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GEORGE MASON JUNIOR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Phil



THE DALETTE STAFF

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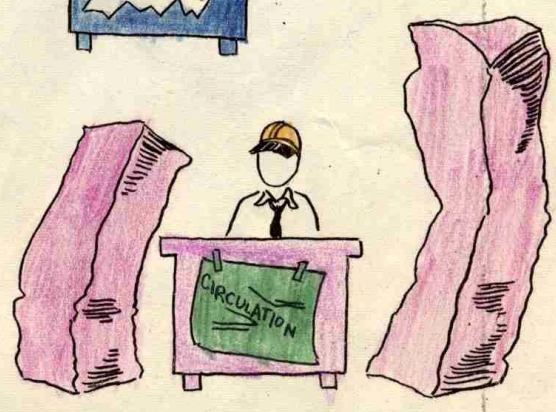
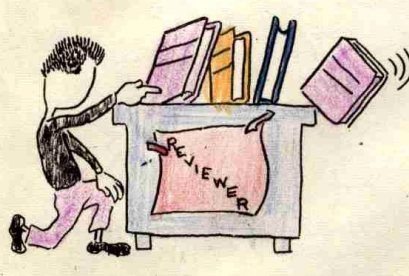
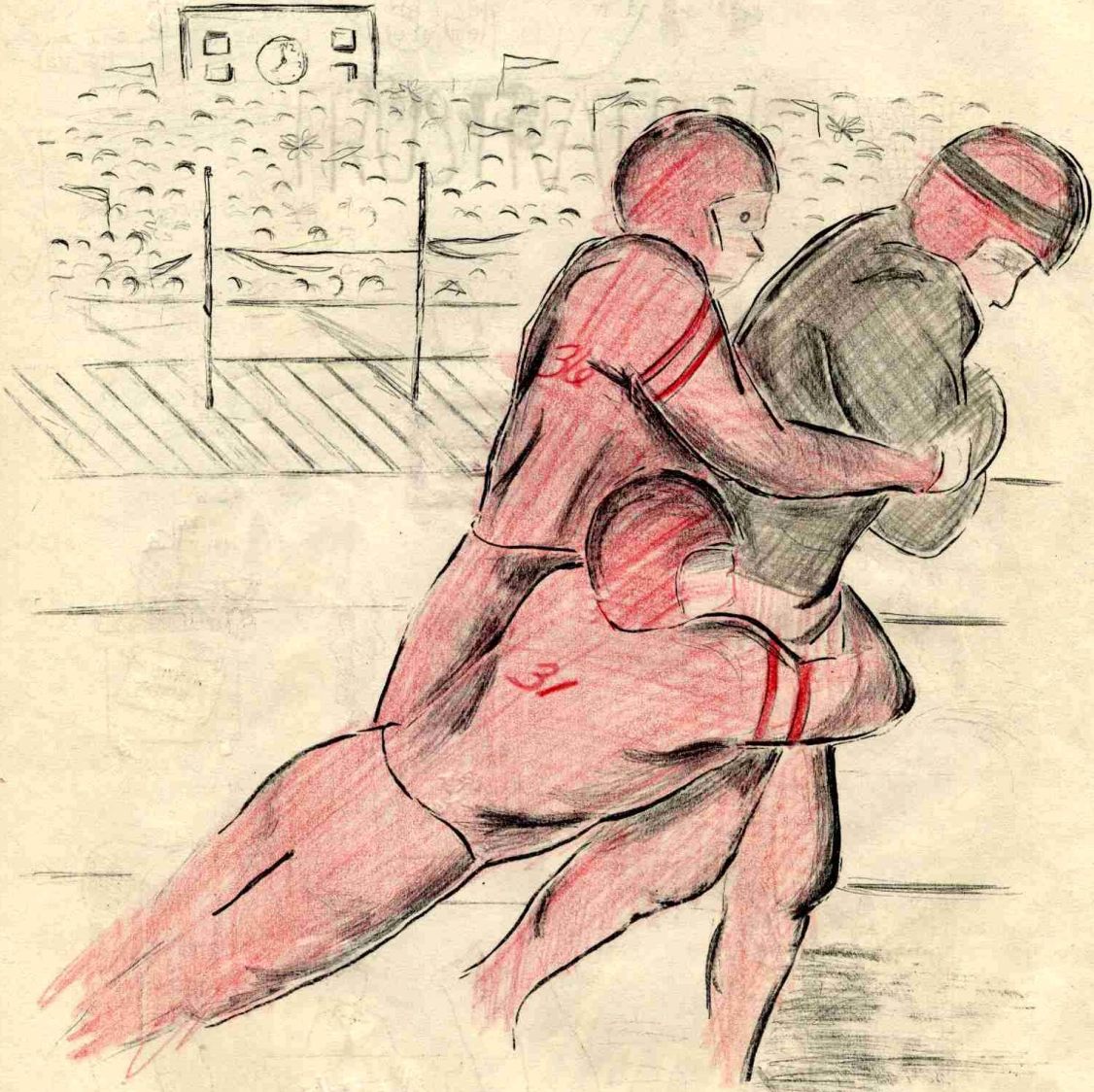


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HEY, Mustangs



LOU

COACH

The whole team was sitting on the bus, restless and eager to clamber down the steps and run onto the field.

The black night was all around us but far in the distance I saw the glare of lights. Under these lights lay the ball field. I could just barely make out the Leesburg team warming up.

All my restlessness and fear was cut through by a strong, clear voice, "You fellows are up for this game as you never have been before. If you are losing I know that you will do your best, but I know you'll win."

Our coach had said with just a few words what few people could say with a hundred. As he talked to us our heads went up and we felt hot blood flowing through our veins. We were ready for anything. How could we lose? We weren't excited or unsure of ourselves, no, not now; we were cool and ready--

As I ran down the steps onto that hard turf a cold blast of air hit me and I felt great. "Let's knock the gonga out of 'em," I yelled, as we raced to certain victory.

Amidst the happy confusion that follows victory, I leaned back and started thinking. I remembered the first time I saw

Coach. He was a large man, about five feet eleven inches in height, and easily weighed two-hundred-and-twenty pounds. He was very dark, with a short crew cut. From his big shoulders hung a pair of huge bear-like arms.

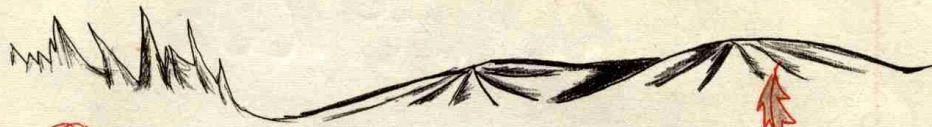
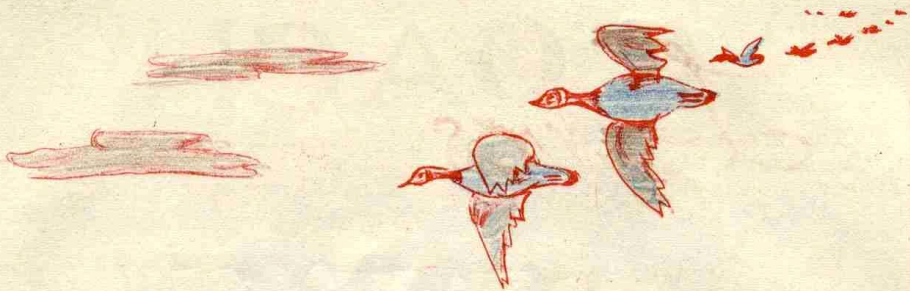
As practice got under way, it was soon evident that he knew his football. That alone is enough to make you respect a man to some extent. He believed in conditioning. Conditioning means running, and more running. I remember that it wasn't long before I was praying for rain!

It's something how easy it is to make friends when you are on the same field, and doing the same sweating, and taking the same punishment. They listen to your gripes about your aches as you do to their's.

A coach who thinks only of glory for himself could get the boys with whom he comes in contact off on the wrong foot. Boys naturally look to Coach as their

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OCTOBER



The World Series,
peanut vendors,
cheering throngs,
moments of tense excitement.

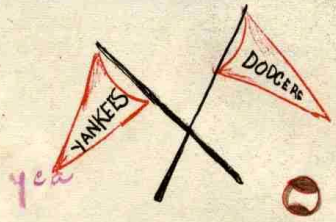
Blue skies,
clear air,
bright leaves,
kaleidoscope of color.

Football games,
hot coffee,
cheerleaders,
spectators huddled in blankets.

Cold winds,
geese flying,
barren fields,
proclaiming winter's coming.



Jerry Hedetniemi '54



Leaves

Leaves of age. . .
Withering, weary,
Drowsy,
Dreary.

