

Phil-L.

THE DALETTE STAFF

Vol. II, Issue 3

George Mason Jr.-Sr. High School

Falls Church, Virginia

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Carol Hindmarsh

Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Liz Coe

Literary Staff
Joan Wells
Betty Cline
Joslyn Caldwell
Ann Billingsley

Art Editor
Carolyn Coe

Layout Staff
Kathleen Davis
Debby Campbell

Art Staff
Roberta Rucker
Phyllis Nicholson
Marylou Taylor
Elaine Rose
Judy Strickler

Supervisor
Francis Foster

Proofreading Staff
Jane Anderson
Dick Fisher

Business Manager
Lynne Granger
Assistant Business Manager
Christine McAfee

Circulation Manager
Patti Regan
Byron Martin
Beverly Eubank
Mary Jane Clark
Nancy Jo McCarthy

Sports Editor
Larry Chaney

Typists
Typing II Class
Supervisor
Lois M. Adalac

Printing
Jack Farris
Supervisor
Paul Ballengee

Faculty Advisor
Shirley March

Table of Contents (Added by Steve Callanen, GM '59, on 1-22-2011.)

- Vol. II, Issue 3, February, 1954, Editor-in-Chief, Carol Hindmarsh, '54, Cover drawing by Phyllis Nicholson Mann, '54, deceased. Issue submitted by Mary Lou Taylor Dose, '54.
- The Palette Staff, p. 1.
- My Bluebird, by Chloe Myers, '57, p. 2.
- Spring, by Bob Hutchins, '54, p. 3.
- The Friendship Bracelet, by Betty Cline, '54, p. 4.
- The Plagues, by David Harrison, '55, p. 5.
- City of the Dead, by Judy Strickler, '56, p. 6.
- That Old Dark House, by John Bradshaw Rankin, '57, p. 7.
- 'Henry', by Josh Caldwell, '54, pp. 8 & 9.
- Fall Night, by Nancy Edwards, '58, p. 10.
- In The Twilight, by Kay Shamer, '57, p. 10.
- The Victor, by Wayne Daugherty, '55, p. 11.
- The Day It Rained, by Marylou Taylor, '54, pp. 12 & 13.
- The Blue Ribbon, by Joan Wells, '54, p. 13.
- A Boy's Dream, by Marjorie Carter, '58, p. 14.
- The Stream, by Roddy Fruland, '58, p. 14.
- The Practical Application of Sherlock Holmes, by Robert Coe, '56, p. 15.
- Life and Memories, by Tenny Jackson, '54, p. 16.
- Memory of A Dancer, by Roberta Rucker, '55, p. 17.
- Cowboy, by Kasha Larew, '56, p. 18.
- The Lamp, by Charles Funk, '57, p. 18.
- Annual Event, by Phyllis Nicholson, '54, p. 19.
- Johnny, by Dick Fisher, '55, pp. 20 & 21.
- Slumber Time, by Beverly Eubank, '55, p. 22.
- God of War, by Patt Manly, '58, p. 23.
- Nature's Seasons, by Jackie Abramson, '58, p.23.
- Dust and A Stranger, by Melvin Fink, '54, pp. 24 & 25.
- Artwork, by Phyllis Nicholson, '54, Palette Cover, & pp. 4 & 19.
- Artwork, by Elaine Rose, '54, pp. 2 & 14.
- Artwork, by COE, pp. 3, 5, 10, 11 & 23.
- Artwork, by Judy Strickler, '56, p. 6,
- Artwork, by Mary Lou Taylor, '54, p. 7, 12, 22, 24 & 25.
- Artwork, by Roberta Rucker, '55, pp. 8 & 9.
- Artwork, by NCB Nat Browder, '54, p. 15.
- Artwork, by Liz Coe, '54, pp. 16. 17 & 23.
- Artwork, by Dick Fisher, '55, pp. 20 & 21.

MY BLUEBIRD

My bluebird sings a cheerful song
And chirps, chirps, chirps the whole day long.
He wakes up early in the morn
And never, never is forlorn.

He flits about so happily;
He's nesting in my apple tree.

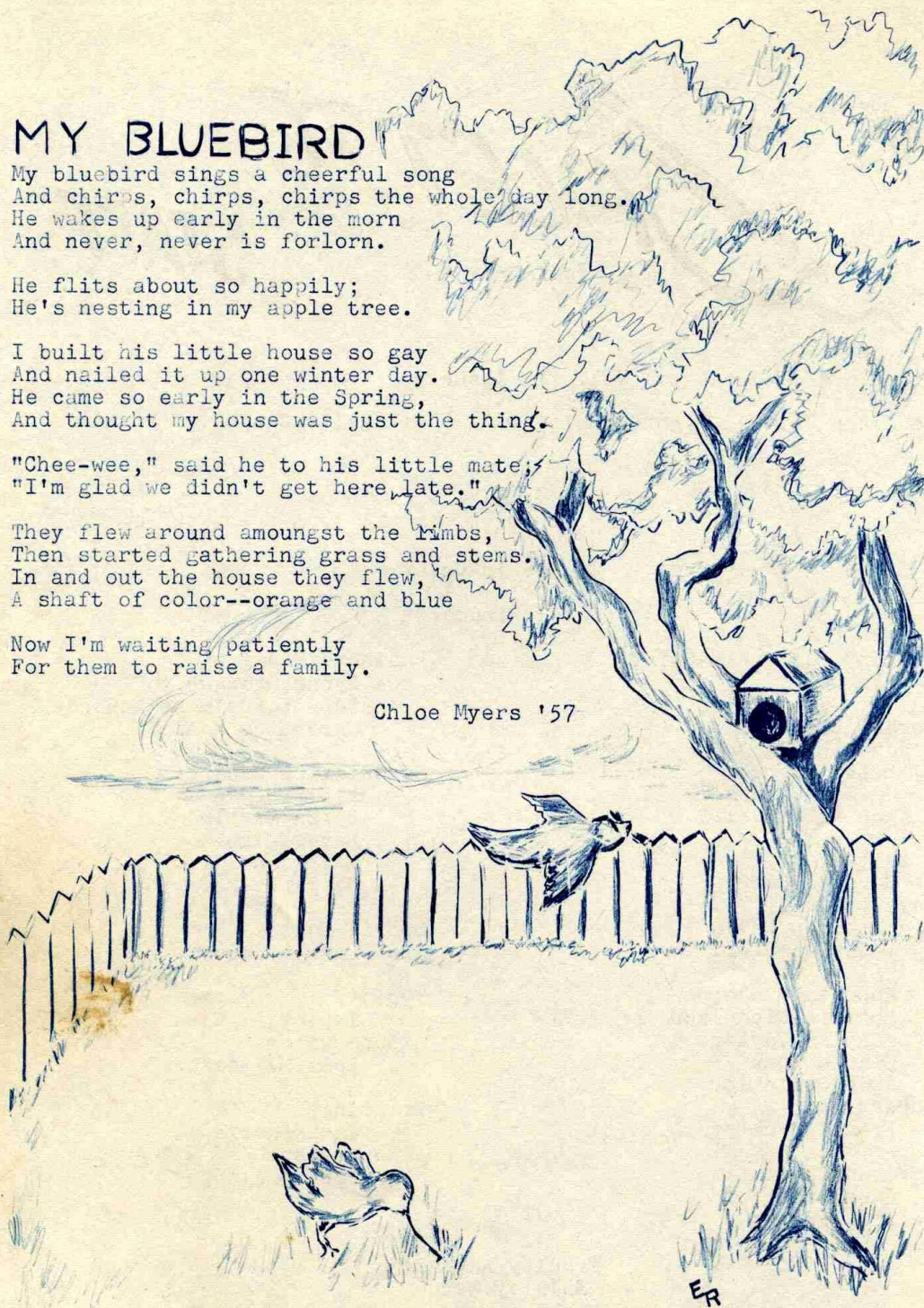
I built his little house so gay
And nailed it up one winter day.
He came so early in the Spring,
And thought my house was just the thing.

