

The

DENMAN'S

PALETTE



NCR

The **GENMAN'S
ALETTE**

Staff

Vol. 11, Issue 4

George Mason Jr.-Sr. High School

Fall Church, Virginia

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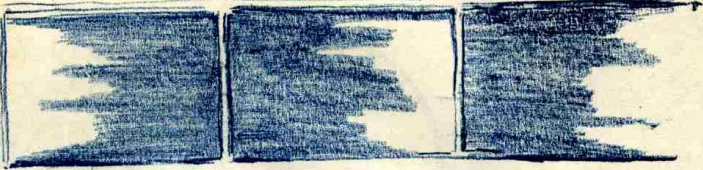
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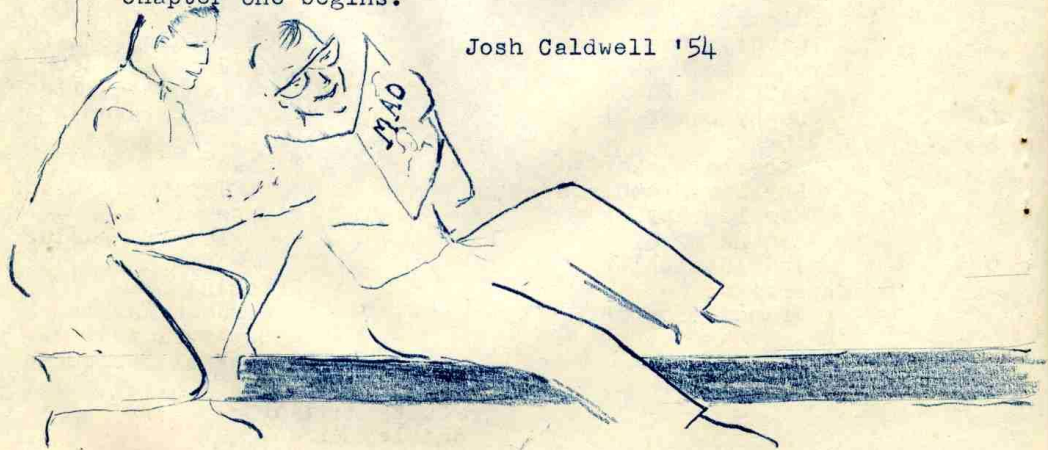
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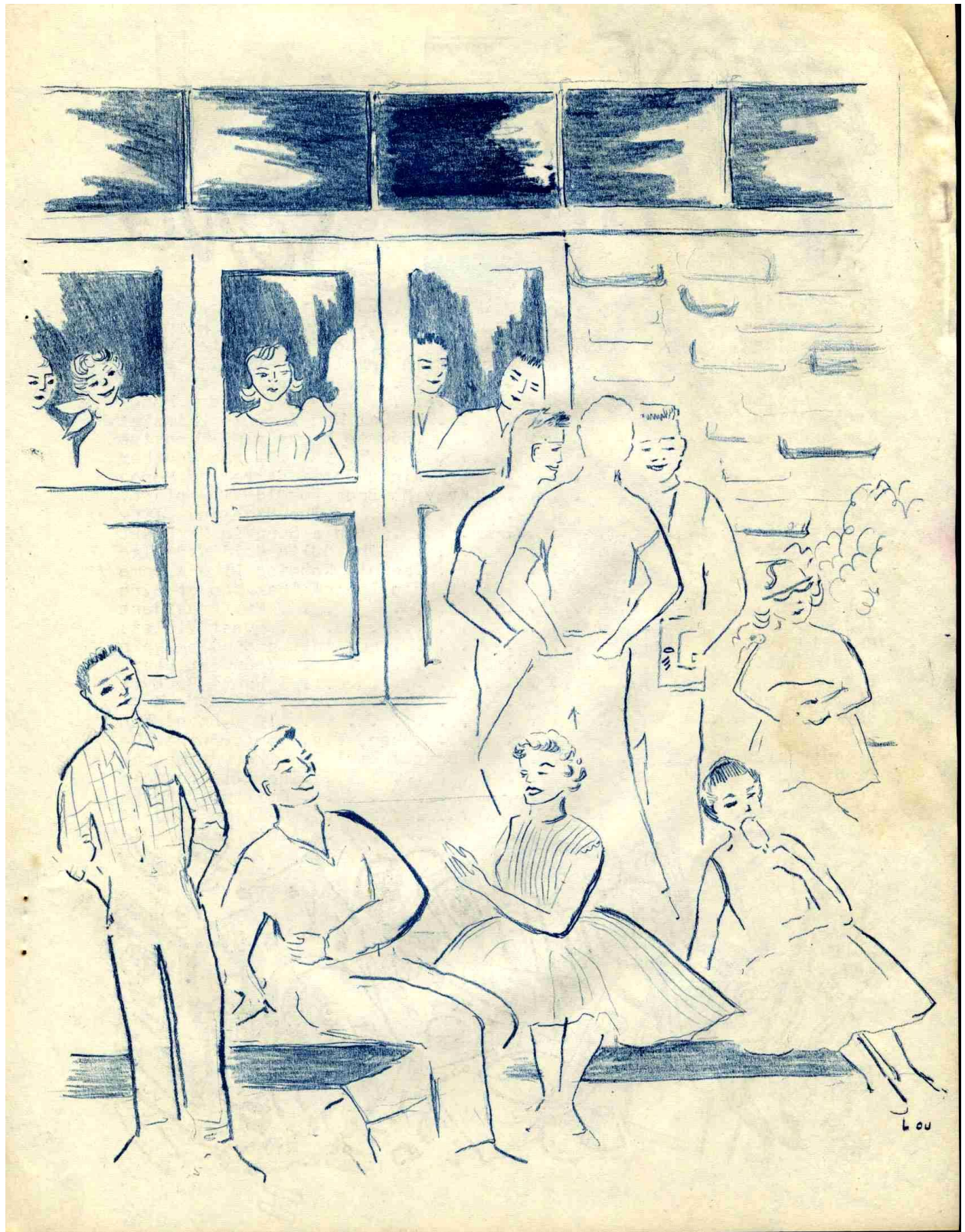
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Opening day--new and yet familiar..
..variations on a theme....the toothpaste
and hair tonic smell of first period....
the last bell in the afternoon bringing
cokes, meetings and homework....the cram-
ming and worry before exams....the smiles
and parties afterwards....the respect and
admiration for a good teacher....the empty
feeling towards a poor one....the cold
noses and mustard-covered hotdogs that
are a football game....glaring lights,
shouts and steamy windows that are basket-
ball season....wild cheers when we win;
sober yells when we lose....the warmth of
friendship....dates, quarrels and tears
that are part of growing up....assemblies
--voices and hearts for a moment in unison
while the Lord's Prayer is repeated....
dances--the gym suddenly a cafe, garden
or desert island--the students transformed
by tulle, corsages and bow ties....plays,
concerts....field trips...clubs, dinners,
lectures....finally graduation: smarting
eyes, proud parents, the end of childhood;
after four years, the preface completed,
chapter one begins.