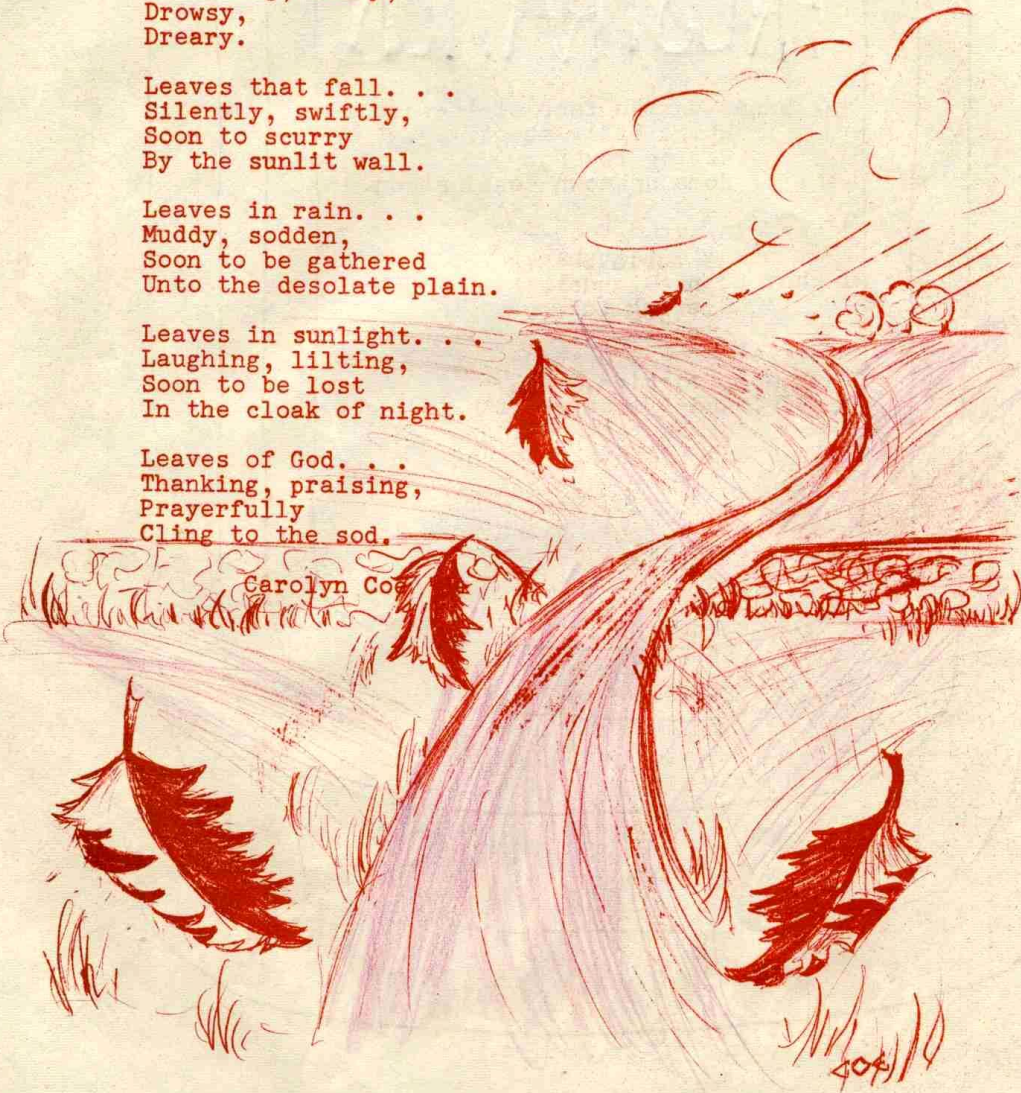
Leaves that fall. . .
Silently, swiftly,
Soon to scurry
By the sunlit wall.

Leaves in rain. . .
Muddy, sodden,
Soon to be gathered
Unto the desolate plain.

Leaves in sunlight. . .
Laughing, lilted,
Soon to be lost
In the cloak of night.

Leaves of God. . .
Thanking, praising,
Prayerfully
Cling to the sod.

Carolyn Coe



FRUSTRATION

The hands on the face of the clock
Whirl madly about. . .
Racing toward
Some unknown destination.

I want to catch them--
Hold them back;
I want to know, to live
Each minute.

But they will not stop--
They must go on;
And I must go with them,
or be left behind
in the dark, silent
hall of the Past.

Elaine Rose '54

ER

NATURA WONDER

Poets, essayists, and other literate persons conveniently equipped with writing instruments and parchment, rice paper and five-and-ten stationery have rejoiced in the scenic wonders of the autumn season. Oh, I'll admit it's a stirring sight indeed to visualize the magnificent foliage garbed in vibrant hues of red, yellow and brown. I revel in the very thought of crunching through the stiffly resistant leaves, and sniffing the hearty wood-smoke air. I appreciate the invigorating climate, the clarity of the blue skies, and every other picturesque invention of Mother Nature's winter-bound mind. But I do not--I positively do not--enjoy to the least removing the bountiful results of nature's generosity, namely leaves.

The minute I perceive a well-meaning (or otherwise) parent grinning like a Cheshire Cat and clutching a pronged rake, I mentally "head for the hills." Possessing a natural aversion to physical (or mental, for that matter) activity of any kind, I instinctively try to discover the elusive "easy way out." I smile sweetly and announce, "Goodness, you shouldn't be holding that heavy old rake. Let me call Donny* to help you, just in case you're looking for him."

"Oh, that won't be necessary, thank you, young lady."

"Of course, if you do not require my vocal powers then I'll retire to my quarters to execute a bit of embroidery;" say I, very properly, in hope of appearing much too feminine to lower myself to raking leaves.

*introduction: Donny is my brother, aged 12.

"Oh, but I do need you. I would appreciate it very much if you would kindly consent to push this rake around the yard a few times."

"But I'm"

"DO IT NOW."

Just as I thought! You simply can't clinch a "too-feminine" angle in blue jeans, sneakers, and a patched corduroy jacket. Naturally, I'm not conquered yet. The much-sought-after Donny has just rounded the corner, a probable victim of the Tom Sawyer act.



"My, but this is fun, dearie me, goodness yes," purr I, much resembling Ma Perkins swallowing a small amount of gravel.

"How much are they paying you?" croaks the cynic.

"Not a cent, not a single solitary cent! I merely want to be closer to nature." (Which I appropriately punctuate by tripping over the rake).

"You're not feeling well." (He's evidently too kind to remark that I could'nt get much closer.)

"What?!" I say with a snort.
Continued on page 28

YEA TEAM

We won every game
But one -
Osborn-Bo



There's a game tomorrow, and I can hardly wait. I guess every one is thrilled before the first game, but being the excitable person that I am, I just about flip at the very thought.

First comes the approach I will use on my calm, sweet, understanding father in order to obtain the use of the family car.

"Golly, everyone is going, Daddy. It's the first game of the year, you know, and we just have to start the season right. How

can we win if no one goes along? Why, it's the spirit that counts, and we've got to win this game. I know it's a long way for me to drive, but I'll be ever so careful.Daddy, wouldn't you much rather have me drive than ride with someone I've never ridden with before?" That scheme will work. I'll get the car.

Did I mention preparation? Oh, there's still a lot to do, and the more I think about it, the closer I come to actually flipping. Everyone who can beg, borrow, or steal a ride will be there. The spirit is so important. When I miss a game and then hear the kids talking about it, I could kick myself for not going.

We're having a rally tomorrow before the team leaves, and I'm going to yell like crazy. I like to yell. A quiet sendoff isn't so great for the spirit of the team, so I'm going to yell! Then we'll all pile into cars, and, amidst the squawking of horns and the hoots and howls of everyone, we'll be off.

And who's going to win? If the fate of the game rested on the cheering of the spectators, it would be a cinch. Whv, we're going to win, anyway. Our team has the spirit and the will to beat anyone. But what if we don't? We have a lot of games ahead of us this year. We'll go to all of them, and we'll yell like crazy. We'll show the sportsmanship of which our school is so proud. And we'll have the most wonderful school year. Oh, I could just flip!

Betty Hinman '54

PIGSKIN PARLEY

Thus far the George Mason football team has faced four opponents. Each of the games featured spine-tingling blocking and tackling. However, not one of the George Mason players has been injured. A good part of this sturdiness is due to Coach Crain's rigid conditioning methods. Obviously a player cannot run several miles a day in practice and not be in good physical shape.

The Aldie Bobcats were the first victims of the season. The pride and joy of this team was a pair of twohundred pound tackles. These goliaths were expected to strike fear into their opponent's hearts, but Bob Wilson and Buddy Tasker, the G. M. tackles, were not awed. Along with the rest of the Aldie squad the two mammoth-Bobcat tackles were manhandled by G. M. A new school scoring record was set as G. M. racked Aldie 34-7.

A grim-faced G. M. team sped toward Leesburg. Each mile the bus traveled brought the squad closer to the oncoming game and took them farther from Captain Buttons Yarbrough. The duly-elected captain emerged from the locker room only to see that the bus had gone with his teammates. Needless to say Yarbrough arrived in time for the game and his playing was instrumental in bringing about a G. M. victory over a stunned Leesburg team 13-0.

