

PENMAN'S
PALETTE

DECEMBER,
1959

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CORRECTION: The poem "Left Behind" credited to Billie Lynch was written by PHYLLIS GORMAN

ANDRIANA
SICA

Diane Wallingford-McCarthy, '60, Editor, believes the 2nd Bill Smith, Printer, "must be a typo."

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Penman's Palette, Volume VIII, Issue 1, December 1959

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*Due to a technical difficulty, the winning sketch will not appear until the second issue.

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HAVE YOU SEEN MY

"Mom?"
The voice from behind startled me. No one had called me "Mom" since Joey had been killed in last year's accident.

I stopped stirring the cake batter and whirled around. Before me was a small boy of about seven. He was dressed in dusty overalls and a white T-shirt. His brown hair was uncombed and tangled, and fell shaggily on his forehead. Wide brown eyes stared at me, lips slightly parted, but he did not smile.

"Mom?" he asked.

Suddenly, the spoon I was



holding dropped. The nervous eyes of the child blinked at me as it clattered on the floor.

Feeling suddenly weak, I leaned against the cupboard for support, gasping at the sight before me, unbelieving. The words which finally escaped my lips were nothing more than a hoarse whisper.

"Joey!"

His lips softened into a smile, and the other features of his face took on a happy glow. He rushed toward me, and when he was only a few feet in front of me, looked up.

My face must have been masked with sheer shock. I sidestepped along the cupboard, my hands grasping for support on its edges.

"What's the matter, Mom? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Joey?"

"Yes!"

I could no longer restrain myself. It was Joey, my little boy, actually standing before me. My little boy who had been away for a year. I threw my arms around him, crying with happiness, and repeating his name over and over.

Touching one of the tears on my face, he said, "Don't cry, Mom," and brushed the tear away.

LITTLE BOY? FANCY MALONE '62

Slowly he pulled himself from my grasp and ran across the floor to the kitchen table. There he peered into the depths of the glass fish bowl. Suddenly he looked up, disappointed.

"Hey, Mom, Lillie's gone! There's another fish in here."

"Yes, I know Joey. He died right after.....he died last year about this time."

Losing interest in the new fish, Joey stuck his thumbs into his pockets and took on the serious, determined look I remembered so well. He wandered out of the kitchen, through the dining room, into the living room. There, he stopped, turned, and began to gaze around the room.

Then he remarked, "Hasn't changed much." He turned and looked wistfully up at me, "Gee, Mom," he said, "We got any food in this house? I'm starved."

"Well, I think I've got some soup out in the kitchen."

"No peanut butter?"

Smiling, I said, "I think we can find some. Come on." I extended my hand for him to take

Once he had started eating, I found myself correcting his table manners. We had always had this problem with Joey. But when I realised what I was doing, I stopped, remembering that I didn't know how long Joey would be with me this time.

When he had finished his sandwich, he stood up and wiped his hands on his jeans. As I washed the dishes, he buried himself in a magazine that had been lying on the kitchen table.



"Joey, I've got to do some shopping downtown today! Want to come along?"

"Sure," he said enthusiastically.

"Well, run upstairs and wash up."

I could hear him run upstairs and across the floor. It was nice to have the noises of a child in the house again, especially when that child was my Joey. I finished the dishes and went upstairs to get ready.

As I walked down the hall everything was quiet. Farther down the hall, the door to Joey's room stood ajar. It had been closed the week after his death last summer, on my husband's orders, and hadn't been opened since.

I came to the doorway and peered into the dark musty room. Joey stood in the center, gazing at his bed. Hearing me behind him, he turned around.

"Mom? Why's it so dusty in here? Didn't ya ever clean my room?"

He had stumped me there. How could I answer him? Al, my husband, had shut the door after the night of my breakdown. I went to the hospital for a week and when I returned, I was forbidden to go near the door. Al had refused to put a lock on it. He purposely left it unlocked and forever tempting. Eventually I learned to control myself, and now I was not bothered when I passed the door.

Joey walked over and flipped the blinds. Sunlight poured into the drab room for the first time in many months.

Again he asked, "Why, Mom?"

"What? Oh, I...the reason we closed the room was because we didn't want anyone here except you. We closed it so we could remember you how you were before...before you went away." My eyes clouded as I finished answering him. I extended my hand to him. "Come with me while I brush my hair. Then we'll go."

Soon we were walking down the street together, hand in hand. As we passed the Linly

house, I waved to the two children playing in the yard. They saw us and waved back. Joey had always been a good friend of theirs, but he didn't wave.

Downtown I spent an hour or so shopping. When I had finished we walked down by the park, which is in the very center of town. Joey ran a little ahead of me jumping over cracks in the sidewalk, and barely avoiding collisions with passers-by.

He skipped back to me and pleaded, "Hey Mom! Can I go in the park a minute? Huh Mom?"

Smiling, I said, "OK, Joey, you may for a little while."

None of the kids he used to play with seemed to notice him, and he ignored them. He stood by the fish pond, gazing dreamily into its depths when a be-draggled old man pushed his hot dog cart up to us.

"Are you hungry, Joey?" I asked.

"Sure Mom. Can we have some hot dogs?"

"You may have one," I said, taking the money out of my purse, "But hot dogs don't agree with me."

When he received his hot dog, Joey ate it with the enjoyment of a king eating pheasant under glass. When he had finished, he ran down the path to the playground. I followed slowly, loaded down with packages. I found a bench and deposited them there. I felt Joey's hand pull on my skirt and turned around to peer into his smiling brown eyes.

"I'm going to swing, Mom."

"OK, Joey." I smiled, "Go swing."

I saw him disappear between the hedges then reappear as he ran on down the walk to the swings. He stood waiting for nearly five minutes until a swing was vacated. Finally he climbed into an empty one and began pumping.

I turned to sort my packages and seated myself on the bench. Rather bored, I began picking the polish off my nails. When I looked up, the swing Joey had been in was empty. It swung slowly back and forth as if he had just left it. A little frightened, I looked around. To a plump middle-aged woman sitting next to me I said, "Please watch my packages. My little boy has run off. I must find him!" She gave me a funny look but consented to watch them. I barely heard her say "Sure," for I was now half way down the path between the hedges.

I searched the playground twice and must have asked a dozen other children. It seemed that everyone had seen a couple of little boys in dusty overalls with red-brown hair. There were many on the playground--but not Joey.

I left the playground and searched the rest of the park. I walked, or perhaps ran, along every sidewalk. I'm sure I called his name hundreds of times. I came to the old man who had sold us the hot dogs and asked, "Do you remember me? I bought a hot dog from you earlier today."..... The man smiled and I went on, "My little boy, the little boy about seven who

was with me, do you remember? I bought him one of your hot dogs. Now he's gone."