Josh Caldwell '54





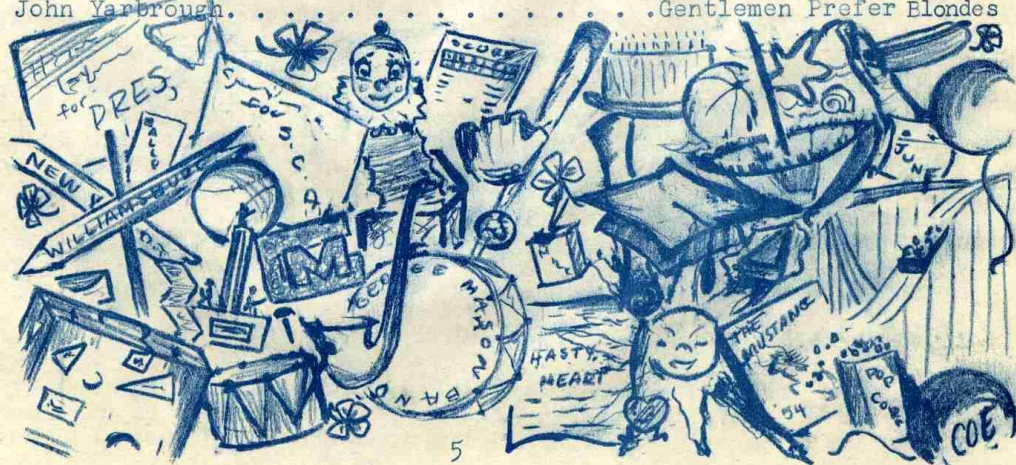
PLEASE PLAY MY SONG

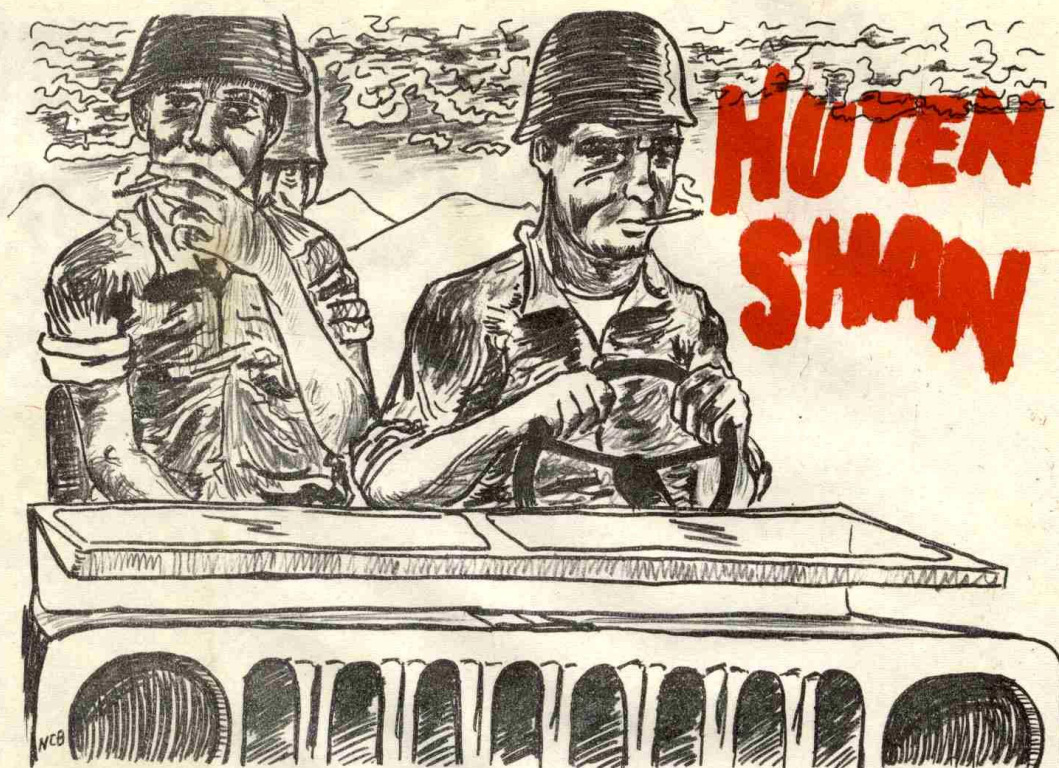
Kenny Geddes.	Cross Over the Bridge
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Dick Fruland.	The Great White Hunter
Mary Upperman.	The Little Angel with the Dirty Face
Julie Otis.	Buttons and Bows
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Frank Sturm.	The Solid Gold Cadillac
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Louise Geier.	Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine
Bob Wilson.	Mr. President
Jane Bold.	Sweet Violets
Mel Fink.	Back in the Saddle Again
Joan Wells.	Young at Heart
Liz Coe.	I Wanta Be Evil
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Kate Davis.	If I Loved You
Dick Byrnes.	Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me
Melody Marshall.	A Pretty Girl Is Like Our Melody
Buddy Tasker.	The All American
Julie Harp.	Smilin' Through
Betty Hinman.	Call Me Pinhead
Walter Stearns.	Ain't Misbehavin'



MR. RECORD MAN

Jeannette Watson.	The Girl in Pink Tights
Nat Browder	The Quiet Man
Mary Miles	Oh Lady Be Good
Val Hopkins	Love 'Em and Leave 'Em
Sonia Krages	Man Crazy
Du Wayne James	Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes
Nell Crowley	Whistling in the Dark
Lynne Granger	My Heart is Free
Vincent Charlton	I'll Try My Luck at Love
Shirley Clatterbuck	So Big
Tenny Jackson	Body and Soul
Eddie Becker	It's in the Book
Phyllis Nicholson	A Little Bit Independent
Mary Lou Taylor	Lazy Bones
Bill Erpenbach	The Kid from Left Field
Elaine Rose	Look for the Silver Lining
Barbara Steiner	Take a Letter, Darling
Mike Hodges	How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You
Janice Manwaring	Long Distance Love
Nancy Martin	Traffic Jam
Paul Homer	Let's Take the Long Way, Homer
Betty Cline	Powder Your Face with Sunshine
Jane Hollister	Ain't She Sweet?
Jack Farris	You're in the Army Now
Barbara McCabe	Easy to Love
Patti Regan	Rat Race
Bill Jeffrey	I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm
Sandra Monti	Bell Bottom Blues
John Yanbrough	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes





Sergeant Jackson was up at four in the morning and was feeling lousy already. It was in the 70's, and the humidity was so high that the sweat was pouring off him. He walked over to the screen door, kicked it open, and cussed when he stubbed his toe. He made his way over to the motor pool where he was joined by Private Ostrow and Corporal Shields. Private Ostrow went in and checked out a jeep, and then drove it out to where the corporal and the sergeant were standing. They loaded their gear, consisting of guns, ammunition and food. Then the private slapped the jeep into first gear and headed for the south gate. There they were stopped and asked their destination. Sergeant Jackson replied that they were headed for the Hutten Shan mountains, and didn't see why the General wouldn't let them go hunting in

the Tao Shan mountains instead. The private at the gate waved them on.

They headed for the open country, passing rickshaws, pedicabs, mulecarts, honey carts, and other oriental vehicles. The sergeant was in a low mood, and stench of the human manure on the fields mingled with the odor of fish, and the yelling throngs crowding along the side of the road didn't help him much. He griped to the corporal because the general wouldn't let them go to the Tao Shan mountains on account of the Commies. He couldn't see why the marines had to kowtow to a bunch of Reds, anyway.

The corporal felt as the sergeant did, but thought that they had better be cautious and go where they had been told to go.

Shortly they came to a typical village of rocks and mud. The main street was a dirt road running through the heart of the village. As the jeep went down the road, the dogs, naked children, and grown-ups, chased the jeep, asking for handouts and saying, "Cumshaw, no mama, no papa, no fight pay, no whisky water." A naked boy grabbed hold of the jeep and ran along side it, yelling at the sergeant, "American go home; no good." This was too much for the sergeant. He kicked the boy in the face and sent him sprawling in the dust. "That will teach him. Let's head for the open road." Several miles on the road forked. The private took the left fork. The corporal told him to stop the jeep and see which road they would take. Ostrow replied that they were on the right road, heading for the Hutun Shan mountains. The other two were all for taking the right fork and going on to the Tao Shan mountains. Ostrow disagreed with them and insisted that they stay inside the fifty-mile limit. The sergeant told him to get in the back seat and let him do the driving. The sergeant turned the jeep around and started up the right fork. Several hours later they came to the village of Nan-Chuang, but here things were different. There

were no throngs of people. Only a few individuals who darted out of sight when the jeep came near them. One old man remained in the door of a mud hut sitting in a stooped position. The sergeant brought the jeep to an abrupt halt in front of him. The old man looked up slowly and said, "No go Baleu," and pointed towards the hills. The sergeant gave him a queer look, hit first gear, and drove off, not paying any attention to the protests of Ostrow. He headed up the road passing fields of wheat, corn and other vegetables. Presently they came to another village. They drove through it and not a person was to be seen. At this point Ostrow demanded that they turn back, but the sergeant replied that as long as they had come this far, they would keep on going. The corporal felt that they might go on a few more miles and see what the situation was. A couple of miles on, the road became very steep and zig-zagged back and forth. The sergeant gave the jeep more gas and started up a steep hill. Suddenly there was a volley of machine gun fire; the sergeant's hands slipped lifelessly from the wheel, as the jeep careened over the cliff, and silence fell upon the China country-side.