The newly uniformed G. M. band played and looked magnificent before the game with Herndon. Perhaps this provided the athletes with an extra incentive. For only a tremendous showing would overshadow the impression made by the "Marching Mustangs." The Mustangs were a determined outfit throughout the 45-7 rout of the Hornets. Playing before

the largest crowd ever to witness an event at G. M. both the team and the band brought honor to the school.

The Lincoln Tigers were definitely not of the ferocious variety. After a surprisingly strong first period showing, the Tigers collapsed, John Tasker and Bob Heeter consistently reeled off long gains. Ray Peterson, a converted wing back, scored his 4th and 5th touchdowns in the rout.

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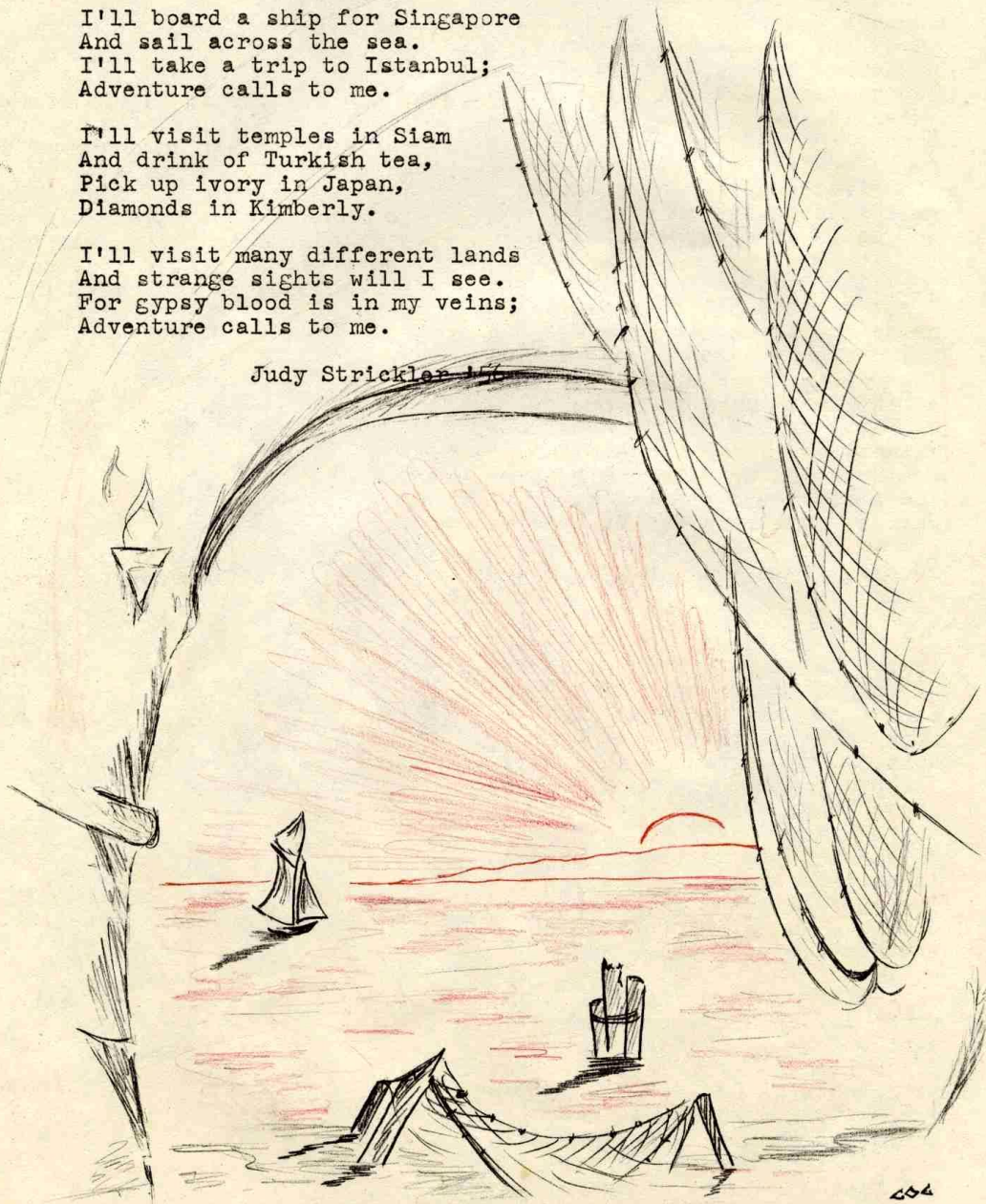
Adventure Calls To Me

I'll board a ship for Singapore
And sail across the sea.
I'll take a trip to Istanbul;
Adventure calls to me.

I'll visit temples in Siam
And drink of Turkish tea,
Pick up ivory in Japan,
Diamonds in Kimberly.

I'll visit many different lands
And strange sights will I see.
For gypsy blood is in my veins;
Adventure calls to me.

Judy Strickler 1977



STORYTELLER

I'd sing you the song of a fisherman
As he sings himself out to sea.

I'd sing you the song of a soldier
As he walks down a dusty road.

I'd sing you the song of a cowboy
Or a miner or mountaineer.

As I sit in my swinging hammock,
I'd sing the songs of men.

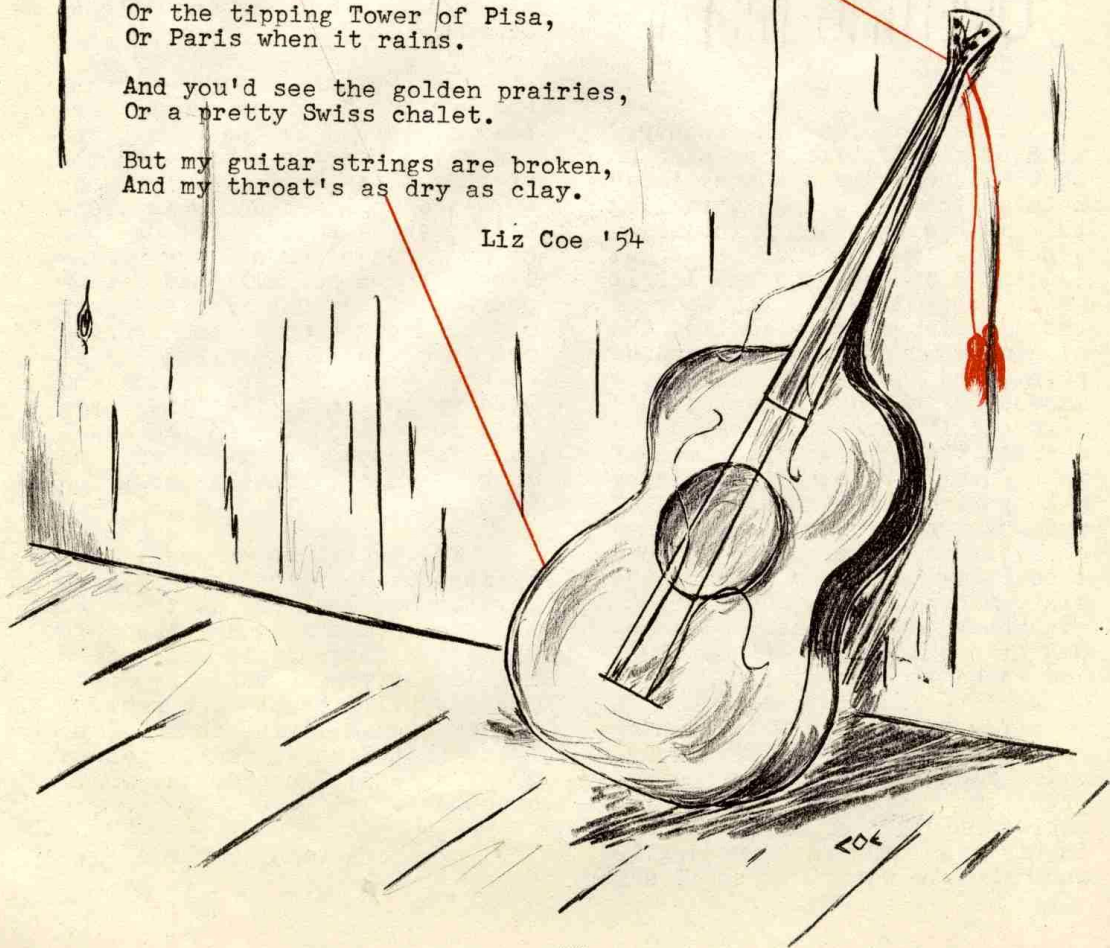
I'd tell you of distant countries,
I'd imagine the castles of Spain,

Or the tipping Tower of Pisa,
Or Paris when it rains.

And you'd see the golden prairies,
Or a pretty Swiss chalet.

But my guitar strings are broken,
And my throat's as dry as clay.

