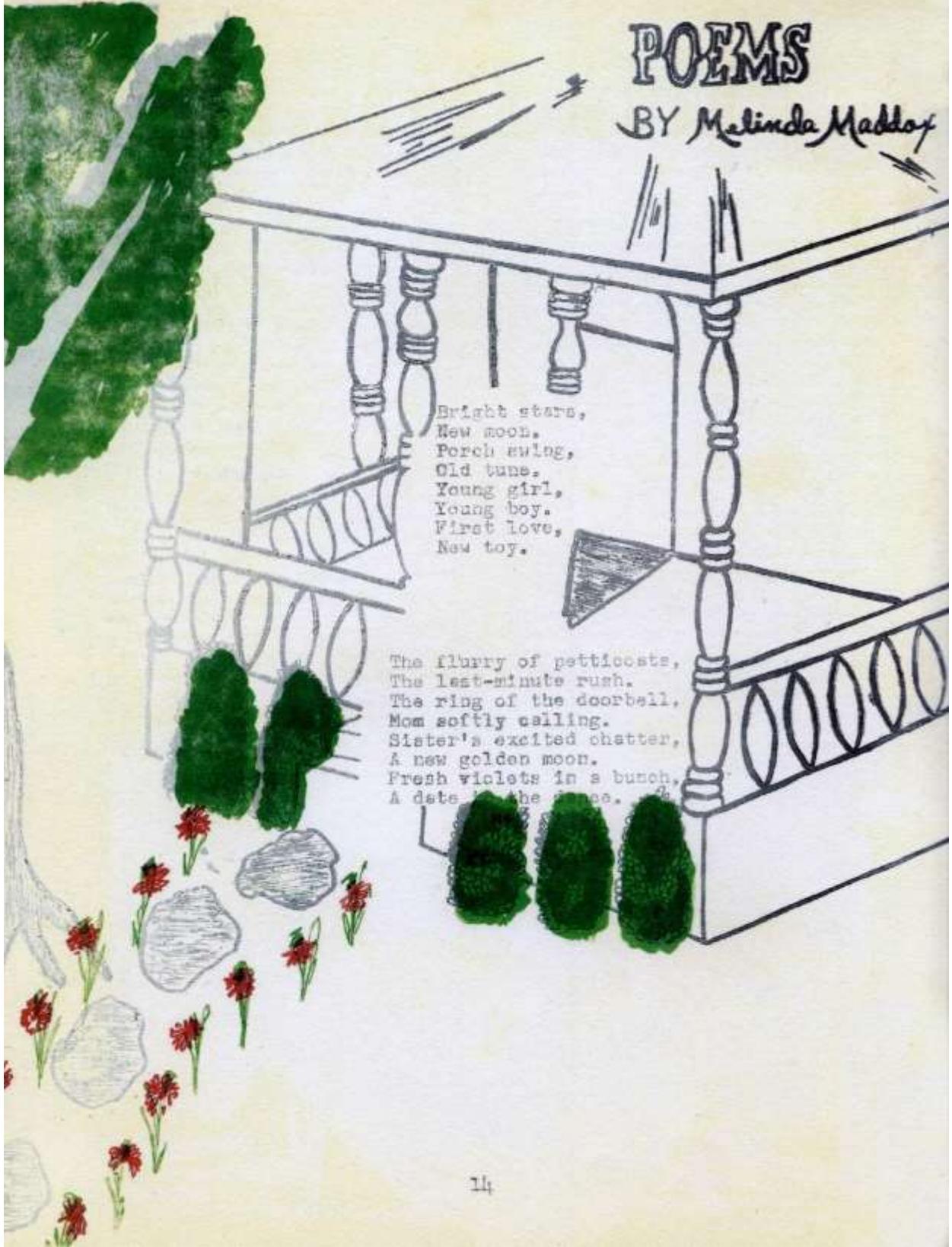
Faint light casts a pink glow over the Prairie. Irrepressible life-forms again scurry about, avoiding puddles of opaque water which serve as the only evidence of a nocturnal perpetrator.

A soothing sun-ray gently carries the Landscape.....



POEMS

BY Melinda Maddox



Bright stars,
New moon,
Porch swing,
Old tune,
Young girl,
Young boy,
First love,
New toy.

The flurry of petticoats,
The last-minute rush,
The ring of the doorbell,
Mom softly calling,
Sister's excited chatter,
A new golden moon,
Fresh violets in a bunch,
A date with the moon.

GRAMMA ALGER

Doug Smith '58

The decaying effects of glaucoma, bypassed the life of one Louisa R. Alger, better known to the family as "Gram'ma." In reality she is a great-great-great grandmother, but if one is to believe such phraseology as, "You're only as old as you feel," one must acknowledge the previously mentioned pseudonym, "Gram'ma!"

History beams in her past even brighter than the lights off Cape Cod, as she is the daughter of a Texan general who fought in the Spanish-American War, and also holds claim of being a direct descendant of Zachary Taylor. Her husband was the late Captain Philip R. Alger, U.S.N., an extraordinary naval genius, and an architect of reputable fame. His greatest effort appears in the gracious Washington Aqueduct, a sturdy replica of the historic past.

Gram'ma was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in the early 1860's. Her patriotic love for this rather rustic, rural retreat is more overwhelming than the intoxicating effects of drink. Although Annapolis knows no better patron than Gram'ma, and vice versa, they often disagree on each other's illustrious personalities. For Annapolis, Gram'ma is the most eccentric person it has ever known, while to Gram'ma, it is "too d--n democratic."

Early in Gram'ma's life, age seventy-three, she lost her right arm in an automobile accident.

Even this, however, failed to dampen her irrepressible spirit in the slightest degree. In fact, during the operation, which was administered under a local anesthetic, Gram'ma awoke and became most disturbed when the surgeon wasn't cutting her arm off to her exact specifications.

Since her accident, Gram'ma has been as active, if not even more so, than before. She recently purchased a typewriter, and has since been typing letters to the entire family--left handed. Among her rarer epistles is one to the 77th Congress, vehemently instructing them what to do in retaliation for Pearl Harbor.

Gram'ma's latest effort was in the form of a reprimand directed toward the editors of the Russian-published magazine U.S.S.R. After reading this letter, I immediately detected a violently cynical, yet extremely sarcastic tone, capable of igniting the most explosive mixture. The editors, however, not being accustomed to Gram'ma's script, ever so graciously replied, "We are extremely sorry to inform you that we are unable to read your letter. Please have someone type it for you, and mail it to us again. Anxiously awaiting to hear from you again. . . ."

Although Gram'ma is nearing the century mark, she by no means possesses a failing memory. Visions of the Civil War aftermath are as fresh to her as the first snowfall of the decade, and poli-

tics revive her Scottish spirit even more than the fanfare of an opening night.

"The Lady in Black" is far from being a representative picture of Gram'ma. Rather awaiting the undertaker at every stroke of the clock, she instead insists on gallivanting through her garden, as jubilant as a youthful maiden. The only instance in which I have known Gram'ma to dress for the morbid creatures of the underworld was just last year, while attending the solemn funeral of her pet canary.

Once a young man came to her house in Annapolis (where there are always many midshipmen visiting), and the conversation turned to the Selective Service Act. This person stated that, if drafted, he would absolutely and flatly refuse to fight for his country. Once order had been restored, Gram'ma promptly threw him out, following, of course, a lashing lecture.

This is my Gram'ma Alger, a living replica of the modern past, and, undoubtedly, she will remain a guide for those of the modern future.

HANDS

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The hands of the world
Belong to the multitude.
From caveman to spaceman,
These hands have created
And destroyed.

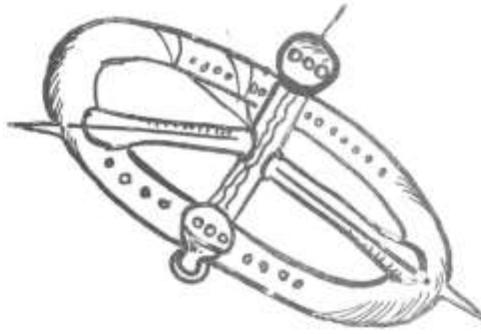
The story of life
Is told by hands;
Both weak hands and strong hands,
The small idle ones
And the employed.

To the most observant
Hands are a book,
From which is read
Contentment, or the impatience
Of the annoyed.

This tale lies not in still hands;
Only when the hands move
Does the story become legible.
Then one can see the grieved
And the overjoyed.

by
Naomi
Jacobson
'60

TIME



OUT

September 23, 1958. A day that meant nothing to most Americans, yet a day of decision, for the ultimate fate of mankind hung in the balance. It was early morning, and most families were just getting up; the father to go to work, the children to go to school, and the mother to begin again the housework of another day. Their minds were filled with "important" problems:

"I haven't done my homework."

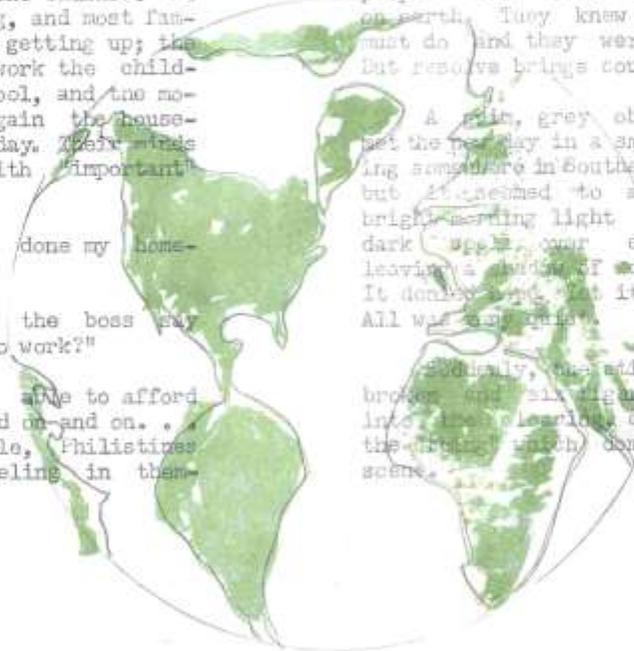
"What will the boss say when I am late to work?"

"Will we be able to afford another car?" and on and on. . . Complacent people, Philistines they were, reveling in themselves.

Yet, as the dawn always brings light, there were some who knew what tomorrow might mean to a way of life. Six such people arose to their last day on earth. They knew what they must do and they were afraid. But resolve brings courage.

A pit, grey object also set the party in a small clearing somewhere in Southern Canada; but it seemed to absorb the bright morning light and cast a dark spell over everything, leaving a shadow of desolation. It didn't seem that it was hope. All was dark and quiet.

Suddenly, the stillness was broken and six figures strode into the clearing, dwarfed by the object which dominated the scene.



"Dr. Hunt, do you think we have everything?"

"Now Dr. Clark, stop worrying! Isn't that just like a woman, Joe? They go through college, get themselves highly educated and tack 'Dr.' on their names, but it doesn't change a thing." Charles Hunt laughed, but its echo sounded empty and hard.

Dr. Joe Marshall nodded absently. He understood why Lisa and Charles had to talk. They were afraid. Let them babble on. He would draw himself into a shell, his own private world, there to say goodbye to the earth alone and in peace.

He looked around him and everything became very vivid... the trees, with their painted leaves, the grass, the blue sky, the faint song of a bird, and the little squirrel that scampered by, stopping only a moment to regard the grave tableau. Marshall sighed, drew a deep breath, and smiled serenely to himself. He had had a good life, a satisfying life. Whatever happened, he would know that.

An old man, much older than any of the others, looked at his companions and slowly let his mind drift back over seven years to the day they had all first met.

It was June 8, 1951. Dr. Hendrick Muller paced up and down his air-conditioned office, waiting for five persons, five potential scientists who were the result of careful searching. Each was young, the product of at least four generations of scientists, and each was in good physical health. There was only one thing left to be determined: their interest in mankind.

He glanced at the clock, ticking away, totally unconcerned, and he wrung his hands. "Will they never arrive?" his restless mind asked over and over.

Then, miraculously, his secretary was announcing: "Lisa Clark, Elaine Brooks, Denise Tallard, Charles Hunt, and Joe Marshall here to see you, Dr. Muller."

He rushed forward to meet them and in his relief, he was rather curt.

Five young men and women came through the door almost solemnly, as though entering a church. They saw before them a small man with pepper grey hair, almost inconspicuous except for his piercing black eyes, which regarded them steadily from under greying brows. They stood, looked, and waited.

Muller studied these people with sorely disguised excitement. "Please," he prayed, "let them understand." "Let them understand."

At last the host became aware of the awkward silence and mumbled, "Sit down, and we'll get started." He coughed nervously and then continued.