Bob Hutchins '54



The boys of today don't speak of love,
Or sigh and gaze at the moon above.
They speak instead of a car's inside,
And view their heaps with infinite pride.

And so, to be tops and up to par,
A girl should learn to drive a car.
It isn't enough to know how to steer,
You should also know revolutions per gear.

Perhaps this doesn't appeal to you.
But if you want a man, you'll change your view.

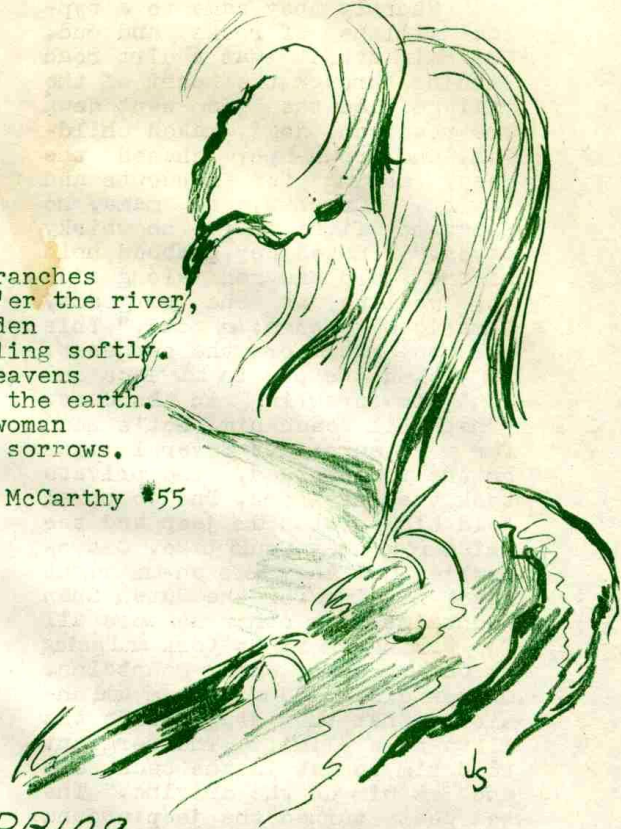
Debby Campbell '54



Willow

Gently sweep the willow branches
Bending gracefully o'er the river,
Like the tresses of a maiden
Long and silken, falling softly.
Like a rainbow from the heavens
Curving down to kiss the earth.
Like a slender, bent old woman
Heavy-laden with her sorrows.

Nancy McCarthy '55



SPRING

Spring is a feeling in the air:
Fresh, swift breezes,
Fierce, roaring winds,
Strong, friendly, satisfying,
Filled with the fragrance of new life.

Spring is a feeling in the earth:
Bright, new blossoms,
Leaping from the newly-warmed soil,
Green grass as a soft carpet
Underlying all.

Spring is a feeling in the heart:
An old love reborn,
Filled with laughter and sadness,
A strange poignancy and remembrance,
Touching everything.

Mary Miles '54





HANDS

Rough and gnarled,
Wide and strong,
Lines of the land
Engrained in the hands--
Of the farmer.

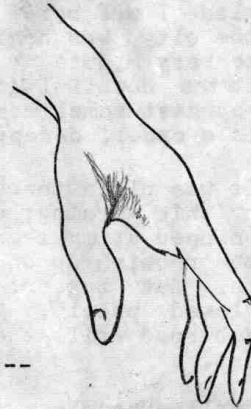
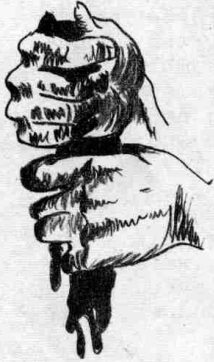
Light and graceful,
Classic and poised,
Responsive to command
Are these expressive hands--
Of a dancer.

Steady and sure,
Taught to cure,
Always in demand
Are these healing hands--
Of the surgeon.

Capable and calm,
Working for others,
Slow to reprimand
Are these versatile hands--
Of a mother.

Tired and bitter,
Weary of strife,
Wishing to break their bands
Are these war torn hands--
Of the world.

Betty Cline '54



JS

NEW YORK

It seemed to me then that never before had I been so exceedingly glad--glad to be walking; glad I was here so early, that the city was beginning its day the very minute I was; glad without the doubtful little voices which suggest sometimes that gladness is a cruel, deceptive joke.

It was plain there would be no sun this morning; sharp grey winds nipped at my legs and hustled the rubbish up and down the gutters. But lesser, man-made suns glowed palely. The street lights burned still, though night was past.

Italian people stood in smoky, shop doorways. Their windows were hung with balls of cheese and strings of sausage. Heaps of pink salami filled the air with their raw smell. The push carts of endive, tough, small artichokes and cabbages were trundled out. Apples and oranges caught the light brilliantly, and in my rapture I almost knocked over a bushel of snails.

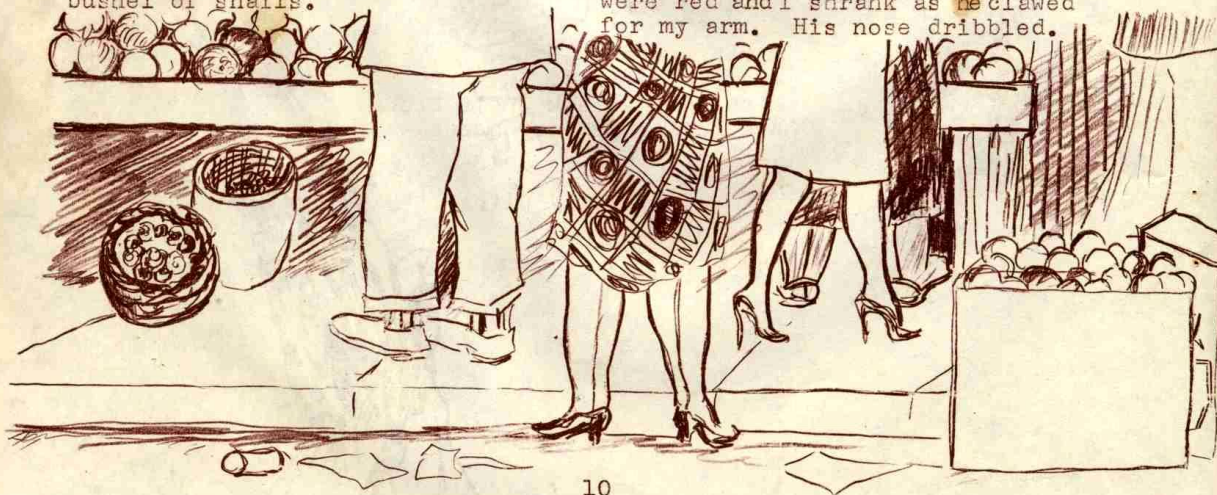
Three bakeries stood in a row. I chose the center one, and gaped deliriously at trays and trays of cakes and twisted loaves and piles of creamy, egg colored bagles and frosted doughnuts. When I left I was munching happily at some crumbly cookies covered with sesame seeds. For our breakfast I'd bought six chocolate eclairs, each no longer than my fourth finger.

Great trucks lumbered to work. Workmen were finishing their coffee. Women were shopping many with black eyed babies tucked efficiently under their arms.

How abundant the world was! People and talk and food and trucks filled this single, inconspicuous block.

As I turned onto a highway a man appeared from an alley.

