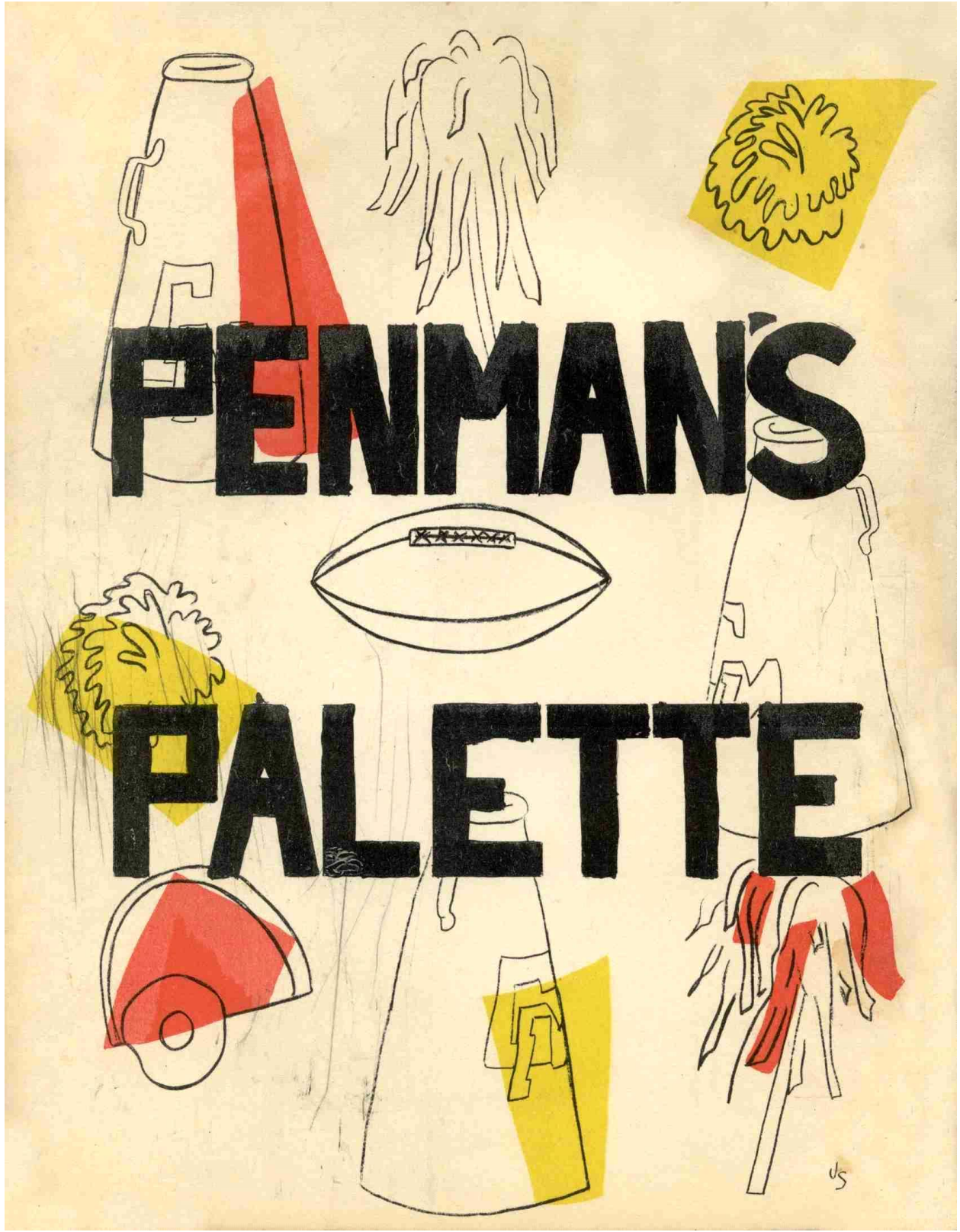


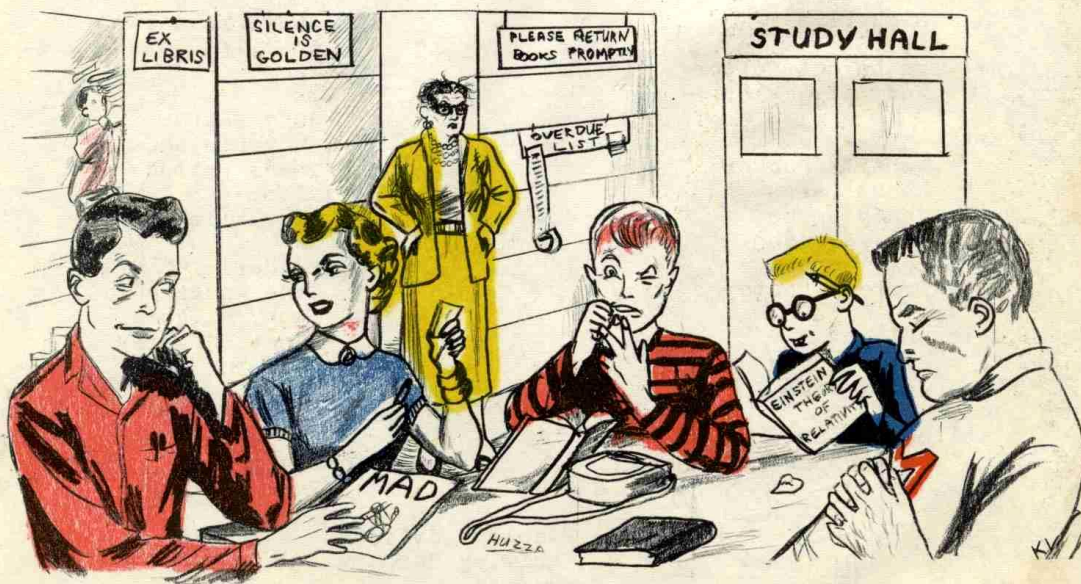
**PENMAN'S**

**PALETTE**



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# THE PALETTE STAFF

Vol. II, Issue 1

George Mason Jr. -Sr. High School

Falls Church, Virginia

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Major Ashley Q. Appleton, USA-Ret., walked briskly down a fashionable street in New York City dressed impeccably in a formal Morning suit. His walk, besides giving him exercise, took him to his work which consisted of playing checkers at the Retired Officers Club.