"No doubt you are wondering why I have brought you here, but before I tell you, I want you to know that you have been carefully chosen and I hope that none of you will let me down."

Muller, unable to restrain himself any longer, started pacing up and down his office again as he spoke:

"Since the end of World War

II, I have been watching the progress of our nation in the fields of science, as well as in politics and economics. I find, much to my chagrin, that few of our top men can see the impending importance of space travel. Here we are on the threshold of a new and exciting age and Americans just blink their eyes and go back to their secure lives. Certainly it's more comfortable that way, but they cannot escape reality forever.

"It may sound very rash to you, but I would be willing to bet that by 1960 Russia will have the entire world subjugated. It's not even conceivable today how this could happen, but I'm convinced that it will, and that it will be the direct result of space power. Already our enemies have started putting stress on missiles and rocket research. And mark my words, they will have a satellite circling the earth, before America knows what happened.

"If I'm right, and I think I am, there must be something wrong somewhere and a way to solve the problem.

"My first thought was that it was the fault of the American system of government. I still think that this is partly true. Democracy works effectively only for a few or for select people. Once the 'average man' gets involved, the important problems fade into the background and each man starts living solely for himself. He locks everything out of his life, except that which simply cannot be ignored, and tries to find happiness. This is fine for the individual, but it imperils the country and undermines its safety.

"So, what to do. Try to

arouse the nationalistic sentiments of the people. It's easy enough to do in time of war, but rather difficult in times of prosperity. Americans want to forget anything unpleasant or at least put it aside for a while. Then, when it explodes in their faces, they wonder what happened."

Muller paused and looked at his audience. They were sitting on the edges of their chairs, faces intent. He smiled to himself, then crossing the floor placed himself firmly in front of the five people.

"First, do you understand what I am trying to say?" Everyone nodded assent.

"Now, what would you suggest? Or do you think there is a problem? Please be frank."

"Well, Doctor, I quite agree with you about there being a problem, but the idea of finding an answer seems almost hopeless. Uh, am I right in assuming that you are putting the blame, or rather most of the blame, on the mediocre American."

"That's right, Mr. Marshall. I feel that they abuse the privileges that Democracy affords them. They seem to forget that they owe a great deal to their government and to the other people in the country if they themselves wish to live in peace."

"Oh, I see. Then perhaps a dictatorial type of government would be more practical, from the standpoint of survival . . . on this earth."

"Precisely!!" Dr. Muller was excited now. "On this Earth!"

Continued on page 57

QUOTATIONS

from the Composition of the Declaration of Independence

NOT Found in the History Books

Barry Crickmer '59

Hamilton: Well, since no one else has any time, I suppose that you will have to do it, Jefferson.

Jefferson: Anybody got a good beginning?

Adams: How about "When in the course of human events?" . . .

Livingston: No, no! It just doesn't move me!

Jefferson: If you can't think of anything better, Livingston, it will just have to do for the present.

Unknown: Is "insalienable" spelled with an "en" or an "in"?

Hamilton: Has anyone got a dictionary

Adams: Do we want to slant this against the King or Parliament?

Jefferson: Better make it the King, I'm not sure how to spell "parliament."

Unknown: There must be a dictionary somewhere!

Livingston: This thing is taking too much time.

Jefferson: You will have to figure out some sort of snappy ending. I have to go get a passport picture taken. I'm off to France in the morning.

Franklin: No, no, no, Tom! I told you "insalienable is with an "en."

Adams: Whatever you do, don't let Tom Payne get shold of it. He'll write a book about it.



design of life

Janet Rees '58

Take the beauty of the bad,
Take the sorrow of the sad,
Take the loss and pain of all,
Take it, cast it, loose its call.

Deliver not the evil mind,
But soothe the bitterness of time,
Develop less and dream of more,
Curtail the rest and heal the sore.

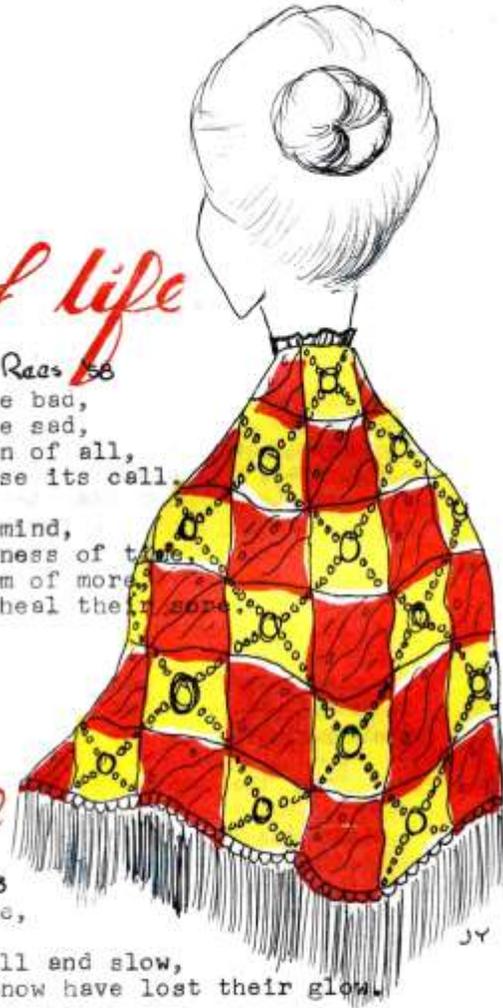
aged one

Janet Rees '58

Tears of a woman deep in woe,
Cry for her children gone,
Once nimble fingers, now dull and slow,
Those eyes that shone, but now have lost their glow.

T'is true your life is near its end,
Gently it shall dwindle by,
The years have come, and gone, and been,
And yours is like them all--soon it will die.

Have no fear--for it comes quick,
The instant between life and eternity,
Have no fear for this pain to come,
Your pains behind--in life. Blest be the one!



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It's eight o'clock Saturday morning; the sun is shining through the windows of my room; and the alarm clock rang about a quarter of an hour ago. After having a breakfast of black bread with goat cheese and orange juice, I leave about 0820 for school, which is a little less than a mile away. On my way, I meet many of my friends rushing to school the same as I. Rounding the corner of the bookstore around 0830, we hear the bell ring. Now it is time for the last sprint, so we run the rest of the way to school.

We rush into the music room for our weekly song period; but, fortunately, the teacher has not yet arrived. Then, after about five minutes, which has been spent throwing sponges and chalk at each other, the teacher appears in the doorway. Everything gets quiet, and we get up and bow to the teacher as he comes into the room. He sits down at the piano, and we sing our little "wake-up" songs. They do serve their purpose.

Then the teacher puts on a record, which works strictly against this purpose, namely one of Beethoven's symphonies. Most of the kids use this time to study about alcohol for organic chemistry. The three girls in the class, however, are not troubled by the alcohol, but rather by what to wear for a party the same night. After having "listened" to this record, we sing "Swing Low" and a couple of other Negro spirituals.

Then Solem, our teacher, puts on another record. This is Dave Brubeck's album, "Jazz Goes to College." This seems to be more appreciated than Beethoven,

and the kids stop studying their chemistry to listen to the record. After having listened to the record for about ten minutes, the bell rings at 0845 and we dash out of the classroom to get some fresh air in the ten-minute break we have between periods.

On the school grounds, we have a shelter for rain, which we have in quantity, long benches on which we may sit, plants and trees, and also the rest rooms. Around the grounds we have a fence with one gate in it. This fence has not only the purpose of keeping us inside, but it also keeps us from falling down into the street, which is about thirty feet below the schoolgrounds.

The traffic to the boys' rest room is rather heavy, and every time the door opens, smoke comes pouring out. The Seniors, however, do not use this forbidden area for smoking as they can leave the schoolgrounds any time they wish.

The bell rings again, and after a couple more minutes of loafing, we start moving. Our classroom is on the third floor, but we can take it easy up the stairs because most of our teachers don't appear until about four minutes after the bell has rung.

This period we have math, which we have six times a week. Today's lesson is about inequalities. After having tested us on the day's lesson, the teacher spends the rest of the period explaining the next day's assignment. This assignment is for Tuesday, as we have no homework over the weekend in subjects which we have more than two periods a week.

By
Summer
Njaland
158

The bell rings, and again we have a break, followed by our English class. Part of the period is spent in English conversation and the rest in studying one of Shakespeare's plays. In my class, which is specializing in math and science, we also study German and French.

The next break is for twenty minutes from 1105 to 1125. During this break, we may go wherever we please. Most of the kids leave school to get something to eat. The bakery is crowded with kids buying cookies and ice cream. Many of the girls go to a restaurant where they get some coffee and at the same time have a chance to smoke. We never see the girls smoking in the streets. Many of the kids like to go down and watch the ships during this time.

We have chemistry fourth period, and so we go to the special auditorium or laboratory. When we don't go to special rooms, we stay in our classroom and, the teachers come to us. As I told you, this period we study organic chemistry, namely ethyl alcohol. After a short lecture in the auditorium, we go to the lab to see how the beer we brewed in an experiment yesterday is doing. We get out about five minutes early this period, so we hurry out to sit on the benches. The break is spent looking at the girls. Many of them wear black slacks and a sweater. Others wear skirts and blouses sweaters of all different colors; still others have on suits, and many of them wear high heels. There are many pretty girls walking around, so, at times, it is kind of hard to keep your eyes on the book if you want to do some studying.

Next period, we have the

dullest subject of the day, namely Norwegian. The voice of the teacher affects us as a lullaby affects a little child. We have to concentrate so as not to fall asleep. It looks like Tom, who is sitting all the way back in the corner, is already sleeping. Sigurd picks up a wet sponge and throws it at him. It hits Tom in the head with a splash; he is suddenly awake; and a big war is going on. The teacher does not notice anything, and he continues reading his Ibsen loudly.

One January in Norwegian class, during the herring fishing season, the temperature was very low, so we decided to start a fire in the old stove standing in the classroom. The stove had been there since the school was built fifty years before and was seldom used.

One of the boys brought in a couple of herrings which he had found in the street, and we put them on the top of the stove with some snow. The smell of fried herring went all over the school and finally reached the principal's office. The principal came up to our classroom, where we poor devils were awaiting his wrath; but, fortunately, he, as well as our dull teacher, thought the old stove had caused the horrible smell. The principal left with a promise to have the stove fixed for the next day.

Sixth period we have German. This class is similar to English. We converse in German and study some of Goethe's poems. When there are only five minutes left in the period, we all get rather restless and the teacher decides to let us leave in spite of those five lost minutes.

We rarely have any meetings



after school, so everybody leaves school after sixth period. At two o'clock the bell rings, and all eight hundred kids pour out of the school. Some of them leave on their bicycles, others rush to get a seat on one of the schoolbuses, still others leave in their cars, and the rest of us, who don't have too far a way home, walk.

I am hungry now after a day of school and hurry home to get dinner. My father is a school-teacher, so he gets home about the same time as I. Although he usually drives, the school at which he teaches is further away than mine.

For dinner today, we are having whale-beef, potatoes, creamed cabbage, and gravy. I am very pleased with this dinner because it is one of my favorites. My sister likes it, too, because she does not care for any other kind of meat. For dessert we have orange pie. After dinner, I go through the newspapers while listening to jazz from the Voice of America.

About five o'clock, I go to "Hjemmet," a restaurant, to get a cup of tea. Some of my friends are sitting over in a corner, so I go to join them. We debate what to do tonight and decide to go to the school dance. Geir has a car outside, so I get a ride home and change from my jeans into a suit and tie.

Both the girls and the boys go stag to the dance for the most part. Only those going steady go drag. The dance is in the gym, which has been decorated for the dance with colored lamps and the like. The band is in a corner where we have built a stand for them. The two teachers

who are chaperons are, for the most part, in the teacher's room drinking coffee, which we most thoughtfully provided to keep them there. Small tables with chairs around them are placed around the gym, which is filled with smoke. In the corner opposite the band is a bar around which people always crowd buying cigarettes, cokes, and even beer. The band plays in a swing style, for jazz is more popular than Rock 'n' Roll in Norway.

The dance is for only the three upper classes of the school, and it lasts from about 1930 to midnight. I told you earlier that people come to the dance mostly stag. During the dance, we all dance with many girls. Leaving the dance, the stag situation is quite changed. Now many of the stags have a drag. Some groups have a "nachspiel"--- a party after the dance---but I plan to go skiing tomorrow, so I walk a girl home and at about two o'clock, I am fast asleep in my room.