Liz Coe '54





OPENING NIGHT

I walked into the theatre, with plenty of time to spare so that I could "take things easy" before the show, and a feeling that had been growing in intensity since the last week of rehearsal suddenly came over me and I felt weak. When I opened the door of the dressing room and smelled the mingled odors of cold cream, grease paint, and new costumes, every muscle in my body grew taut and I found it hard to breathe. I dressed quickly, wrapped myself in a towel, and started applying makeup with hands that shook. I was putting the finishing touches on my eyebrows and running a comb through my hair when I heard the stage manager yell, "One minute, everybody, one minute!" I dropped the comb, yanked off the towel and rushed to the stairs.

The Backstage was humming with activity. People were scurrying along with preoccupied expressions on their faces. The assistant director had a wild look in his eyes and was rushing to and fro aimlessly. Then I saw

the director standing slightly to the side, smoking a cigarette, wishing all good luck, telling us to do our best. He seemed to be a raft in the middle of a sea where everyone was drowning.

The stage manager said in a strained whisper, "Places for the first act, kids." The characters in the first act walked hurriedly to their positions on the bright stage and I took my place in the shady wings with the spotlight and the props used in the second act. From beyond the footlights came the murmur of voices which slowly died out as the lights dimmed.

The curtain opened--the pit was in utter darkness except where it was pierced by the ever-widening rays from the spots--and the opening lines were said. My hands were ice cold, my legs were trembling, and a panic swept over me. My mind was blank and every line I had known so well had disappeared. I thought for a moment of turning around and running out into the fresh night air to safety; then I heard my cue and made my entrance. The lines came back to me and I wondered how I had forgotten them. I was no longer myself, but Elizabeth, the Queen.

The curtains closed; and a tremendous roar thundered, reverberated and doubled as the curtains opened again. I walked onto the stage for curtain call feeling like crying because, by working hard with heart and soul, I had created a living thing--something that I knew would live in my mind and, I hoped, the minds of others.

Tenny Jackson '54

THE CALL OF THE PLANTATION

We better hurry, it's gettin' late,
It's not too far, and at this rate
We shouldn't miss a single tune--
Hush, an' you can hear it soon,
The song of the plantation.

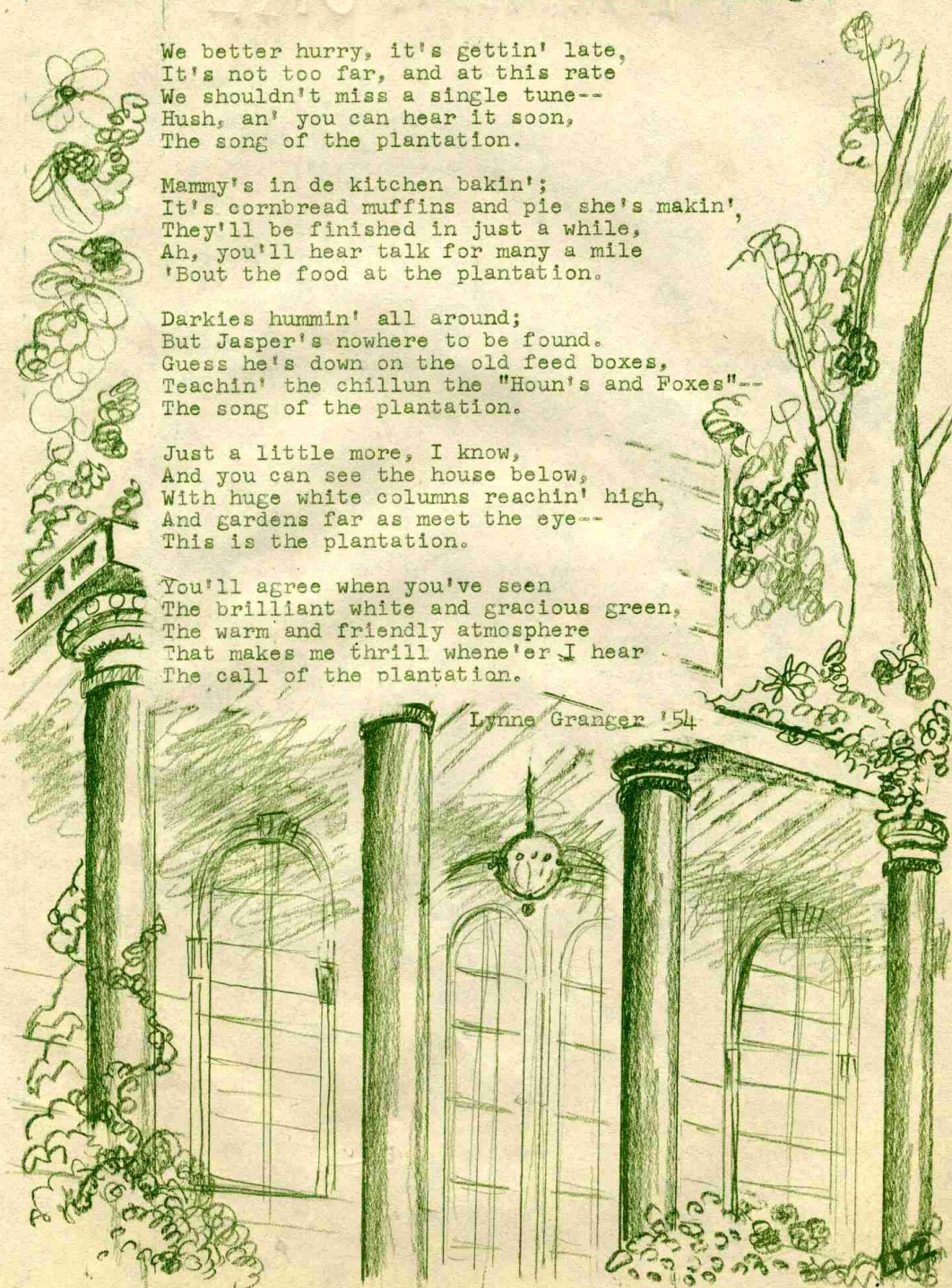
Mammy's in de kitchen bakin';
It's cornbread muffins and pie she's makin',
They'll be finished in just a while,
Ah, you'll hear talk for many a mile
'Bout the food at the plantation.

Darkies hummin' all around;
But Jasper's nowhere to be found.
Guess he's down on the old feed boxes,
Teachin' the chillun the "Houn's and Foxes"--
The song of the plantation.

Just a little more, I know,
And you can see the house below,
With huge white columns reachin' high,
And gardens far as meet the eye--
This is the plantation.

You'll agree when you've seen
The brilliant white and gracious green,
The warm and friendly atmosphere
That makes me thrill whene'er I hear
The call of the plantation.

Lynne Granger '54



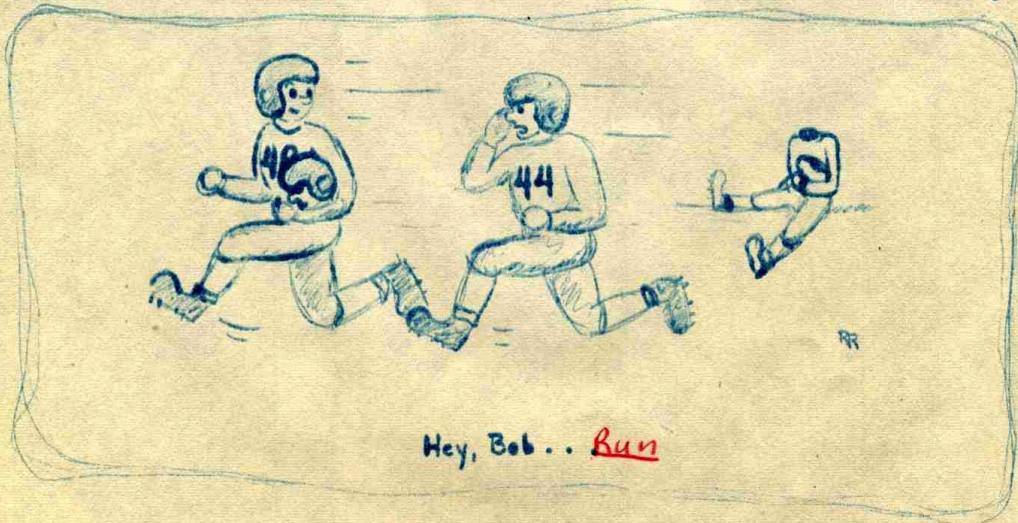
MINIATURE



An enthralling sight is the view from the Zugspitze in Garmische, Germany, the highest elevation in that part of the country. As you stand looking out, you see great snow-capped peaks of young rugged mountains. There are thousands of lines running up the ice-cream cone to the ice-

cream top. At closer examination you see that these are crevasses caused by countless drops of melting snow. As you look down into the valleys between these towering peaks, you recognize a few landmarks, places you have been. The hotel, which this morning was a huge palace of luxury, is now only a small matchbox. Two small lines running parallel to each other, like two columns of mercury in a thermometer, are the rails which held up the train that carried you to this lofty, white-velvety spot. Gazing further, you see a small puddle of water which is really the medium-sized lake where you went boating and swimming the day before. A number of tiny dots huddled together is actually the resort town of Garmische, which yesterday seemed so much larger than it now appears. A long silver column which winds and twists between two peaks is the road which you followed yesterday to town. Now it scarcely seems large enough for a child's wagon.