Major Appleton was a very lucky man. If he had counted his blessings, he would have had to take off his shoes to keep count on his toes. When he retired from the Army, shortly before World War II, his retirement parade was the only one among those of his friends that had had dry, clear weather. Although he was sorry to leave the service, he did not regret inheriting several hundred thousand dollars from a rich uncle he had never heard of. Since then, he had lived in luxury, taking cruises to Europe raising thoroughbred horses in Kentucky and generally loafing. But the Major was not in a mood for counting blessings. Instead he had been brooding lately.

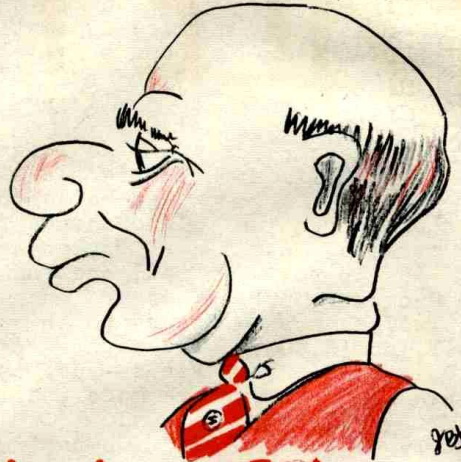
It seemed to him that one thing in life was wrong and as he walked, he thought over his problem. When he joined the Retired Officers Club, every man he was introduced to was a retired colonel. Every fat, stuffy, distinguished, and rich gentleman he had met in Virginia and Kentucky was a retired colonel. Ashley Q. Appleton was fat, stuffy, distinguished, and rich, but he was not a retired colonel. He was only a retired major. It had become complex. It was now an obsession. He must join the ranks of the fat, stuffy, etc., retired colonels.

And no matter how much time and red tape it took, no matter how much influence and pressure he would have to bring to bear, he would become a retired colonel.

For weeks he wrote and answered letters. Work, work, work. Once he caught himself weakening in his desire and fired his cook so he could do two weeks of KP.

And then, one bright day, a cry of utter joy resounded in the Appleton mansion. In the "Army, Navy, Air Force Journal," was printed:

Advanced on the Retired List-  
To Lt. Colonel  
Ashley Q. Appleton



MAJ ASHLEY Q. APPLETON

Major--er, Colonel Appleton, walked briskly into the Retired Officers Club, attired in his splendid Morning suit for his daily checker games. He was met by a friendly enemy (in checkers) who served as a business associate.

"Well, Colonel, I've found some buyers for those horses you wanted to sell--"

"Who?" asked Colonel Appleton.

"Oh, three retired Army officers.

"What are they like?" the Colonel asked.

"Fat, stuffy you know the type." He knew.

That afternoon he met them. They were three of the fattest, stuffiest, etc. est, gentlemen he had ever seen. But Colonel Appleton

Continued on page 22

# SIZE

Every material object in the universe has two basic attributes--mass and size. Of these two, size is the more readily apparent. We have to weigh or feel mass, but size, with the exception of the extremely small and the extremely large (science has two words for the very small and the very large, respectively, "microcosmos" and "macrocosmos") can be visualized easily.

Size seems to interest people more than mass. For example, most people know the earth is approximately 8,000 miles in diameter, but how many know that it weighs about six and one-half sextillion (6,500,000,000,000,000,000,000) tons?

Man, by a lucky break, is pretty well in the middle of things, that is, he is approximately as much smaller than a star as he is larger than an atom.

An atom, the tiny building block of all things--is about .000,000,001 (one billionth) centimeter in diameter. There are about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  centimeters in an inch.

Man is perhaps 175 centimeters tall. Therefore if you could stack atoms, you could stack 175,000,000,900 from the floor to the top of a man's head.

But if you are beginning to feel big, compare yourself to a star. An average star is about 1,000,000,000,000 (one trillion) centimeters in diameter. But of course we don't measure star diameters in centimeters; we measure them in miles. In that scale, our sun, an average star, is some 860,000 miles in diameter.

Stars themselves are grouped in huge masses called galaxies or "island universes". A galaxy is shaped somewhat like a pocket watch and has a diameter about 100,000,000,000,000 (100 trillion times that of a star's).

Then there is the universe as a whole--for Einstein says it is finite and measurable, not infinite and extending "forever"--which is many millions of times as large as a galaxy.....

But this is getting out of hand. These fantastic sizes completely confound the imagination. Let's look at something "closer to home"---to some living things of imaginable size.

The largest living things are the big trees of California. They weigh a thousand tons and reach higher than a football field is long.

The largest animal is the eighty foot, one hundred-ton blue whale. They are much larger than the dinosaurs which are often thought of as the giants of the animal kingdom. Virus--yes, the things you "get"---are made up of only a few thousand atoms.

Comparing living things to the universe, the sun is as much larger than a big tree as a big tree is larger than a virus. But at the opposite end of the scale, the difference in size between a virus and an atom is thousands of times less.

Living creatures do remarkably well in the scale of things, for one quarter of the whole range of sizes from the universe to an electron (The smallest fragment of an atom,) living things can be found.

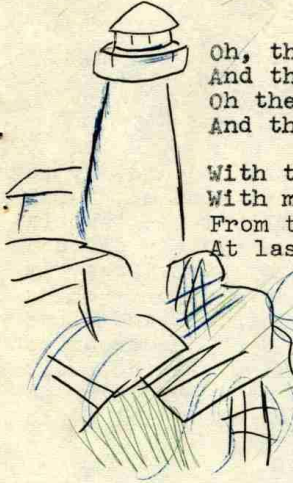
Steve Stephens '56

## A Short Comment on One Aspect of the Physical Sciences

Matter Matters.

Steve Stephens '56

# SEAFOAM



Oh, the smell of the salt and the waves blown on high  
And the rocks and the sand and the sea gull's cry!  
Oh the feel of a boat 'neath the soles of my feet  
And the tug of the sails and the pull of the sheet!

With the sun and the moon and the stars for my light,  
With my God as a guide through the darkness of night,  
From the rocky coast viewing the turbulent sea  
At last full contentment embraces me.

Judy Stetson '56

## THE STORM



That cold, but bright morning we left the harbor with little thought of what was to come.

Our friend, the skipper, was always willing to take a chance if the fish were running. They, the fish, had previously left the depths where they had lounged during the hottest part of the summer, and now were schooled up, breaking on top of the water as the cool, crisp, autumn air filled them with vigor.