The man shook his head, "I remember you, ma'am, but there weren't no little boy. No, can't say I remember a little boy." He rubbed his chin reflectively and went on. "No, no there weren't no little boy. And I didn't sell you a hot dog. I just remember you, ma'am. You stopped and smiled. People don't usually remember to stop and smile. They....."

I didn't stay to listen to the rest, but raced back to the bench where I had left my packages. The lady with the unpleasant look on her face was still there. Hurridly I asked her, "Have you seen my little boy? The little boy who was with me. He's gone. I can't find him!"

"Sorry," she replied in a rough voice, as she looked at me out of the corner of her eye. "I didn't see no little boy with ya. You were by yerself when ya come, and ya were by yerself when ya run outa here."

I left her, and tore down the path looking for Joey. I don't know how long I ran or how many times I covered the park. Now I can only faintly remember finally falling into Al's arms and saying weakly, "Find Joey, he's come back."

* * *

I am so lonely now. When Al comes he never mentions the closed door in my old home. No one understands here. No one will listen. I try to tell them again and again that Joey came back, but no one will believe me.

"Have you seen my little boy?"

MUSING BY SUSAN SIEBER '60

What is it in the essence of Man which enables him to create?

To compose music so unbelievably beautiful that it fills
the mind with aesthetic enchantment

To create beauty so perfect that it brings tears to the eye

To construct edifices so breathtaking that the imagination
is far surpassed

To imitate nature so fearlessly that nature herself stands back
in awe

What does Man possess that makes him a god?

What makes him unique above all other animals?

Is it a thumb? An upright stance?

Is it a brain?

Could it be a brain?

With millions of units, each a separate entity

With thousands of impulses darting here and there within a fraction
of a second

Could it be mere bone tissue, blood cells, such mortal stuff?

Or is it something more intangible-

Something that cannot be captured under the lens of a microscope

Something that cannot be measured, weighed, counted

Something more subtle than an idea; more fleeting than a memory

What could it be? I wonder.....

Perhaps it is a chance mutation: a happy mistake of genes,

Perhaps it is a mysterious dynamic force, burgeoning for generations

Perhaps it is a glimpse of the Unknown; the manifestation of a

Supreme Being

Perhaps it is an affirmation of the Divine.

NEVER AGAIN

BY EILA WELLS '60

Have you ever been struck by a sudden, irresistible urge to do something that common sense tells you not to do? Well, I have! And, believe me, it will never happen again!

It all happened one night on a date with Bud, a boy I'd been dating most of the summer. This particular night we were doubling with Larry, a good friend of mine, and his girl, Donna.

Nearing "Bill's", a favorite spot of our set, we decided to stop for a soft drink before going on to the drive-in, as it was still early and we always got bored, sitting and waiting for the movie to start.

"What'll it be?" asked Bud.

"A coke, I guess."

Larry took Donna's order; then both boys went inside to get the drinks, and engage in some "man talk" with the famed "Bill".

I slid over to the driver's seat, for some silly reason, and seeing the keys still in the ignition, it hit me! The urge, I mean.

Removing the keys, I let them dangle in front of me a moment, then grinned and said, "Donna, let 's take a little ride."

Leaning forward, she began, "Well...." By the tone of her

voice I could tell she was wondering what on earth for.

As I turned around, however, she suddenly caught on to what my fiendish little mind was thinking.

"Well, why not!" was her reply.

I quickly returned the keys to their rightful place and started the engine.

As I backed out, a friend of Bud's yelled, "Hey, where are you going?"

"Oh, I'll be back," I replied laughing.

"Wonder what he's going to tell Bud," Donna said and laughed.

Now I'm certainly no juvenile delinquent, but I did not possess a license and was aware that I was driving illegally. But Bud had let me drive his car before, and so I didn't see how anything could possibly go wrong. After all, it wasn't as though I didn't know how to drive!

We'd gotten to "Bill's" about dusk, and in that short time it had gotten just dark enough to use headlights. Pulling onto the main road, I realized that I could scarcely see the road. But which, I wondered, momentarily petrified, was the right knob to turn on the headlights? The dashboard had never seemed so cluttered with useless gadgets!

I quickly pulled one and then another, but they brought no light.

"Donna," I yelled, "help me! The headlights! The headlights!"

Donna flung herself over the seat and started pulling. Between the two of us we finally managed to get them turned on.

She sank back into the seat, as I heaved a thankful sigh.

After driving about a mile, I pulled into a dirt road on the left side of the highway to turn around. Backing out, I somehow managed to kill the motor.

Then, (as if that weren't enough!) in trying to start the car and steer it backwards at the same time, I found myself off the road, nearly in a ditch, AND on the opposite side of the highway!

I slammed on the brakes and leaned back and closed my eyes to recollect my jumbled nerves. A few seconds later a bright glare was focusing on us. A car was coming down the hill toward us.

Here I was on his side of the road, headed in the wrong direction! A horrible thought struck me: What if he or she stops to see what's wrong?

Turning around, I shrieked, "What am I going to do, Donna?"

But by this time Donna was howling with laughter.

Oh, my, what a sense of humor, I thought. But in the same instant I saw another car. It was approaching from behind!

Frantically, I tried to start the motor, but to no avail.

What if they stop? What if they stop? The thought kept racing through my mind.

But even worse: What if one of them were a policeman? Oh, no, it just couldn't be! It just couldn't!

I clasped the steering wheel, shut my eyes tight, and muttered "Please don't stop!" over and over again.

As I heard them coming closer and closer, more dreadful thoughts entered my mind: What if one of them should sideswipe me, or what if they should collide because of me? Maybe even someone would be hurt or killed! Oh, how awful! I might be convicted of car theft, some other felony, and even manslaughter! And what would my parents do? Maybe dis-own me or let me go to jail. Oh, they couldn't! (Or could they?) And poor Bud--it was his car!

I was listening so intently that it sounded as if the cars were right on top of us. The roar of their engines was deafening. I could feel my heart pounding in my throat. Each part of a second seemed like an eternity.

Why didn't they pass or do something?--anything! What were they waiting for?

At first there was only silence; then I realized both cars had passed. I sank back in the seat with indescribable relief.

After resting a moment I gently sat up and started the car.

Donna was still in gales of laughter. She kept wailing something about how funny it was.

By this time, though, I was too exhausted from tension to feel anything--except heartfelt relief.

But what was Bud going to say...and do?

At this point, I didn't think anything could be as bad as what I'd just experienced. However, I must admit that I was beginning to get a little worried.