The Fallen Star
Lynn Crane '61

I was sitting on the beach
One soft, dark, lonely night,
And the sea wind was blowing . . .
blowing

The dark waves beat against the sandy shore,
Unfurling patterns of soft white lace.
In the distance a lonely foghorn called
And a seagull was crying . . .
crying

Across the haze of the darkened night,
A flash of light, a shooting star,
All was darkness again
And the gentle waves calling . . .
calling

The slender reeds at the water's edge
Danced and swayed with the wind,
Caught in their swaying web
A fallen star glimmered . . .
glimmered

I crept stealthily to the water's edge
And gently untangled the shooting star
And held in my hand a fallen dream,
And the sea wind was blowing . . .
blowing

THE ROCKS

Dan Persinger '58



In touring the more populous regions of the state of Maine, one is not likely to travel through the desolate area known as Land's End or to visit the village of Cape Markham located therein. Like the unpopulated and all but forgotten regions of many of our New England states, Land's End has not changed much in the last two centuries. Over the land and its people hangs a shade of dark, remotely evil antiquity which is at once both terrifying and deeply compelling to an outsider. There have been rumors of strange and violent happenings in this mysterious land, the reflections of a troubled past.

It was in the year 1918 that I first arrived, late in the dreary month of November, in the small village of Cape Markham. The cold salt air blew westward from the promontory of Land's End in furious, never-ending gusts. The sky was heavily laced with billowy, blue-gray clouds hurriedly rustling along a river of tarnished slate, while the whistling of the wind reminded me of other mournful sounds I had heard before--somewhere. The rays from a baleful sun were subtly diffused into patches of darkness and light, giving a strangely clear and stark perspective to the sur-

rounding landscape and bringing oddly close the black, forboding rocks which made up the tip of the promontory. Ah, yes! Those rocks which told strange tales to those willing to listen.

Suddenly the sky grew darker, and the air even colder and more oppressive. Quickly, I looked about me, seeking shelter from the imminent rain. As it was, I ran to the nearest doorway, taking refuge under a narrow, rickety, tin roof. Here, temporarily safe from the fury of the sudden tempest, I paused to glance at my surroundings. Everything was old, very old. But not of age alone; this oldness was the uncertain result of disuse and deliberate abuse. In the semi-gloom, I saw, lying in the dust at my feet, the fallen ruins of an old delapidated sign, and upon closer inspection made out the letters MA-R-AM-NN. This, I concluded, must have been Cape Markham's only hotel. I now noticed that the rain had increased in such a manner as to compel me to find another shelter immediately. Accordingly, I turned to the door just slightly to my left and proceeded to pull back the knocker.

Everything equal, men's hearts do not usually depart from an ordered rhythm determined by the sensitivity of the individual. There are times, however, when we feel a strong, impulsive shift of emotion all the more frightful because its cause is, in effect, alien to any prescribed pattern. It is during these times that man feels very much lost and alone.

Something of this same feeling crept over me as I stood gazing at the person standing in the doorway directly before



Whitty

me. His mien and countenance bespoke of deep ties with the New England of a bygone era. He carried himself like a sailor and his eyes reflected the blue-green hues of the sea. His head came barely to my shoulder, but it was his remarkable eyes that at once caught and held mine. They were clear and deep, yet full of the ageless wisdom indicative of one who has traveled far and seen much.

The old man, for my guess was one of mental rather than physical age and the term did not aptly apply to either, quickly affirmed my request for overnight lodging and there the matter ended. I was shown to a

room that might have harmoniously graced the house of any stately gentleman, except for the obvious lack of care. It didn't fit New England, however, for the ceiling was too high and the finish much too good. It struck me as curious that this room was so constructed, for it lacked conformity with the rest of the house, which was fixedly New England in design.

The shadows lay long about the room, crossing themselves as if in benediction before the light streaming forth from the prominent and overpowering log fire. The sudden warmth rose curiously to my head and the shadows danced before my eyes,

reminding me of my younger days as a soldier when other shadows had danced and wavered in the midst of blue-gray smoke and black earth thrown high while the screams of tortured men had sung the requiem of war and death. "Return no more," I cried, for I had already paid well for those hideous memories. Slowly, I crossed the room and proceeded to don more suitable attire in which I should go to greet my gracious hosts, but I did not forget.

In the late hours of the evening, the Old Man, for this was the name I had given him, he having supplied no other, and myself sat quietly talking in a hushed monotone. Sleepily, I noted that the wind had died down somewhat, but the incessant rain had not ceased. As I stared blankly into the fire, my speech all but ceased completely. The shadows on the Old Man's face moved as he spoke, giving it a lean and aged look but not dulling the glitter of his eyes. I had seen eyes glitter like that before, perhaps when I was younger. But the memory evaded my conscious thoughts like the hapless quarry evades the hunter until I did not remember, but then

I awoke in darkness and a horrible pressing silence closed about me like a tomb. The rain had stopped, but the wind had again risen and could faintly be heard howling through the tree-tops and rushing along the lonely street like the rustling of dry leaves. The full moon shone palely white through the window, faintly illuminating the entire room. But it was not the room which attracted my eyes. I stared across a treeless plain

covered with tall, gray grass weaving strangely in the wind, and beyond, to the rocks, up-thrust monstrosly against a sky of dark velvet and reaching skyward as if trying to break the earthly bond that held them.

To this day, I still don't know what it was. Man knows all too little of the forces that control his destiny. His mind is a frail thing to oppose the capricious whims of fate. My senses reeled and the rocks changed before my eyes. They became men, men that I had seen before. The smell of gunpowder was in my nostrils and I saw again the battleground. I heard the scream of winged death mingled with the sounds of the wounded and dying. I saw the charge of shadow twisting and turning in the blue haze and watched as they became men. I saw the shining gray steel of their bayonets and the glitter in their eyes. They came closer and their faces merged into one. It was the face of the Old Man and his eyes were bright with hate and death.

The spell broke and I ran screaming from that accursed room. I stumbled, found a door, and stumbled again, falling into the mud and grime of a long-deserted street. I arose and ran on, my heart pounding and my eyes glazed with fear. I neither saw nor heard as I fled across the grassy plain. Too late, my senses revealed that I had run the wrong way. I was among the rocks, stumbling and falling while fruitlessly trying to stop my headlong flight. Too late, I saw the edge of the cliff, and, with a hoarse cry, I fell.

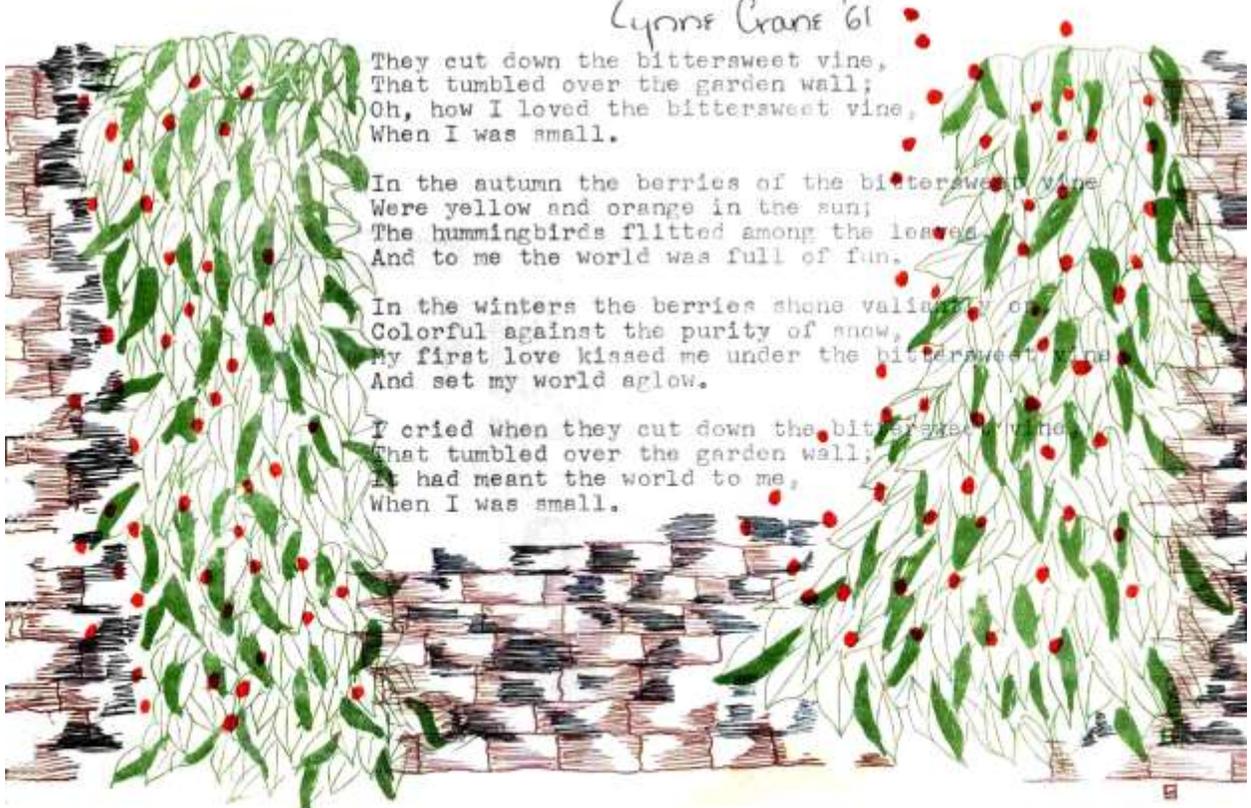
They found me two days later, lying more dead than alive on the

beach at the foot of the cliff and soon I was settled comfortably in a ward at the State Veterans Hospital. My story of having fallen was, of course, true, and the doctors were not surprised when I told them I had fallen while taking a moonlight walk. After all, hadn't I been discharged from the Army during the war because one night I had

"gone to pieces" and killed one of my comrades? Of course, I had been suffering from extreme shock when I did it and was labeled temporarily insane. So the doctors weren't surprised at what I had said; no, not at all. How could they know that the face of my dead comrade and that of the Old Man were the same?

THE BITTERSWEET VINE

Lynne Crane '61



They cut down the bittersweet vine,
That tumbled over the garden wall;
Oh, how I loved the bittersweet vine,
When I was small.

In the autumn the berries of the bittersweet vine
Were yellow and orange in the sun;
The hummingbirds flitted among the leaves,
And to me the world was full of fun.

In the winters the berries shone valiantly on
Colorful against the purity of snow,
My first love kissed me under the bittersweet vine,
And set my world aglow.

I cried when they cut down the bittersweet vine,
That tumbled over the garden wall,
It had meant the world to me,
When I was small.

BROADWAY ON FIRE

Mary Ann Finley '59

The lights on Broadway blaze in the black of the night and set the world on fire with their wild burst of activity. Everything and everyone is in their power, caught with no escape. The world is alive and going around like a mad merry-go-round.

People walk like they are being pulled by a powerful magnet, hidden in the brightness, that draws them along faster and faster until they feel the desire to run. Eyes are burning with an eager yet determined glow of readiness to tackle anything that suggests itself, while young hands are clenched nervously.

Others, a bit wearier and perhaps wiser, reflect a calmer, reassuring glow. Yet always, there is that look of brilliance. A few figures stroll along leisurely with a deliberate appearance of savoir faire, but remove this disguise and a growing excitement is revealed.

The rapidly-moving traffic is reached by the shooting sparks of flame and suddenly horns scold and chatter as the tires of a passing taxi screech and come to a halt in an inconvenient spot. Then begin the hoarse coughs from the engines as a few more cars start on their merry chase. Every moving thing is touched with a sense of artificial ac-

tivity and to glance down the street would be like seeing something resembling a rush to the sales line in one of the nearby department stores.

Only everyone is happy, and everyone is alive with energy. The eyes of the sky-high buildings signal their approval, while a drunken man weaves in and out of the throng below, waving his satisfaction in a much more noticeable way.

Theater lights fight desperately to outshine their rivals. The second feature draws to a close. Doors are set ajar and a group of young bulls comes charging out into the open. Always there is this bustle of endless life and the stimulating agitation of lights.

Everywhere, the strong pulse of life can be felt as these flaming objects shine down on Broadway.



Restlessly I turned on my side to peer through the gloom at the clock whose luminescent hands showed that several hours remained before the day grew light. I looked beyond the clock at my husband's sleeping form, but his smug peacefulness irritated me, and I threw myself on my stomach. I lay perfectly still and forced myself to think of nothing at all. Gradually, as my taut muscles relaxed, my mind began to wander. I drifted through the hazy world of half-awake-half asleep until I found myself on an unfamiliar road through dark swirls of mist.

I walked for a long time, and soon the mist began to retreat. The air about me grew very bright, very sharp, and far ahead I saw a woman walking towards me. Shielding my eyes from the unaccustomed brightness, I stopped to wait for whoever it was to draw near. Soon the woman stood before me, and, squinting through the vivid light, I hesitantly said, "Hello."

"Hello, I thought you were never going to come," came the reply in a voice strangely like my own.