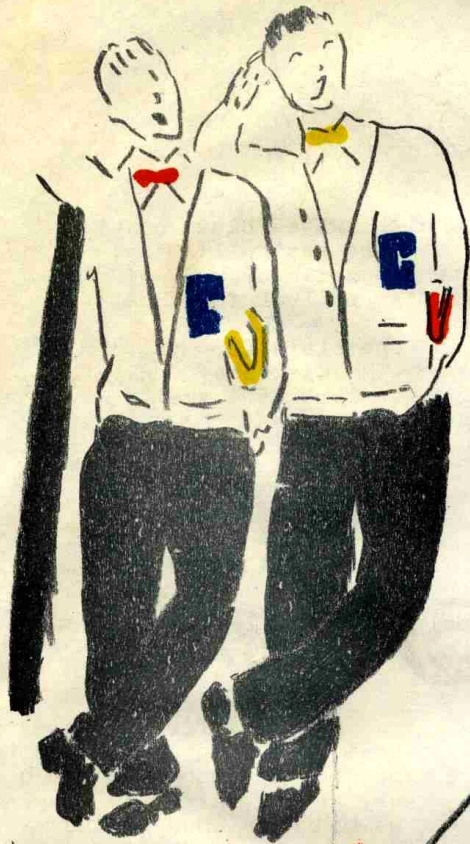
We had gone most of the fifteen miles across the bay and could see Sharp's Island looming ahead of us when we noticed the wind was picking up, and a black cloud was heading up the bay. Rather than break everyone's good feeling, I kept quiet about it, but my eyes kept going back to the black cloud coming upon us.

Soon the shriek of gulls distracted me and we headed full steam for the place where both bird and fish were working on the luckless baitfish.

Four or five fish were in the boat when I again noticed the water boiling up, and the patch of black sky getting larger. I began to wish we had listened to the storm warnings on the radio that morning. Within fifteen minutes the fish went down, and the boat was starting to roll. Being in strange waters didn't help us any, but we made for the leeward side of the island and prepared to ride out the storm. Fortunately, the boat had been used prior to this summer in an ocean resort and was equipped for this sort of thing. The regular anchor was replaced by a larger one and an additional one was cast off the bow.


The once green and peaceful water now looked dark and menacing as the caverns of brine and foam crashed upon us. Then the rains came. They lashed out with all the fury of the wind that drove them. All portholes, doors and ventila-

Continued on page



I am being tricked and by a method so absurdly simple. No, I don't mean to fall in love, that is something I have absolutely decided against. To lose my fancy free, my independence to an emotion such as love, why it is assinine. And I have been tricked by such underhanded methods; by blinking ridiculously long eyelashes at me and holding me so tight that I'm sure any girl would be swayed.

I have fought against it tooth and nail. I have even taken myself into a corner and explained all the reasons I shouldn't even consider such a thing. But suddenly, there it was.



However, I have absolutely no intention of accepting this thing without a fight. I'll fight, yes, I will!! And I'll give no quarter nor take any until after the battle. But wait, wait, I don't really feel too bad; a light-headed, light-hearted quiverish, shiverish kind of a feeling. No, not bad at all. Maybe I shouldn't fight this thing at all; ah, but it's sheer madness. Always having to worry how I look, if he's looking at that blonde too much; nothing could be worth all that bother. Then again I do feel awfully good. Maybe, if I try it for a few days, maybe a week, I could tell. Yes, that's what I'll do; then, of course if I don't like being in love I'll give the whole thing up. Yes, that does seem the sensible thing to do. Oh, I'm so smart not letting a thing like this lick me.

Doris Hawes - 55

# THEM

They were nothing more than a pair of cats, Siamese cats, but what excellent jobs of mutilation they could perform.

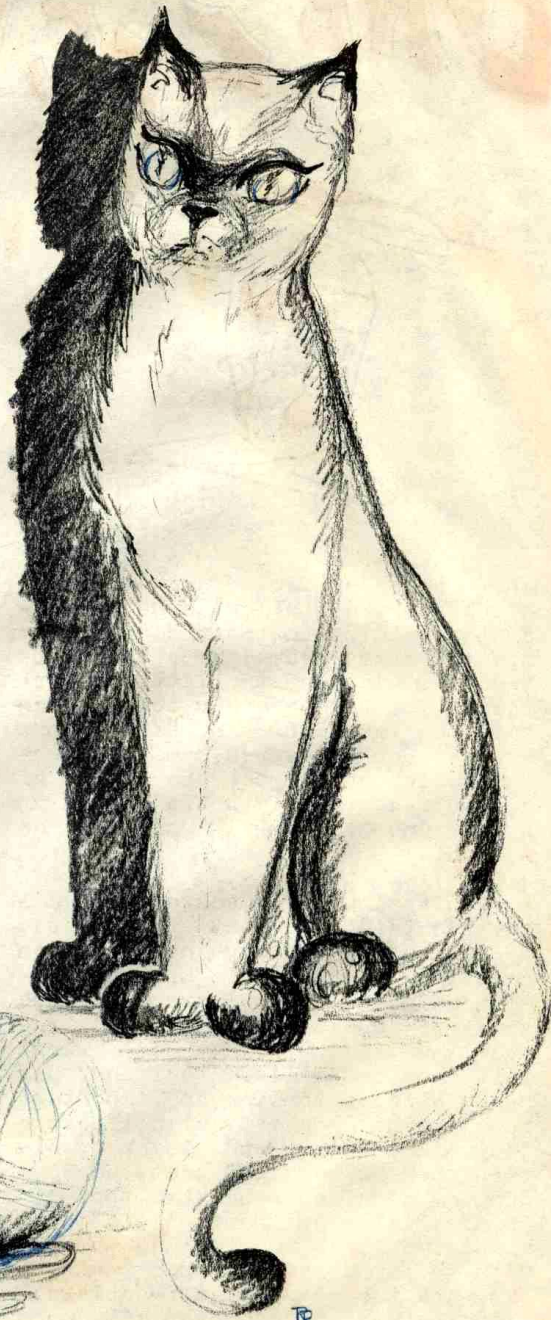
Dad named these two jokers Yang and Yin which in Chinese means "the beginning and the end." It must have been at one of his feeble moments.