When we drove back into "Bill's", Bud and Larry were standing where his car had been parked, both with soft drinks in their hands and an expressionless blank on their faces.

I stopped the car, turned off the motor, slid back over to my original place, then looked back at Donna, who had at least managed to sit up. When she saw my concerned expression, she stopped laughing.

Bud and Larry walked to the car, got in, and handed us our drinks.

We all sat in silence for what seemed like ages. Ever so often, Donna would let out a snicker, but otherwise it was like the deadly calm before a big storm.

"When is he going to do something?" I wondered impatiently. I peered out of the corner of my eye, but he was complacently drinking his coke.

"Well?", I questioned when I'd finished.

"Well, what?" He replied, looking at me for the first time.

"Well, aren't you going to bawl me out or something?"

"Nope," was his short and seemingly sweet answer.

Then he took all the cups and got out to throw them away. When he did, I again slid over toward the wheel. I don't know why, I just did.

He happened to glance back and see me. The next thing I knew he had opened the door and was reaching for the keys.

"I'll take these," he grinned.

"Why, Bud!" I exclaimed, "What on earth for?" I looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment, at last able to appreciate the humor of my experience.

Actually, he didn't have to worry about my taking the car again. As I said at the start, Never Again!



lamposts

by Melanie Chew '61



I cross a bridge
On a windy day
And count
Each lampost.
My footsteps hastening,
I am not aware
Of the beauty
Of the day
Surrounding.
Once across there is no
Turning back.
I cannot regain
What I have lost.
Therefore life
is but a bridge
On a windy day.
Too busy counting the lamposts
I fail to realize
Each day's earthy blessings
Given me.
For, on the other side
They are no more
And I have not another chance.



LURANI,
Spirit of the Deep
by Steve M^cNamara
'60

She is not as mortal women,
Strange Lurani of the Sea;
As the desert, she is alien,
As the night wind, she is free;
And her flesh is slightly tinted
With the shades of waters still,
With the green of placid waters,
And her touch is damp and chill.

But when anger swells within her,
And resentment for the land,
She lashes forth at all about her
With a vicious, slashing hand.
Upon her, ships and mortals flounder,
Yielding themselves to her deep,
She guards them neath her flowing tresses,
Lurani, Spirit of the Deep.



FROM THE IDEALIST

BY RANDY KAIN '60

Mr. Khrushchev,

There are some of us here, quiet souls, who have not spoken for fear of censure or ridicule. We are those ingenuous people with wide-open eyes and simple, artless hearts who cannot understand the feelings of those who hate and fear you; we cannot hate you, simply because you are a human being and therefore, our brother. We want to love you, to love you and your great people, Mr. Khrushchev, and we cannot understand why the complexion of world society prevents this thing, why we must lie, why we must cheat and plot, accuse, and incriminate. Why must we forever deceive each other? Why is it that throughout the course of history, without exception, events have shown that two powerful peoples cannot coexist in peace, cannot live side by side in generous harmony?

Mr. Khrushchev, let us break this main, this inflexible web of past events. If we can not benefit from the mistakes of our ancestors, how can it truly be said that this is a progressive age of man? Fear and jealousy are the fetters of ignorant minds; let us rise from these bonds and innovate a new way of life. Let us be friends.

FROM THE REALIST FROM THE DEMOCRAT

Mr. Khrushchev:

We are rational human beings. There is no reason for this suicidal cold war, this mad rush toward an inevitable annihilation of both our lands. It would not be consistent with the fundamentals of human nature to claim that we actually desire this possible leap into nonexistence, to think that this grand suicide would be the best solution for all our problems; the urge for self-preservation is too deeply embedded in each one of us. Following this line of reasoning, it seems only sensible that our concerted effort should be directed toward banishment of the current threat of missile and hydrogen bomb retaliation between our countries, that all our powers of diplomacy and persuasion should be united in pursuit of a more constructive goal. One of our famous Americans once said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," quoting from a parable in the Bible. This maxim certainly applies to our world situation also. The social, political, and economic cooperation of Russia and the United States would mean fruitful progress into the future and a better world for all peoples, but our present state of bitter rivalry and animosity can only breed more hatred and the eventual destruction of both of us. Let us violate precedent, Mr. Khrushchev, and join in a mutual resolution to endorse more cooperation, more communication, more compromise, and more concession; also let us remember, diplomacy is a two-way street. Together we are strong; divided we are powerless.

Mr. Khrushchev:

I cannot talk with you. Although side by side, encircled by interpreters, we cannot communicate; our ways of thinking are as different as are night and day, and there is absolutely no central ground, no country of fair compromise, no possible focus of mutual understanding between us. We cannot tolerate you or your way of thinking. We will not.

You have enslaved your people. You deny them their freedom and their pride; you deny them their individuality and their happiness. As ants toiling in an ant heap so your people work, dumb, submissive, powerless to pull themselves out of the degrading mire into which they have been cast by the relentless and impersonal god which you call communism. To an American, this dogma of human bondage is unspeakably hateful.

We believe in the liberation of man. We believe in a government in which the people are the final arbiters and hold the proud staff of justice and equality in their own hands. We advocate freedom of thought and decision, not suppression of these inherent rights of man. Mr. Khrushchev, if we studied Russian for one thousand years, we still would not speak the same language. Agreement and co-existence are impossible between us. We represent totally opposite ways of life. And opposites tend to destroy each other. This is the way things stand as I see it, Mr. Khrushchev.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

PHYLLIS GORMAN '60



If you could see us, Mr. K.,
On a much more normal day,
I would try to help you see
What America means to me.

It means the open public doors
Through which our education pours.

It means the freedom of the press
Where all ideas can be expressed.

It means the freedom of all speech
Where everyone can learn or teach.

It means the freedom to say a prayer
In any church--no matter where.

It means protection, night and day
Which proves that here--"Crime doesn't pay"

It means the freedom to a life
That isn't full of constant strife.

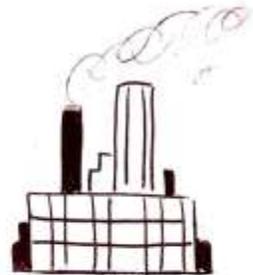
It means the right to participate
In any form of true debate.

It means the right of enterprise
Where success comes to him who tries.

It means the sports--the baseball games
Where Mantle, Ruth, are famous names.

Freedom, most of all, means free
To choose just what you want to be.

So, Mr. K., I hope you see
What America means to me.
It means the right for us to cry
"We have freedom for which we'll die!"



CROSSROADS

BY KYRA TIMKOVSKY '61

Alex angrily threw the laundry into the three Bendix washers. He always got stuck with running the small laundry, when his mother's arthritis was bad. His family's whole livelihood depended on those ancient, over-worked machines. He muttered, "Someday, someday, I'll get my chance."