Bob Wilson '54



There Is Too Justice

There was once a young man who wooed a young miss,
A pretty young lass he was longing to kiss.
He came round her house--oh, so very often,
Hoping that someday her heart he would soften;

But she would just send him along on his way
With one or another well-worn old cliché.
He'd ask her to sit in the barn for a while
But she would reply with a coquettish smile,

"The clothes need mending and you know the old lay:
Don't do tomorrow what you may do today."
He'd ask her to come to the orchard at night
And look at the moon and the stars all so bright,

But she would reply: "Early bed, early rise
Makes a man (or a woman) both wealthy and wise."
And so it went on every day after day,
But she always was ready with something to say

That would send him off muttering. Try as he might
He could not break his way through those sayings--so trite
It made his blood rise and it vexed him to tears,
For he thought to himself, "This can go on for years!"

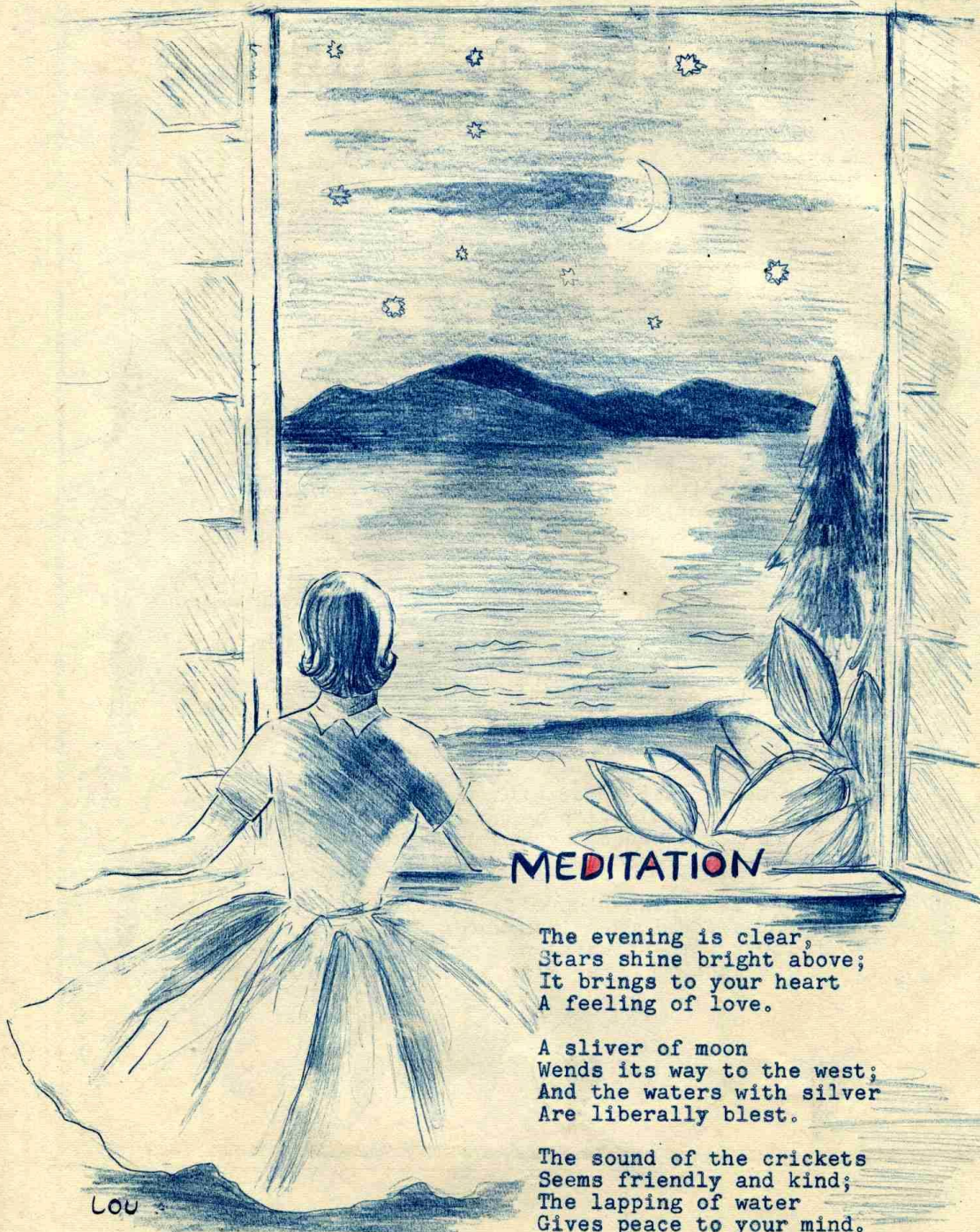
It went from the spring into summer and fall--
And the same thing would happen each time that he'd call.
It made him quite angry and angrier still;
It kept getting "worsen" and "worsen" until--

He advanced on her house with a bulge on his hip,
Collected and calm with a sneer on his lip.
He found her approaching him up from the creek
And when she drew near him, he started to speak,

"There's something--there's something I feel deep inside."
"Actions speak louder than words," she replied;
With those words ringing he shot her quite dead,
"I'm inclined to agree with you, lady," he said.

Eddie Becker '54

LOU



MEDITATION

The evening is clear,
Stars shine bright above;
It brings to your heart
A feeling of love.

A sliver of moon
Wends its way to the west;
And the waters with silver
Are liberally blest.

The sound of the crickets
Seems friendly and kind;
The lapping of water
Gives peace to your mind.

Lou

Joan Wells '54

The cabin was separated from the rest of the settlement by a swamp. It was set back about one-half a mile in the midst of dense underbrush and thick mud. On entering the swamp, I had to take a zig-zagging course in order to stay on the narrow places where the ground was hard enough to walk on. Many little animals darted and dashed through the water, and the larger ones could be heard splashing away from me. With every footstep there was the usual slosh, and when the foot was brought up--the sickening sucking sound.

About one hundred yards from the cabin, the owner had laid down thick planks of cypress wood leading the way to his abode. They were warped and stained by the constant travel over them by both human and wild animal life. Crabs and snakes poked their heads out of decayed holes in the wood and then darted quickly back under. Many snails while slowly inching their way along were crushed under my feet.

I finally reached the cabin. It was made of the same dirty, rotten boards as was the walk. Overhead the sun was obscured by the trees and creeping vines, and the dingy cabin could not be seen easily because of the dense shadows. I approached what had once been a door and gently pushed it open. Slowly and noisily, it fell over backwards, and the rusty hinges tore themselves from their sockets. Upon entering, a stale odor reached my nostrils. Several rats dashed out from the cracks in the wall.

It wasn't the pleasantest place I could have chosen; but it was certainly the most secluded, and I knew that they would never find me here.

Val Hopkins '54

SWAMP CABIN



LOU

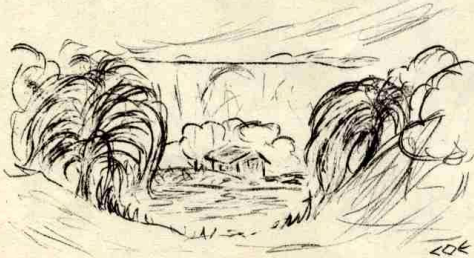
WALDEN - HENRY DAVID THOREAU

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) knew how to live. He spent his entire productive life just living, a rare feat. Perception was one of Thoreau's greatest gifts; he could see beyond the limited scope of ordinary men. He was able to distinguish what were the actual ends of life and not get tangled up in the means.

As few others did, Thoreau knew Concord, his home, its people, and how they thought. He was well-liked in his town, though, Heaven knows, the citizens thought him a trifle odd. He knew everyone and everyone knew him and his counsel was valued, especially on matters of politics.

He lived at Walden Pond from July 4, 1845 to September 6, 1847. This is a small lake a mile and a half south of Concord, Massachusetts, surrounded by trees robing low hills. He first surveyed the area and chose a location for his dwelling. With the help of a few friends on the heavier work, he soon had the sturdy, rough framework of a shack. He got some lumber from the hut of a railroad worker and the rest from his host, the for-



est. He made all his furniture, only buying some hardware. During the summer, the hut was left unchinked, and he recounts in a nostalgic manner of the sweet summer breezes that had free entrance and egress.