"Please Miss, just give me a little. . . I. . ." His eyes were red and I shrank as he clawed for my arm. His nose dribbled.



MORNING

"Just for a drink; I don't mean any harm; just want a dime. . . I'm sorry, Miss. . ." Filth, yellow teeth, his mouth flapped on and on; with his other hand he wiped his nose.

My heart was a tight knot and I wanted to push him hard and run.

"You know how it is. . don't work. . . haven't done anything wrong." He hiccupped and shuffled and clutched his coat. I smiled dumbly and fumbled for a dime. He isn't old or maimed. Why can't he work? What made him like this? Poor guy. At the same time I wanted to look at him thoroughly and yet not at all. I put a coin in his hand and smiled again.

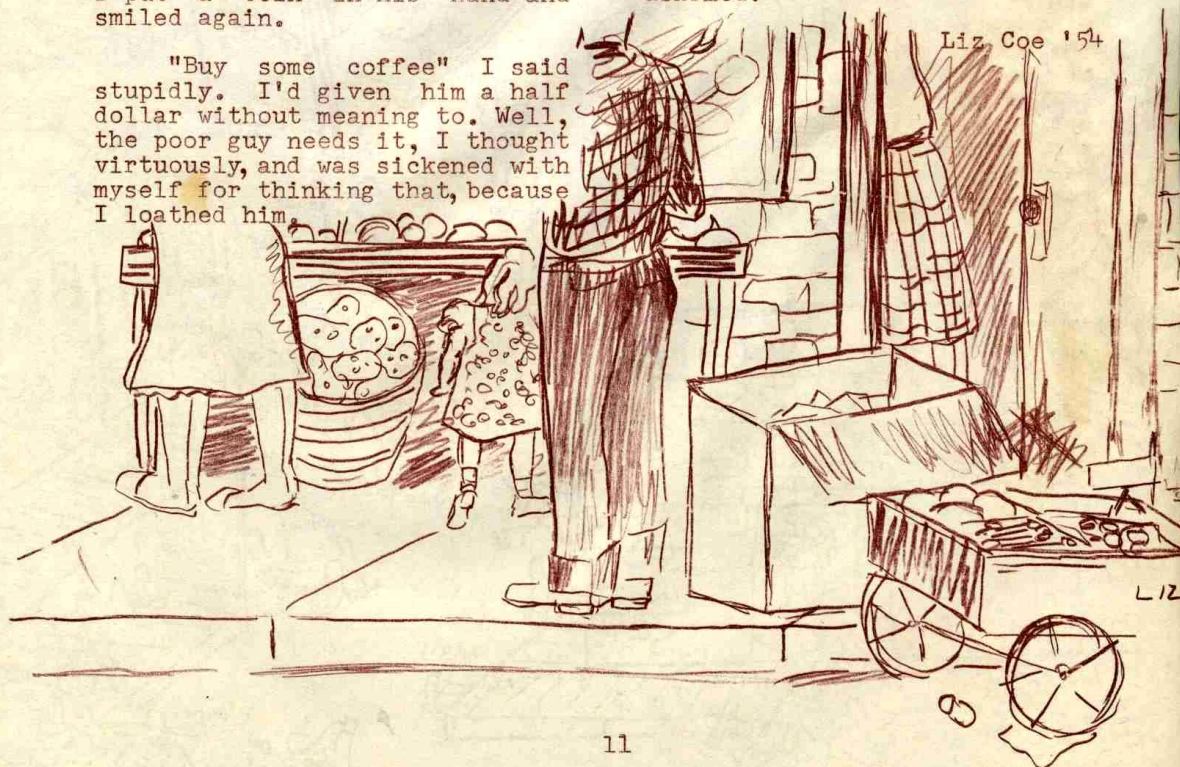
"Buy some coffee" I said stupidly. I'd given him a half dollar without meaning to. Well, the poor guy needs it, I thought virtuously, and was sickened with myself for thinking that, because I loathed him.

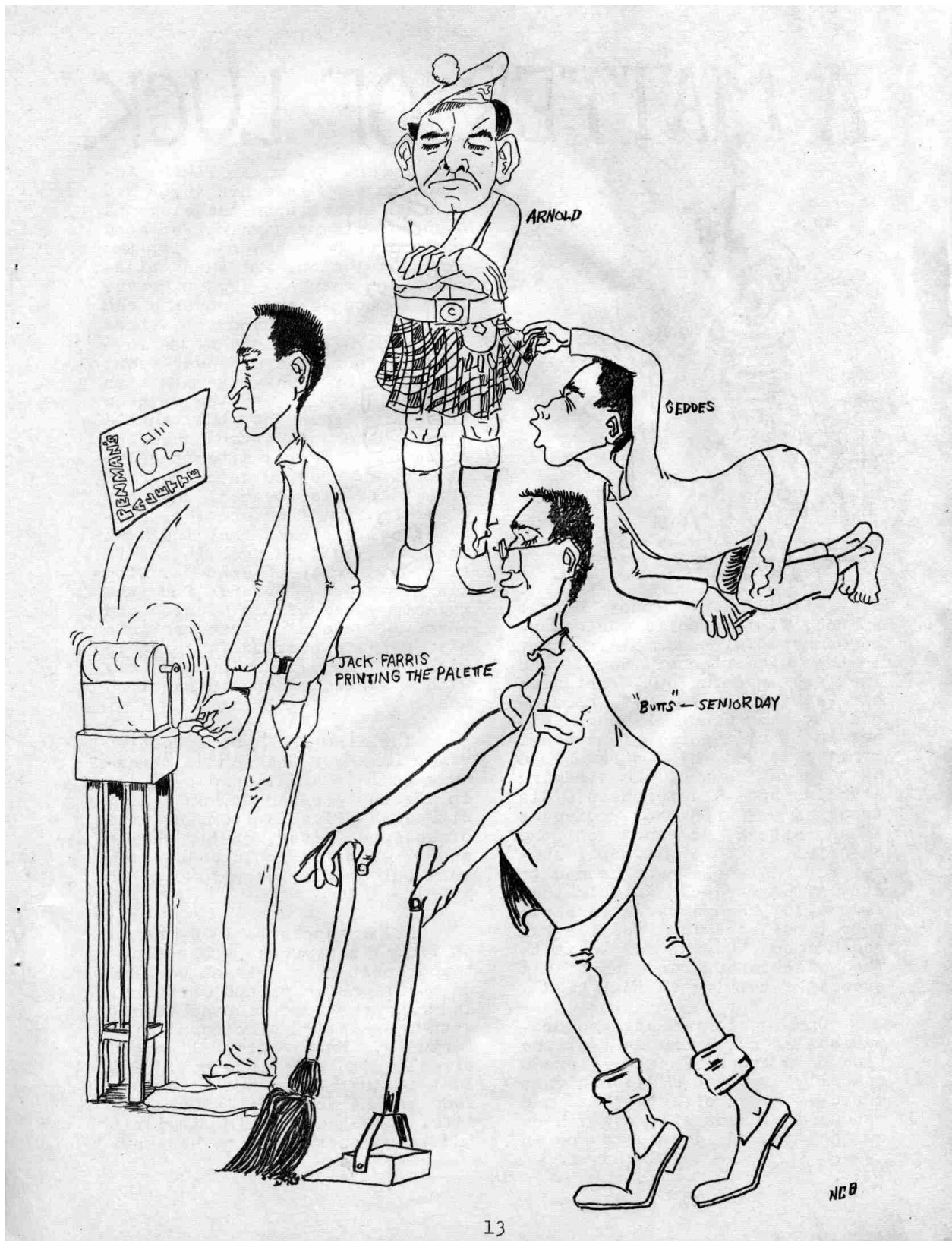
I walked away quickly. He stood swaying where I'd left him.

"God bless you, Miss" he whined loudly. "Thank you, Miss, didn't want to bother you. . . sorry. . . Lord protect you, Miss. You're a good girl."