Stamping up the cellar stairs to the front entrance hall, which was cluttered by laundry bags, Alex's eyes rested for a moment on the sign in the bay window. It read:

Markov's Laundry
One-Day Service

Here in New York a laundry in a poor neighborhood didn't get much business. It had barely sustained Alex, his sister and his mother, for the eight years they had lived here. The Markovs were forced to move into this after Mr. Markov's death left them with no means of support.

There were two bags of laundry that had to be delivered before five o'clock. Alex shouldered them and made his way out the door with difficulty. Pausing on the step, he called back to his mother as an afterthought, "I'll be home before dinner." There was no reply.

The weather was cold and raw. Dust and paper swirled up from the gutter around him as he trudged, head down, toward his destination. He passed row upon row of brownstone city houses, scarcely differing from his, ex-

cept that his was home. Upon reaching the first stop, he rang the bell, and standing patiently for a time, was met by a rush of warmth and cheerful light. A girl answered the door. She addressed some unseen person, saying, "It's only the laundry boy." Alex set the bag on the threshold and waited for the money, chafing his numb fingers. The girl returned to the door. "Here," she said.

Setting off again, he headed toward the railroad tracks. Dusk was approaching and the wind whistled more keenly. He banged at the screen door of a dirty veteran's store. "I hope there's someone here so I won't



have to come back tomorrow," he thought. At length the door was opened, with much switching of latches and turning of locks, by a greasy-looking, obese woman. However, she smiled broadly, and invited Alex into the dark store. Thoroughly warm and overpaid, he set his steps homeward.

Alex walked along the railroad track a way, because the route seemed shorter. Walking railroad ties reminded him of the events of a lifetime. Each day was represented by a tie. Some were rough and hardworn, others smoother, evidently made of better wood. Leaving the tracks, he decided to stop at a local dive for a while before dinner. Although this vicinity was not so poor, it had distinct cheapness about it because of the garish lights and neon signs. The lights coming on gradually, as the wintry twilight deepened, added an unreal excitement to this city scene.

Alex entered the cafe and stood nervously at the edge of the smoke-filled room. He was unaccustomed to places of this sort. To Alex the voices definitely paused as he hesitated by the door. Then he walked resolutely towards a corner table. One of the youths seated there looked up quickly as Alex came toward him. He nudged the other, seated by him, who looked up questioningly. They both stared at him a moment, then the red head motioned him to be seated.

"What's up?" ventured Alex, addressing the red head, Pete.

Pete's homely, rather cruel face took on a crafty look, "Nothing much, kid." He always referred to Alex as "kid," al-

though they were of the same age.

Alex reminded him, "You said you might let me in on your next job. How about it?"

Pete returned, "What makes ya think we'd do anything not on the level?"

"It's about time you were up to somethin'. Anyhow, you said you thought I might be of some use in the future."

Pete nodded and sipped his beer without comment. Alex concentrated upon folding a napkin, smaller and smaller, until Pete broke the silence, "We had a little something lined up for tonight, but it's too big for ya."

Alex said, "Aw Pete, you know I'm not chicken for anything. Come on, give me a break."

Laughing, Pete taunted, "We don't want to influence ya bad."

Alex took this silently, and folded the napkin into a yet smaller shape.

The two companions exchanged a glance, then Pete said, "Maybe we could fit ya in." Alex looked up. "You know how to drive. What do you say to letting the kid..." Pete looked at his dark, nondescript companion. Alex's hand held the napkin motionlessly.

The companion shifted in his chair and said, "You know him best. Think he can handle the Ford?"

"Sure, sure," said Pete. Then to Alex, "There's no profit in this for you, this being your first break and all. Anyway, all you do is wait and drive, when we say drive."

Alex nodded in assent, "Where...?"

"Never mind where," growled the companion, "we don't want no rats."

"Listen, you guys don't have to worry about me," protested Alex. "You know I wouldn't let you down."

"Sure, sure," said Pete. "Well, Ya'll meet us here, out back at nine-thirty."

"Fine, fine, see you then," said Alex, rising from the table. He raised his hand in farewell, but the two disregarded it.

The coldness of outdoors was a relief after the stuffiness of the cafe. Alex felt that everything was working out perfectly. Here was his break, his chance. He doubled his pace as he realized that it was late.

Alex was not so late as to miss helping prepare the delicatessen food for dinner. In fact he did all the work, but tonight he was too keyed up to complain about anything. He did not even join in the spirited argument between his mother and sister. These days that was about all that was ever accomplished with spirit by his mother. Sister and brother were closely bound in this family. Since they were close in age, they had many of the same problems. Also, due to their relationship with their mother, the ties that bound them tightened as they matured.

Washing the dishes with his sister, Alex was tempted to confide to her his plans for the evening. But she immediately launched into an extensive discussion of her problems with her

current boyfriend. Alex listened sympathetically and gave what advice he could. Thus, they had finished the chore before he spoke of what was afoot.

He went to his bare closet of a room awhile away the time, which now hung heavily on his hands. He snapped on the radio, which he had won selling magazine subscriptions. The blare of rock and roll music had a soothing effect upon Alex. He went over in his mind the way things were going to turn out tonight, and he rehearsed his part in the event. The radio announcer said, "Headlines at 25 past the hour, a complete news summary on the hour."

Alex realized with a jolt that it was twenty-five past 9. He knew that he had only five minutes left before the meeting at the cafe. He dashed from the house without his jacket and left the door open in his haste.

Cutting into a back alley a few blocks from his home, he raced as quickly as his legs would carry him. At last, thoroughly out of breath, he was forced to slow his pace to a walk. Now he could see the lights of the cafe. He'd made it!

A strange noise caught his attention. He glanced to the right and noticed a fracas in the shadowy alley leading back deeper into the tenement buildings. There was a muffled cry! Alex pivoted and dashed towards the three struggling figures. Now he discerned the figure of Mr. Brent, who worked in the cigar store on the corner. One of the thugs hit Mr. Brent viciously. As Alex lunged at the mass of bodies, the two thugs fled.

He pursued them to the end of the alley, whence they disappeared into the night. Therefore, he rushed back to Mr. Brent who lay prone in an apparently unconscious state.

Alex performed what first aid he could in an attempt to stop the bleeding of an ugly gash on Mr. Brent's head. Mr. Brent gained consciousness in a



JW

short time, but was much agitated. Alex explained to him, "I'll have to get a doctor, or someone. This cut on your head needs attention."

Mr. Brent murmured faintly, "Please hurry."