The translation of their names "the beginning and the end" is exactly what happened in our household. Their beginning meant the end of peace and all articles of wool in the house. Their appetites ranged from Puss and Boots cat food (fish flavor) to a \$30 cashmere sweater, to the inside of my mattress plus knitted sleeves on jackets, argyle socks, bedspreads, and the maid's coat.

They didn't merely chew and expectorate. They chewed and swallowed. At one time, during their very short stay we purchased a ball of yarn both for their enjoyment and to curb their appetites. All traces were gone in two days.

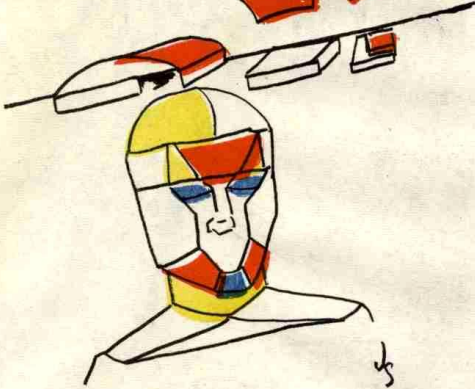
We gave Yang away to an unsuspecting bachelor who, prior to that time, was a friend of the family. Yin went to live on a farm in Virginia. I hope there are no sheep there.

Dick Weeds '56





# ONE SECOND TILL-?



Professor Paul Blanchard walked slowly toward the low, squat concrete building that sat separate from the temporary frame shops that dotted the plain of the little desert isle. The loud-speaker tower coughed, and a voice droned, "X minus one hour." Paul muttered something unprintable and flipped the butt of his half-smoked cigarette on the hot sand. One hour 'til what?, he thought.

His mind sped backwards, recalling events of the last two years. He remembered the day he had been notified by the Atomic Energy commission of his appointment to the staff of "Operation Goldbrick". He recalled the thrill he had first felt when he realized that he had been selected to plan an important role in the greatest scientific project of all time, and his early elation when he realized that the Government considered him the top man in his field. An ironic smile pulled at his mouth as he recalled the zest with which he had attacked the problem, and the glow of self-satisfaction that had spread over him when

he completed the final equation. Then there was the letter signed by the President, thanking him for services and telling him that he had done a great service to mankind.

The thought sickened him now. He hated himself for being a part to the building of anything as horrible as the monster he had helped to create. He hated the smug, gloating scientists who thought they could tamper with the force that binds the universe together and not have to pay the price. Most of all he hated the thing he had made. He wanted to destroy it, to tear it apart, to smash it to rubble with his bare hands!

He laughed aloud at that one. The thing he had made rested smugly on an island 500 miles away. It had taken a long time and a lot of money to put it there, and it was as safe as the ingenuity of man could make it.

He descended the four steps to the door of the sunken building and entered. A large, beefy, florid-faced man looked up from behind a desk and said, "Hello, Paul, now is it?"

"Not bad," said Paul, sinking into an easy chair beside the desk. The man he addressed was Dr. Howard McFarland., one of the world's greatest mathematicians, and fellow-"Operation Goldbrick" worker.

A box on the desk hummed, and a flat, metallic voice said, "X minus forty-five minutes."

"Worried?" asked McFarland.

"What do you think!"

"Yeah, I suppose everybody is, this close to X hour."

The two men watched each other thoughtfully in the ensuing silence.

Finally Paul said, "Mac, suppose something should go wrong, suppose the--"

The big man silenced him with a wave of his hand. "Look, Paul", he said, with the air of one addressing a small child, "nothing can go wrong, the mathematics proved that. Figures don't lie, Paul."

"No" said Paul softly, figures don't lie. Do you believe in proverbs?"

"What?"

"There's an old proverb that says, 'If you play with fire, you'll get burned.'" He frowned at his own triteness as he walked out the door and into the blazing sunlight. McFarland watched him leave, shrugged his shoulders and picked up a sheet of figures.

As the voice said "X minus thirty minutes", Paul strode into his room and slammed the door. Stretching himself out on his bunk and, blowing a smoke ring thoughtfully at the ceiling, he wondered to himself how the smartest men in the world could be so stupid. He recalled his early awe for the project. Yes, it was an awe-inspiring project, he mused.

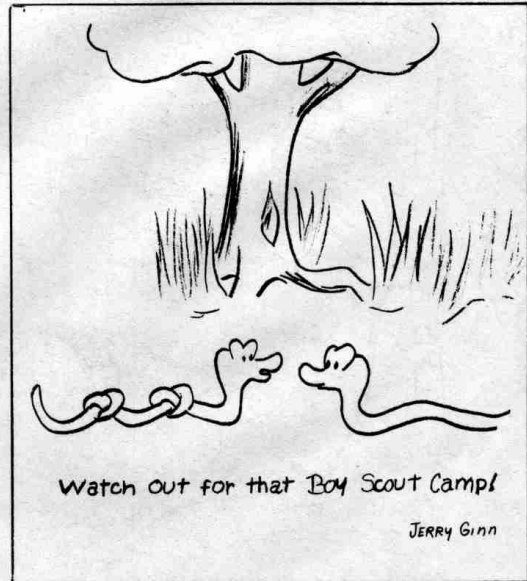
The atom bomb had been awe-inspiring, the hydrogen bomb had been even more so. Now they had built a bomb that used an ordinary H-bomb as a trigger for a weapon so powerful it defied the imagination. "Operation Goldbrick" had been the building of the Lithium Bomb, which could vaporize everything within a 300-mile radius and which could blot a country off the map. It could destroy the earth, he thought, if the calculations were wrong. His equations and formulas had made it

possible for the bomb to be built. He wondered how he could stand before God in judgement, with the souls of a world he had destroyed crying for justice. He surveyed a fingernail, carefully bit it off, and lit a cigarette.


At the end of the cigarette, a voice said, "X minus twenty minutes. Proceed to your stations and stand by." Paul got up sluggishly and shambled out into the sunlight. The formerly quiet camp was now a beehive of activity. Men were running from place to place, gathering things they did not want destroyed when the awful shock wave thundered across the island's surface.

He walked toward the elevator to the underground bomb shelter, thinking of the time and trouble needed to evacuate all the natives within a 700-mile radius of the blasting point, and the constant vigil of the planes overhead, watching to see that no ships entered the danger area.