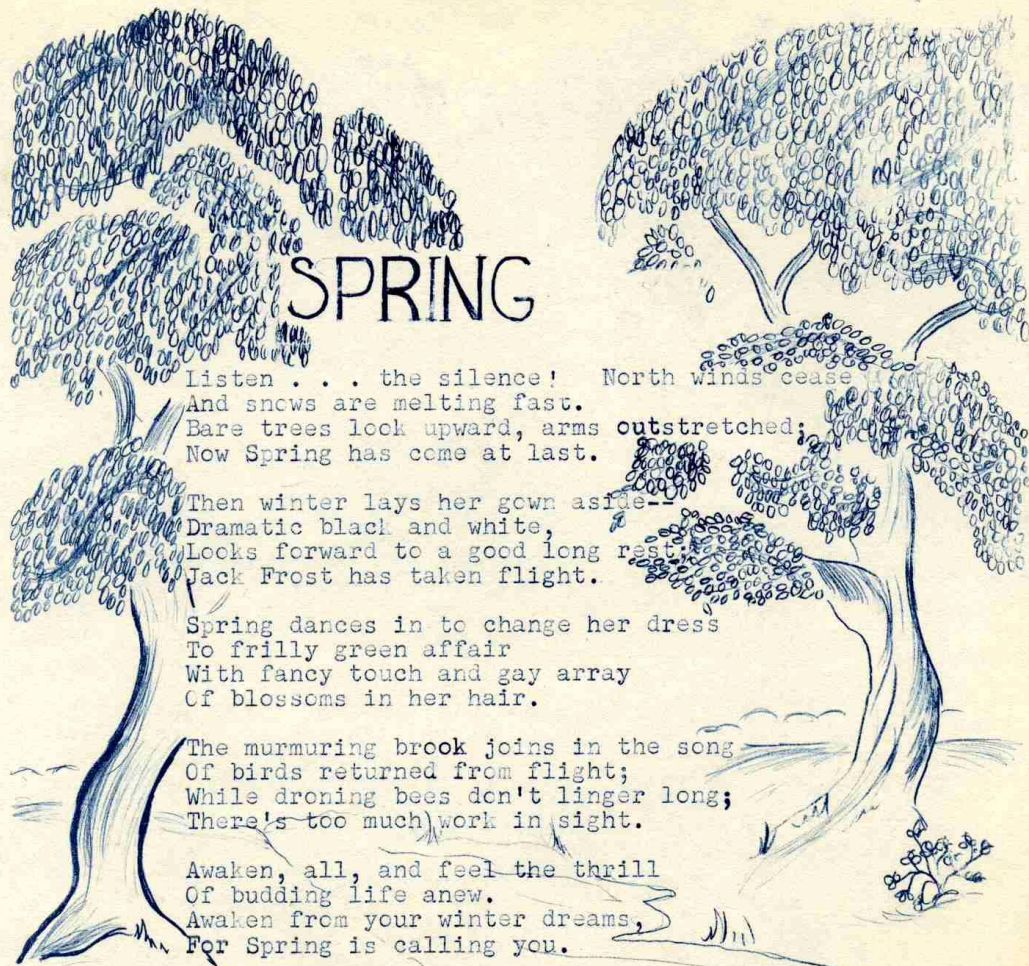
"Chee-wee," said he to his little mate;
"I'm glad we didn't get here late."

They flew around amongst the limbs,
Then started gathering grass and stems.
In and out the house they flew,
A shaft of color--orange and blue

Now I'm waiting patiently
For them to raise a family.

Chloe Myers '57





SPRING

Listen . . . the silence! North winds cease
And snows are melting fast.
Bare trees look upward, arms outstretched;
Now Spring has come at last.

Then winter lays her gown aside—
Dramatic black and white,
Looks forward to a good long rest.
Jack Frost has taken flight.

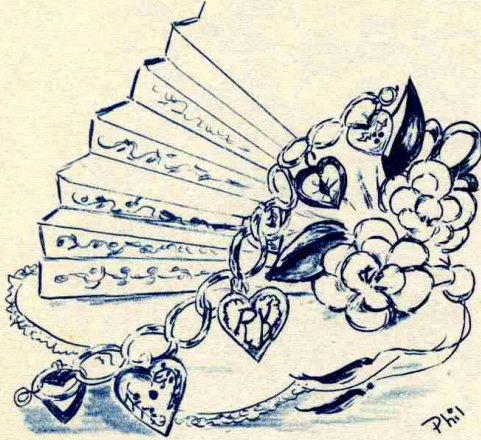
Spring dances in to change her dress
To frilly green affair
With fancy touch and gay array
Of blossoms in her hair.

The murmuring brook joins in the song
Of birds returned from flight;
While droning bees don't linger long;
There's too much work in sight.

Awaken, all, and feel the thrill
Of budding life anew.
Awaken from your winter dreams,
For Spring is calling you.

Bob Hutchins '54

The Friendship Bracelet



Just what a debutante of the late 1800's desired and considered fashionable--a friendship bracelet. Frances smiled as she lifted the dainty silver trinket out of its box and held it up to the candle glow. How it twinkled! A very ardent suitor had given it to her as a token of his "admiration and fondness for the loveliest lady in Vicksburg." From it hung one silver heart, with a tiny garnet at the center. The initials "R. K." were engraved in flowing Old-English script on the other side.

A popular lady of that time had suitors galore and soon the single heart had many others to keep it company. Some were rather plain; some were very fancy. One little charm, with a painted holly sprig in the center, was a present from William Vosburg, the man she almost married.

What a gay life the little bracelet led. Up till all hours ...one party after another--a mad, exciting life. It slid up and down the slender arm to the rhythms of the quadrille and the lancers.

As soon as one beau fell out of favor another appeared on the scene and a new heart was added. So the suitors came and went until one day a dashing, red-headed Irishman came and stayed. A new heart swung gaily from the dainty chain. This one was the last to be added and the longest to remain. It was very plain; a tiny tendril of silver etching around the sides was the only decoration. Even the initials were plainer than those of its companions.

The dainty silver circlet was in for some hard times, for after Frances was married her children used it as an implement for teething. The little hearts began to look used. They were covered with tiny dents, nicks and other scars. Hard housework increased the size of the slender wrist until the ends of the friendship bracelet would not meet. So it was put away among many other souvenirs.

The fragile trinket lay tarnished and unused for many years until one day, Frances, now a grandmother, came upon the souvenirs and discovered the dingy piece of jewelry tucked away in a corner of the box.

Her grand-daughter's birthday was just around the corner and it occurred to her that the bracelet would be an ideal sixteenth birthday present. So she took it out and polished the silver until it shone like new. She wrapped it with care, then called the young girl into her room. Handing it to her, Frances smiled kindly and said, "The bracelet is yours, but the memories are mine."

Betty Cline '54

THE PLAGUES

During the Dark Ages a great plague swept over the world. Having no medical knowledge by which it could defend itself, the world suffered greatly at the hands of this deadly scourge. It was not known, at the time, where the disease had originated. However, western man assumed that it came from the east. When it was discovered that the death rate in that region was much greater, his assumption was confirmed.