I opened my eyes wider despite the pain of the blinding light. The woman before me was a paler, thinner image of myself. For a long moment I stood where I was, a cold numbness growing in my mind.

"You used to come here often, but that was a long time ago. You wouldn't remember. I really don't blame you for not coming back sooner, but it was not fair to leave me alone. I'm always so afraid when I'm alone. But you'll stay now."

Nonentity

Leslie Gilmore '58

Bewildered, I remained silent.

"We had better leave. We shouldn't be so near the mists," the woman said. "I wouldn't have come at all except you were coming, and I was afraid you would get lost."

I stepped back cautiously, then whirled and began to run frantically deep into the light trying to get back where I belonged. I heard the woman screaming angrily, "No! No!"

Completely engulfed in light I stumbled, fell on my knees, and hysterically clawed the air to regain my footing. I began to fall, or rather, float, because there was no down, no up, no direction. In panic I clutched bright shapes that dissolved into nothing.

Hysterically I began to laugh, "All I have to do is wake up. I'm not really here. This is a dream!"

Abruptly my fall was broken.

"Come on, honey, get up. I'll be late for work." The voice dragged me from my sleep and into the mechanics of reality.

I swung my legs over the edge of the bed and began the familiar bustle of getting my family on its way to work and school. The morning sun purged the memory of last night's dream from my mind.

valley of the poor

anne lewis '58

Late in the afternoon, after my housework was completed, I lay down on the living room couch to read a magazine. The mystery I was trying to finish grew too boring and I thumbed ahead to read the end. Putting the magazine I treated my limbs to a delicious stretch and then let them relax. Before I could rouse myself I was deep in the dream I had left that morning.

The same woman approached me and, with a friendly gesture, asked me to walk with her. Her too-amiable manner put a growing suspicion in my thoughts and I followed her cautiously. We walked near the mists she had earlier warned me against, and I hesitated in distrust.

"Come on. I know the way. You are all right with me," I was assured.

I took a careful step forward then hastily tried to retreat, but I was too late. The ground dissolved beneath my feet and I was in the suffocating mist.

"This time you can stay... and I will be safe," came my voice shrilly, with her words.

My body moved slowly and would not obey the commands of my racing brain. I heard the familiar band of our front door and my husband's voice:

"Hi, sweetheart, did I wake you up?"

"No," said the woman with my voice. "I was just reading."

And I was alone.

The valley of the poor has no road. It is a road in itself, usually straight, but sometimes arching in great, undulating curves. The topography of the valley is varied. At places, sheer cliffs drop into a deep, almost crevice-like section. At other times, the valley is broad and shallow. Sometimes it slopes gently upon one side to meet a challenging vertical slab of rock.

The valley of the poor contains rushing rivers. Torrents sweep bills of debris and bear them along violently until they are swept down and out of the valley.

The valley is rich to those who seek. Everything seems to be swept into it, all homeless things, be they good, bad or indifferent; valuable, cheap, or worthless; alive, inanimate, or dead.

Where is this marvelous, wonderful valley? We do not find it so wonderful or we would notice it everywhere we go at any time. It is a place for the poverty-stricken, for the drunk, for the drifter. Only to them does it offer any charm, any possibility of a great find. And they must search for it, hidden in the debris at the side of the road. Somewhere in the litter swept aside by a street-cleaner or blown aside by a fast moving car, may be a coin for a cup of coffee, a jewel for a reward.

PRELUDE

Sigrid
Christensen '34

The white, shapeless forms of the yet-unborn souls were breathlessly waiting for the Lord to shuffle a pack of cards. On each card the future form and destiny of a soul were written. The tension was mounting and then reached its height as each soul was dealt its card.

There were murmurs of surprise, disappointment, cries of delight and despair. One soul cried out in fury over its assignment. "So that's what I'll be..... an Indian beggar of a low caste!" the soul screamed. "I will not play the game then at all, let me return to Nothing!" The Lord beckoned to an angel who walked softly toward the beggar and whispered, "Come with me."

Together they entered a great hall where cards were dealt out to a great multitude of vague, shapeless forms. "These are the souls of the animals," the angel said to him. The beggar looked at some of the cards. "Tree house in a coal mine," it said. "Sheep dog." "Turkey . . . she . . . 'til Thanksgiving." It seemed to the beggar that he and the angel had been looking at cards and shapeless masses for a long, long time. They had been in vast spaces where the plants and lower forms of life had received their destiny. "Pine tree, to be cut



down," the beggar had read. "Wildflower--to be destroyed." "Arctic mass"--the beggar thought of the chilly winds and bleak scenery. "Asiatic flu germ, shortlived, meeting up with vaccine," "sponge on the bottom of the sea,"--this, the beggar thought was the dreariest fate of them all.

He sighed and walked gloomily with the angel, returning to the Hall of the Future Human Beings. Groups had formed, and the souls were exchanging their opinions. "My life will be hard and bitter," one sighed, "why should I bear this burden?"

"I don't have the strength for it." His card said "King."

Another muttered, "Look at this--is it worth the bother?" "Soldier," the card said, "dies young."

One soul seemed to be very, very gloomy. "High school teacher--overworked and under paid." This was to be its fate.

Not even the future movie stars were contented. They were complaining about high taxes.

All of them seemed to be troubled and dissatisfied; they had either expected more glory or less responsibility. But when the Lord asked if anyone wanted

to be Nothing instead of accepting his plans for them, not one voice was heard.

Then the beggar's voice rang out: "Lord, I thank you for showing me so many hates! It is better to be a beggar and to talk to friends than be a voiceless beast. It is better to be poor and see a sunset than to be an unseeing plant. It is better to be human and feel pain than to be moss or a sponge, but even the life of a sponge is better than the dark void." The Lord smiled and waved his hand to the angel, who opened a large door marked "Life."

FALLING TO SLEEP

Phil Glaser '59

TIRING

TIRING DESIRING

TIRING DESIRING RETIRING

TIRING DESIRING RETIRING TO LEAP

TIRING DESIRING RETIRING TO LEAP TO SLEEP

TIRING DESIRING RETIRING TO LEAP TO SLEEP DEEP

MIGHTY WARRIORS

Janet Rees '50

Cry out ye mighty warrior cry,
Cry great insults to the sky,
Swear at all of man's disgrace,
Swear and curse the wretched place.

Take your weapons, strength, and steel,
Plow the fields of duty's keel,
Draw from the earth impurities,
And plant anew affirmities.

Watch the seed as it grows,
As a nation weeps and knows,
Vividly see the wrongness go,
Quickly grasp the truth to show.

REVOLUTION

Janet Rees '50

Sleep silently and soft,
As though the wind has swept out old and ugly craft,
The purpose not yet quite fully seen,
That this is man, the man of men--God's dream.

Delay the passage through this bitter night,
And take His time to search for better flight,
The purpose of a moment's quickened tongue,
Strange delight for those who have them none.

Curse sailor, soldier on your unknown way,
To fight the battle and not live the day,
Fall into pits of blood and bone,
Die like Him--that they may reach a throne.

With purpose, valor, dignity be blest,
To touch a lady's hand in gleeful jest,
Perhaps this all is destiny,
The life of man who conquereth--But Never Thee!



Round and Round

Tuba player on left is Courtney “Corky” Meyer, ’62, in the middle is Tom Callanen, ’63, Seventh Grade, & on right is Bob Rhoads, ’62, Eighth Grade.

(Ref. 1958 *Mustang*, Pages 27, 96, 97, 100 & input from Tom Callanen in August 2020)

NOTE: The split photograph, printed on Pages 36 & 37 of the original Penman's Palette document, is combined on this page,

Pages 36 & 37

the stranger's gift

Coil Station '60

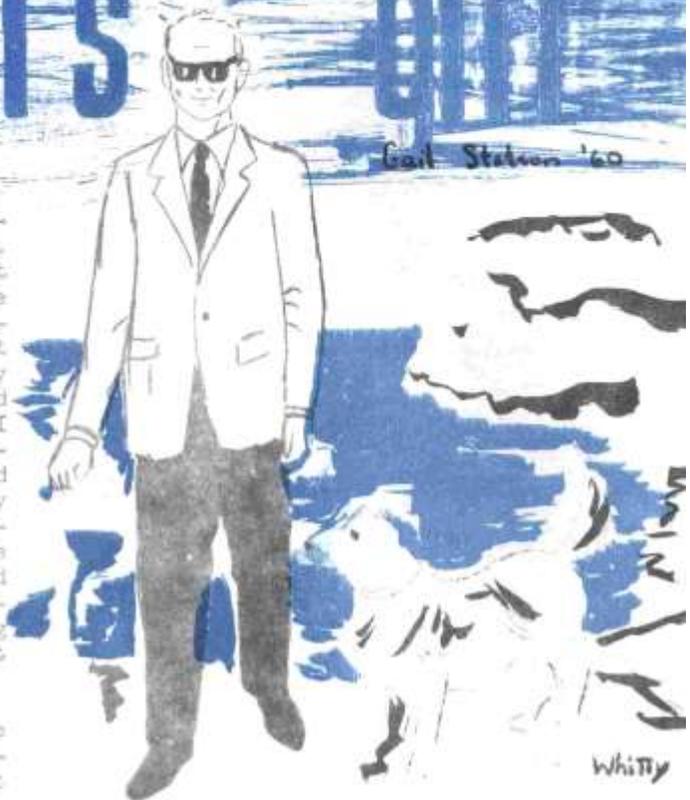
My life had some of the elements of a Horatio Alger story. I had studied under great contemporary artists both in the United States and abroad. Recognition and acclaim had come at an early age. At that time, my canvases were in demand and had brought high prices. But now, I dreaded to turn to the art section of the newspaper and read what those who still show any interest in my work write. Unlike the enthusiastic reviews that I had once received, I read such comments as: "... coldness and lack of understanding of the subject." I could not bear to read further.

Two weeks had passed since I first arrived at this delightful, picturesque Maine coast fishing village.

As I started out one morning for a spot that I had carefully chosen for the scene of a seascape, the words of the well-known art critic, Franz Holland, still rang in my ears, "No feeling for painting, coldness in his use of colors, inability to catch the image in its true beauty, conveyance of nothing to others, and lack of life--all are present."

My thoughts were racing at a higher pace than my hurried footsteps directing me to the shore.

They were momentarily interrupted by a bird that streaked out from beneath a bayberry



bush. I was oblivious, though, to its striking beauty in flight. Even this could not disrupt my preoccupied thoughts. There was one question uppermost in my mind: "Should I continue my career as a painter; the only means of livelihood that I knew?"

Amid these disquieting thoughts, I set up my easel and prepared to paint. My palette was soon gleaming with bright beads of color.

I became so engrossed in my work that I was not aware of the presence of anyone nearby until I turned for a tube of yellow ochre and looked up into the serene face of an old man, who was gazing intently at my work.

Of course I had long since become accustomed to working in the presence of others. Perhaps, at times, I had become irked by their remarks; but almost always, I found pleasure in their company. Some would criticize the color of the sky or the way the surf broke over a rock; others would pass the time with flattering remarks; still others would divulge their life histories. I knew that the works of a good artist must not only attract the critic but also please the man in the street. I was not sure into which category this elderly man would fall, he who impressed me with his china-blue eyes and youthful bearing.

He said that he had heard of my work, and as the conversation progressed, I knew that I was going to enjoy his delightful company. While he stroked the head of the faithful collie that sat by his side, he explained that he was just finishing his summer vacation at this quaint fishing village.

Although I continued to paint, I somehow had the feeling of guilt, of being rude and when I did glance up from my canvas, I found him staring off into the beauty of the white foaming breakers.

As he talked, I marveled at his knowledge of the mechanics of oil painting and his sensitivity to what is beautiful and good. He told me that he imagined that the chief delight of painting must be the joy that the artist gets from observing and catching the beautiful wonders of nature.

He said, musing, "You walk, noting the tilt and the delicate symmetry of a leaf, the dreamy

purple shades of the mountains, the pale silhouettes of the horizon. One doesn't have to feel the smooth skin of a silver birch or the shaggy bark of a pine when one possessed that sixth sense in his eyesight. If you observe accurately and with refinement, the rest seems to follow on canvas. Art is a man-made beauty of nature. It is wonderful when a subject painted is art regardless of whether it is beautiful to some eyes and displeasing to others."

I was disappointed when he took his leave, a man I knew nothing of, but who had given me, in an hour, joyful enlightenment that would last the rest of my life. I never realized that nature was a never-ending source of inspiration, not only to the painter, but, as he had said, ". . . to the poet and to the musician."

I had never thought of art in such a way before. To me, it had always been a career, and I had regarded the subjects I painted only in a general way, as one looks at a sailboat race and says, "My, what a lot of boats."