Alex ran, panic stricken, but calm to all outward appearances, into a nearby drugstore. He fumbled for a dime in his pocket, his hands damp with perspiration. Ah! There was the dial tone. The voice of an operator at the rescue squad soothed him. Alex jerked out, "A guy's beat up. He's near Market Place and Jarvey's Circle in an alley. For Pete's sake hurry."

The collected voice of the person at the switchboard said, "We'll be there as quickly as possible. You go back to the victim."

Alex rushed back, now thoroughly collected. He did what he could to make Mr. Brent more comfortable, as if anything could help him in his condition. The minutes slid by like eternities. "For Pete's sake! Good Lord, he'd forgotten! It was none of his affair to hold this old man's hand. What the heck ever made him save his neck?"

Alex looked up from where he squatted on the pavement and saw light coming towards him. It was the ambulance at last. The men of the rescue squad surveyed the situation. One of them slapped Alex on the back and said, "Good work kid. How about helping us to load the poor guy into the meat wagon?"

Alex lent a hand with getting Mr. Brent into the ambulance.

The interns offered him a lift to where he was going. Alex accepted after some hesitation. He thought it worthless to go to the cafe after his unforgivable blunder. They'd probably left, thoroughly disgusted with him.

He got into the ambulance beside the friendly intern and made small talk with him and the driver. He directed them to his house and, hopping from the vehicle, thanked them for the lift. The intern said, "Hope to see you again sometime. Maybe it'll be working beside me. You'd make a good man for the job. Well, so long!"

Alex stood on the sidewalk staring into the distance. He heaved a sigh and with a bitter laugh said, "I'd better get out of this neighborhood quick if I'm going to save my neck." He turned and walked into the darkened house and quietly shut the door.

In bed, Alex lay restlessly for an infinite time. He rerehashed the evening over and over in his mind. At last, exhausted by the mental strain he fell into a troubled sleep. His dream also harassed him. He felt fear, pain, suspense, and the struggle to free himself from this binding misery; but he never felt guilty.

When dawn crept into his room, Alex awakened by degrees. His hand groped for the switch on his radio. Finding it, he turned it on to his favorite station. The announcer said, "Headlines at twenty-five past the hour; a complete news summary on the hour. Two unidentified bodies have been found in a black Ford which was demolished by a Long Island train..."



left behind

~~-by Billie Lynch '60~~ ↑

by Phyllis Gorman, '60

My life is full of emptiness,
I am without a friend,
I have no one to call my own
Nor cherish 'til the end.

When sun goes down and stars come out
I miss the sun's bright rays,
I cannot bear these lonely nights
When stars on lovers gaze.

I had a chance to lead a life
Of bliss and loveliness,
But selfish as my heart was then
I would not answer, "Yes".

So love has come and love has gone,
And I am left behind
With broken heart and memories
Because I was so blind.

When you have found the one you love
Be good to him and see
If you're not happier with him
Than all alone--like me.



THE BIG WINNER

DAVID LACHTERMAN '62

The scene: A run-down tenement house in Dublin.

The time: Now

Act I, Scene I

The curtain opens on a combination living-room, bedroom, and dining room. A single window looks out on a dirty street. The sparse furniture is broken down and the upholstery is torn and in spots the stuffing is coming out in large, fluffy chunks. The one window does not allow the entrance of much light. The dishes from the preceding meal still clutter the rickety dining table. A large, old-fashioned console radio stands in one corner. A framed picture depicting a wedding adorns the top. A robust woman in working clothes opens a bedroom door and enters the center stage. She is holding a basket of clothes. As she is pattering around, making up beds and shoving dishes into the rusty sink, the front door opens. A young man of about 18 enters stage right. He glances familiarly about the room. He sees the woman and moves toward her.

Young man: How're ya feeling, Ma?

Woman: How should I feel? My back's aching from picking up dirty clothes. My arms are acting up again with arthritis. And you ask how I feel. Huh. (This last sneeringly.)

Young man: Well, Ma. Today's the day.

Woman: Today's what day? What're ya mumbling about? Speak up.

Young man: The race, Ma! Doncha keep up with the times? Today's the day of the race!

Woman: Lord, sometimes I don't know why the Maker intended for people to talk to each other. Half the time we don't know what the other's talking about. Now son, whatever race could get you so excited.

Young man: It's not just a race Ma. It's the Grand National. It's the Sweepstakes, Ma! Tonight they draw for the Sweepstakes. Just think, Ma! Thousands of pounds for having one ticket. One ticket, Ma!

Woman: Now don't tell me you went and spent your hard-earned money on some raffle Lord knows, you work hard enough in the colliery for your .8 pounds a week. You sweat and toil for 14 hours a day and then you come home to tell me that you threw away your sal-

ary on some horse
racel The Lord for-
give me for raising
my voice, for I've
always taught my
children not to, but
this, this. Chi
(Sighs)
I don't know what I'm
going to do with you,
Philip.

(She pulls him to her and lays
her head on his shoulder.)

I just don't know
what to do.

(She pulls out a handkerchief
with which she dries her eyes
and blows her nose.)

Now, be off with you.
You're keeping me
from my word. Now,
not a word of this
to your father. Lord
knows he works hard
enough to keep your
belly full of food.
Now, off, off!

(Boy leaves stage left. Mother
looks wistfully after him, sighs
and then returns to her tasks.)
CURTAIN CLOSES

ACT I SCENE II

Same room. About dusk. The door
at stage left opens and a man
enters. His hair is grey and
thinning. Over one arm he carries
a swatch of material. A tape
measure surrounds his shoulders.
A pair of bifocals have worked
their way onto the bridge of his
nose. In the kitchen the mother,
whom we met previously, along
with a young girl of about 16, is
busily preparing the evening
meal.

Man: Hello! Anybody home?





(Girl and woman upon hearing this, rush onto center stage.)

Mother: Hello, Papa! How'd everything go at the shop today.

Papa: Oh, fine, I suppose. I got three orders for new suits.

Girl: Hi, Papa!

(With this she runs to him and places a kiss on his cheek.)

Papa: And how's my little genius today? How'd school go?

Girl: All right, Papa.

Papa: Where's Philip?

Mother: He came in and went right out again. He'll be home for supper, though.

(At this, the door at stage left opens and Philip enters. He walks across the stage to the little group standing near the sofa.)

Philip: Hello, Papa! How'd it go today? Didya work hard?

Papa: Huh! (contemptuously) He asks did I work hard! How d'ya think you'd eat if I didn't work hard?

Philip: Hi ya, genius, how was college?

Girl: Oh, Philip, you're such a tease. You know I'm only in high school and if you want to know how

that was I'll tell you; it was fine. Now, are you satisfied?