Now in those ages ignorance was widespread and many superstitious theories and methods were employed to combat the plague. After all attempts to arrest it had failed, man began to isolate himself from the killer. The western world proceeded to terminate trade, travel, and other relationships with the east. Then, after a considerable period of time had elapsed, the great plague began to recede. It disappeared completely after it had almost destroyed civilization.

Today man no longer fears such a tragedy. Indeed, why should he? He has elevated the medical profession to a science. His body can be prepared to resist and his science is able to destroy disease.

Now there is a new and different plague upon the earth. The modern scourge attacks man's principles rather than his health. It is difficult to fight because it hides behind an economic system. This system has already failed because it has not provided economic welfare for any of its followers. The moral conditions which this system demands must fail, for they are contrary to all the laws of God.

The free world has turned to the production of tremendous weapons as a solution to the problem.

This is wrong because the enemy is an idea, not a physical force. History has proved the impossibility of destroying an idea by this method.

The new plague appears in every direction. Even if the pestilence were concentrated in one locale, man could not dissociate himself from it. Although man can not isolate himself from the menace, he can certainly prepare his mind to resist it.

Perhaps then, man will learn a lesson from his ancestors, who realized that medicine must be elevated, if he were to have protection against the plague and any other types of harmful disease. Maybe free men will elevate their moral principles to such a height that it would be impossible for a disease, such as the Modern Plague, to infest his mind.

David Harrison '55



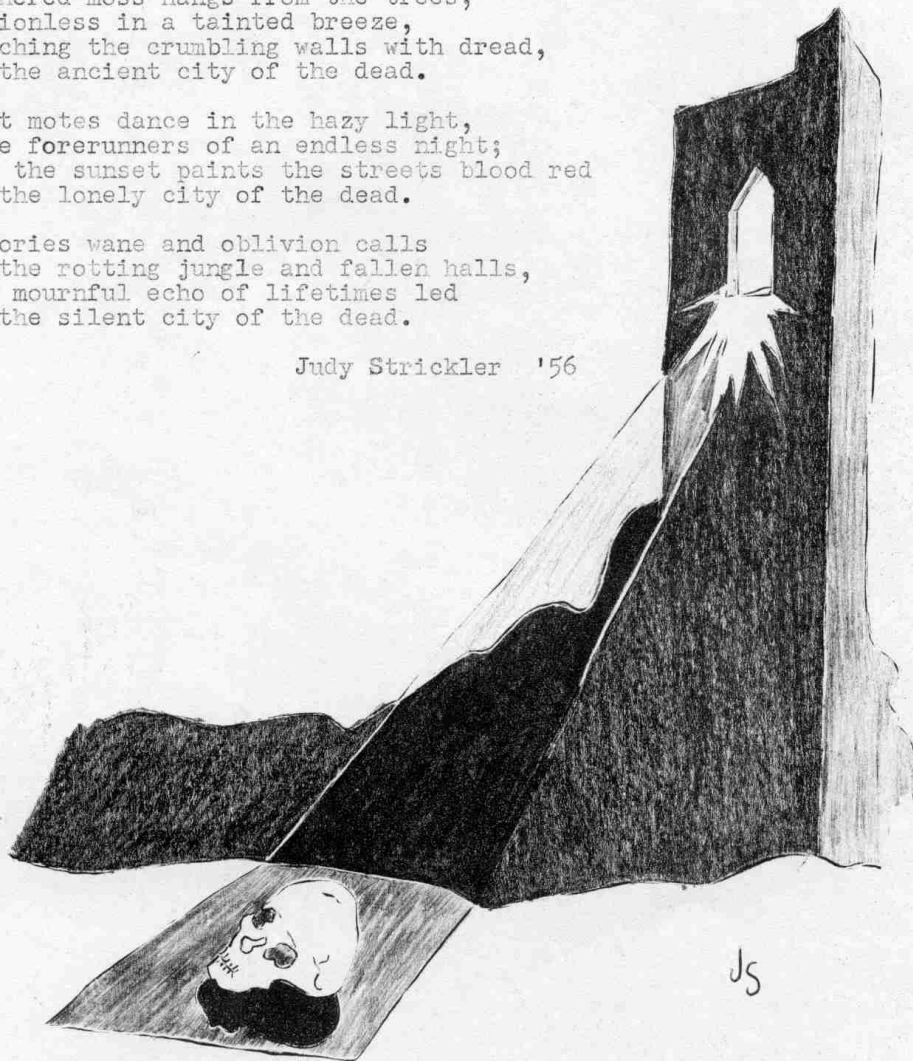
City of the Dead

Withered moss hangs from the trees,
Motionless in a tainted breeze,
Touching the crumbling walls with dread,
In the ancient city of the dead.

Dust motes dance in the hazy light,
Mute forerunners of an endless night;
And the sunset paints the streets blood red
In the lonely city of the dead.

Memories wane and oblivion calls
To the rotting jungle and fallen halls,
The mournful echo of lifetimes led
In the silent city of the dead.

Judy Strickler '56



JS

That Old Dark House

That old, dark house upon the hill--
From each dark eye the memories spill.
The doors and windows stare at me
With cold, black, dismal vacancy.

I hear the wind; it creeps around;
I can't make out the lonesome sound.

Shall I go in, invade the gloom
And make my way from room to room,
Confront the wind that creeps around
And makes this hungry, lonesome sound?

The rooms are bare, the people gone--
I never felt so much alone.
I hear a sound, not far away;
I think I hear the shutters sway.

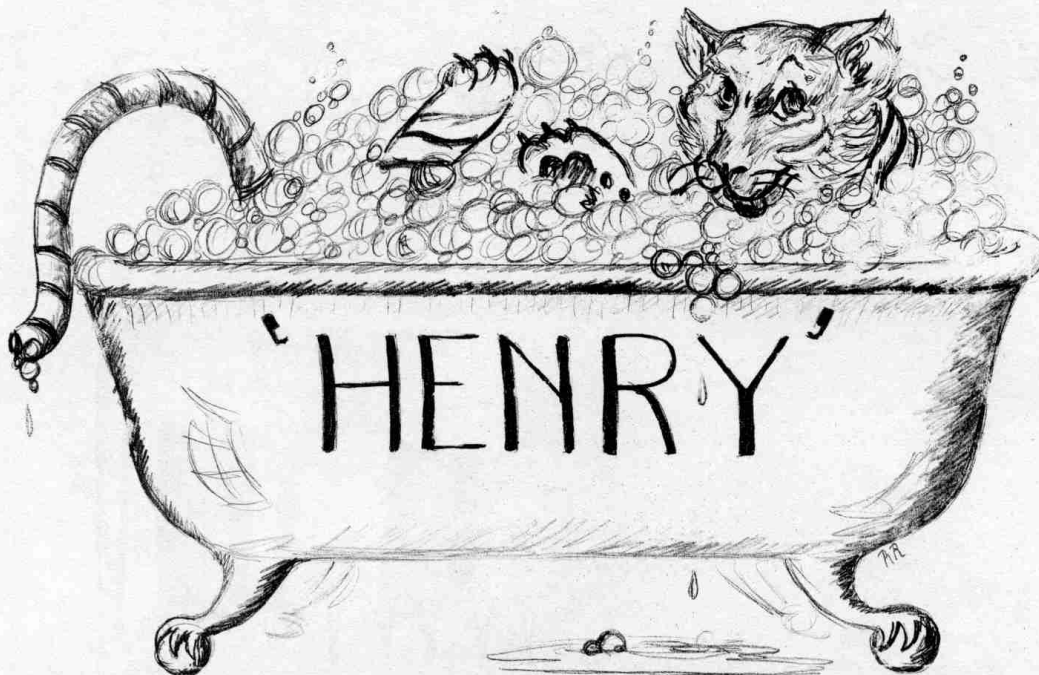
Or could it be the grass outside
Where insects dip and dart and hide?
Or maybe foot-falls on the stairs--
Some ghost returned to make repairs?