I wistfully watched the dog and his master fade slowly from view amidst the bayberry bushes. For the first time in my career of painting, I was seeing the blue of the sea through the eyes of one who was seeing it in all its beauty for the first time. I continued painting intently, with an appreciation I had never experienced before, and as I put my last brush stroke to the picture before me, I knew that a long and devoted day was ended.

Not stopping to eat, I hurried over to Franz Holland, and

I knew that he was more than pleased with my work. He didn't have to tell me to look in next week's paper under the art column; his sparkling eyes already told me.

I could not wait until morning and so once again I traveled over the path toward the location where the man who gave me the greatest gift of all had disappeared. Not knowing where he lived, I stopped at the "Driftwood," an inn overlooking the ocean, to inquire about him. I knew the kindly old landlord who greeted me at the door well. I inquired about the stranger with the dog, and he said that the man had been a guest of his and that he had enjoyed the company of this British gentleman with the seeing-eye dog.

I was speechless! The landlord continued despite my sudden astonishment and told me that the

man had left that morning for England. There was some hope that his sight could be restored and that once again he could create masterpieces like those that had amazed the world twenty years ago. The landlord expressed his pity that so great an artist had lost his sight. I wanted to tell the innkeeper that this man in his blindness could see more of truth and beauty than those who have perfect sight.

Having thanked him, I started back up the path. As I reached the spot where I had been painting a few hours before, I was just in time to witness the thrilling miracle by which day is transformed into night. As I watched the sun slip beneath the horizon, I turned my head to the heavens and thanked God for my eyes, with which I had formerly merely looked, but with which I could now see.

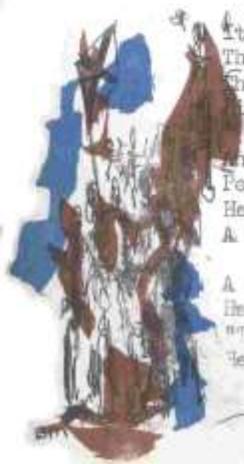
MARCHING

Gordon Gayer '61

It was one of those Indian Summer days
The sun, the air, and the distant haze,
The old man's grandson, playing all alone,
Hiding where the stalks of golden sheaf.

And peering out, now and then
Peering out, and hiding again.
He peered out and lo! what he saw
A dusty gray legion, their feet wrapped in straw.

A stolid sort of man riding at the head,
He turned around, and to his men he said,
"There'll be better camps up ahead, for you and me."
He turned around, and they kept on marching--to eternity.



Like Barley

Bending

I remembered yesterday that I had left some of my music on the piano in the Norton house the last time I was there. I do need it, since I have so little, but the very thought of approaching Mr. Redlake to get it makes my heart sink into my boots.

April 18--I did it! I screwed up my courage and went to retrieve my music. Mrs. Norton is a good friend of ours, and she gave me a key to her house when she went abroad so I could practice on her piano and not annoy Father so much.

Anyway, it took me about five minutes to walk what I usually can in one-half a minute, for I kept stopping and debating back and forth as to whether I should approach Mr. Redlake or not. Mr. Redlake finally won, so I screwed up my courage, marched up to the door, and knocked. An angry voice shouted: "Come in, and, for heaven's sake, stop that awful banging!" At this wrathful pronouncement, I almost turned tail and fled, but I thought of Father's proud statement that no Blythe ever backed out of a battle, and I wasn't going to invoke the ancestral wrath by being the first coward, so I opened the door and went in. Mr. Redlake was seated in front of the piano in the music room looking over some music. He is a big man, probably in his middle fifties, with gray hair, strong features, and beautiful hands. When I told him my name, he stopped breathing fire and smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I've heard quite a lot about you from Amy Norton. Amy says you are a good pianist. She has never yet been wrong. Play something!" At my surprised look, he nodded. "Go on. Don't mind me. Play."

As I began, I forgot all about him, lost in the beauty of the music. I could not tell you what I played, just whatever came to me, I guess. Finally, I stopped, and the faintly patronizing look of one humoring a child which I had seen on his face as he told me to play was gone. He asked me if Mrs. Norton was my only teacher and I told him that she was. He nodded approvingly and then offered to teach me for the summer. I accepted, but on the condition that I pay him for each lesson. He did not want to accept this condition, but I would not feel right if I did not pay him for the lessons. I told mother about the lessons, but we both agreed that we would "forget" to mention the fact to father. It is such a wonderful opportunity to study with so great a man.

April 25--I have learned so much in the few lessons Mr. Redlake has given me. He urges me to join Mrs. Norton in Paris this autumn to study with Constantine Renault, the great pianist, but I don't think father will ever let me go. He disapproves so strongly of music and of any woman who would go on the stage. What he would say if he learned his daughter wished to be a concert pianist is better left unmentioned!

April 29--Teddy Kent is leaving to study art in Montreal. His mother cried and pleaded and ordered, but he stood firm. I guess we'll never know what per-

sueded her to let him go. I wonder if I will have the same courage when my time comes. I hope Teddy's dreams come true. I have agreed to pose for him in the green dress before he leaves. Oh, it's going to be so lonely here in Four Winds when he leaves. There will be no one to talk to.

June 17--I have neglected to write because since Teddy left, everything has been most ordinary, except for my lessons with Mr. Redlake, of course. Father found out he was giving me lessons and was uncommonly nice about it. Maybe he is finally bowing to the inevitable. I hope so; it won't make my next move such a blow.

I met Jonathan Rich again yesterday. He asked me to a party his sister is giving, and I accepted.

July 10--It's such a hot, windless day, I think a storm is brewing. I have thought it over carefully and I have decided to ask Father if I may join Mrs. Norton in Paris since she has written and asked me again.

July 12--Mother died yesterday. How final the words are down on paper. She had been slipping away from us for a long time, but, like all humans, we didn't expect death this soon. I have been so wrapped up in my own affairs that I didn't realize how very frail she had become. I won't be able to leave now. Father has no life left in him. In the last two days he has become an old man. I can't go and leave him, so I will stay and put away my dreams.

September 1--Evan Redlake left today. He was quite angry with me for not continuing my studies.

He ranted and raved and pleaded with me for almost two hours before he left, but I can't, I just can't. After the first bitter shock and my flash of rebellion, I saw that I just could not go. This soil in Four Winds and these people whom I have known all my life hold me with heart ties. I wouldn't be letting them down if I left. Ah, Elizabeth, why are you writing this? To fool yourself? You know that this is not something to be conquered in a flash of daughterly duty.

November 2--Jonathan Rich asked me to marry him today. I accepted.

December 14--Tomorrow is my wedding day. So much of my life has been decided in these few short months since I started this diary. I have grown from girlhood to womanhood and put away girlhood's dreams.

The sea is gray and cold tonight, grieving under the burden of ancient sorrows. "Blow out your candle, Elizabeth, instead of sitting here dreaming old dreams. Night has fallen."

I glanced quickly through the remaining pages of the diary. Here and there were a few scattered paragraphs.

December 15, 1894--Jonathan and I have been married fourteen years now. How quickly the time goes. I had a telegram from Teddy today. He and Anne Burney were married in Rome yesterday. I am so happy for them both. Teddy is quite famous now. It feels rather strange to have someone you grew up with become an artist of world fame.

May 1, 1895--It is the fifth birthday of Tamsin, our young-

est child. We have two others; a son, Michael and a daughter, Jennie. Evan Redlake wrote yesterday and asked Jonathan and me to the première performance of his new symphony. I suppose we will go, although I don't want to. It awakens too many longings for things I cannot have.

March 6, 1910--Tamsin is marrying Philip Shipley today. Oh, Jonathan, I wish you could be here to see your youngest married. Why did you have to die so far away from Four Winds? The sea is so cold and foreign that you lie in now.

August 19, 1935--It is lonely here by the cove, with no one to talk to. I am the last of my generation here in Four Winds. I am now Mrs. Betsy, supposed to be so wise, but I do not feel wise; in fact, I feel quite young. It seems strange with everyone gone--Jonathan, Teddy and Anne, and Evan Redlake. Where did the young Elizabeth with all her dreams turn into the wise Mrs. Betsy? It is not lonely any more. As I look back on the pages of this diary, ghosts are here with me. . . with their hopes and dreams written on their faces, and I can almost hear the wild call of the spring sea.

The diary broke off abruptly here; perhaps she had fallen asleep. So, she was the model for the famous paintings, and this was the story behind those mysterious eyes. How strange that here, in this beautiful little town, I had found the answer to the mystery that had puzzled the art world since the paintings had first been displayed. I knew I would never tell the answer I had found. The rain beat softly against the window, and I was reminded of a poem I had read during my hospital stay. It was by Sara Teasdale:

Like barley bending
In low fields by the sea,
Singing in hard wind
Ceaslessly.

Like barley bending
And rising again
So would I, unbroken,
Rise from pain.

So would I softly,
Day long, night long,
Change my sorrow
Into song.

I put the things back in the chest and went downstairs to the warmth of Maggie Rutherford's kitchen.

MUNDANITY

Margaret Tackney '58

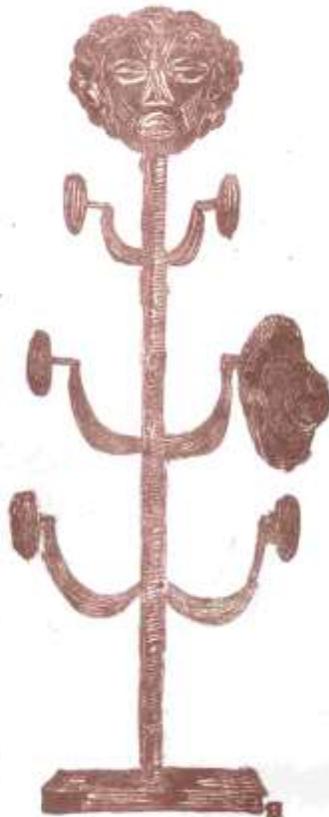
Ageless Victorian ladies promenade, lush green verdure falling in cascades of ruffles about them. Come fall. These demure dames rouge their green cheeks to become absurd, but charming coquettes. In their ultimate degradation Winter strips them of their garments and their lingering virtue, exposing them, wrinkled and naked demi-mondaines.

The Decision of the Sun and Moon

The door had: PRIVATE--J. B. Cordatta written on it in big, tall white letters. Inside was a large office, handsomely decorated in green, charcoal, and cream. The furniture was blond, except for a mahogany hat-stand near the door, with a weird head carved on the top. It resembled a one-headed totem pole, but it was a favorite among the furnishings. The green walls were decorated with seven nicely-done etchings framed in black. On either side of the one window hung a diploma, also framed in black. The floor was carpeted in thick charcoal, and in the corner opposite the door stood a seven-foot avacado plant.

The feet on the desk belonged to J. B. He had settled himself back in his "especially-built-for-thinking" chair and was slowly puffing on a cigar. He had told the decorator precisely how he wanted everything, and the office was a direct reflection of his taste and his whims.

J. B. was contented, and pleasant little thoughts dashed about in every which way before his eyes. Then suddenly, a pleasant big thought rumbled in and stopped, blocking his view from all the other little ones. It would not move,



Alice Giddings '60

but began to grow. At first it was just a big salmon-colored rectangle, but as it began to focus, a thousand black-rimmed windows popped into view. Then there were green grass plots and trees and balconies with blue railings. The doors were blue, too, and above each row of windows, a red-orange line traveled around the building, marking the beginning of a new story. There were forty-three stories, two basements, and two sub-basements.

On each corner of the top story a spiral rose from which flew a white flag bearing the words "CORDATTA MAIN" inscribed in gold. It was a magnificent building, such splendid colors, a regular circus castle! He would put it up on the old library site, right where it would stick everyone in the eye.

"Miss Tanner," he said into his intercom, "please come in for dictation."

She bustled in and pulled her little straight-backed chair over to his desk. Then she sat down primly and said, "What is it, Mr. Cordatta?"

"Put an ad in the Herald and the Times. Use the following form." He folded his hands majestically before him and cleared his throat.

"Wanted: Young man educated in engineering and building construction, age 25-35; to be foreman of skyscraper construction. Apply at J. B. Cordatta Enterprises----Starbend 2-2222."

She puckered her mouth and jotted it down. Then she said, "What skyscraper?" in a matter-of-fact manner, for her employment with Mr. Cordatta had begun more than eight years ago, and she had learned to expect anything.

"The Cordatta Main!" he proclaimed and gazed at her face in search of a tiny note of approval. "It will be the biggest and best of all the Cordattas!" he continued emphatically, "and my office will be the only one on the main floor. Just think, a completely new office. I won't have a single old thing in it."