Papa: Ah, such children. They always have to fight and fuss.

Philip: (Ignoring this last remarks.) Hey, mama! Supper ready yet?

Mama: Go clean up and then it'll be ready.

(Philip exits. His sister returns to kitchen where she gets silverware for the table. Papa sits down in chair to read.) Philip returns to the main room. The table is covered with an array of platters and dishes revealing meat, potatoes, vegetables, and bread. As Philip enters, his father rises and proceeds to the table followed by his son. At a signal from the mother, all sit.)

Papa: (With bowed head.) We thank Thee, Dear Lord, for making it possible for us to enjoy the bounty of Thy wondrous creations. Amen.

All: Amen.

(The noises of hungry people ensue. Dishes are passed back and forth. The Father drinks ale from a large glass. The children drink milk.)

Girl: Richard McGowan asked me to go ice skating with him next Sunday in the park. It's all right, isn't it Mother?

Mama: Why, yes, I think it's all right.

Papa: You think it's all right. Why the boy's own father hasn't even paid his ten pounds towards the church building fund. You think that's the type of boy I want my daughter to be going out with?

Girl: Oh, Papa! When are you going to realize that just because you are the chairman of the church building fund, you don't have the right to pass judgment on people. And besides that, I want to go out with Richard, not his father.

Papa: (Aghast) Such insolence from my own daughter! Go to your room, young lady; and I don't want to hear another word about this McGowan.

(Girl exits tearfully.)

Philip: His sister is a snob. I pass her every day at the station and she won't even say "Hello" to me.

Mama: Enough of this! You both make me sick sometimes, picking and tearing apart all of Ellie's friends. D'ya want her to still be an old maid when she's as old as I am?

Papa: Nobody's picking on Ellie, Mama. I was just saying that anybody who has a father who holds out

on the church, is not the kind of boy I want for my Ellie. Don't worry. As pretty as she is, she'll find a good man mighty quick, when the time comes that is.

Mama: (Exasperated) Now, eat your food so it won't go to waste. I'll go in to Ellie and tell her it's all right for her to come back to supper. (She exits)

Papa: Say, Philip, don't tell your mother about this, but today I bought a ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes. A man from the Irish Hospitals came into the shop today for a suit and told me all about it.

Philip: Papa, I bought a chance, too! Maybe one of us will win.

Papa: That's funny. Hah! I've never won anything in my life. Everything I've ever had, I've had to work and sweat for. Hah! Me, win!

Philip: Have it your way, Papa. But when they announce over the radio that the winner of the Sweepstakes is Thomas McGinney, don't be surprised.

Papa: Enough of this foolishness! The Lord did not intend for Thomas McGinney to be a rich

man; therefore, He would not permit me to win. Now, hush, before your mother hears us talking.

(They return to their eating. The curtain closes.)

ACT TWO

(The family, Mr. and Mrs. McGinney, their daughter Ellen and their son Phillip are gathered around the battered console. The sound of static is predominant. The father is in the chair which is coming apart, smoking his pipe and listening intently to the radio. Mother is on the couch knitting. The girl is doing school work. The boy is sitting next to his mother, staring into space. An announcer is speaking about the world news.)

Announcer: And that's the latest news from London. (Pause) Attention! We have just received a bulletin from Dublin. The winner of this year's Irish Sweepstakes sponsored by the Irish Hospitals' Fund, and valued at 150,000 pounds is.... Mr. Thomas McGinney of Dublin, Ireland. If you are listening, Mr. Thomas McGinney, and hold ticket 179643, congratulations on winning a fortune. A representative of the Sweepstakes will contact you tomorrow in order to deliver



your 150,000 pounds. Once again, the winner of this year's Irish Sweepstakes is Thomas McGinney of Dublin.

(Family stares at the radio as if hypnotized. Pipe has fallen from mouth of the father. Ellie has forgotten her books. The knitting lies dormant in the lap of the mother. No one dares to speak. Finally,)

Mr. McG.: It must be some mistake. It must be another Thomas McGinney. It couldn't be me! It's impossible!

Philip: Look at your ticket, Papa. Look and see if it's the right number.

Mrs. McG.: You never said anything to me about buying a ticket.

Ellie: We're rich! We're rich!

Papa: Hold on a minute, Ellie. I'm trying to tell you it's a mistake. Listen, I'll prove it to ya.

(Withdraws wallet and takes out stub.)

The number on my ticket is 17964--(long pause) 3 (This last incredulously.) No! (Shakes head) It can't be true! It's not so!

Ellie: See, Papa. I told you we were rich. Just think, 150,000 pounds! We're rich. Hooray!

Mrs. McG.: You never told me anything about buying a ticket.

Philip: Now I won't have to work at the colliery anymore. And I can get a car so that I can go where I please. And I can have ten new suits, and, and..

Mrs. McG.: Hush now, Philip. Don't be buying anything until we see the money.

Ellie: I can get hundreds of clothes. Dresses and skirts and blouses and shoes and everything. Oh, it's so wonderful to be rich.

Mrs. McG.: Just think, Thomas, you won't have to work so hard at the tailor shop anymore. And we can get a little house in the suburbs. And new furniture.

Mr. McG.: Just a minute ago you were telling your son not to start spending before he had the money, now you're doing the same thing.

(Phone rings--Philip moves to answer it.)

Philip: Hello?

(Pause)

Philip: Papa, it's for you; it's Uncle Kerwin.

Mr. McG.: Hello?

(Long pause)

(Continued on Page 28)

One Needs A man

Alice Giddings '60

One day my mother said to me,
"My dear, you need a man!"
And 'twas this hour and on this day
That my long quest began!

The first cracked jokes the five-long day,
A jolly fellow he--
I roared and giggled at them so
That he then laughed at me!

An intellectual, worldly belle,
To my next beau's dismay,
I read and quoth all evening long
And frightened him away!

The third was built like Hercules,
A great man of the stage.
I oohed and aahed so many times
He left me in a rage!

Enchant them with the beauth fair,
With silk and jewels galore!
Ah, lavish me! He took one look,
But then he came no more!

I baked next try and on his plate
Piled all that I could heap.
He ate it with a grateful grin
And then he went to sleep!

I threw up my poor hands and cried,
"A man's a no-good lout!"
I stomped and stormed and pulled his hair
And gladly threw him out!

"My Love," he yelped, "Why are you mad?
Your tongue is like a knife!
But just the same, I love you, Dear,
Please, will you be my wife?"

So now I'm married to that goose
According to Mon's plan,
And as I toil, I wonder why?
Just why one needs a man!



Mr. McG.: I'm sorry Kerwin, I can't help you. Good-bye!