For courage I must turn and run
Toward windows edged in midday-sun.
The trees no longer stand up tall;
The tangled branches seem to fall.

A fireplace is over there;
Beside it sits a lonely chair.
(Where is he now, who loved this room?
Then left it to this awful gloom?)

The spiders spin and weave grey lace
Where books once filled a gleaming case.
(Why did he leave; where can he be;
When will he find the long lost key?)

Joan Bradshaw Rankin '15



Mahitable and Irma arrived in the wicked city to convert lost souls. However, before beginning their task, the sisters decided to indulge in a day's freedom. Everyone in Hongkong eventually comes to the market and so did Mahitable and Irma. They wandered through the noisy, colorful stalls filled with screeching hawkers. Nearing the end of the rows, the two stopped at a vegetable shed. Wedged between the cabbages, turnips and bean sprouts was a cage. "My, what a large cat," said Mahitable. "That ain't no cat lady, that's a tiger," rasped the Brooklyn-born vender.

Although Irma and Mahitable were ancient, frail and wizened, they were afraid of nothing. They stepped closer and peered at the tiger with near-sighted eyes. "He looks moth-eaten," said Mahitable, "and hungry," said Irma. "I cook very well," stated Mahitable smugly. "What he needs is a good brushing,"

muttered Irma. "He cheap," gulped the hawker. "He should be," snapped Mahitable.

It took three hours to walk home because Henry didn't know how to behave in public. He was fascinated by the street lights. He climbed the slick black poles and boxed with the gleaming bulbs. Mahitable and Irma were embarrassed by such juvenile behavior. They walked hurriedly ahead when a lamp post came in view and pretended they had no connection with the tiger. After Henry finished playing, he would bounce after them. Henry also loved to watch the rickshaws as they hurried by. He dashed behind them, trying to catch the wheels. After a while the game lost its fascination because everyone screamed so loudly that Henry's ears rang.

By the time the trio reached home, they were tired, hungry and thoroughly sick of each other's

company. Mahitable prepared a snack while Irma made a bed for their guest in the cellar.

When midnight arrived the cellar had become dark and cold. The mice scampered over Henry's nose and he was very frightened. He began to weep huge tears that almost drowned the mice. Mahitable and Irma being very soft-hearted, could not bear the sorrowful roars. The neighbors objected to the noise also.

Because Henry weighed five hundred pounds he broke the bed in the guest room. So, in desperation, the sisters banished him to the bathtub.

Henry grew to love his new home, especially the bathroom, which became his exclusive domain. He was quite vain and spent hours gazing soulfully into the mirror. He played with the shower and swung on the curtains. He learned how to make bubble baths that grew to mountainous size because of his vigorous splashing. When Henry could find nothing better to do, he lay on his back in the tub, rapturously contemplating the ceiling.

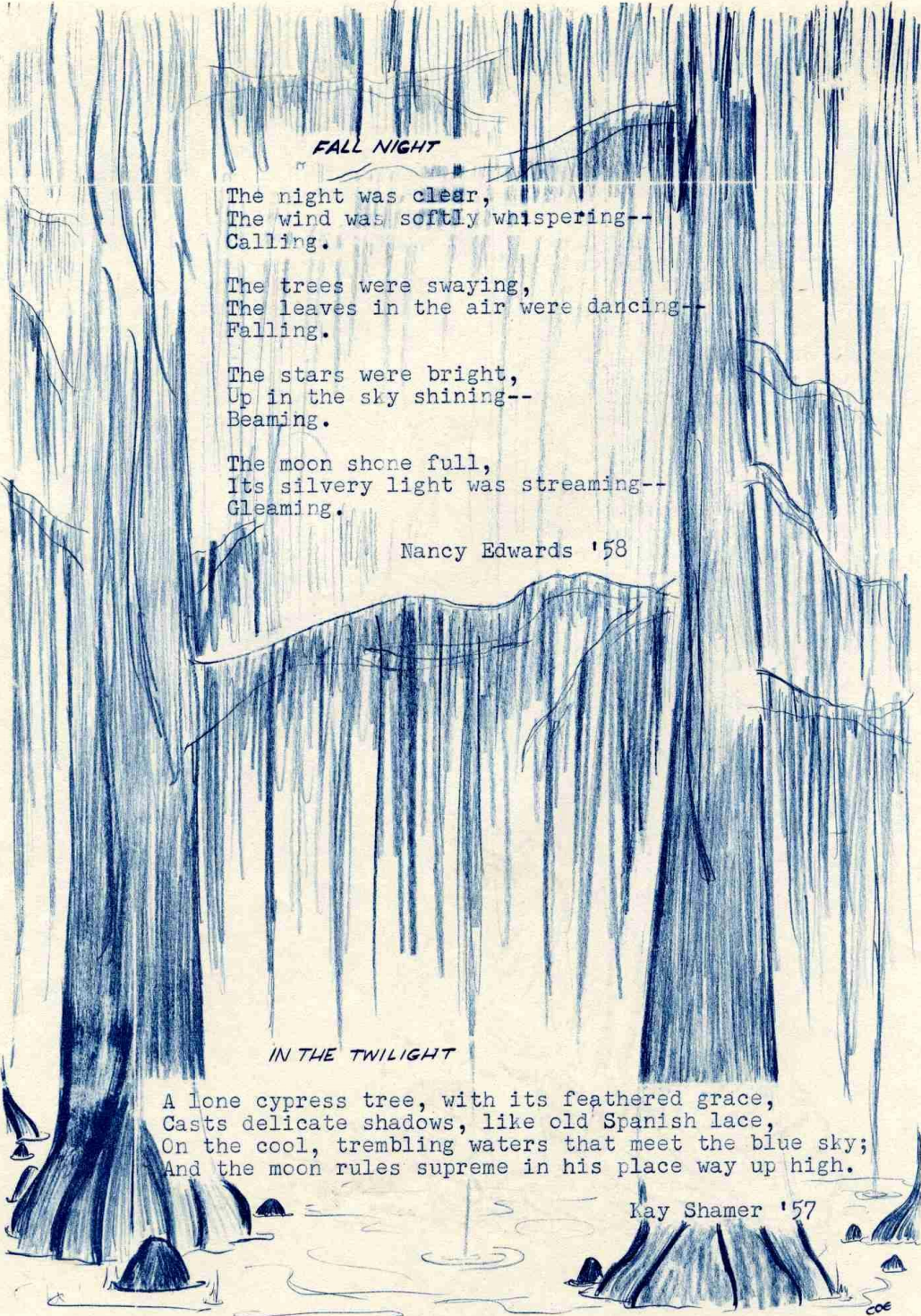
Unfortunately everyone was not as broadminded as Mahitable and Irma. Guests staying with the household refused to go near Henry and his bathroom. They made many snide, cutting remarks. At mealtime they refused to eat when Henry took his accustomed place beneath the table. Needless to say the sisters did not have many friends.

The years went by and Mahitable and Irma became very old. They realized that in the event of death their tiger would be thrown into the forests to starve. Reluctantly they decided that Henry should sail for America. A brother of the sisters had a farm in Vermont and he loved animals.