People watched as I passed and smiled with kind amusement. I didn't look back, I felt crawling with his yellow smell, and voice and nose.

Disgust and pity, anger, and compassion without warmth made me gag; never before had the world seemed so dirty and choked with unkindness. Never had I felt so twisted and small and wretchedly ashamed.





A MATTER OF LUCK



It had been a lousy day at school, Timmie White decided as he wandered along St. Clair Street in the direction of home. His luck was running out for sure; his rabbit's foot must be completely fagged out, although he'd rubbed it diligently all morning. Timmie tossed his straw-blond hair to get some of the straying strands off his forehead. His freckled nose wrinkled in disgust in an effort to shut out the cheerful beauty of the early summer day. A whole hour he had to stay after school! Didn't that beat all! He was caught exactly four times talking to the fat red-headed boy who sat next to the blackboard! And he didn't even like talking to that kid!

One tennis shoe stamped dramatically down in the dust at the side of the road. Then Tim glanced casually downward to discern what world-shaking effect this had produced. Inexcusably, everything on the ground seemed to be in

good order. It made Timmie furious to see that his anger had made no effect upon the elements --so he stamped again for good measure. Then he saw it; the small oval stone that snone placidly in the new green grass. Timmie stooped over and extended one grubby brown hand to capture the prize. It was one of the loveliest objects he had ever seen, the color of blue-white milk with iridescent bits of the rainbow streaming through, the subtle blues, rose and greens shedding a luminous light. After turning it over and over to catch the full effect of its beauty, the boy discovered the four grooves, systematically placed, that indicated that the jewel had been in a setting. Timmie stood contemplating his marvelous fortune for the weighty space of five minutes and then slipped his treasure into his safest pocket (absolutely without a hole) and trudged off with a renewed faith in rabbits' feet.

The find was soon forgotten after Tim secured it in his "treasure box," (a small cardboard box in his top dresser drawer filled with such valuable items as bits of colored glass, pretty shells and 27 cents in cold cash) and went out to play "army" with the gang.

At the supper table the hands of Timmie's nervous mother fluttered constantly as she babbled on about neighborhood affairs. As her expressive blue eyes lighted with the relation of others' misfortunes, Mr. White listened tiredly with half-an-ear... "She lost it just today, and I've never seen anyone so upset in my whole life. She keeps saying it isn't the value that bothers her, but

it was a tenth anniversary present from her poor dead Rodger. It's really a shame, Herbert, don't you think so? . . . Herbert?"

"Think what, Dear?" queried Mr. White lazily.

"That Thelma Price lost the stone out of her opal ring, one of her presents from Rodger," said Timmie's mother, in a tone of loving disgust.

"What does an opal look like?" put in the boy, his heart rising suspiciously to nestle in his throat.

Both of his parents turned lovingly to face him and search their minds for an appropriate description of an opal. Mrs. White (who prided herself on her creative thinking) nodded her gray-blond head toward the fruit-bowl and proudly announced that opals were "like milk glass with all the colors of the sunset shining through." Timmie's father nodded and added, in the manner of a statistician, that some people said opals are bad luck.

"Is that really true?" questioned Timmie, in a tight little voice. He fixed his eyes on the worn patch on his jeans and tried to appear indifferent. It wasn't really necessary, though, for both his parents were so busy eating they didn't notice anything unusual in his behavior.

"Of course not, Tim," laughed his father, "there's no such thing as luck." And even if there were, it wouldn't make much difference, for almost as many people insist opals are perfectly wonderful luck."

"People that believe in God

don't have to count on luck getting them through life," observed Mrs. White sagely. "A belief in luck is usually an excuse for failure."

When the boy went to his room after supper, he opened the treasure box and took out the opal. It lay in his hand and seemed to glow with a secret inner light of its own. Rubbing the highly polished surface gingerly, Timmie decided that this opal was good luck,--just fabulously good luck. Perhaps this wasn't Mrs. Prices' opal after all. He soon became lost in the fantasy that this was actually a fortune charm place at the roadside especially for him by someone who knew he was a special and deserving boy. The realization that he was too old to be deceived by such romantic inventions moved Timmie to decide he would be terribly noble (perhaps even famous for his honesty) and return the opal to its rightful, though crotchety, owner. As he slipped on his pajamas, the boy commended himself on voluntarily sacrificing such a beautiful possession without even the promise of a reward.

In the middle of the night, Timmie awoke with a start. Finding he did not wish to go to sleep immediately, he tiptoed out of bed over to the shadowed mass that was the dresser, and, opening the top drawer, he located the

continued on page 16
Analysis of Tennyson's Epic Poem,
"The Charge of the Light
Brigade"
"Cannons to the right of them,
Cannons to the left of them,
Cannons in front of them ----."
They work in a towel factory.

Eddie Becker '54

A MATTER OF LUCK
continued from page 15

treasure box. He padded softly over to the window to take out the opal and stand viewing it in the gentle moonlight that shone on the bare floor.

Outside, the delicate orb of the moon perched high in the inky pool of sky. It seemed that the opal was a piece of the moon, fallen from the sky into Timmie's hand. Timmie stood in the path of the soft summer breeze that blew through the thin, white curtains, and merely breathed. The opal was enchantment--Timmie's enchantment. To part with it seemed entirely unnecessary. No one knew about his treasure, it was his secret possession. To always carry the opal for luck, a hidden luck that nobody knew about seemed to be the ideal life to Timmie.

But at school the next day, the idea of the opal seemed strangely tarnished. It was really no fun to have a secret treasure, one that he couldn't take out of his pocket so that he could renew the enchantment. Nor could he show it to anyone for admiration; someone might know Mrs. Price had lost an opal. They might think he was a thief. A Thief! It had never occurred to him before. They might think he had stolen it. Or just as bad, they would know he realized whose it was, but wouldn't return it. Really, that was stealing, too,--taking someone else's property. Timmie felt very warm, a little drop of sweat trickled down his forehead. The desk was hard and uncomfortable, the day seemed intolerably long. The humming drone of the studying students seemed to him to be a steadily increasing siren, coming toward him from the distance. A bad luck opal, that's what it was! An evil opal that had enchanted him into being dishonest so that he could claim its beauty for his own. The solution was to return it to Mrs. Price, just as soon as

he could! But suppose she asked him when he found it, he'd have to say Thursday. Today was Friday, she'd see he had plenty of time to bring it back. But it was worth the chance, just to get rid of it; he felt that it was glowing with such violent heat in his pocket that everyone could see the guilt of the opal right through his jeans!

Tim dragged himself up the narrow steps, onto the shabby gray porch. Slowly he lifted his hand to press the buzzer, then dropped it again. He couldn't do it, he'd have to go out and re-place it where he found it. He couldn't let her look at him with her piercing eyes and hunt out the truth in him, the truth that he was a thief at heart. Halfway, he turned to, but then he saw the flimsy lace curtain flicker at the worn window. Surely she'd seen him. Trapped! There was no getting away now. Timidly, he rang the bell.

When Timmie found himself on the porch again, it was difficult to recall just what had occurred. He remembered Mrs. Price, shriveled and gray with tears in her eyes. Again and again she repeated that she was so grateful--her Rodger's gift--what would he take for a reward--\$10...\$20? Timmie's conscience only allowed him to settle for a piece of chocolate cake. It seemed strange--a lady living all alone like that, baking rich chocolate cakes. Maybe she thought so too, because she asked him to come and eat cake whenever he wanted it--she always had plenty to spare.

It was a good feeling to get rid of the opal. Timmie could see now that there was nothing to luck, not when something could seem good one moment and evil the next. His mother was right--it was all nonsense for those that had nothing better to believe. Reaching into his pocket, Tim took out his rabbit's foot, and motioned

continued on page 24

PASTORAL



Russet cows in pasture land,
Spottled and brindled,
Daubed with cream,
Broad backs curving--
With green hills swerving
Down to a muddy stream--
Rubbing big chins on buttercups,
Hot and sticky sunny cups,
Soft brown eyes and patient lowings,
Placid creatures, slow and loving.