(Hangs up)

Mr. McG.: (Addressing family.) That was my brother. He wanted to borrow 500 pounds to pay off his mortgage.

(Mr. McG. pulls phone cord out of wall socket and slams down receiver.)

Mrs. McG.: Now Thomas, why in the world did you do that?

Mr. McG.: I did that so's I wouldn't have to be refusing people when they ask to borrow money. That's why I did it.

Mrs. McG.: But, Thomas, your own brother! Couldn't you at least lend him 500 pounds. After all, you'll be getting 150,000 lbs.

Mr. McG.: (His voice raised.) Don't you understand, woman! It's not the amount, it's the principle. After the government takes its share, we'll be lucky to have 1500 pounds. So I can't go giving it away, now can I?

Mrs. McG.: No, I suppose you're right, Thomas.

Mr. McG.: Of course I'm right. Now off to bed with ya, Philip and Ellie. (They rise) We'll discuss this again in the morning.

(Philip and Ellie exit right.)

Mr. McG.: I'm going to bed, too.

Mrs. McG.: Good night, Thomas. Pleasant dreams!

Mr. McG.: Hah! The Lord didn't intend for rich men to have pleasant dreams!

(He exits--leaving Mrs. McGinney alone on stage.)

(She looks after him for a moment and then goes over to the chair which he has vacated. She begins picking out large chunks of stuffing and throwing them about. After a moment of this, she rests her head on the chair, and begins to sob softly.)

CURTAIN CLOSES

ACT III

(The next morning, Mrs. McG. Philip, and Ellie are gathered around the table. They are talking in excited voices.)

Philip: Just think Ma! We'll live in comfort and luxury and have everything we want.

Ellie: Yes, Mama! Won't it be wonderful to be rich.

Mama: Yes, children. I have to admit that it would be nice to have a little house in the suburbs with a picket fence and a garden full of lilies and marigolds.

(Mr. McG. enters.)

All: Good morning, Papa.

(Continued from Page 26)

Mr. McG.: Good morning! Have you finished spending my money?

Ellie: Oh Papa. How can you be so selfish when you have so much?

Mrs. McG.: Hush, Ellie.

Mr. McG.: How can I be selfish? My own daughter thinks I'm selfish, how can I explain to her that I'm only being cautious? How can I make them understand that the more money we have, the more wrong we'll all do?

(Someone knocks on the door. Philip moves to answer it.)

(Pause)

Philip: Papa, someone wants to see you.

(Mr. McG. rises and goes to the door, where a man in a business suit is standing. He is carrying a leather briefcase.)

Mr. McG.: I'm Thomas McGinney.

Man: Mr. McGinney, I represent the Irish Hospitals Fund. I've been sent here in order to deliver to you a check for 150,000 pounds. As you know, your ticket was drawn last night in the Sweepstakes. So (he withdraws check from briefcase) if you'll just sign here.

(Hands him a piece of paper and a pen.)

(Mr. McG. takes pen and paper and stares intently at them. His family is gathered around him trying to peer over his shoulder. At last he looks up at the stranger.)

Mr. McG.: I do not want the money!

(Family gasp as one.)

Man: Excuse me, I don't believe I heard you correctly.

Mr. McG.: You heard me all right. I said I did not want the money!

Man: I don't know exactly what to say, Mr. McGinney. This has never happened before.

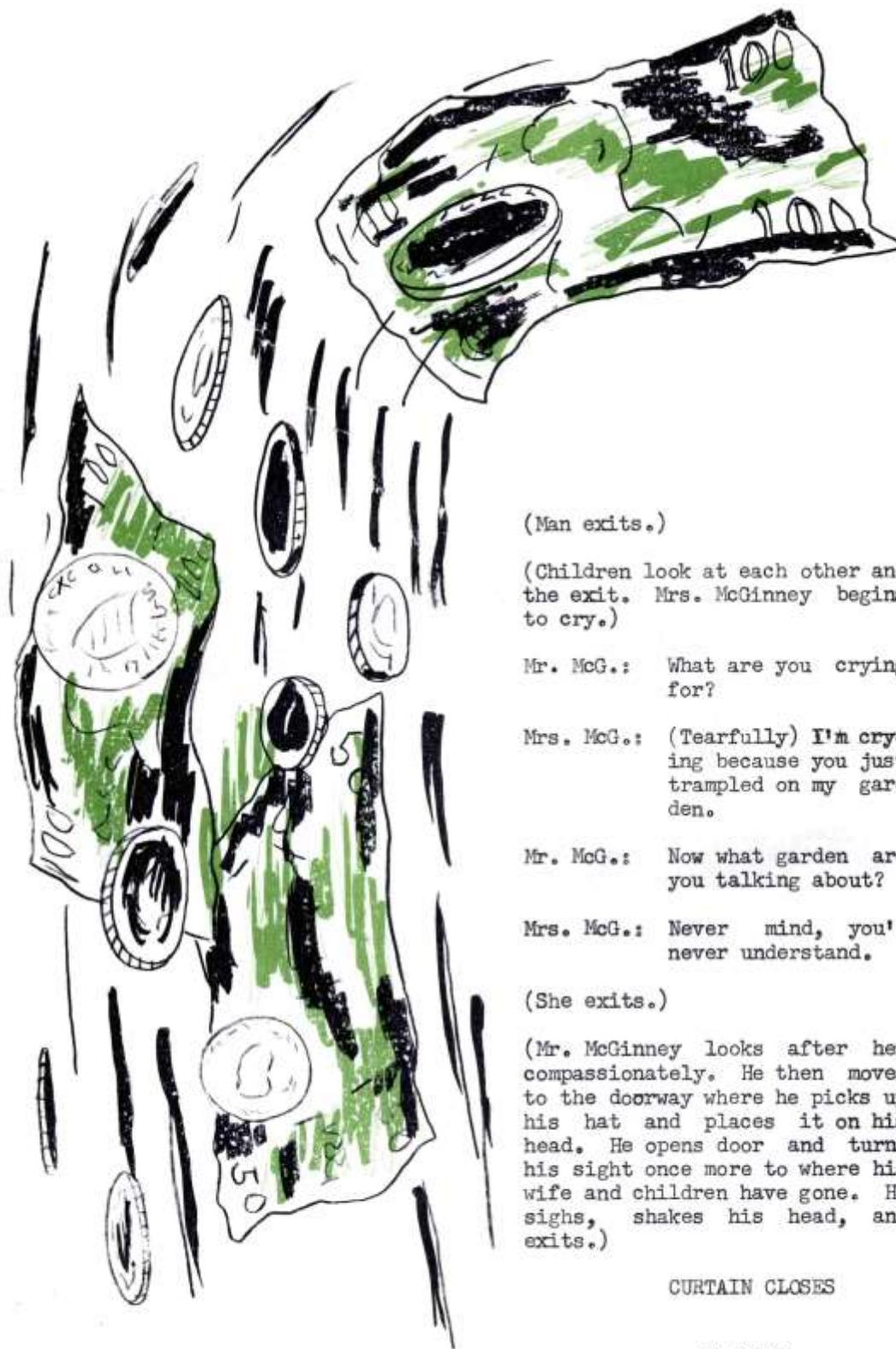
Mr. McG.: I'll tell you what to say. You go back to your Irish Hospitals and you tell them that Thomas McGinney does not want nor does he need their money. You say that Mr. McGinney wants them to build a hospital with the money, and right over the entrance to put the words, "I would rather be righteous than rich." You'll do that for me, won't you, sir?