All three grew a little sad when goodbyes were said. They laughed and cried and then Henry was on his way. As he looked westward the tiger smiled to himself, he had heard about America with its vastness, wealth and opportunities. No one in America used bathtubs; they all had swimming pools. Henry wanted a gold one.

Josh Caldwell '54





FALL NIGHT

The night was clear,
The wind was softly whispering--
Calling.

The trees were swaying,
The leaves in the air were dancing--
Falling.

The stars were bright,
Up in the sky shining--
Beaming.

The moon shone full,
Its silvery light was streaming--
Gleaming.

Nancy Edwards '58

IN THE TWILIGHT

A lone cypress tree, with its feathered grace,
Casts delicate shadows, like old Spanish lace,
On the cool, trembling waters that meet the blue sky;
And the moon rules supreme in his place way up high.

Kay Shamer '57

THE VICTOR

We join the "Sacramento," a World War II oil tanker, three days out of its home port, San Diego.

All day storm warnings are received over the wireless and the ship is prepared for the coming battle. Crew members, when not at work, are seen leaning on the starboard rail as they watch the advancing, dismal clouds that rapidly cover the horizon. As the wind increases in velocity the crew begins to descend the companionways toward the safety of their warm cabins.

The first dark, brooding clouds are now beginning to pass overhead. To the west are seen lightning flashes resembling brilliant fingers of flame. A period of several seconds passes before a dull roar, followed by numerous rumbles, is heard. As the waves grow in size, crashing over the bulwarks, the storm nears. Lightning begins to strike near the ship while the bellow of thunder turns to sharp claps.

Cold streaks of spray fly over the bow, freezing on the maze of pipes and valves littering the deck. Heavy rain, whipped by the furious wind, tears down upon the ship, trying to destroy it. The ship is now rolling and pitching as it slides into one deep trough after another and then bravely struggles up the other side while mountainous walls of water attempt to batter it back. Sometimes the ship disappears almost com-

pletely below the raging surface before it returns to a normal position.

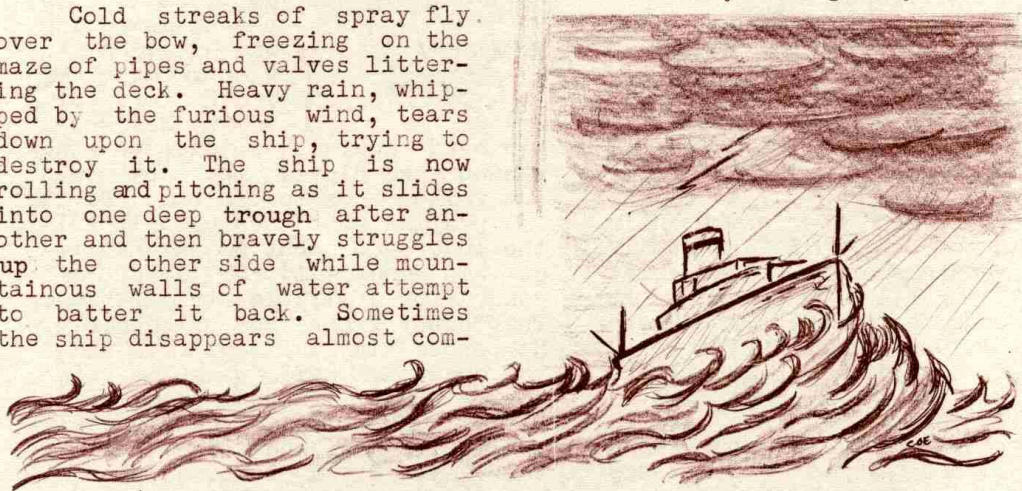
Forward, the ship is completely covered with frozen spray while the waist is partially awash. The black smoke no sooner escapes from the funnel than it disappears into the storm. It has grown so dark that it becomes necessary to turn on the running lights.

On the bridge the helmsman glances frequently at the illuminated compass in front of him. The slender needle will not steady;southeast.....south..... southwest.

All night the storm continues its plunder. Then, near dawn, it suddenly subsides to a light squall. The ship does not pitch, and spray no longer fills the air.

The tanker returns to its original course toward its destination.

Wayne Daugherty '55



The Day It Rained

A young boy stared sleepily out the open window at the brick houses along the street and the glistening sidewalks. It was not an unusual early winter morning—gray and hazy, after the rain the night before.

He pushed the curtains back and shivered from the cold air rushing in the window. The cold linoleum on the floor felt like a cake of ice to his freezing feet so he noiselessly hopped to the shag rug by his bed.

Sitting down on the bed, he mumbled to himself "Hurry up....Get your clothes on. Remember the plans you made last night?...Sneak out of the house while everyone is sleeping. They'll be sorry....Always picking on me."

He reached over to the chair beside the bed, pulled the pair of worn jeans and the plaid shirt that were carelessly draped on it off, onto the floor. Quickly he dressed. One button was loose on the shirt and it fell to the floor, careened crazily for a few minutes and stopped. He turned around and got down on his hands and knees, searching for his shoes under the dark, dusty bed. "There's one....where's the other one?" he said under his breath.

He fumbled for a while longer and then he heard a noise. His heart stopped beating for a minute.

He stood there frozen, listening intently for more sounds. Someone had gotten up. Did they hear him? "What should I do?" he asked himself. Someone was in the hall. The footsteps were drawing closer and closer to his door. In desperation he jumped into his bed and pulled the covers up around his head and pretended that he was asleep.

The door opened and his mother came in and said to get up. My goodness, what is the window doing wide open? Do you want to catch your death of cold boy?" She shook

her head and walked over to the window and closed it. And then she walked back to the bed. David was praying that she wouldn't pull the covers down but she just smiled at him and said "David, we are going for a little trip today. That's why I got you up so early. He popped his head out from under the covers and said "Where we goin' mom?" She laughed and said, "It's a surprise. I can't tell you yet. And she added "Oh, by the way, David, I found one of your shoes in the kitchen. You should take better care of your clothes. Hurry up now."



David got up again when he thought his mother was a safe distance away, put on his other shoe and went over to the window. He lazily stared at the rain running down the glass in little streams.

He let out a sigh of relief and walked away from the window, hoping that his mother would never find out that he planned to run away. The button off his shirt

lay on the floor so he reached down, picked it up, and placed it on his dresser.

Mother was in the kitchen fixing breakfast and he could smell eggs and ham frying. He thought about the trip his mother mentioned as he opened his bedroom door but soon dismissed this from his mind. He could already taste the ham and eggs.

Marylou Taylor '54

THE BLUE RIBBON

Once, in this forest, lived a lass
Who wore a band of blue,
To show her lover fighting in war
That she to him was true.

The war went on; she heard no news,
Nor ever got a note;
Her letter did she send each day,
Although he never wrote.

The war was through; he came not still,
No word did she receive;
She feared him dead; her thoughts were sad,
And for him she did grieve.

One moon-lit night her love returned
And asked to see the band,
And when he saw its faded length
Proclaimed in manner grand:

"Your love is true, you have not erred;
You now may be my bride."
She looked at him with haughty stare,
And then she spoke with pride:

"You say that I have proved my love,
By wearing this blue band;
What have you worn to prove to me
That you deserve my hand?"

"You wore no band or symbol of
The love you had for me.
Your weapons were a symbol of
Your love for victory."

"For many years, I heard no word,
No letters did you write;
Your interest lies in fighting wars;
Well, leave me then, and fight."

Joan Wells '54



A BOY'S DREAM

A little boy by a brook,
Fishin' with a string and hook,
Wishin' that a fish would bite,
And holdin' on with all his might.