Liz Coe '54



SILVER MOON

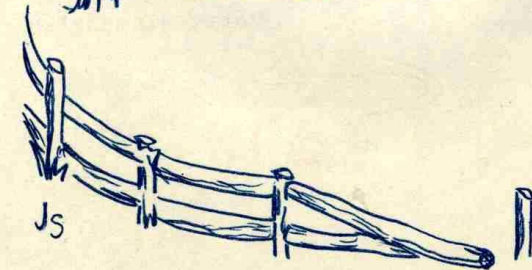
Slowly, silently, stealthily
She glides through the quiet night,
Splashing her soft glow on all below.
The silver moon.

On the unseeing, unfeeling cornfield, rooftop, fence,
and tree, lending a silver touch.
Daubing some of her beauty on the little church with steeple
rising upward, as if doing homage to the heavens.
All rest quietly under her sheltering glance.
The silver moon.

She casts her soft, clear beam on a more appreciative audience,
Adding something special to the night for the lover,
While far away the low moan of the restless hound echoes
through the still air.
The silver moon.

She is at peace,
As if possessed with human heart
And eyes to see the magic kingdom hers for a night.
The silver moon.

Nancy Martin '54



JS

WHAT IS A LITTLE GIRL

She is a bundle of sweet-smelling wiggles wrapped up in a soft bath towel. She's sachets and perfumes in an old evening dress. She's straight hair and chewed fingernails with a desire to grow up. She's lipstick, rouge, and mudpies all at once. In an hour's time she's an Indian, a mother, a storekeeper, and a space explorer. Dogs scare her and knock her down. Kittens cuddle, but can't be given baths.

She frequents junk piles, arriving home with "beautiful" perfume bottles and "precious" jewels. Little boys hate her, teachers find her most co-operative, and mothers and daddies spoil her. She's shy around grown-ups but the meanest little fighter in the block when it comes to boys. Her toothless grin is the only answer to mischief. It shows up at the oddest times--often in the midst of dramatic screams of temper. You can't punish her. It's hard to scold, and with one hurt look she can start you crying.

Skinned knees go hand-in-hand with her happy spirit. She giggles at serious moments and has more questions than you have answers. If you curl her hair she is your friend for life. She loves chocolate and chocolate loves her. Who wouldn't love a little girl of six?

Betty Hinman '54



ER

THE BESOM BOY

It is twilight as you, F. Cytissis Thrum, approach your future--this gleaming, marble monument to the industry of man. It is to you what the Aegean stables were to Hercules, what the Spanish fleet was to Drake, what Custer was to Sitting Bull, the Communists to McCarthy.

You are ready for the job that lies ahead, your shining uniform is complete to the last brass button, your visored cap is just the right angle. You are poised and confident because you know you are well-equipped for this assignment.

Walking past the imposing front entrance, you deliberately round the corner and enter a small side door. Proceeding briskly up a flight of stairs you think that now it is up to you to keep this edifice unblemished, and you will, of that you are certain.

A sharp turn to the right and you enter a long corridor. As you pass down it under the many portraits of great men, you know that your predecessors have left a mess, but that you will make a clean sweep of things.

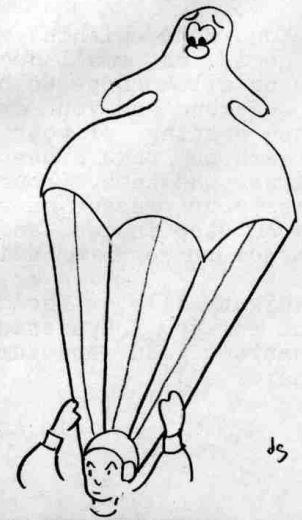
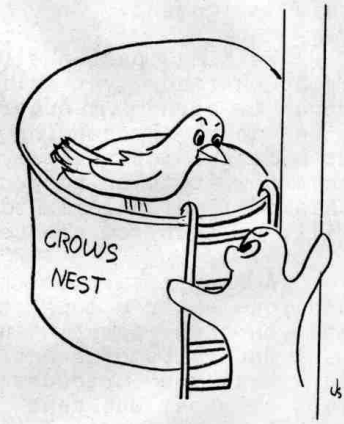
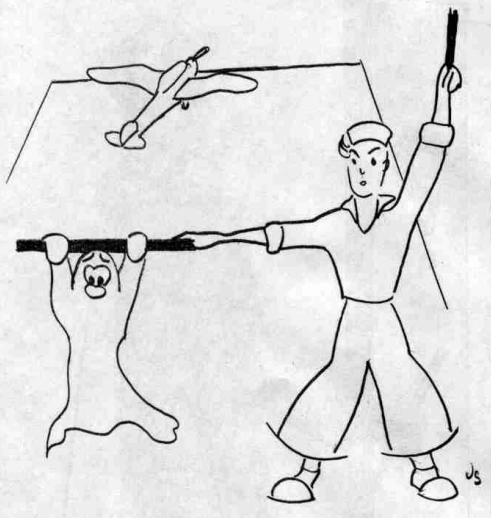
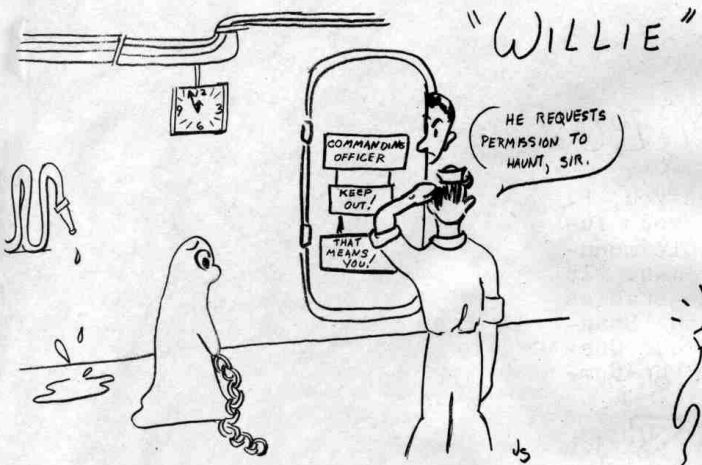
You come within sight of your goal; that small door which opens on all you hope to be. Your step quickens and you are aware of the beating of your heart. You reach out, take a deep breath, and grasp the knob. Your future becomes your present as you open the door, step inside, and remove the broom and mop from their rack.

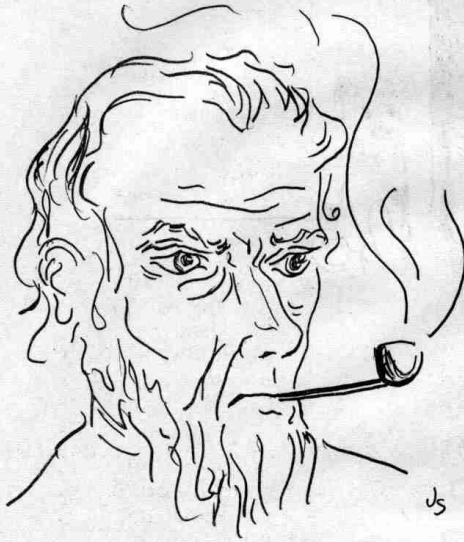
Night falls as the day just begins for you, F. Cytissis Thrum, new janitor and factotum extraordinary.



JS

Jim Arnold '54





WAR

The warm July sun hangs still in the heavens. Sitting in the shade on the front porch of his small farm house is an elderly gentleman. He sits silent, motionless, staring out toward the golden field across the road where the grain stands, unmoving, in the heavy air.

A grizzled old man he is, his hair and beard unkempt. His dusty clothes are a jumble of nondescript, tattered homespun. His wide prominent nose looms out of a sunken face. Two heavy cheekbones suppose the leathery, wrinkled skin and deep under his bushy brows, two watery steel-gray eyes peer out at the glare that surrounds the house.