Miss Tanner glanced at the mahogany totem pole hatstand, and a sly little smile stole over her face. J.B. took note immediately and added, "Except my antique there. You always said you liked antiques, Miss Tanner."

Then he fumbled around in his top drawer and pulled out seven slightly crumpled application forms. He had designed them himself and was extremely proud of the layout and impressive words they contained.

Miss Tanner took them hastily and bustled out to her desk in the adjacent office.

"Cordatta Main," she mumbled disgustedly and

began dialing the number of the Herald. "Mahogany totem poles. Humph!"

The next morning Mr. Cordatta's ad, neatly wrapped in the Herald, was pitched onto the small concrete stoops of fourteen grey duplexes two blocks from the railroad yards. In one of these homes lived the family of Anthony Renday.

Inside, the small square living room smelled like coffee and fried eggs. A sizzling sound came from the kitchen, partially drowned by the chatter of two small boys and the occasional gurgle of a baby. The radio's relentless song blended these sounds into a solitary drone, which was occasionally shattered by a shrill reprimand directed at one of the children.

Tony's pretty little wife had just brought in the paper for him. She had brushed back her soft brown hair, retied the sash of her flowered housecoat, and kissed him fondly on the forehead.

"Back to work, you loafer," she had laughed and then hurried into the kitchen with a quart of milk in each hand. "I'll have your bacon ready in a minute."

Tony scanned the want-ad section with a worried expression on his face. After lying in a hospital bed for five months, he was thin and pale and terribly concerned about the welfare of his three small children and uncomplaining wife. An auto accident, breaking



both legs and seriously cutting his left hand, had been the cause of his long stay at the hospital.

Suddenly his face brightened and he reread silently, "Engineering and building construction, 25-35, J. B. Cordatta" It wouldn't hurt to apply, he thought.

Why was a man qualified to fill J.B.'s ad living in a three room apartment two blocks from the railroad yards? A year before, the name Anthony Renday had meant a brilliant young concert-pianist, rapidly gaining recognition in his beloved work. Then fate had dealt the Rendays a mighty blow. Lack of adequate insurance had caused Mrs. Renday to move her family from their pleasant suburban home to the duplexes, while Tony fretted the long hours away in the hospital.

Now he was at home, or at least back with his family, and in search of a new job. His hand would never again play the piano. But before Tony had entered the Camden Conservatory, he had studied engineering. This fortunate blessing would undoubtedly aid him in his future work. In fact, it was his best and practically only hope.

He showed the Cordatta ad to his wife, and she grinned, "You'd be a perfect one to put up one of those gaudy hotels! Then I can say, 'My Tony is responsible for that!'" She pointed toward an imaginary Cordatta on the front lawn and began laughing.

"Of course you'd be saying it with pride," he said jokingly.

"Of course." Then she began dialing the number ST 2-2222

"Tell him you're ready to start building today," she whispered and handed him the phone.

About two miles from the city, a portly gentleman in a grey tweed suit stooped down to pick up his issue of the Times from the porch of a pleasant suburban rambler. After he had gone back into the house, he pushed down the button on the toaster and seated himself in the kitchen nook. He had red hair and a ruddy complexion, and his face was almost handsome.

The coffee was too weak, and when the toast finally popped up, it was very black on the bottom crust. He threw it into the sink and crashed blindly into the living room, cracking his shin violently as he passed the coffee table.

This added to his rage, and he was "boiling" when he dialed the number of his mother-in-law.

"Millie?" he said when someone answered the phone. "Now listen here, Millie, you come home and get my breakfast. I'm having a deuce of a time--huh?--I don't give a darn whistle whether you're mad or not, you're my wife, and. . . ." She hung up.

He dialed again, only more slowly this time.

"Millie, honey," he pleaded, "I'm going out to try to get a new job today, but I'll never look neat if my shirts aren't ironed, will I? And how can I be at my best if I haven't had anything but a burnt piece of toast? Now look, Sweetie, you come on home, and when I get back tonight, we'll be all set up."

She laughed a little and told him to go to the drugstore for breakfast.

"I love you, Millie," he yelled; "Don't hang up again!" But it was too late.

So Robert Maggentolly had to read his newspaper with no toast and weak coffee. He felt lower than an earthworm. Then he saw the Cordatta ad, and his outlook immediately improved. In fact, it reached an all-time high since he had been fired by the Parker Construction Company a week ago, and his Millie-trouble had begun.

Feeling very pleased with the world in general, he again picked up the telephone. . . ST 2-2222.

Aaron Heartly lived in a stately old mansion two blocks from the county courthouse in the center of town. In fact, the Heartly Place was one of the oldest and most venerable homes in Newbeck, a forty minutes' drive from the city.

Aaron was a plucky young man, very brilliant in his own estimation. A thin mustache adorned his upper lip; his hair was thick and wavy; his manner was smooth and relaxed. Aaron was a lady-killer.

It was almost 12:30, but the son and heir of Carlton H. Heartly, noted banker, stockholder, and ex-lady killer, was eating breakfast leisurely. As he read the want-ads, mostly because there was nothing better to do, he noticed the Cordatta ad.

"So old J. B. is putting up another monstrosity," he mused. "The old geezer's cracked, I'll

swear to it." Then he called the maid and told her to get the telephone. "ST 2-2222," he said out loud as he dialed the operator. He didn't know why he was applying for a job, except that he felt like it.

J. B. stroked his chin tenderly and gazed thoughtfully at the opposite wall. On his desk were spread three application forms, those of Tony Renday, Robert Maggentolly, and Aaron Heartly. J. B. was thinking. At the moment, he was pondering the case of Mr. Maggentolly.

"Nice chap, seemed like a real good, understanding guy. Bet he'd be okay to work with the men, good humor and all. No references from Parker Construction. Wonder why they canned him. Probably some little personal matter. Besides, what difference does it make to me what Parker did or is doing? Lives out there in the Calden area. No kids. Says his wife hates over-time. As a matter of fact, he seemed real touchy about his wife. Must be newly-weds or something. I like a man with a happy home life, real devoted to the little woman. Great big guy. Looked like the type that might be hard to take orders. Wonder if that's why Parker fired him. . . ."

He picked up Heartly's paper and leaned back in his chair, slowly lifting his feet to the top of his desk.

"Now here's a conceited masher if I ever saw one," he grinned to himself. "What on earth made old Carlton Heartly's offspring want a job with me? Probably some practical joke. Must admit, though, he's a darn good man at his business. Seems

to me Ed was saying something about his work out in California. Said he knew everything and was darn fast. That's what I need-- a fast foreman. Terribly conceited, though, a real puffed-up egotist!" He folded the application form into a paper airplane and sailed it into the air.

"Now for Anthony Menday," he mused. "Poor guy's really had it tough. Plenty of education, no experience. Been too wrapped up in his piano playing. Might make a real good start on this job. On the other hand, I'd be taking a big chance. Guess I could get him a job on down the line, but a wife and three kids aren't easy to support. He was worried about them, said he wanted to get them into a better house. He's a real responsible chap, thinking of his family instead of feeling sorry for himself. I like Tony. He might do real well."

He arose, went over to the avacado plant, and removed his paper airplane from among the leaves. After flattening it out under a book on his desk, he glanced at the clock and strolled out.

"I'm leaving," he announced in Miss Tanner's office.

"Glad you let me know," she mumbled sarcastically.

He decided to walk the three blocks to his suite, which was naturally in the present Cordatta Main Hotel and informed the desk that he wanted absolute privacy until morning.

But even absolute privacy did not aid him. He finally went to bed with the big ques-

tion still haunting him--be a good sport with Heartly, take a chance with Maggentolly, or give Menday a break--which one?

At 12:45 he gave up. "Drat it," he said, "let the sun and moon decide!" and thrust his head under the pillow.

So the sun and the moon pooled their brain-power and spent the early morning hours in arbitration. Their judgment was dispatched to J. B. at exactly 7:32 A. M.

He concluded there would be no sense in going to the office if Miss Tanner weren't there, but after waiting a seemingly endless fifteen minutes, he decided he could write her a note just as well as tell her. So he hailed a taxi and was soon scribbling the following on the memorandum pad in her office:

Dear Miss Tanner:

I have spent a great deal of time considering the three applicants of yesterday. Mr. Menday's concern for his family and Mr. Maggentolly's devotion to his wife have aided me immensely in my decision. Mr. Heartly's unabashed arrogance was also a deciding factor. Please send each of these men a check for \$50 and order me a plane ticket to Pine Arrow for this afternoon. I'm going home for a nice long visit with my family, and when I return, you won't recognize the old thick-headed, conceited J. B. Cordatta, I promise. Cancel all plans for the Cordatta Main permanently.

J. B.

P. S. Take a \$20 raise, beautiful.

the bait and swallowed it, hook and all. Danny jumped up, wondering what kind of fish could be so hungry. Pretty soon, a great big dragon, twice as tall as Danny's father and as murky green as the mere, rose out of the water.

The dragon looked at Danny. "Who are you," asked the dragon.

"I'm Danny. I live in the tiny village. I'm the smartest little boy in all of Ireland. Are you a mean dragon?"

"No," the dragon replied. "I'm not a mean dragon, but I am a hungry one. I'm going to eat up every brave man, pretty woman, and little child in the tiny village."

"Oh, please don't do that!" cried Danny. "Don't eat my father and my mother and all of my friends!"

"Well, now, Danny, since you're such a smart little boy, I'll ask you a question. If you can answer my question, I won't eat up every brave man, pretty woman, and little child in the tiny village."

"I know 'most everything," said Danny proudly. "Go ahead!"

"Here's the question," said the dragon, his eyes glittering wickedly, "Am I going to eat you up, too?"

"No!" Danny cried.

"Ah, but you're wrong," murmured the dragon. "Since you didn't answer my question right, I'm going to eat up every brave man, pretty woman, and little child in the tiny village. And I'm going to eat you first of all."

And he did.

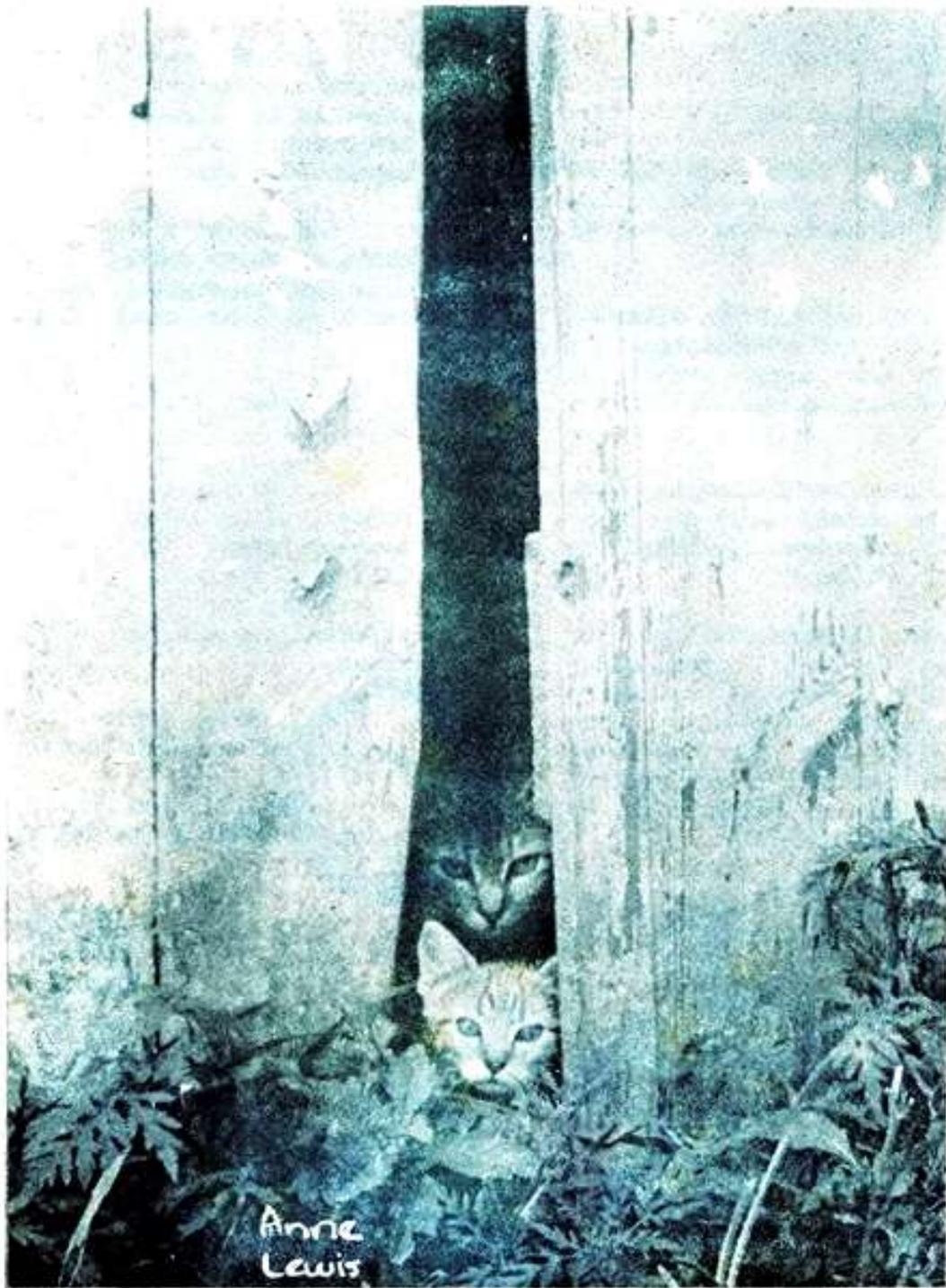
Color

Pat Price '58

Gray is the color for rainy days,
Yellow's the color when sunny and gay,
Black is the color when everyone's sad,
Red is the color when joyous and glad.