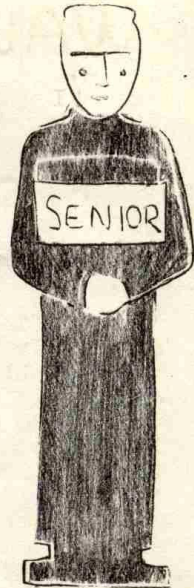
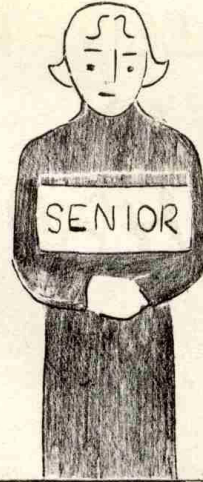
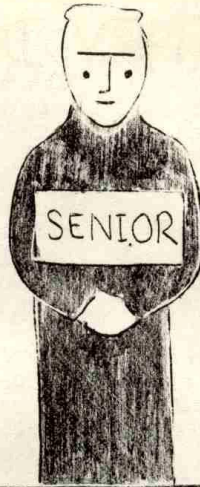
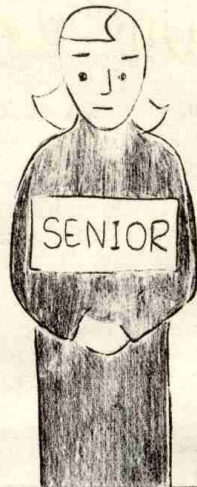
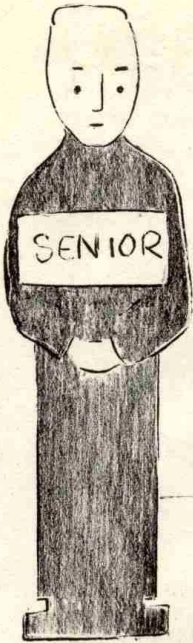
His book, Walden, tells in a light manner, uncluttered by plot and mostly uncluttered by message, of his joys in a semi-isolated world, of the vast wisdom acquired in his sojourn with nature.

Now wouldn't that just be the perfect life? To be able to catch the full beauty of every moment? To not be pushed headlong into a myriad of minion tasks? It wasn't wasted time; it was time spent as we are rarely fortunate enough to spend it.

Thoreau describes his situations with the greatest clarity and originality. One is seldom able to picture the little scenes comprising the beauty of life with such sympathy as when reading Henry Thoreau's book. Much of the book is devoted to the author's descriptions of the pond, its rise and fall, shores, caves, and the ripples on its surface.

Henry David Thoreau, naturalist-philosopher, is so characterized by his book Walden that they become almost synonymous. The book is very light reading in most parts; you may pick it up and start any place. It is actually a series of essays, connected story-fashion. Any good reader will leave the book wiser, more inquisitive, and happier. Thoreau has painted the way to a happier life by suggesting that we reject all the trivia that some men value.

Dick Fisher '55



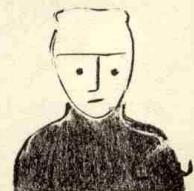
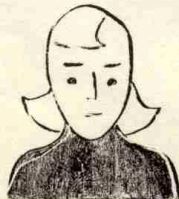
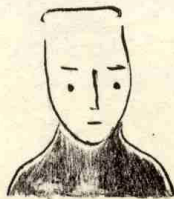
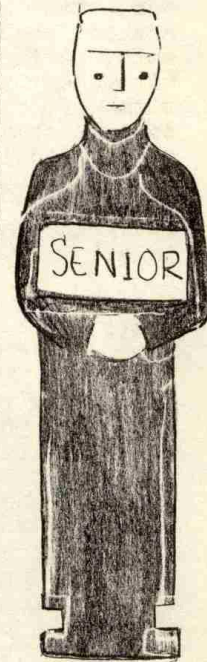
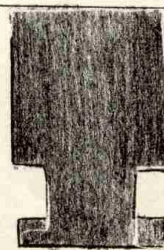
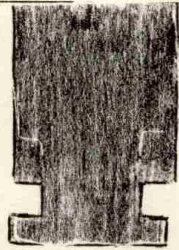
ODE TO A SENIOR

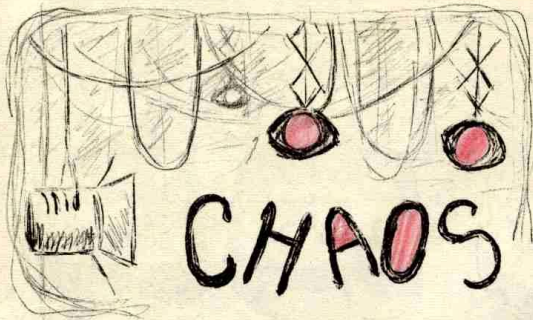
Last year we didn't work, they say,
Last year we just had fun;
"The honeymoon is over now";
The work has just begun.

Once many, many years ago,
School was a joyous game;
We played and skipped and teased and laughed
Without a thought or aim.

"The honeymoon is over now";
We must become more grave;
Work hard; don't loaf; don't laugh out loud;
And never misbehave.

Joan Wells '54





My first impression of a TV studio is that of a jungle of wires, cables, lights, props, and cameras, inhabited by funny little people who run madly around looking for nothing in particular, as though their lives depended on it.

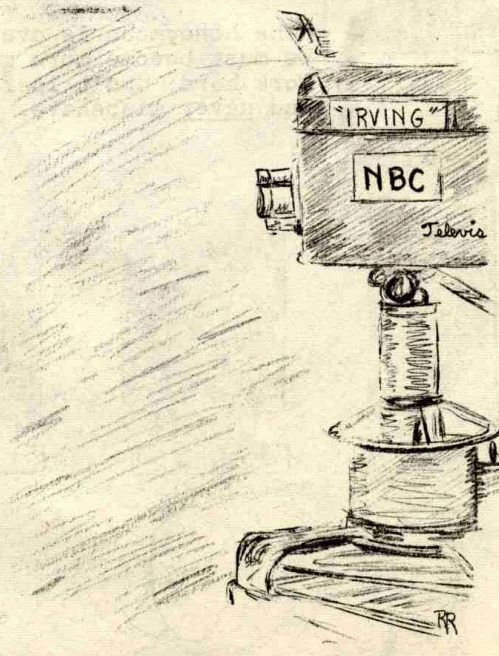
The technicians and the assistant director are the ones most addicted to this habit. The assistant director, usually someone with horn-rimmed glasses, rushes back and forth between sets, waving a stack of papers with one hand, and a cup of coffee with the other. His job seems to consist of tripping over camera cords, slowing up the wheels of progress, and mumbling something about a deadline. No one pays any attention to assistant directors.

The camera crew of this studio is unique--you know, the kind which goes in for Confederate flags and auto horns on the cameras. By the way, the cameras are named "George," "Oscar," and "Irving." Cameramen take a sadistic pleasure in, at about two minutes before the show actually goes on, aiming "George" or "Irving" at an unsuspecting announcer and yelling "Surprise! We're on the air!" After a couple of experiences like this, one announcer retaliates by putting up signs reading, "Please don't feed the cameramen."

That's an announcer over there in the corner--the chain-smoker who's pacing up and down muttering to himself.

The technical director is a young man with an accent, named Leon, who looks as though he could use a hair cut. In my opinion, he is the only sane one in the crowd.

The accompanist is really a character. I had my first encounter with him when he was gayly displaying his 'foueltas' to the chorus line. His favorite pastime is providing background music for little events which occur around the studio. Such as--when some poor technician is getting chewed out by the assistant director, and is trying to give an explanation, our friend obliges by playing a soulful rendition of "Hearts and Flowers" while someone named Andie gestures and staggers dramatically about the stage. Very helpful! And just then, to the strains of the theme "Dragnet," enters the director. He is a young fellow with a crew cut and a trench coat. Upon arriving, he immediately begins the hopeless task of trying to get some semblance of order from the madhouse created by the assistant





DEPARTURE

It seems that one can almost hear
The summer's last departing sigh;
Her soft, soft footsteps hurry now;
She leaves no trace, we hear no cry.

Julie Harp '54

director. At 30 minutes to show time, when the producer is disagreeing with him on camera angles, he shouts "I'm the director. Humor me!" At 20 minutes to show time, when the lighting goes bad, he has a wild look in his eyes. At 10 minutes to show time, when two of the acts have not yet shown up, our director retires to the control room and becomes quietly hysterical.

But since there seems to be a guardian angle who takes care of all good directors, the missing performers show up just in time and the show comes off with only a few minor accidents.

I don't know why anyone ever goes into television. The hours are long, the job often thankless, and "some darned fool who doesn't know what he's talking about is always trying to tell you what to do". But they still love it, and wild horses couldn't keep them away from it. Television people are crazy!

Roberta Rucker '55 21

LOST:

A

CADILLAC

The most exciting day in my life was the day my Latin teacher gave me a Cadillac convertible. It was canary yellow and had a black top. I drove that car everywhere--I thought it would wear out the first week. Nobody ever saw me driving it for some reason! My classmates wouldn't believe I had a car, even though the teacher showed them a picture of it. There was one difference between my car and the one in the picture. Mine had a radio; the one in the picture didn't.