Continued on page 18



# UGLINESS



Deformity, inelegance, disfigurement,  
squalor;

The visible qualities which are per-  
ceived by the stunted sight

Hideous? Shocking? Has the feeble  
mind

Fathomed the fairness which is tar-  
nished by ignorance?

Haggard, yes, but not horrible; ghast-  
ly, but not unkind.

Is its want of symmetry so unseemly  
there's no radiance

To set off a charm so when a butterfly  
peeps through its cocoon?

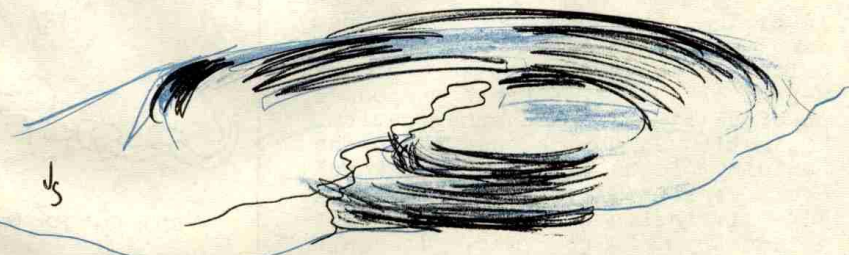
Does not the distorted yearn for com-  
plainsance;

To manifest its brilliancy although  
ugly and forlorn?

The graceless has its tidiness; the  
unwieldy its splendor.

The odious for the becoming; the grim  
for the attractive must be forborne.

Neal walters '56



# Beauty



"I search for Beauty," cries the fool.  
"My life's fulfillment, my yearning dream."  
Fool! Yesterday, as dawn, Aurora of the  
East, was breaking,  
You walked through the fields, the verdant  
clover, and scorned the sight.  
You cursed the mockingbird, and the  
meadowlark trilling his sweet song.

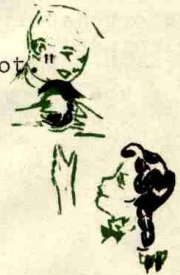
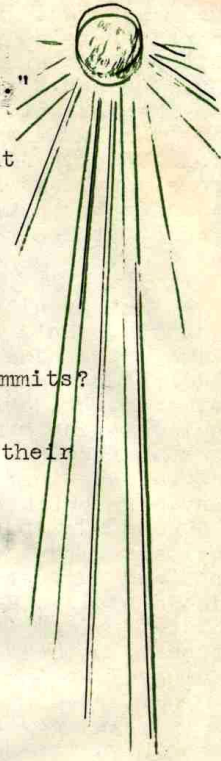
"I search for Beauty," cries the fool.  
Fool! At noon you walked beneath the  
trees, the towering pine, the gentle  
birch, the stately elm,  
Did you not see the cathedral of their summits?  
The lofty prayer of upraised boughs?  
The wind, sweet zephyr, sang a hymn in  
their branches, a hymn of praise to their  
Creator.  
You did not hear.

Do you truly search for Beauty, O fool?  
Yesterday you passed children playing.  
Could you not find her in their faces?  
No, you couldn't.  
You are a fool.

Last night you drew your curtain  
That the moon, the radiant silver moon,  
could not send its beams to you.  
You looked not upon its brilliant disc.  
Why do you harden your heart?  
Because you are a fool.

Vain, vain search for Beauty!  
Fool, did not the Greatest to ever  
walk this earth say:  
"Seeing, they see not; hearing, they hear not."  
Open your eyes, uncover your ears,  
And be no more called "Fool."

Kasha Larew '56



DEAR JAN...

It's been a long time since I've written you, and a great deal has happened. I told you that my cousin Pete is staying with us while his parents are in South America, but I haven't told you about Irving and Harley yet. Irving and Harley are the live part of Pete's spider collection. Almost everyone collects something, and spiders are just as good as anything else to collect, I guess. At least that's Pete's point of view.

He's really a fanatic on the subject. He's beginning to act like something out of a Charles Addams' cartoon. I caught him the other night, around midnight, requisitioning hamburger from the ice box to feed his little monsters. He explained that about 3 weeks ago Irving hatched out a flock of 200-odd baby spiders, and was having quite a time catching enough flies to feed everybody. Hence-hamburger. Incidentally, I pointed out to Pete that "Irving" hardly sounded matronly, but he's very stubborn about things like that.

Well, everything was going smoothly, the bugs and I managing to stay out of each other's way, until a few days ago when Harley walked out of his jar in Pete's room and ambled on down to the kitchen. (Probably planning an ice box raid.) Unfortunately I had not learned to distinguish Harley from common ordinary arthropods, and upon sighting the enemy sitting fat, dumb and happy in the middle of the floor, I whacked him with a broom. (Natural feminine reaction) I am afraid this squashed him rather flat.

I couldn't have felt worse when Pete identified the poor clobbered ink blot on the floor a few minutes

later but there was, of course, nothing that could be done. (An 8 year-old neighbor suggested artificial respiration but somehow felt that Harley was a bit beyond that stage.)

The funeral was held yesterday with half the kids in the neighborhood in attendance. Poor Harley was buried in a matchbox in the garden. A lovely ceremony.

Pete's spider collecting days came to a close this morning. Evidently Harley was not the only spider to have wandered from the reservation. You can't imagine what it's



like living in a house over-run with eight-legged beasts. They were everywhere. Thank goodness the exterminators have left and the house is back to its normal state of chaos now..

Well, That's all for now. Write soon.

Jean

P.S. Pete just walked in with a 5-foot black snake that he traded for his old spider cages. Snake is called Sam.

Roberta Rucker '55

# THE STORY OF THE BOOMS



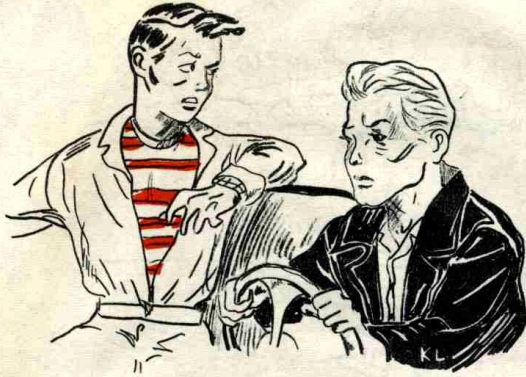
It was three days before the children were due in camp, and four of the male counselors were busy fixing up the swimming area. Everywhere there was an air of frantic haste to get the camp all set up before the children arrived. Under the prodding of the swimming instructor, it was finally decided to build a boom made out of logs to separate the deep water from the shallow. It was plain to almost everyone else that a rope would serve the purpose just as well and take up less valuable time, but, having decided on a boom, the men would not back up. Thus began a full half day of hard labor.