Purple's the color when rich and royal,
Green is the color when grown from the soil,
White is the color when pure and clean,
Brown is the color when lanky and lean.

Khaki's the color when carefree and light,
Blue is the color when everything's right,
Pink is the color when tender and sweet,
Gold is the color when harvesting wheat.



CURIOSITY IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT

2:40

CLUB

Pat Rutter '58

Time: 2:41 p.m.

Place: Room 110

The daily meeting of one of George Mason's most faithfully-attended clubs is now about to convene.

"I will not talk in class"--pages of it are accumulating in mounting snowy mounds around the desks of various members of the 2:40 Club.

One studious fellow is perusing the latest copy of "Tarzan," which is soon followed by "Our Army at War."

In an obvious seat of distinction, in the upper right corner of the room, a boy wearing a checked shirt sits, surreptitiously eyeing the Club President (or teacher, if you prefer) and twirling a ruler. He is thinking deep thoughts.

A learned text is under observation on one side of the room; it is Algebra I. (Notice how orderly all go about their appointed tasks.)

A girl in a brown-flowered dress sharpens a handful of pencils for the arduous task awaiting her. "One hundred times!"

"Our Army at War" gives way to a recent issue of "Boys' Life."

A completed thesis--100 copies painstakingly handwritten--is handed the Club President for approval. The author leaves the room with a slightly supercilious swagger of superiority.

Colleague enters the room, confers with Club President.

Brown-flowered Dress, evidently finished for the day, leaves.



Above-mentioned Colleague departs.

All is quiet for a minute, then Club President goes to rear of room to discuss some vital subject with the Worker in the Corner. Up front, small whispers ensue.

Now Un-concerned Ex-worker saunters light-headedly out, exhilarated by unwanted release. "See y' General" is tossed joyfully, to room in general and to General in particular.

Checked Shirt in front corner stares vacantly, resignation supplanting belligerency. Detached from the mundanity of the Club Room, his mind no doubt wanders the uncomprehensible plutonic platitudes. He has ceased twirling threads; now raps same softly on his knuckles.

Gum-chewing (I've noticed a profusion of gum in the Club--perhaps a requisite for membership?)--gum-chewing Brown Pony-tail hands in her stack of paper, returns to her seat for remaining three minutes, bobs her head over her shoulder to nod encouragement to slower sinners.

One and a half minutes remain.

The Club President closes the windows, a commendable cautionary action.

Restlessness grows, becomes more apparent. "Okay"--long awaited, the curt word of dismissal from the Club President is greeted with loud cheers.

All rise as one and simultaneously surge toward the door and intoxicating freedom.



illusion

Remember, twenty years ago,
When I planned my future life,
How I set a goal to strive for,
To be a rich man's wife.

Oh, what a dream! And what a life
I had laid out for me.
I vowed right to begin with that
I'd live in luxury.

A cook, a nurse, a maid, or two,
Well, maybe even three;
For, after all, I'd need the help
As busy as I'd be.

I'd go to style shows and luncheons,
And the latest Broadway plays,
Cocktail parties, musicals,
The opera, and ballets.

Then, aside from my own pleasures,
I'd have my favorite charity;
Perhaps donate a swimming pool
To the city entirely free.

I'd cruise around the world each year
To Madrid and Monaco,
London, Casablanca, Rome,
Paris and Tokyo.

I'd be living in a world of
Thick carpets and perfume,
Foreign cars and cashmere,
And TV in every room.

Enough of all this small talk
About caviar and mink.
I shouldn't stop to daydream
When there are dishes in the sink.

julie
rees

59



NOTE: David Forbes was in Class of '62.

THE DEED

David Forbes '63

As I started out on that bleak day in October, my mind was going over the proposed deed.

As my recent downfall in business had removed my former financial prosperity, the deed was a dangerous and extremely black one, for I had decided, after the depression I had suffered, to try and regain some of my fortune. This I had conceived could be done in several ways, such as starting out in some new business and then making wise investments; but this I concluded would be slow, precarious, and depended quite extensively on pure chance, and the possibility of my venturing into anything in which the element of chance was concerned was very meager, indeed.

I then hit upon the idea with which this narrative is concerned and began to set myself to the task of insuring some of my valuables for a vastly greater sum than their actual value. If I succeeded in this, I should secure their passage on a ship to an anonymous relative. In the hold, however, would be planted, in a trunk, a time bomb capable of demolishing the entire ship and those aboard. This I perceived as the perfect crime and it should have been so, but I shall not jump ahead of myself.

Upon putting this idea into more plausible thoughts, I realized that it would render the entire matter far more convincing if I, too, booked passage on the vessel. This, however, was obviously impossible, for I would be blown into obscurity, so I

discarded this notion and then began the first part of my escape of deception, this being securing the insurance, which, of course, was the key to the whole evil doing, for without it, the matter was pointless.

After a well-rested night, I made my way to the insurance company. As I rode down the dimly-lighted streets, I noticed a distinct remnant of mist settling on the ground, which made my progress slower than usual. Just as the sun was breaking through the darkened sky, I pulled up before the building and told the driver to wait for me, inducing him to do so by tipping him handsomely.

In the well-lighted office, I found myself facing three clerks who, I reasoned, were in charge of estimating how much insurance the company would be willing to give. I picked the center clerk of the three because he seemed to be the least intelligent. As he sat there on a high stool behind the counter, his balding head reflected the lights of the burning lamps high overhead. His horn-rim glasses, sitting far out on his nose, gave him a singularly nasal tone of voice.

I proceeded to the selected clerk and upon reaching him, I presented my proposition. I might say that if the company's entire business depended on that single clerk, it would soon face bankruptcy, for the clerk, at least, gave the impression that he was not the least bit inter-

ested in my case. I saw I could use this to my advantage for the simple reason that if he was truly unconcerned with his vocation, it would make it decidedly easier to convince him of the worth of my "valuables."

This I found to be an accurate conclusion because I did succeed in persuading him that the price he had estimated was far too small. My anxiety mounted as he pondered this in his mind, but finally, after great mental deliberation, he decided to insure my property at my figure. I strode out of the office feeling the hardest part of the scheme was over.

The sun was high overhead as I climbed into the Hanson cab and told the driver to take me to the shipping office. After giving the driver the same instructions as before, I entered the office and found it to be quite filled with people. This I attributed to the noon hour and the rush of opening business. After fighting my way through the crowd, I managed to acquire counsel on my undertaking. With only minor difficulty, I secured the passage of the insured trunks. As I glanced through a pamphlet handed me by the clerk, my eye hit upon the voyage my possessions would be taking.

A closer examination of the schedule revealed that there was one stop before the ship headed for open sea. This, I thought, would make my plan complete. As the voyage took twenty days and the second stop took place on the third day, I could also book passage with a day's leeway to get off the ship.

Now all that remained was the actual time bomb itself. For this, I proceeded to a maker of

large clocks. When I reached the place, I spoke with the proprietor on the subject, but I did not reveal my real purpose but led him to believe its purpose was merely to bomb an underwater excavation. He told me in rather blunt and irregular English that he could construct a clock-like mechanism with a hammer attached that could be set for five days and at precisely the proper moment, the hammer would come rattling down on a cap that would ignite a fuse which would lead to sufficient powder to demolish the vessel.

After securing all this, I constructed a box that, once shut, could not be opened as it was made of several inches of steel so no person or thing could disturb it.

When finally the day of the trip arrived, I was ready because I had had the trunks delivered to the ship earlier. I have now reached the point in the narrative at which I originally began. As I said, I was contemplating the crime. When I reached the pier and boarded the vessel, confident that everything would go smoothly as planned, I fell into a deep sleep in my cabin. The tension had mounted in me and when I was relieved by sleep, my entire being slept and I did not awaken until we had been at sea a day and a half.

Upon interrogating one of the officers concerning the whereabouts of my trunks, I was informed that they had been stowed away deep in the hold of the ship, but unfortunately, they were so far down it would require at least two days to reach them. This was to my advantage, for if anyone found out about the bomb, they could not succeed in dashing it into the ocean within the prescribed time.

My plan could not fail; however, five hours before I was to depart from the doomed vessel, I heard a knock, rose from the chair in which I was seated, and walked slowly to the door. There, standing in front of me, was one of the crew. With a great deal of suavity, he orally conveyed a message from the captain. The short message stated only that, due to storms around the port, we would be delayed a day and a half in docking. This peeved me slightly, but it was not until a few minutes had passed that the full impact of this information hit me. I wanted to live, but my plan had trapped me in a web of self-destruction.

TIME OUT

Continued from page 19

"I don't want to seem overly pessimistic, but I think that democracy has no future on this earth as it is now and that, in the fight for world power, this will be proven. However, that doesn't mean that there is no hope for freedom, or for the earth. I think there is hope and that I have the solution."

"Please explain, Doctor,"

"Well" Muller was hesitant. Perhaps it was too soon to tell them. No, he had to get it out in the open. "I intend to send you all into space as soon as possible."

If he had dropped a bomb in their midst, the group before him could not have been more surprised. However, there was no doubt reflected in their faces. Muller knew they were with him.

Then and there he explained the basic outline of his plan. They would take off in a three-stage rocket. The first stage to get them out of the earth's atmosphere, the second, a photon-drive engine to propel them through space, and the third to land them on the earth one hundred years later.

"But you will be only thirty years older when you land again on the earth. By traveling .95 times the speed of light, you will age one year for every three that passes on the earth."

Then came the long years of research done quietly and under cover so that no one would find out. The five youths worked for their Ph.D.'s in various fields. Everyone suffered under the strain of secrecy and hard work, but no one gave up.

"Doctor, Doctor! Don't you hear me?" A voice broke rudely into Muller's reverie.

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course, Denise. What was your question?"

"Charles, uh, Dr. Hunt, thinks that we should go ahead and destroy the cabin"

"I'll take care of that after--after you're gone."

"All right, Doctor. I think you're right. Charles is just nervous."

This time Denise made no pretense of calling Hunt by his last name, Muller noted with satisfaction. "That's how it should be. I wonder how many children they'll have. Maybe they'll name one after me." Brightening at this thought, he glanced fondly at the girl standing beside him.

Denise Tallard made a pretty picture as she stood regarding the missile that would carry her through space. She was tall and slender, but not conventionally beautiful. Her mouth was too big and her nose too long, yet she had an aura of grace that made her attractive to men and liked by women. Her intense personality was evident in her very bearing. She seemed to be reaching for something, something intangible that even she could not name. She was of true pioneer stock.

"Certainly, Doctor." As Denise and the others walked towards the craft, she wondered to herself why they didn't paint it a cheery color like red or maybe blue, instead of that horrid grey. It was so grim. But she wasn't afraid. Fear was not a part of her nature. She knew that she would rather die than to remain on earth and was content to accept her fate and trust in the grey monster.

Elaina Brooks was having trouble concentrating on the checkup. Even as she touched each part she marveled at the wonder of it all. It was amazing to think that only seven years ago this would have seemed impossible.

But the photon drive is the most wonderful of all, she mused. Who would believe that we will be propelled through space by light and that this earth will be a hundred years older when I have only aged thirty. It's incredible. It's as though we were taking time out from life. A thirty-year coffee break. Elaina laughed to herself.

Outside, the day that had started so quietly now seemed to

feel its importance and was restless and unsettled. A wind was bending and the trees violently to and fro and overhead clouds were gathering . . . dark, grey, forboding clouds.

At last it was T minus 2. Only forty minutes to go. The last-minute instructions had been given and now there was only

"Dr. Muller, I've been thinking."

"What is it, Joe?"

"Dr. Muller, don't you think that we should leave some record of our attempt in case we fail? I mean, mankind will profit nothing if--. Well, that is our main purpose, isn't it? To help mankind?"