Crooked, yellow teeth clench tightly on the stub of a smouldering pipe. The smoke drifts as far as his breath drives it, then hangs in the sultry atmosphere. The watery eyes blink but the blue smoke just hangs. His wrinkled hands sag limply on the arms of the chair, the veins standing out like blue cords on the tough brown hide.

There is no sound in the air--no bird sings, no leaf rustles, nothing even moves--just the watery blue eyes blinking at the blue smoke. The silence itself is oppressive.

Presently a little old lady appears at the door and plods noiselessly onto the porch. She is dumpy, dressed in the same poor peasant-garb as the man; her feet are bare and dusty. Not even a fly moves to notice her. The old man sits, staring at the dusty road that lies prostrate in the heat at the edge of the yard.

The woman inclines her head to listen, then looks up the road at a rising cloud of dust. Slowly the cloud draws closer, moving down the road toward the house.

In the yard a single grasshopper whirrs into the air and quickly drops down again to the arid ground. The old man stares at it, hardly seeing it in the glare.

A dozen horsemen ride silently by the house, hoofbeats muffled in the deep dust. Each soldier wears a dusky brown uniform. Their swords glimmer in the sun. Then the dust covers them, rolling along behind in a silent cloud.

The woman stands looking after them for a minute, then turns and disappears into the house.

The old man sits, blinking his watery eyes as the blue smoke drifts around his grizzled features.

The heat shimmers on the field of grain.

Far to the south a cannon booms.

Eddie Becker '54



BON BON

Bon Bon loved Paris, especially in the spring. Paris emerges from its cocoon like a golden butterfly. It turns into a gay carousel reeling with laughter and singing. Lovers and children like spring; dogs like spring, particularly Bon Bon.

And then summer hot weather, sudden showers, children's candy-streaked faces and sticky popcorned fingers. Dogs love summer. They romp and play, chase butterflies, and one another, find goodies and roll in the dust. Bon Bon loved summer. But Bon Bon was different.

Bon Bon lived in a fashionable house on the Rue de Champs. He was a rich man's dog and he behaved as one. When he went for a walk he could only trot beside his master, proud and noble, just as the man who so tightly held his golden leash. He couldn't greet other dogs as he wanted and he heard their whispers, "Haughty, snobbish," as he passed. But that was not true. He wanted to chase butterflies and paper, lick candied hands, see children's shining

faces too, but he couldn't. He was a rich man's dog and could only do as the man who so tightly held his golden leash. At home he sat on his velvet pillow, staring out the window all day long. . . . wishing, hoping.

Suddenly Bon Bon found himself in a different world. Everyone was rushing around. The house buzzed and rang with a thousand unknown voices. Such a state of confusion. Bon Bon hurriedly sought the quiet world beneath the bed, dragging his velvet pillow with him.

He started when he heard his name. Creeping forward he saw that everyone but the master had gone. Snap! . . . on went the golden leash; then down the stairs onto the street, into a big car, through countless thoroughfares, into a building. Bon Bon was frightened and out of breath. He crouched close to his master's legs and eyed the people pushing by. Then he saw it: a huge black monster standing at the end of the busy corridor. It puffed and hissed and steamed.

More people, talking and soon his master was leaving. Poor confused Bon Bon. On the move again, to a dark, cool room filled with bags and boxes and crates. A hand offered food. No, no food, no water. Bon Bon lay down, a tired exhausted dog.

He awakened with a lurch. Hands reached forward, fastened a leash and led him into the sun, across the tracks and into a tumble down building.

The station was filled with many people. A boy stepped from the crowd. The boy approached, called Bon Bon by name and put forth a dirty, chubby hand. Bon Bon sniffed. It smelled good, warm and friendly and his tail started thumping. Soon he was in the boy's lap riding down the road, watching trees, rocks, fences, houses and grass go by. He felt as free and lively as a puppy.

Bon Bon found another friend, an American dog, a cocker spaniel. The boy called him Clipper; it was his dog.

Bon Bon chased butterflies, ran after shadows and covered himself with feathery dust. He played with Clipper and the boy, stood knee deep in the cool rushing stream while the summer sun parched the land. He was even stung by a bee. And best of all

Frank Hutchins was boasting about his motorcycle. "I had to get rid of it though," he declared, "it was uneconomical."

"Uneconomical? Why, Frank?" queried a classmate.

"Well," Frank grinned, "I wore out my shoes kicking the darn thing!"

Phyllis Nicholson '54

he swam. He splashed and raced Clipper and felt the green water lapping at his ears. He liked to roll afterwards in the long, scratchy grass. He loved the boy: a gentle pat, a kind word, a tid-bit under the table. The three would come home after wandering all day, plop down on the porch and stare at the twilight sky-- Bon Bon, Clipper and the boy, a tired, happy trio.

Inevitably the time came to return to the city. All the household was silent. Silence during breakfast, a silent ride, silence at the station. The boy lowered his face; Bon Bon licked it. Salt. . . .

Bon Bon heard the whispers as he trotted down the street on the end of this golden leash. He wanted to stop, to tell them, but. . . . Bon Bon lived in a fashionable house on the Rue de Champs. He was a rich man's dog and could only do as the man who so tightly held his golden leash.

Carolyn Coe '54



WHAT IS THIS THING?

What is this thing? Its mournful sound
Comes flowing through the air;
It seems to tell of bygone days
And the sadness that was there.

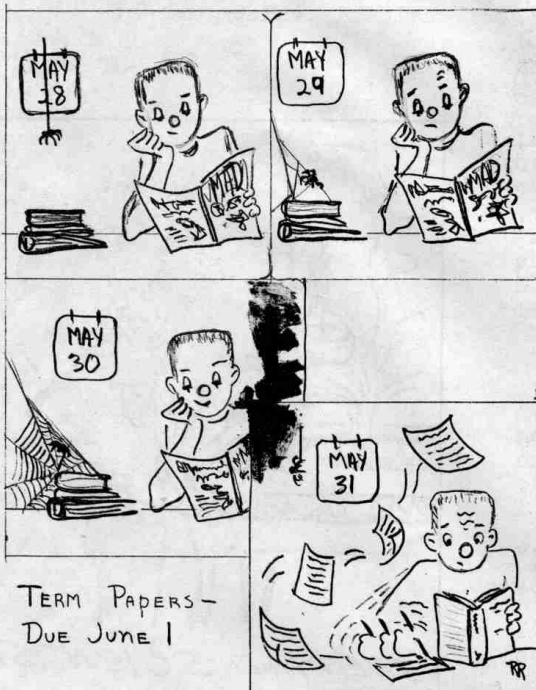
Yet now I hear it light and gay
As the happy sounds drift by;
It makes me think of laughing joy
Under a sunny sky.

The strains are haunting, as on its wings
To faraway places I go--
Exotic lands, and desert sands,
And mountains capped with snow.

Then, silent and sweet like an angel's voice
And soft as the light of a star,
The heavenly strains bring hope to all hearts
And beautiful thoughts from afar.

What is this thing that forever rings
And carries such wonders along?
It flows from above and will always bring love,
For this beautiful thing is called song.

Ann Connealy '57



A MATTER OF LUCK continued from page 16

to throw it away. As his hand passed in mid-air, he reached out and rubbed the moth-eaten charm once more, then tossed it into the tall grass at the roadside.

He remembered his mother's words about those who had God didn't need luck. So Timmie White stuck one cake-covered hand into each pocket of his faded blue jeans and went whistling down St. Clair Street, in search of God and good fortune.

Phyllis Nicholson '54

ON LOYALTY...

Civilization is founded upon trust. It may be pictured as an inverted pyramid; its bottom is trust in One Thing. Upon this trust can be constructed achievements and these become the bases for more trust. Man takes a bit of knowledge and trusts that it is correct; and upon this base, buttressed by his faith, he builds. All progress depends upon trust.