First, three big logs of sturdy oak were hunted for. After much strenuous labor the men managed to find these trees and cut them down with the nice new axe they had bought. They hitched the logs onto the back of a '39 Pontiac, and somehow, slipping and wallowing in the rutty road, they managed to haul the timber back to camp. Next the counselors trimmed the branches

from the oaks, and also broke the nice new axe while doing it. Ignoring the numerous cynical remarks which this misfortune drew, they diligently continued their task, measuring and sawing the logs to the right length, laboriously boring holes in the ends, and slowly and painstakingly pushing pieces of chain through the too small holes in the logs. When this was done the carpenters triumphantly put bolts through the chain and fastened the logs of the boom together. Led by the swimming teacher, the others managed to lift the oaken logs close to the water's edge right in the exact spot where the instructor wanted it. Casting scornful, superior glances at the skeptical spectators, who were once so critical, the victorious workers tied a rope onto the boom and pulled. Amidst loud cheering the logs slipped into the water and quietly sank. Oak does not float.

Rob Coe '56

# ALL FOR



It was a night early in Spring when this story took place. The stars were all out though the moon was nowhere in sight. It was the time of the year when the days became noticeably longer, the buds on shrubs and trees began to sprout, and the days till the end of school were counted.

On that night I had finished all my homework which I felt was important by 7:30 and asked Mom if I could go over to Jim's for a couple of hours. She reminded me to get home early and to stay out of trouble. I mumbled something about what a dull life that would be and walked out.

Jim was an average run-of-the-mill teen-ager except that when he ran out of something constructive to do he would look for something destructive to occupy his time.

I walked the length of the porch of his well-kept frame house and then knocked on the door. Jim's mother answered.

"Is Jim in?"

"Come on in, Dick, and have a seat. I'll call him."

I took a seat in the living room and looked through a magazine until Jim finally came in. He had

just finished eating supper and tossed a couple of rolls to me.

"Hi, Dick, what's up?"

"Nothing much, just thought I'd come over and see if we could find something to do."

"I'll tell Mom we're going to the library then we'll take the car out for a spin."

The car was a '37 Plymouth which Jim had bought with hard-earned money. It was black and shone from the many times we had polished it. The car ran very well for its age and was very impressive going under street lights. The only defect was the lack of a light to illuminate the rear license plate.

Jim was the first to speak.

"I found a good place to get gas the other day. It's 'bout a mile from here. It's got woods on one side and the back. The driveway is 'bout a hundred feet from the house. We'll have to park the car on the street, but ain't many cars that come down it. Turn the radio down, that song bothers me."

"You got the stuff?"

"Yeh, look on the back floor."

I turned on the back light and there was our equipment: two five gallon cans, an eight foot length of hose, a small pin light and-----

"Say, Jim, what the devil is the football pump for?"

"It's a new way to keep us from swallowing gas. I turned the plunger around in the pump, took the needle off the end and there we have a suction pump." Jim said this in a matter of fact way as if he thought up something like it every day.

Jim pulled off the road, turned off the key and got out.

"Grab the stuff and let's go to work."

"Not a bad place--though it could be better." The latter I added just to keep my proud companion from swelling his head any more than it already was.

# NOTHING

We walked about a hundred feet till we came to the isolated car. I took the gas cap off and looked around and nodded to Jim to let him know it wasn't locked. For the first part of the operation I did all the work while Jim watched the road and the house. I put the eight foot tube partially into the tank and blew on the end. From the sound of the bubbles rising in the tank I figured that the tank had just been filled.

"Hey Jim, we're in luck!"

Next I put the pump to work starting a steady flow of gas and then put the tube in one of the cans. In fifteen minutes we had carried three cans of gas to the car and with the help of a funnel, pushed them into our tank.

"Jim, that's all she's good for. Collect the equipment and let's go."

I went back and put the lids on the tanks and then got into the car where Jim was ready to go.

"Check and make sure you didn't drop your wallet or something."

"I got everything."

We had gone a couple of blocks and were feeling easy again when Jim noticed the head-lights of a car behind us.

"We'll take the next left and you watch the other car as it goes under the street light."

"Well, I'll tell you--it's a black '53 Ford with a little red gadget on the top and it's taking a left."

I glanced at the speedometer which was steadily rising. The night was cool and we had the windows down which allowed a chilly breeze in.

"Dick, you know the roads better'n I do. You can watch them and call the turns."

"Take a left over the next rise and cut the lights. The road is straight so you'll be able to keep on course."

"You're the boss."

This would have worked fine if it hadn't been for a street light we went under.

"Turn the lights back on and floor it. Our playmate just turned on that red gadget. He must be mad."

"Yeh, just listen to that nasty noise he's making."

"Say, is he fast! Take a right, that ought to slow him down. Keep turning or he'll catch us in a straight-a-way."

"There's only three ways out of this section. He's coming down one and another leads on to a highway where we might have to wait for traffic, so that leaves one."

"We just about got him lost, so get on a straight-a-way and stay there till he gets on it, the turn off. This'll give us a bigger lead. Then head for out."

Continued on page



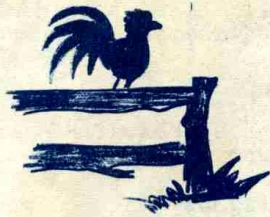
When Jack and Jill rode up the highway (in their Kidillac) to get a pint of radium, Jack fell down and caught a chill and Jill is now radio-active.

Moral: Don't ride in your car with your radio active because you may fall out of the seat and catch a cold if you hit your head against the radio, which is playing windy music at the time of the Kidilastrophie.

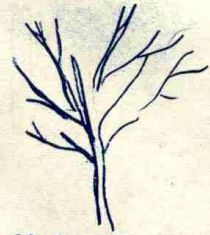


Adolfo Paez '56





## Dawn



A cock crows in the distance;  
The reverent hush is broken.  
The sharp wind pulls the hair  
Of trees as they awaken.