"You're right, Joe. I intend to leave drawings of our rocket, including plans for the photon drive, when I die. Also the records of our research and our applications of the theory of relativity. However, these will be sealed against time and will only be opened one hundred years from now, if there is anyone to open them."

A silence settled over the small group. They just stood, waiting.

At last the Doctor said in a quiet voice:

"Someday a part of you will come back. It may not be you; it may not even be your children, but nevertheless you will return to this bit of matter that was your home, this small insignificant planet. And be it through your children or through your failure, you will have given

yourselves toward a worthy cause, man's better understanding of himself.

"You'd better get inside, now. We have half an hour. Good-by, all of you and may God be with you." Muller looked up at the swirling, black clouds that resembled an angry sea and added in a whisper that was a prayer, "If there is a God"

The five slowly climbed the ladder without a word and disappeared into the rocket. None of them looked back.

From a distance a lone man watched the missile take off through misty eyes. As it rose, straight and true, breaking defiantly through the clouds, a single tear fell down his withered cheek.

The next day, the papers headlined the untimely death of the great scientist, Dr. Hendrick Muller. His car had skidded off a cliff. And on the fourth page an inconspicuous item reported an explosion of unknown origin somewhere in southern Canada.

THE FLAME

Jill Gregory '62

From whence came this fair
Life," mused I, "for this
world deserves not so fair
another."

I wondered this as of a
light, a Flame, I held clutched
within my hands.

Light and Flame create Life
and from this hate and fear a-
round us, no Light can come.

The stars...the whirling
Light a Flame of space...must
have (upon a long forgotten
night) sent a shimmering beam
upon the earth....

And kindled Life...I'm not
unlike this feeble flame I hold
within my hands.

MOON BEAM

PENNY COLEMAN '62

In the lost reaches of the Rocky Mountains, during the time when tribes of roving Indians were common, a concealed valley, which is now part of Montana, glimmered under a shimmering moon.

One of the most beautiful creatures that a young Indian boy had ever seen stood tensely before him at the fresh water below. A magnificent white stallion, he was a breathtaking sight to a boy of fourteen who had, even in his short life, seen many a fine-looking horse in his village.

The Indian boy was named Kon-na. Not an extremely good-looking boy, he had the dark hair and complexion of his people. His eyes were dark, his nose and lips a little too large for his face. His buckskin breeches were plain for an Indian, and his thin buckskin shirt was fashioned after some shirts his mother had seen at the newly-founded white settlement over many mountains.

His imagination ran wild trying to think of a name exquisite enough for the stallion. At last, Kon-na decided on "Moon Beam," for in the moonlight, his coat glistened like satin.

His dream was suddenly shattered by a neigh, not a snarl of a wild stallion, but more like that he heard from the horses at the white settlement. Kon-na



supposed that since Moon Beam had known only the peace of this remote valley during his life, it was reflected in his temperament.

As he had been thinking, he had not noticed a small, reddish-bay mare in the shadows. Kon-na first realized she was there when she answered Moon Beam's neigh. The mare was small compared to the towering stallion, and when Moon Beam trotted to her side, Kon-na realized that they were devoted to each other.

Kon-na began to feel wary of his surroundings. Ever since he could remember, his father, the tribe's witch doctor, had been telling Kon-na and his brothers the wonders of his "great" magic. He told them that only the "spirits" which dwelled in the Mountain of Spirits could tell whether they had the power, the courage, and the strength to carry on their father's works.

The tribe believed, for it had been a ritual ever since anyone could remember, that to prove himself, the son of a witch doctor had to be led up the Mountain of Spirits at the age of fourteen and remain there until he was twenty-one.

The boy was given no food, weapons, or clothing. He had to forage for himself, hoping the "spirits" would lead him along the correct paths. Many boys had entered the mountain never to be seen or heard of again. It was taken for granted that the boy was not fit and it had not been the will of the "spirits" for him to live longer.

This thought made Kon-na shudder. He had been sure he

would qualify; there had never been a doubt in his mind until this moment. He glanced in Moon Beam's direction and found he had not moved an inch.

His thoughts turned back to the beginning of the day. It was his birthday. Any other birthday Kon-na would be in his tepee having a most delicious dinner that his mother had spent all afternoon preparing and later would have laughed and joked around a campfire.

Instead, it had been a solemn day. Kon-na was pleased that today he was fourteen. When his older brother had left three years before, Kon-na had wished it were he setting off. Now he was finally to be allowed to begin his adventure. "Surely," he reasoned, "I will miss my friends and my family, but that has to be endured because of my duty to my people."

After Kon-na's meal at noon, he told everyone good-bye, and then his father talked with him for two hours, but to Kon-na it seemed much longer. His father gave him instructions on what to do, how to do it, and spoke of his homecoming. Then he had been led blindfolded up a trail known only to the witch doctor. His father left hurriedly, not to see his son for seven years, and perhaps never.

Kon-na had wandered aimlessly for two hours before finding a spring. One long refreshing drink had been enough to sustain him and give him the strength to look for food. Because he had had a big meal before leaving his home and had chewed on some grass and roots, he wasn't too hungry.

He had accidentally stumbled onto a ledge overlooking the fresh, clean-smelling valley and found a comfortable and fairly well-protected place. At the sight of Moon Beam, however, he immediately decided to stay awake for a while and watch him.

Another glance revealed Moon Beam and the bay mare grazing quietly. The still of the night was broken only by the sound of the water lapping lazily against the stones in the stream. Eventually, Kon-na was lulled to sleep by the sound of the rippling water.

As the morning grew bright, Moon Beam grew more and more restless. Kon-na was so exhausted from the day before that he was not awakened by the disturbance in the valley below. If Kon-na had been awake, he would have seen Moon Beam race into what seemed a solid rock wall. Instead, the powerful white stallion entered a small, winding gulley, acting as though some indescribable force controlled him.

Rocks lined the gulley and a rock slide seemed imminent, yet the powerful stallion went on, winding in and out of the rock and debris as though he had traveled this journey many times before.

The gentle temperament Kon-na had observed in Moon Beam just hours before was now gone. The fierce stallion raced on. Foam began to appear at his mouth and on his flanks. After only a few minutes, Moon Beam reached the gulley's dead end. He uttered a shrill whistle, a violent contrast to his earlier neigh and reared high in the air.

Behind a huge boulder at the side of the gulley sat an alert Indian boy who had just awakened. Although the stallion sensed Kon-na's presence, he turned in his direction. As soon as the wild Moon Beam reached the boulder, he whirled at Kon-na, who had risen to face him.

Many wild thoughts had raced through Kon-na's head ever since he had heard the distant hoofbeats. Now he was unable to move. Before his eyes, the once gentle Moon Beam reared, his hoofs hitting hard against Kon-na's small body. Again and again the white stallion reared and hit his mark.

When at last Kon-na was rendered lifeless, Moon Beam reared and uttered a piercing scream that echoed through the surrounding mountains. Then his teeth found a grip, and Moon Beam started to drag the lifeless body of Kon-na inch by inch to some unknown destination.

After a great time, Moon Beam reached his destination, a hole about nine feet in diameter and of great depth. He pushed the body into it at just the right angle, as though he had done so many times before.

Then, as suddenly as the change had come about, Moon Beam was again the gentle stallion of the remote green valley. He turned and trotted away at a moderate pace, picking his way along the rocky gulley. At last he came to the valley that was his home and trotted off to find the small bay mare.

The body of Kon-na landed on human skeletons and many bleached-white bones. If Kon-na

had lived he would know that the "spirits" had killed many other Indian boys taking part in an ancient ritual, but Moon Bear when he had become violent.

Perhaps heredity or some strange disease had caused the gentle Moon Bear to go temporarily mad. Or perhaps the powers of evil had taken hold in his heart, ever to increase until his death.

the black and the white

judy mcrooklin '63

A pounding of hoofs, a rustle of grass,
And you know wild horses have just passed.
Their leader is a stallion white,
As white as the full moon
On this cold, clear night.

A pounding of hoofs, a rustle of grass,
Another band of horses has just passed.
Their leader is a stallion black,
As black as the night beating down on his back.

The two stallions met on this cold black night.
They met to fight, the black and the white.
They rose on their hind legs, their eyes red as fire,
To be king of both bands their one desire.
They reached out to bite, heads fanning the air,
Matted with blood their long shabby hair.

All of a sudden, the air echoed with sound.
The black had fallen with a thump to the ground.
The white looked at him and just stood still.
The black then knew he would not kill.
He just got up and walked away,
And the white is king to this very day.



NOTE: The number on the original Penman's Palette Page should have been 63.

A DAY IN GOPPOS

Stuyve Jackson '62

Goppos is located on the second universe near "New Saturn."

Let us visit a typical Goppos family. There are four people in the Mosos Family--Mr. Mosos, Mrs. Mosos, Cronie Mosos, and his sister, Vevi.

In Goppos, only boys go to school. The girls remain at home and help their mothers with the housekeeping. The boys' school uniforms are pink caps, green trousers, orange shoes, and brown belts. They wear red or black vests which are often brightly patterned or sewn with elaborate embroidery.

People who live on Goppos are the same as those who live on Earth, but their is one important difference. Goppos people have fifteen foot-long noses, which creates a very serious bumping problem.

At Cronie's school, the desks are placed sixteen feet apart, simplifying the matter somewhat, but when the children sit down after the teacher enters the room, they still have to be careful not to bump noses.

At school on the 35th of Rocor, the day went fine for Cronie. He had a little homework to do that afternoon in geography. His assignment was to go to Leios, a dead planet which had been discovered by the French. On Leios he was to study the landscape, and as proof that

he had been there to do his homework, he had to bring back a special stone from the planet.

Cronie drove home on his creaky old jet bike, whose top speed was sixty miles an hour, anxious to get behind the wheel of the family's Zingo space ship which would go a thousand miles an hour. Traffic was light above Goppos and he reached Leios in only a half an hour.

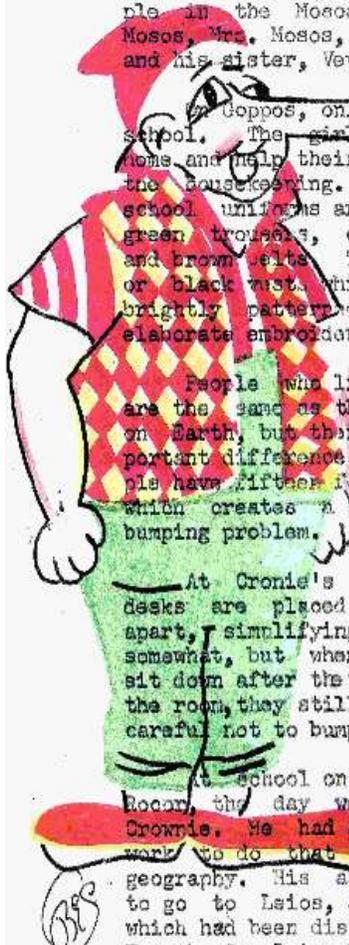
Cronie walked far away from his space ship searching for the special stone he had to take back to class.

"Ah, I've found one," he muttered to himself. "Now to go back home in my Zingo. Oh, no! I can't find it! Where did I leave the Zingo?"

And then Cronie remembered that he had, in his pocket, the little space ship finder that he had gotten in the box of Oowey Goowey cereal, the Mosos family's favorite. This space ship finder functions in very much the same way as our primitive compass, and it soon led Cronie back to his Zingo space ship.

Cronie peeled out of Leios and got back to Goppos and had the Zingo in the garage in only twenty-five minutes.

Opening the bubble dome and entering the rather obsolete solar kitchen, he called, "What's the new prize in the Oowey Goowey cereal box, Mader?"



Jim Pickens
 Carolyn Hamilton
 Peggy Larson
 Louise Tolander
 Gail Benedette
 Rebecca Ward
 Ed Finland
 "Maggie" ^{Sturman} Margaret Zackney
 Gunnar Nyaland
 Bill Graham
 Mel Stundler
 Ed Herman
 Suzanne Cook
 Marian Meyer
 June 20
 Ed Huse
 Anne Wickerson
 Donna Howe
 Brenda J. Bushold
 Jane H. John
 Carolyn Day
 Margaret Wilson
 Ginger Shaw
 Larry Manwaring
 James McFarland
 Gwen Warton
 Mack Rifford
 Robert Beckwith
 Tom Jarney
 Tony Curtis
 Justice Brinkman
 Edward L. Lee
 Curly F.
 Joyce Davenport
 Sue Moate
 John Dennis
 Doug Smith
 Neal Monte
 Anne Lewis
 Tom Jackson
 Douglas Atkins
 David Brown
 ZORRO

Signatures of 1958 Senior Class Members.