Man: Yes, Mr. McGinney. I'll tell them what you said.

(He replaces check and paper and moves to the door.)

Well, good-day, sir!

Mr. McG.: Good-day!



(Man exits.)

(Children look at each other and the exit. Mrs. McGinney begins to cry.)

Mr. McG.: What are you crying for?

Mrs. McG.: (Tearfully) I'm crying because you just trampled on my garden.

Mr. McG.: Now what garden are you talking about?

Mrs. McG.: Never mind, you'd never understand.

(She exits.)

(Mr. McGinney looks after her compassionately. He then moves to the doorway where he picks up his hat and places it on his head. He opens door and turns his sight once more to where his wife and children have gone. He sighs, shakes his head, and exits.)

CURTAIN CLOSES

THE END

THE MIRAGE BY GRACE MUNKASEY '60

Out on the lonely desert
There wandered carelessly,
A man, not more than thirty,
Yet worn with age was he.

Some claimed it was the sand,
Others said it was the sun,
That made this man age
Till he looked like sixty-one.

It had only been a day
Since this man set out afar
On camel across the desert
To a place not near, but far.

Foolish was this little man
Who set out all alone,
For the sun was hot, the sand was rough,
And he was quite alone.

Onward ever onward
This restless man had led
The camel which he rode atop,
'til the camel had dropped dead.

Nothing stopped this tiny man,
'though little food had he,
But after a day he sank to the sand
And fell upon his knees.

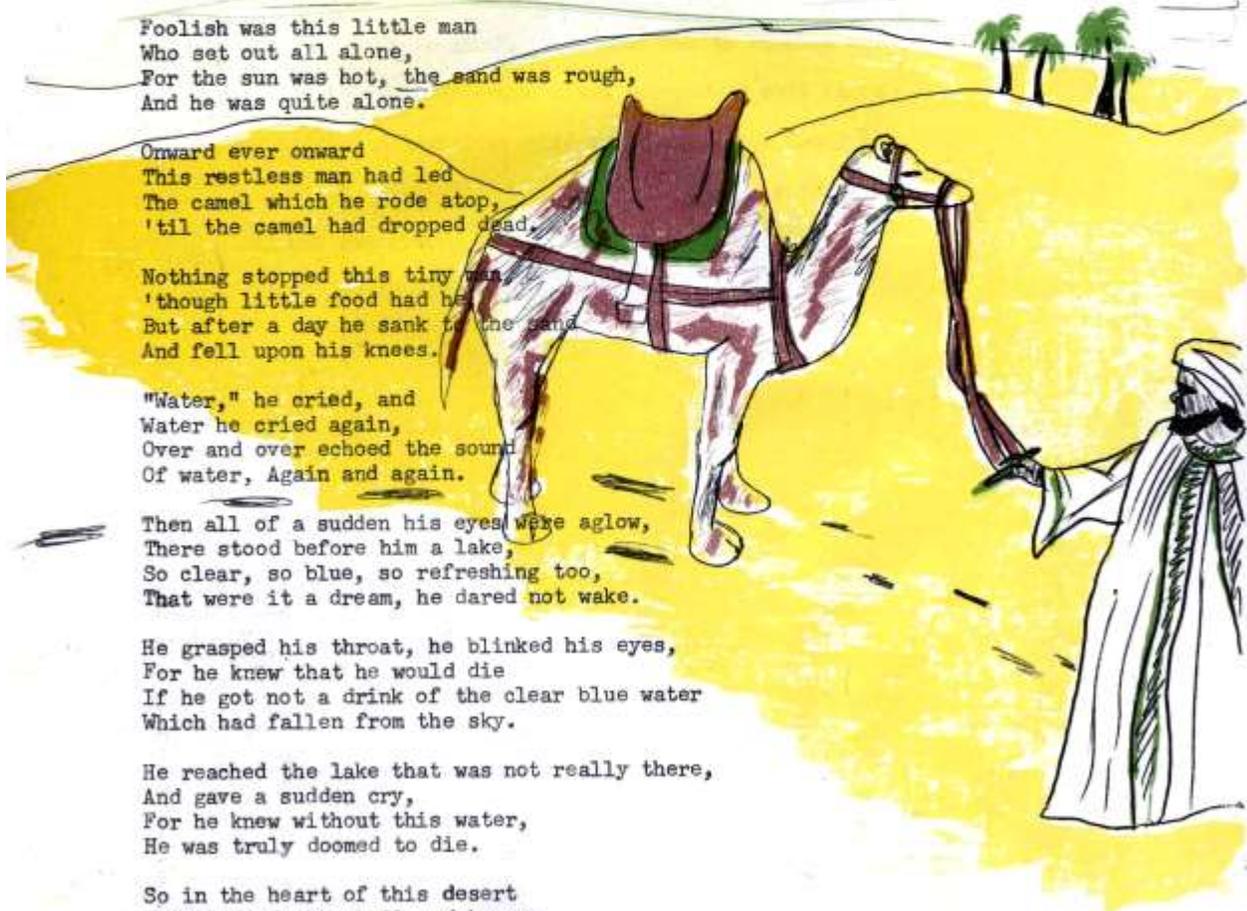
"Water," he cried, and
Water he cried again,
Over and over echoed the sound
Of water, Again and again.

Then all of a sudden his eyes were aglow,
There stood before him a lake,
So clear, so blue, so refreshing too,
That were it a dream, he dared not wake.

He grasped his throat, he blinked his eyes,
For he knew that he would die
If he got not a drink of the clear blue water
Which had fallen from the sky.

He reached the lake that was not really there,
And gave a sudden cry,
For he knew without this water,
He was truly doomed to die.

So in the heart of this desert
You'll find the skull and bones,
Of a man who was quite foolish,
To have ever set out alone.



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