Blue mountains urge reluctant  
Mists to leave the verdant valley.  
High above sail fleecy clouds,  
Golden, flame-hued heraldry.

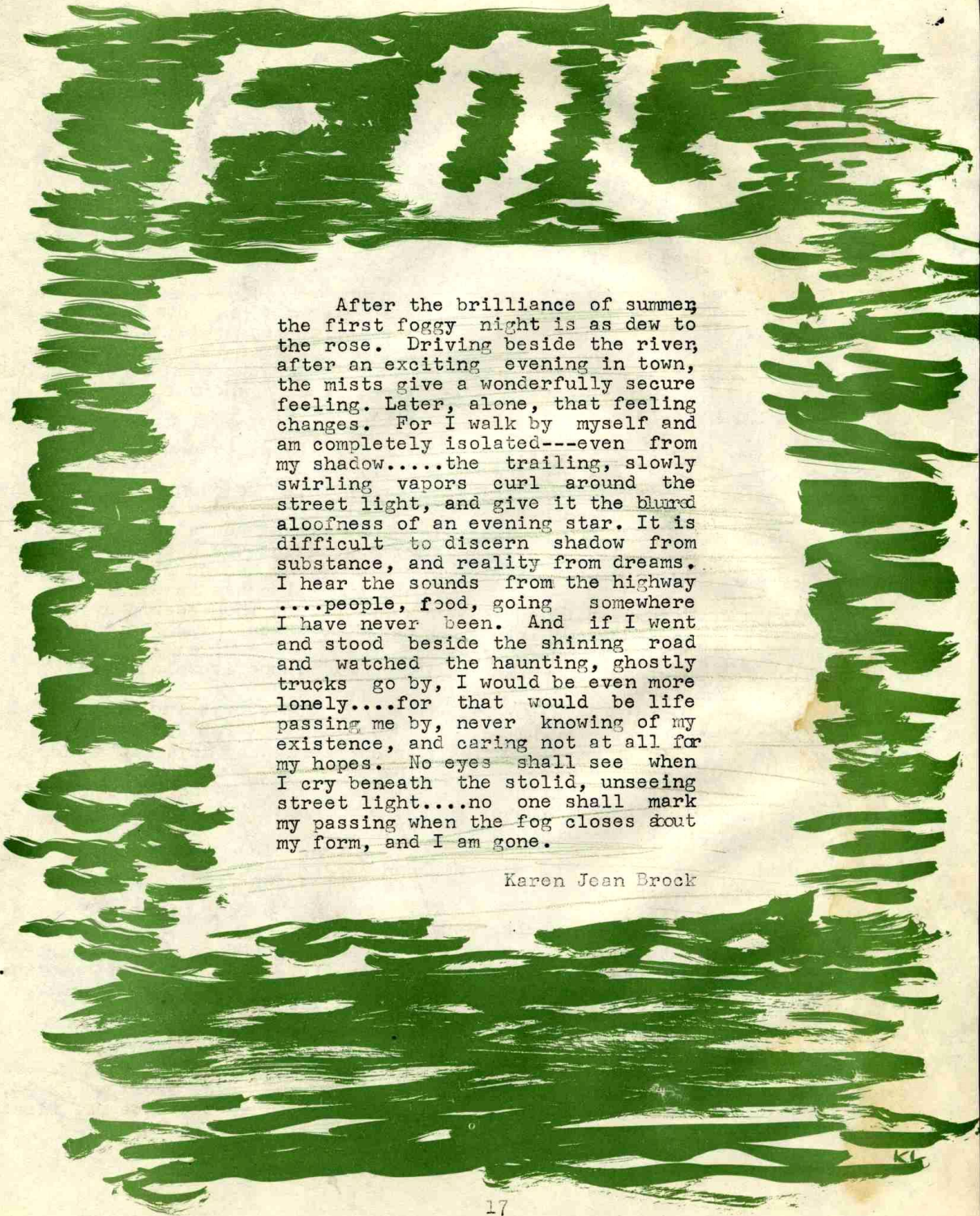
Corky Feagin '56

## Earth

If this little world tonight  
Suddenly should fall through space  
In a hissing, headlong flight,  
Shrivelling from off its face,  
As it falls into the sun,  
In an instant every trace  
Of the little crawling things-  
Ants, philosophers, and lice,  
Cattle, cockroaches, and kings,  
Beggars, millionaires, and mice,  
Men and maggots all are one  
As it falls into the sun.

Who can say but at the same instant  
From some planet far,  
A child may watch us and exclaim:  
"See the pretty shooting star!"

Jerry Kunz '59



After the brilliance of summer  
the first foggy night is as dew to  
the rose. Driving beside the river,  
after an exciting evening in town,  
the mists give a wonderfully secure  
feeling. Later, alone, that feeling  
changes. For I walk by myself and  
am completely isolated---even from  
my shadow.....the trailing, slowly  
swirling vapors curl around the  
street light, and give it the blurred  
aloofness of an evening star. It is  
difficult to discern shadow from  
substance, and reality from dreams.  
I hear the sounds from the highway  
....people, food, going somewhere  
I have never been. And if I went  
and stood beside the shining road  
and watched the haunting, ghostly  
trucks go by, I would be even more  
lonely....for that would be life  
passing me by, never knowing of my  
existence, and caring not at all for  
my hopes. No eyes shall see when  
I cry beneath the stolid, unseeing  
street light....no one shall mark  
my passing when the fog closes about  
my form, and I am gone.

Karen Jean Brock

As he entered the elevator it occurred to him that this might be the last time he would ever see the sun. The doors closed and the elevator whistled into the bowels of the earth, which would be the only safe place on the island during the explosion. Paul wondered if any place on earth was. You couldn't hide from a chain reaction!

"X minus fifteen minutes," said the voice.

Paul stepped out of the elevator into a long room, walled on each side with instrument panels. There were already other people in the room, seated at the panels, checking relays and reading dials. Wordlessly, he dropped into his seat in front of a mammoth array of switches and lights, and proceeded to check the relays.

"X minus twelve minutes."

As his hands flew over the circuits, his mind once again fell into the train of thought that he had been nursing for so long. Suppose the mathematicians were wrong, he thought, suppose there's an error, suppose there's an unaccounted factor? His fear was a soiled thing now, it bubbled up inside him like an angry volcano, eating away at his sanity. He forced his hands to move faster, checking and rechecking the relays.