But now someone has stolen my car, or I have misplaced it . . . I can't find it. Someday my car will come back, and together we'll find new adventure.

Have you seen it?

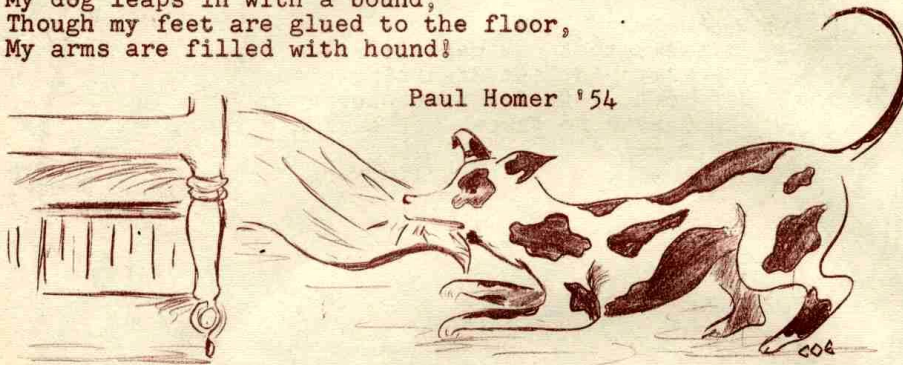
Skip McQuary '55

BUGLE BOY

At the unearthly hour of seven,
My dog finds it's time to get up;
And the house is never a heaven,
For those who would keep their eyes shut.

As I sleepily open the door,
My dog leaps in with a bound;
Though my feet are glued to the floor,
My arms are filled with hound!

Paul Homer '54



LIGHT LINGUISTICS

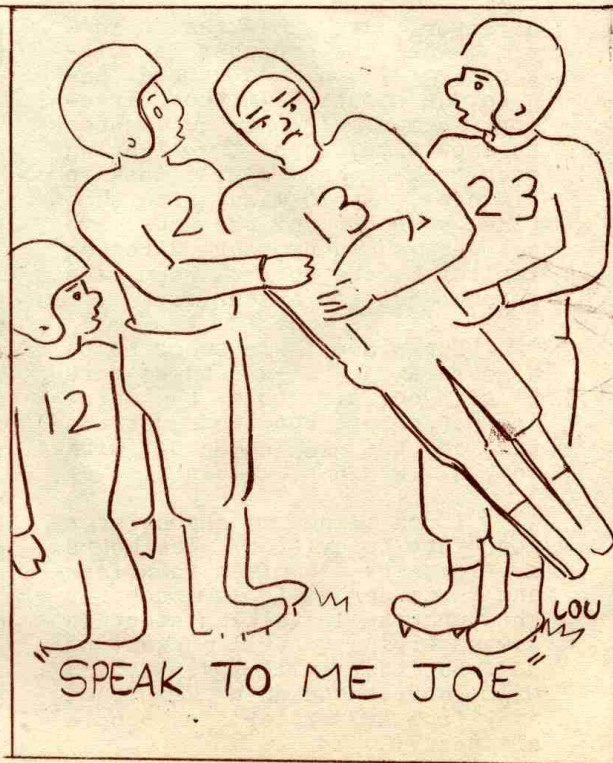
There is too much double talk today in politics and government, and I believe that the stibulative could be paletorially displeasativ e if given greater spasdeclonics.

Let's look back to the turn of the century when the standa-culation of equal semi-abordoc-lations had a speculmronic tendency toward dissemitive clinches, without attempting to be correlatively obnoxious.

By the same token, who would insinuate that the supergoulash of diagrammatical termosonic was sensitive to bibliotenacity? Benjamin Franklin, when dedicating the disfusion of categostronomical effigies, was insistent that the garrasideous declarative were un-plantesimal to nebular pontifical parasidualities.

And I am in complete accord.

Chris Farrel '56



HORSES

"Beg pardon? Horses? Yes, I guess I can say I know something about them. They've been part of my life for as long as I can remember.

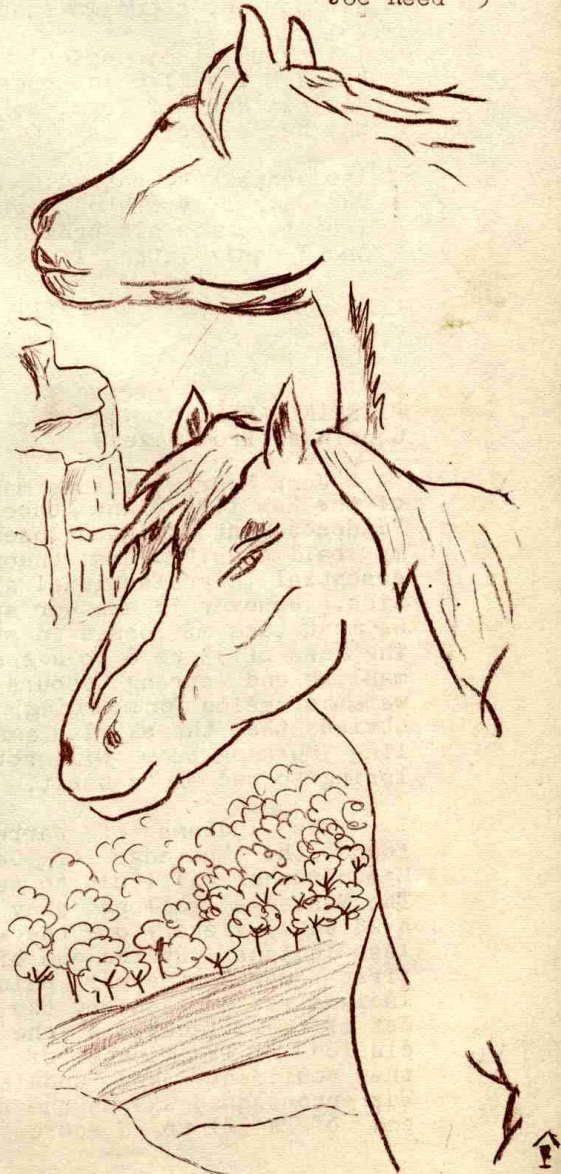
"My grandfather on my father's side was a cavalry man in the Boer War. My mother's Dad raised coach horses as a hobby and a means of transportation, for, to his dying day, he never trusted the 'horseless carriage'. So, as many folks say, 'I've got horses in my blood'; to be truthful, I live, eat, and sleep horseflesh.

"Any particular breed? Well, yes, I like the all-'round ability of the quarter horse, although I own a saddlebred myself. I work with horses at every opportunity and I find that they can teach you any number of things, not just things pertaining to themselves, but about people for instance. They like or dislike a rider just by his touch or the sound of his voice. If a horse mistrusts him, he'll let his rider know it right away by rolling the whites of his eyes, and sort of quivering and shying off.

I have yet to meet a horse that has been afraid of me or that I have feared. I've broken and trained many colts, including my own, which is now a seven-year-old. I've ridden in western shows and rodeos, and I've won my share of blue chips. I've participated in clover-leaf barrel races, stake races, calf-dogin' contests, and ride an' rope contests. I love horseflesh and everything connected with it. To me there is no greater feeling of exhilaration than to rise in the early dawn and go down to the stables. To me the mingled smells of sweat, fresh manure, straw, hay, and old leather is the sweetest conglomeration of odors in this world.

I've tried a lot of things in my short life, from pushing a pencil to driving a truck, and I've always come back to my horses. It's hard to explain why, I guess it's just something I feel inside.

Joe Reed '15



METAMORPHASIS

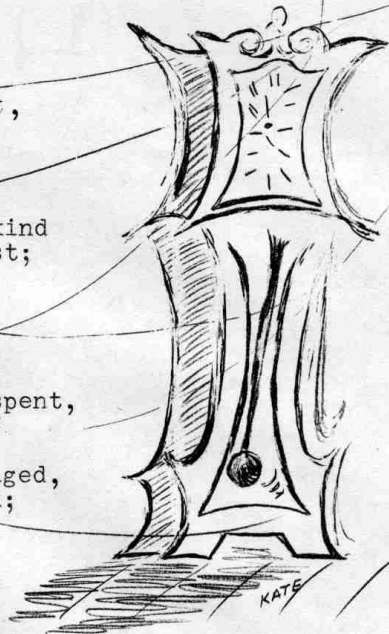
The old man, limping down the street,
Reflected all the human race.
By-gone days, carefree and sad,
Were shown in wrinkles on his face.

His dull blue eyes were friendly, kind
From yesteryears, from memories past;
His bent old body warped in pain--
His journey's end in shadows cast.

I laughed at him unfeelingly.
"Look," I yelled in tones of mirth,
"At his ancient form, so crooked, spent,
Why he, himself, is old man earth."

The years have passed, and I have aged,
The days of youth have from me fled;
I picture now his broken shape,
And I don't laugh, I weep instead.