Dozin' in the noonday sun,
Thinkin' of things he should have done,
Never worry, never fear,
They'll be done--sometime this year.

Marjorie Carter '58

THE STREAM

The stream runs in and out,
It seems to dance and play.
It splashes all about;
Like children, it is gay.

It's headed for the sea;
It hurries on its way.
It flows past bush and tree,
And fields of new-mown hay.

It sparkles in the sun,
When day is at the noon.
With gladness does it run,
Or twinkle with the moon.

The leaves upon it ride,
And branches, straw, and hay,
All catch along the side--
As to ocean make their way.

Roddy Fruland '58

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Have you ever read Sherlock Holmes? Well, one day, when the bus was taking a long time to get to my stop, I tried putting Sherlock's tricks of observation and deduction to work.

I glanced up and down for a likely person. There was a conspicuously well-dressed boy of nine in front of me. Too easy! It wasn't hard to deduce he was going to some fancy party, for he had a box-like object wrapped with white tissue paper and tied with red ribbon under his arm.

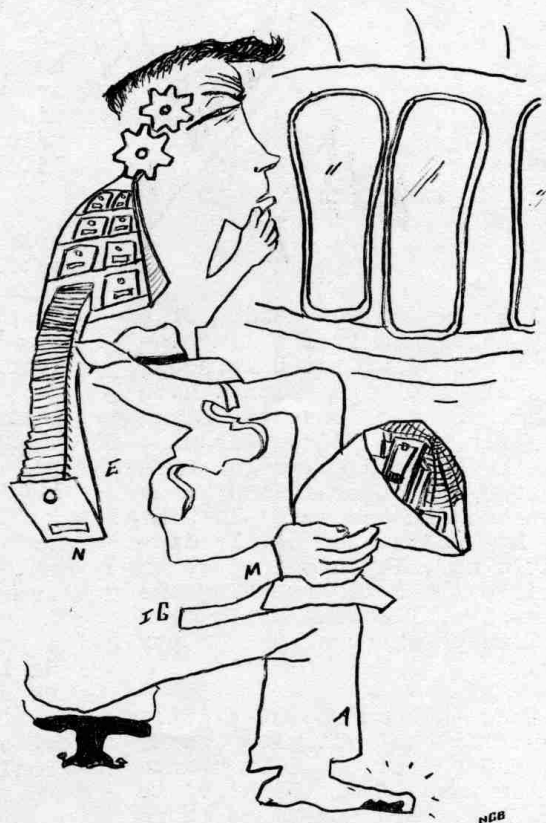
How about that man across the aisle from me? He certainly looked interesting enough. I looked at his feet. (I always make my observations from the bottom up.) The only mark on his shoes was a faint trace of green paint. Suddenly I had it! The paint showed that he was not superstitious. Obviously he had defied all superstitious traditions and walked under a ladder. Some paint had dripped off the ladder onto his shoe. So far, so good.

Then I noticed a suspicious looking parcel on his knee. I managed by craning my neck to the side to get a small glimpse of the contents. I almost fell off my seat in surprise, for in the bag were dozens of mousetraps. How did this tie in? Try as I would, I could not fathom the answer. Undoubtedly, the plot was thickening.

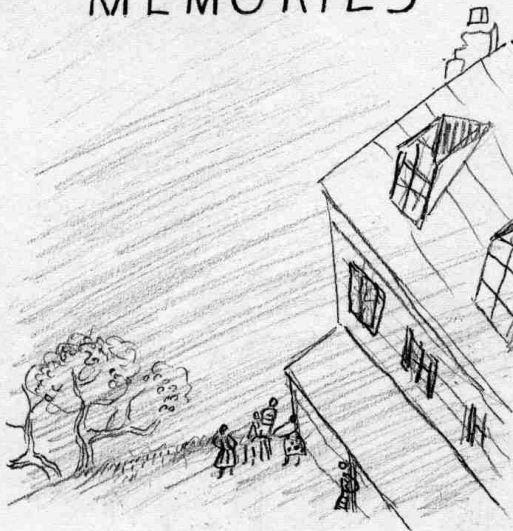
It wasn't until I had worked up to his hands that I found anything else of interest. At first glance his hands were horribly ordinary--average size and neither soft nor calloused. I looked more carefully at them and detected a tiny scratch on his left hand.

As I puzzled about these seemingly remote facts, I suddenly saw the relationship. In spite of myself, I couldn't quite smother an "Elementary, old chap!" The scratch on his hand had been inflicted by a cat. The man was not superstitious; therefore, the cat was black. The mousetraps would obviously catch many mice, undoubtedly to feed a phenomenal number of cats. The conclusion? The man was obviously a breeder of black cats!

Robert Coe '56



LIFE and MEMORIES



Children have been born here, have grown from childhood to man or womanhood, been married and died here. I have watched and tried to understand the cycle of life.

Many times I have been the sole and silent witness of unmatched despair and of unmatched joy. The stolen kiss on my front steps, the futile anger of the bride when dinner burns, the arguments, the excitement of Christmas, the courage of women when their men have gone to war; all these things have I seen and gathered close to my heart--the little events and the big ones.

Now that my soul has left me, these things keep my beams from crumbling into nothingness. As each event dims in my memory, a part of me falls to dead ruins. So I stand here, calmly waiting to see if the world has forgotten, waiting for new memories to replace the old, waiting for my soul to reappear.

I stand on the side of a lonely hill, slowly settling into the earth below me. Oak trees, once small saplings, which I have watched grow far above me, stand on either side. Rose gardens, left to themselves, rage in a profusion of thorns and weeds and stretch in terraced plots below. My walls are barely discernible now; ivy has crept over the windows and is touching the gutter-pipe. The wind howls disconsolately through my empty rooms.

Once the sun shone brightly and warmed the shingles on my roof; happy voices and hearty laughter rang from the roof to the cellar. And sometimes there were tears and sorrow mixed with the laughter.

Tenny Jackson '54

MEMORY OF A DANCER

The silvery white motion of a costume
In a shimmering haze of light,
A thing intangible,

Without substance--

Caught in a pool of color.

A beautiful creature

Seen through a subtle, ethereal mist,

For a moment making you live under her spell,

Making you believe in her world of enchantment,

But leaving behind a vague feeling

Of discontent--

And longing.