One form of trust is faith in one's followers. On this idea is based the concept of leadership, a little-understood talent that is responsible for all movements of society. Followers are the life of a leader; their loyalty is his longevity. Organization and unity are understood to be necessary for the efficiency of any organization whether it be a Parent-Teacher Association or the government of the United States. Like its leader, an organization to see its purpose accomplished. His satisfaction is obtained through the active and devoted participation of himself and the other members. The motive power behind their organized endeavor must be loyalty: to the organization, to the members and leaders, and to its purpose. The success of the organization will depend upon this loyalty, and, without exception, the organization with the most strongly loyal membership is the most potent.

Then there is loyalty on a smaller scale, but in numbers only. That is the loyalty of brothers-in-arms to each other, employee to employer, student to teacher, husband to wife, and friend to friend. This is the loyalty upon which our lives and happiness depend. Without it, life would be a haunted, barren existence, lonely and impotent. Not only must we have this faith to accomplish anything, we must have it to have the courage to attempt to accomplish it. The

loyalty of your companion must be known to even engage in conversation. The more personal the conversation becomes, the more he is putting his trust in you. Loyalty then becomes an obligation, always its most prominent role.

This more personal need of loyalty is probably the more obvious also. But when talking of the need for loyalty we must not fail to note the dangers of too much loyalty or of unreasoning loyalty. First, the more quickly or of following blindly. These two related causes of sorrow are unique in that they are frequently ignored even by the victims to whom they have brought the worst disaster. This is the tale of countless nations led to their destruction by dictators or of countless innocents duped and robbed blind by "Protectors" or "Benefactors" operating on a less grand scale. The slaughterer leads the sheep on by their own leash of well-intended trust.

But there is more subtle danger, perhaps not so violent in its manifestation. That is the shackling of one's mind by poorly-aimed loyalty. Unity and organization, a factor of which is loyalty, are essential to progress and achievement, but so are free minds, unprejudiced and uncurbed by false loyalties or loyalties not worthy of their strength. Bad loyalties are like detours on the straight road to accomplishment and progress. Those who hold unreasoning loyalties are liable to find themselves taken over all the detours on this road. Only those of a perfectly free mind can navigate the straight route.

Our pyramid, like the Great Pyramid, owes its strength to the people who built it, and their attitude towards it. Demonstration of loyalty must not be an instinctive action, but a considered one.

Dick Fisher '55

REVERIE

I picked a thousand jonquils
Upon a windy hill,
And ran, and laughed, and swam a brook,
Just like a school-child will.

And now in all my memories,
As I view that day,
I want to hold it to my heart
And throw the rest away.

The million things I've seen,
The thousand shores I've trod,
Mean not half-so-much to me
As that one day with God.

Phyllis Nicholson '54

LIVING

Cherish each moment day by day,
And make the most of its brief stay;
For life is but a drifting mass
Which ne'er reviews what once has past.

The past is gone, the present's here;
Why shou'd we dwell on yesteryear,
And waste our time, life's precious gold,
Till, like our memories, we've grown old?

Keep memories of joy, near or far,
Like rose petals kept in a china jar--
To be opened every now and then,
Recalling the fragrance of the past again.

But these should fill the tiniest part;
Today should occupy most of your heart,
For how can you store sweet memories away
Without living tomorrow's recollections today?

THE VOICE

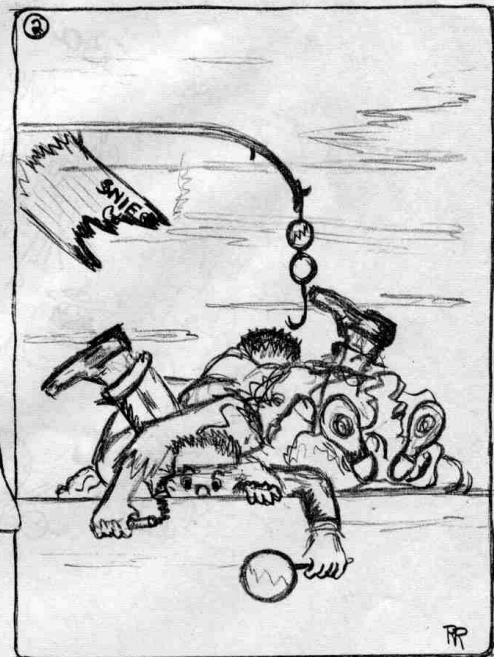
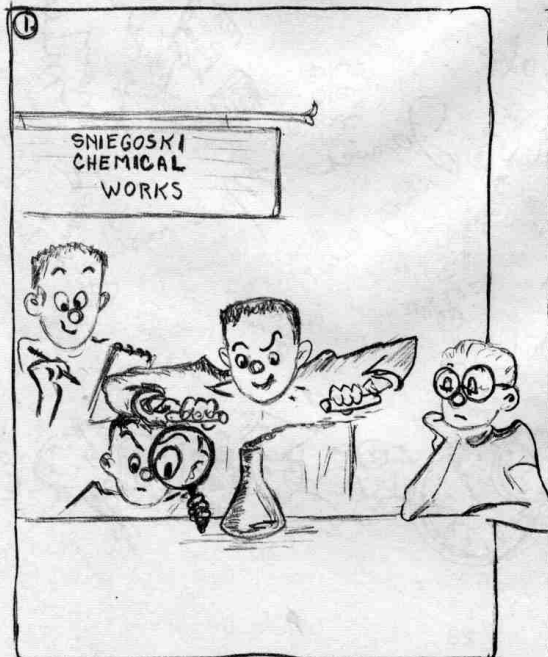
He sat in a backstage dressing room at the opera house. The door, marked "Lead Tenor," stood partially open, for he could never bear to be separated from the hustle-bustle of the stage crew or the music of the orchestra and singers. But this night he listened for one voice: clear, youthful, vibrant. It was being heard, perfectly coached, for the first time. He had sat in the audience, near the critics, during the first act; he had watched them lean forward, entranced, as note followed golden note. He had smiled to himself then, as he did now.

He thought back to five-no-six years earlier, when he'd first found the voice. It had come, still breaking with the maturing process, from a lad, walking by his window. It had been enough to make his heart leap,

remembering the days when he was a great singer. His talent had faded with age, leaving in its stead only pains from a tired heart. Yet this youth could be, if he trained him, a living memorial. He had taken the boy, taught him, molded his voice, drilled away all adolescent awkwardness as a skilled diamond cutter transforms a stone into rare beauty. Now his gem, his protege, was being revealed to the world.

The pains in his chest, so sharp lately, seemed to disappear. Soothed by the distant voice, he slumped in his chair, eyes closed, a contented smile on his face. He was still smiling when they found him.

Kasha Larew '56





Ann O'Connell
(the duck season)

Kenny Seddes
HELP SWARKS

Lynne Sponger

Bob Hutchins
Jane Wallister

Jane Bold
"Squize"

KATE

071
BUTTS
McOfer

Libby Campbell

Liz Coe

Barb McCabe

Manwaring
Barbara Stumer
many miles

"Butts" McOfer
"Barbara" without thanks

Janice
"Good Die Phil"

Butts

"Bill" JEFFREY
"Duddie" JAMES

"Frankie" STURM

Josh

Janey Dal Hopkins # Joe Barry # Deadly Dozen
Jacks
Curtis Taylor
Nat Browder

Bob Wilson
"Willy"



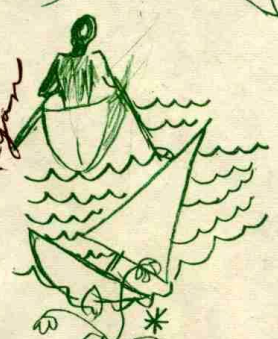
Walter
Stewart
Watt
Eggs
Space
Vince

Louie
Marshall
Taylor

Walter
Pearce
Bell
Crowley
Clatterbuck

Mal
Aink
Fitz

Cathy
Bogom



Caroline
Coe
Shirley
Joel
Pharmy
Fanna
Fred
Duff
Fryland

Melody
Marshall

PIERRE
DAKOTA
LAVERNE
FRANK
SUZIE

Rudie
James
Paul
Homer

Rocks
G

Dick
Byrne

Nancy
Martin

"ERT"