Patti Regan '54



PIGSKIN PARLEY

Continued from page 9

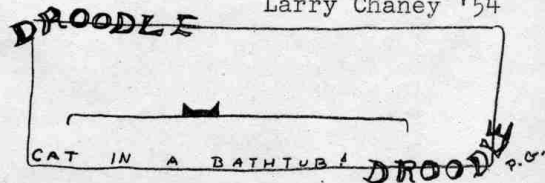
John McGraw, famous manager of the New York Giants, once said, "I don't want any good losers on my ball club." This theory is essential in professional athletics. However in amateur sports, we must take our losses in stride. The loss of 33 to 6 to a sportsmanlike and strong Osbourn team was no occasion for mourning. It is obvious that the skilled and hustling Mustang team will not allow losing to become a habit.

The Indians of Warrenton found the Mustangs of George Mason rather difficult to subdue. The Mustangs galloped away with a 28 to 19 victory over the whoopless Indians. By the end of the first quarter, the war paint of Indians was outshone by the scarlet of their faces. At the conclusion of 12 minutes of play, the confident and undefeated Warrenton squad was on the short end of a 21 to 0 score. The

losers rallied to play fine ball in the last 3 quarters. However, the outcome of the game was decided as quickly as you can say "Tasker to Peterson."

Despite the fact that the temperature was in the low 20s, the Mustangs were red hot against Marshall. The G. M. team blocked and tackled with tremendous velocity throughout the game. The Marshall squad was the final obstacle in the Mustang drive to win the Group III championship. Marshall succumbed to the overpowering attack of the menacing Mustangs. The District trophy will be a lasting reminder of the wonderful season G. M. has experienced.

Larry Chaney '54





THREE AUTUMNAL SKETCHES

Comes once more the sleepy fall,
To color all the earth;
Gone in haste is summer heat,
And winter waits with mirth.

Sweet haze drifts in silence;
It mingles with the sun;
Reluctant leaves cling to the trees,
Whisper good-bye, and run.

The earth aches
As summer slips away;
Gray skies remember
The joy that came with May.

Joslyn Caldwell '54

AUTUMN

Fall is football with a silver finish;
Keen cold weather and smoke-filled skies--
Turkey with a side dish of relatives and small talk;
Trees that are decked with brown vine necklaces
Woven about their scarlet branches;
Creeks that sing of madness as they twist along their way. . .
And so it goes as summer leaves sadly;
The acorns fall and are covered quietly,
Covered with other acorns and leaves.

Mary Miles '54

LOU

C.H. YOUNG ESQUIRE

My grandfather is quite a character. He is the most undignified leading citizen in the world.

Money is the downfall of some people; fishing is going to be the downfall of my grandfather. Someday he is going to get pneumonia or have a sunstroke; but he will die happily as long as he is fishing. Belonging to the Choccolocco Sportsmen's Club, he



has a seven acre lake at his disposal. On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons he and "the little boys", three seventy-odd year old companions, set off for the lake at exactly one-thirty. It shouldn't be long before you hear Mr. Cy's, cry, "Timber!", and another unfortunate creature has drawn his last breath.

He is a deacon in the first Presbyterian Church, so he has to take up the offering. When that arduous duty is performed, he settles back down into the hard pew and takes his regular Sunday nap. To date he has never snored. When he looks like he might any minute, my grandmother's elbow finds its way into his side. About five of twelve, he wakes up, looks at his watch, and if Dr. Sims is as longwinded as usual, he coughs, holds the watch up in perfect view of the minister, puts it to his ear, and then proceeds to wind it as noisily as possible.

One inseparable part of my grandfather is "Family". He is of Huguenot stock, Carolina gentry. I guess my future husband will have to have a pedigree a mile long. Democracy is fine, concerning everything except family and friends. There democracy ends and prejudice begins.

Looking at him you could never believe he played college football. Tall and skinny like a basketball player, he was a member of the Thin Rod Line, the predecessor of Alabama's famous Crimson Tide.

I am the apple of his eye and as far as I'm concerned he's the best man I've ever known.

Crawford Feagin '56

DEDICATION

Our story began nearly two years ago
With the work on the field led by Mr. Yarbrough.
He knew that someday that strip of land
Would see the debut of George Mason's band.
The band arrived resplendent in red
With Dr. Scholl proud to be at their head.
They marched onto the field that was level and green--
As fine a sight as I have seen.
When the band sat down, and the applause had ended,
Tribute was paid to the backs that had bended.
Mr. Yarbrough received a well-deserved plaque.
In his work on the field there was never a slack.
George Mason concluded its Dedication Day
By shallacking Herndon in football play.

Larry Chaney '56

COACH

Continued from page 3

coach. I can also see that it is hard for a man who has become a coach to keep the respect of his boys at all times. Sometimes you think of him as the most hateful and unfair person on this earth.

I remember sometimes it seemed that he was always on your neck; but it really made you feel good to know that he was. He had told us at the first practice that when he stopped yelling at you, you were all washed up as far as he was concerned.

He seldom gets mad when you make the wrong kind of block, but when you don't even attempt one; watch out! When you make a good block or tackle, you may think that he hasn't even seen you, but you will hear, "Good tackle, Bob," or "nice block, Butts."

Our successful basketball season last year was due mainly to our coach. We had very little

material, if any at all. Our tallest boy wasn't six feet. You think of a team without height as starting with two strikes against it before the season even begins.

We had one asset--speed, which he quickly noticed. We played the kind of ball that is called "gang-house-style"--run, run, run!

Coach had his team in top condition by the time the second half of the season dribbled around. From a slow start with seven out of the first nine games down the gutter, we began rolling, caught fire, and slipped through the district and regional tournaments and to the state.

Next came track season. Who ever heard of a track team with seven boys? Coach worked with his seven boys, four of whom were playing baseball at the same time. He worked with them and encouraged them. The result: one un-

Continued on page 28

NATURAL WONDER
(continued from page 7)

"You're sick."

I didn't mean I couldn't understand you, I was being indignant--like this. (I make an indignant face.)

Donny, not impressed by this failing one-man show, wanders off in quest of amusement.

The only remaining possibility of escaping my fate is to be rescued by a parent who fears I'll start a forest fire. No sooner am I well started on this delightful project than helpful brother reappears out of the misty blue to instruct me in "making fires" the safe way like a Boy Scout." I am eternally grateful.

Oh well, once you resign yourself to a task, you can complete it with little trouble in a matter of minutes.

. . . Several hours later, when I'm finished, I make a list of the results of my efforts. A typical example follows:

- I. Bodily Injuries
 - A. Burns
 1. One minor burn located on little finger of left hand.
 2. One not-so-minor burn on right wrist and thumb.
 - B. Scratches, cuts, and so on.
 1. One large scratch on left foot due to poor raking aim.
 2. Several scattered punctures due to low-hanging branches.
- II. Damage to outlook on life
 - A. One personality-warping scare by small green snake residing under dead leaves.
 - B. Disheartening incidents with parents due to

B. "unwillingness to cooperate."

C. Rather dark thoughts after hearing weather report for high wind tonight.

Conclusion: Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?

My, it seems to be supper time. Hmmm, that means dirty dishes and like as not I'll be elected to dispose of them. Now if I could only

Phyllis Nicholson '54

COACH
(continued from page 27)

defeated season of five meets. He had seen a hope in his relay team. They earned a berth on the state track squad and went on to take the state championship at Charlottesville in 1:40. With this honor went the distinction of having run the fastest half mile in six years.

I couldn't help realizing how lucky we are to have something that very few boys have the privilege of sharing--a man who will do his best to give a boy a good, clean, fair break.

Sports, football in particular, help build characters and most anything else that needs building. Books and learning alone cannot prepare a boy to meet and take anything that comes his way. It occurred to me then that it takes a little more of something else, and I think that sports supply it.

Suddenly the bus came to a sudden stop and I was lurched forward, out of my daydreams to hear cries of "Great game, you guys!"

Mike Hodges '54

Hey, Mustangs - Best Football team

AUTOGRAPHS

in the world

Hey, Mustangs - Best Football team in the world



Joe Brain (Coach)

Neil Nichols (59)

Ab Auger
Science teacher

Albert Bassett (59)
Joe Nichols (59)

Jane Messick (59)

Margaret Stensch "57"



J. J. Vink (59)

Kolon & Simpson (59)

Joanna Michael (59)

Bob Miller (59)

Emmagene M. Rae (59) M. A. '41

Barbara Reid (59)

F. William Maher
civ. teacher

Joyce McCarthy "59"
Buddy Yorker
Johnny Yorker

Coach
John Potter
my core teacher
1933-1954



E. M. Luppewandt
Home Ec. teacher

Joyce McCarthy "59"
Good Luck you are 2 good
2 be
4 gotten

Sincerely yours,
Patty Price (59)

Yours truly
Judy Wall "59"

Good Luck
always
Bonnie Bunt "59"

With Love
Clare Everett "59"

Have Fun Always
Carol Lewis "59"

Liquid Christensen (59)
Good Luck
Secretly P.S.

Good Luck always
Jane Adcock
59