Roberta Rucker '55



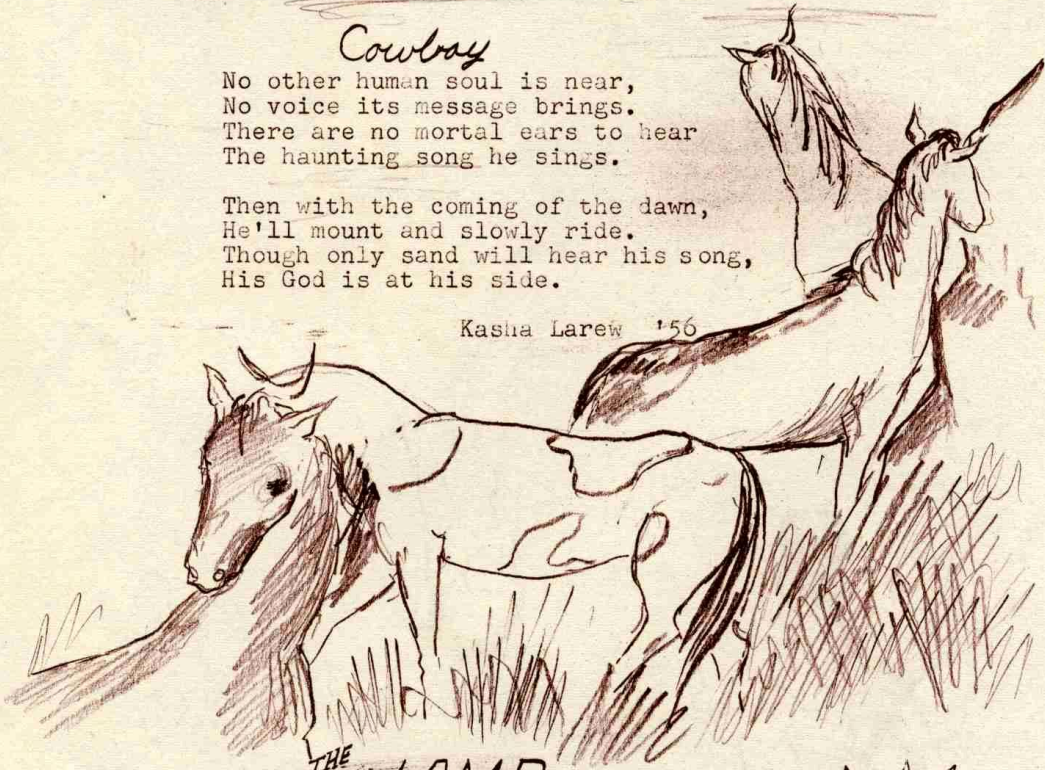


Cowboy

No other human soul is near,
No voice its message brings.
There are no mortal ears to hear
The haunting song he sings.

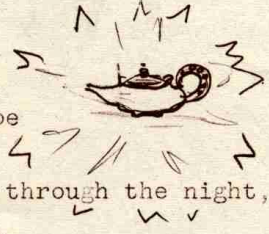
Then with the coming of the dawn,
He'll mount and slowly ride.
Though only sand will hear his song,
His God is at his side.

Kasua Larew '56



THE LAMP

I walk through the night down-trodden;
and now I see a lamp burning in the night,
sending out beams of courage and rays of hope
for those like me to see.



And I have seen it, and have walked on through the night,
filled with courage and inspired by hope.
And lo, the lamp has done its work once more.

Charles Funk '57

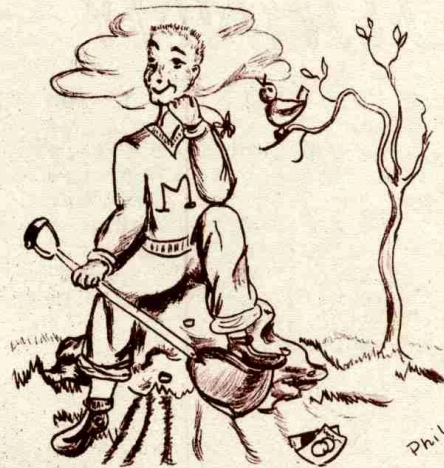
ANNUAL EVENT

Spring is on her way, to refresh winter-weary minds and enliven the earth's drab hues. Spring of 1954 probably won't be radically different from Spring of 1953, 1951 or 1485, and yet, people look forward to it just as eagerly as if it were a special centennial event. Women this Spring will resemble women of every other Spring, yearning dreamily for the creations of fashion designers and window decorators--the gay, silly little hats with extravagant price tags. Like every other Spring they'll either rush out and capture their prize wardrobe (while their hen-pecked husbands predict an ominous journey to the poorhouse) or else they'll smile and lock dreams away with other unattainable items; and buy Junior's new shoes.

The children this Spring will await the coming of the Easter Bunny, loaded with candy and goodies, and dream of becoming deathly ill on millions of chocolate rabbits. Little girls will loudly request "an Easter outfit just like Mommy's," while little boys will openly rebel at having their hair combed, face washed, and a horrid old tie secured about their scrawny necks.

In the schools, wandering eyes will glide out the window, and wandering minds will wistfully desire freedom from the prison of knowledge. Grades might even fall a little, and parents will forcibly recommend a little more homework and a little less baseball.

On the first nice day, backyards will be filled with ambitious gardeners, who'll work for some fifteen or twenty minutes, then retreat to the comfort of their living rooms. Some two or three months later they'll retrace their steps to the old plot.



Next fall, when the frost gets the first tomatoes, they'll grin and admit sheepishly, "We started the garden a little late this year. I was pretty busy!"

Young men will have to endure the inevitable, embarrassing remarks concerning their fancies. Young ladies (poor, eager darlings!) will have, in turn, to endure the young men's fancies.

On the whole, Spring of '54 may not be an extraordinary event, but it will still fire nature-loving poets to execute nature-loving poems, and make every ulcer-ridden man in the street exclaim, "Gosh, it's a beautiful day!"

For the wonderful thing about Spring is the feeling of love that it brings. No matter how hard you steel yourself against her, no matter how trite you declare the endless lines depicting bluebirds, May flowers, and lovers in the lane--even into your stiff old heart will steal a feeling of vital enjoyment for the most welcome of seasons--Spring.

Phyllis Nicholson '54

JOHNNY

Lieutenant Cole and I had been friends from the day I had joined the regiment four years ago, on the eve of its departure from England. In fact, we had become quite close friends, though I still called him "Leftenant," and he still called me "Sergeant." Cole had a wife who called him "Johnny" and, when I was in their quarters, she called me "Tom."

The Matabele War had started four months ago, in January, 1896. The ebony Ares had descended on Salisbury and Rhodesia, and the Leftenant and myself had been running patrols across the veldt since then.

Johnny Cole looked the warrior. He was of medium height, but was all bounce and alertness. His darting black eyes peered from a strongly-featured face set off by a great black moustache. He never took life too seriously, only the Army. He once informed me that there is no place in a soldier's make-up for plans of the future.

The day of the incident of which I'm going to tell you dawned bright and balmy. Soft breezes ruffled the veldt, and Johnny's



quick step to meet me for the daily patrol put me in rare good spirits to match his. Things had been quiet lately, perhaps too quiet for Johnny's taste, so we were going alone.

After a few miles we had quite forgotten soldiering and similar drudgery and were having a rather frolicsome time of it all. We sweated only comfortably and the countryside did not betray the blood-shed it nurtured to our eyes, which could see only the cloudless sky, the rippling grass, and the swaying trees. We had been laughing and talking absentmindedly as soldiers do in the face of pregnant danger. The countryside had floated by us in a pleasant array of muted browns and greens. But I couldn't fail to notice Johnny wasn't all the wit today. His step was springier, his carriage more assured, and his eyes flashed more quickly than usual.

We had entered one of those elm groves that look like woods drifting apart and espied some black men ahead of us. The blacks in the neighborhood were required to carry identification cards but these might be easily counterfeited and frequently were by the Matabele. Johnny hailed the three men, who stopped without a word, and asked them for their cards. I stood several feet away to watch as was our procedure. Johnny took the first card as he examined it, the second one reached into the folds of his robe and produced not a card but a knife. As soon as I saw the hilt emerge I yelled to Johnny, but the one whose card he had swung the knife and sliced open his helmet as he ducked. The second one came after me and I dropped him.

The first one was apparently the leader and a good fighter and, although Johnny had his hands full, I couldn't help him.



The third had jumped me and, being a big fellow, he had knocked the wind out of me, so I grabbed his wrist and held on for dear life. He happened to be the one holding the knife, for the other was under me. If his knife hadn't been so dreadfully sharp, I would've rather enjoyed the tussle. Johnny hadn't gotten a chance to draw and it was well-nigh up with him for a while. Johnny threw the black shortly and shot him as he came after him again. My black was still on top of me when Johnny gave him a kick that must have broken several ribs. As I rolled away, the vindictive old blighter sliced my shoulder. Before I was up, however, Johnny had shot again and the last black was already starting to enrich the soil of Africa.

We bound up my wound which had begun to ache and started home. Johnny was still as perky as ever, but he seemed oddly satisfied now. He was much more down-to-earth, too, which was just as well, for I was in no mood for his irrepressible humor.

Johnny went with me to the dispensary; my shoulder was bound up and under a clean blouse. betrayed nothing. We then hurried over to his house, for I had been invited to dinner. Emmy greeted us at the door; she always did; any Army wife did in those days. She held her lieutenant close because it was lonely on the post and she had read the reports or heard of the fate of some patrols.

"It's good to see you boys home a little early for once," said Emmy putting herself to the tasks of dinner, "Anything special happen today? Anything interesting?"

Johnny winked at me, "Not a thing."

"It must get boring sometimes." said Emmy.

"Oh, yes." I replied, shifting my shoulder.

Dick Fisher '55

Slumber Time

A slumber is brewing,
As night begins to fall.
The girls enter joyfully,
For there is fun for all.

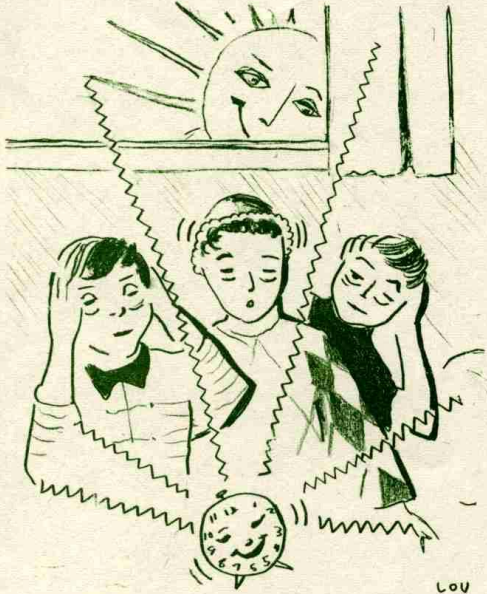
Pajamas over the shoulder,
Pillows in a row,
A fight for the blanket,
Heaven help those below.

The floor above is shaking,
With parents clearing out,
To escape the invasion,
The tussles, and the shout.

A dash for the beds,
With a tumble and flutter.
Some make the grade,
While others start to mutter.

First to get comfortable,
And sit Indian style;
We all sit around,
And gossip awhile.

Out come the cards,
But never the chips;
With a dressing of jokes,
Which sometimes are pips.



There's a rustle in the corner,
A pillow fight's begun;
Pillows flying everywhere,
Best you capture one.

Downy feathers, floating,
Fall like newborn snow.
This ends the pillow fight,
As well you ought to know.

The hands of the clock
Show that it is four,
A few fall asleep,
To disturb us with a snore.

All settle down,
As night passes on;
Saving their energy,
For the oncoming dawn.

The sun begins to rise,
But there's no one there to see
For all are deeply slumbering
As sound as they can be.

We're all awake at last,
Though cleaning up we dread.
Breakfast now is over;
And home again to bed.

GOD OF WAR

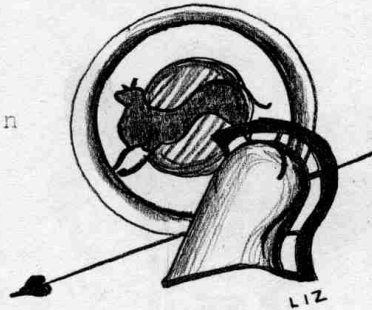
The night has come, but not too soon,
And sinking silently,
Behind the hill, the little moon
Drops down beneath the sky.

The only light in earth or heav'n--
The cold light of the stars;
And the first glance of night is giv'n
The red planet, Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me die
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening sky,
The shield of that red star.

Patt Manly '58



NATURE'S SEASONS



Leaves fall
Games of ball
Fun for all
Fall is here.

Mushy sleet
Cold wet feet
Need of heat
Winter's here.



Bluebirds sing
Cowbells ring
Children swing
Spring is here.

School is out
Children shout
Flowers sprout
Summer's here.



Jackie Abramson '58

DUST AND



Halfway to the Zenith the Sierra Nevada range rose blue-gray in the afternoon haze. A speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly. The sun, still high in the sky, created a virtual inferno during the summer months; and, at the time, was in the process of doing just that.

Only a few humans were in sight, and all were lazily napping in whatever shade there was to be found. Everything was still and quiet, save a small cloud of dust that was up the road in the distance. Soon a horse and rider were distinguishable as they approached the town, which consisted of a jail, a combination bank and post office, and two or three other typical establishments. This slight disturbance of the dusty road made it a task to breathe, for the temperature was in the hundreds.

He was a young man, not more than twenty-four or five and he might have set his horse with the carelessness of his youth had he not been so catlike and tense. His dark eyes roved everywhere, catching all movements, of which there were few. Below his soiled Stetson, which hid his handsome yellow hair, he wore a light green shirt that clung to the moisture of his back and had become dark from perspiration. This stranger was a narrow six feet of sallow brown skin and carried a small scar on his left cheek. He kept licking his lips and swallowing in an attempt to dampen his parched throat, but the dry, dusty air made this impossible.

By this time two of the sleeping townsmen had awakened, but still remained in the shade. They moved not a muscle, continuing to eye the stranger as he tied the reins to a post not more than twenty feet distant.

There was now a total of fourteen people in the town. The stranger made it four who were outside. There was one in the bank, two in jail, and the rest were in the tavern, as we shall call it.

Leaving his horse, he walked slowly through the swinging doors directly in front of him and was met by the glances of six pair of eyes; the seventh was either asleep or had found a way to beat the heat. Whichever it may have been, no one was interested enough to check. The stranger paused for a moment in the doorway to return the six stares, then proceeded to the bar. The room was hardly a temperature improvement over the outside, and beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

A STRANGER

He drew a red bandana from his pocket and wiped the dirt and perspiration from his face. Three glasses of whiskey later, his heat problem became lessened. His mind became more at ease and he was soon involved in a friendly game of skill with three of the other "tavern goers." It was but a short time until dryness overtook him again and he quickly left the game. After several words with the bartender, he gave the other five a final survey before passing between the doors into the four o'clock heat.

The stranger moved cautiously across the burning sands of the road, and quietly ascended the steps of the jail. He stopped at the door and listened for a moment before entering. Inside he found the occupants also asleep. He stood staring at them for several seconds and, seating himself at the desk, proceeded to draw a small slip of paper from his shirt pocket and in a quick hand, scrawled a short message. He scanned it hurriedly and slid it under the cell keys, which were lying on the desk. Turning around, he gave the two sleepers another look and then quickly left the jail. He untied his horse and led him down the street to a watering trough, where they stopped and both drank heavily. His nerves seemed to have settled somewhat and he was less jumpy as he mounted the roan and jogged down the road. After traveling for several minutes, he reined in and turned around for a last look at the tiny town in the distance, and the jail, housing a small slip of paper under the keys. It read:

To whom it may concern--Just passing through and rekonized

these 2 men. The thin one don't belong behind bars;--you want a man of about 6 feet, with yeller hair and carries a small scar on his left cheek.

Once again the two nappers leaned back in the shade and pulled their hats low as a small cloud of dust followed the stranger slowly out of view; and again the speckled hen swaggered down the main street of the "settlement," cackling foolishly.

Melvin Fink '54