"X minus ten minutes."

He caught hold of himself, pushed the thoughts into the back of his mind and concentrated on the instrument panel. A green light flashed, and he put on his earphones and heard a high, shaky voice inform him that all planes and sea-going craft had been cleared from the danger area. A red warning light flashed, indication that a circuit

was overheating. He tracked down the offending relay and his hands again flew over the instrument panel, removing the current from the hot wire, loading and reloading the other circuits.

"X minus seven minutes".

Nothing to do now but watch the red light and wait. The minutes seemed like hours and the ticking of his watch was a voice reminding him that he had no place to hide, and that time was running out. He wondered how the people around him could be so calm and confident.

"X minus five minutes."

Maybe everything will be all right, thought Paul. Maybe the figures are right. Maybe it's not going to ----. A wild hope clutched at his heart. Maybe the bomb won't go off, maybe it's a dud, maybe---. No, get hold of yourself, that bomb's going to explode and there's nothing you can do about it.

"X minus four minutes."

A silence fell over the room. People forgot to breathe, and the tension was a real thing that you could reach out and touch.

"X minus three minutes."

How long ago, Paul wondered, how long ago had the cave man first

brought home fire?

"X minus one minute!"

One minute, thought Paul, one minute until the fate of the world is decided. It's a snowball, he murmured, a snowball that no one pays attention to until it's too big to stop. The red hand of the clock sped on.

"X minus four seconds!"

Paul's hands gripped the side of his seat until the knuckles showed white. A drop of perspiration rolled off his forehead and was caught in the stubble of his four-day beard.

"X minus three seconds!"

"Thou shalt not kill!" The thought burned itself into his brain. "Thou shalt not kill!"

"X minus two seconds!"

"Now I lay me down to sleep. !"

"X minus one second!"

"I pray the lord my soul.....!"

Karl Gould '55

Continued from Pg. 15

As we got on that road we had decided to take out, we finally remembered our playmates had an unfair advantage, the radio. Not more than a hundred yards ahead were two MORE cars just like the one behind us.

"My does he travel fast."

"And, my, what a realistic shadow. I think we'd better stop and chat awhile."

"I sure ain't gonna' fly over them."

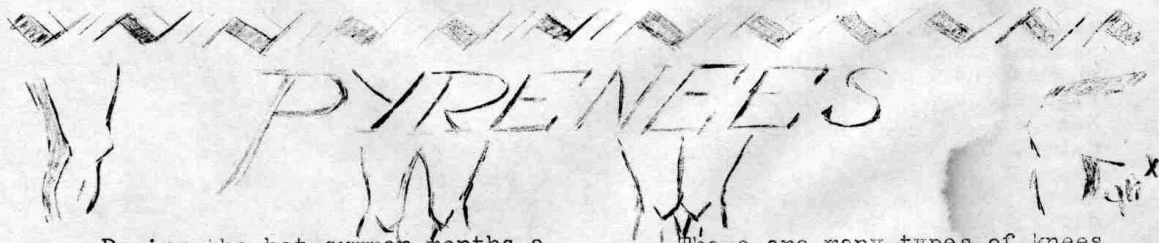
We came to a stop two feet in front of the gold lettering "Police".

A moment later our friends pulled up behind us and got out of their car. and politely opened the doors while the other officers shone their spot lights in our eyes. Then one of the nice gentlemen bellowed "Get out!"

After the usual formality of exchanging names and identification the cop said something that made us almost sicker than we were already.

"I sure got a lot of charges against you here, just because I wanted to tell you your back license ain't lighted."

Dick Coons '55



During the hot summer months a great many people may be found in bathing suits or some type of shorts, all of which are very much leg-revealing. Found on the leg between the thigh and lower part of the leg is a joint called the knee. Most people have a couple of them.

There are many types of knees, as you may have noticed; normal knees, good-looking knees, dimpled knees, double jointed knees, water-on-the-knee knees, knobby knees, knock knees, and the Pyrenees.

Dick Weede '56

# UNEXPLAINABLE THREE



Early in the morning of Sept. 17, 1884 the town of Tuscon, Arizona had just awakened from its night of slumber. As the pale glow from the radiant sun began to cast abstract shadows across Main Street, three figures staggered out of the grey haze at the far end of town. Billy Gates, the town's errand boy, passed them off as tramps as he hurried to work. Their clothes were torn and dirty, their high-heeled boots were covered with dust, while their hair, though neatly trimmed, looked as if it had never been combed. But the right arm of the tallest had layers of dry blood caked on it and was poked through the front of his shirt, which acted as a sling. Between the other two men a steel case was car-

ried. All three climbed up the steps of the telegraph office and disappeared behind the heavy doors.

They appeared a few minutes later and asked to see the sheriff. They explained that they were employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The smallest of the three was Ben Wilkins, a professional guide, while the other two, John McGraw and Bill Clay were surveyors. They were surveying for the spur that would run into Tuscon from the main line. They explained that their camp was raided by a small band of Apaches on the evening of the sixteenth. They related how Clay's arm had been pierced by a bullet from one of the attackers' guns, and how they had escaped capture by

evading the Apaches in the darkness which encompassed the glow of the campfire. After watching the Indians ransack their camp, they inched their way down a steep slope, and then fled on foot over rough country to Tuscon, with only their instrument case.

The men then asked for fresh horses and provisions so they could ride back to the main line and report to the work train. They asked the sheriff if he would mind billing the Southern Pacific for the horses. As the men swung into the saddles, the one called McGraw asked Billy to help him lift up the steel case. Billy exclaimed that "whatever was in the box, sure weighed a lot". The men turned and headed into the desert.

The sheriff walked over to the telegraph office to pass the time of day with the operator, Jim Badger. As he opened the door, he saw Jim

bound and gagged on the floor. After he'd been untied, Jim told how he had just received a message from Douglas reporting a stage holdup between Tuscon and there when three men walked in and tied him up. Before they left, the smallest one turned to the other two and exclaimed, "We were just plain lucky this time". "Yea, we knew that stage was gonna get to Douglas just about the time we'd get here." Clay stated, and opened the door. As Jim told his strange story, Billy burst into the office and said three dusty horses had been found behind the old barn.

The dust caused by the fresh horses the three men rode had finally settled as the sheriff dashed into the street and yelled for his five deputies to "saddle up".

Wayne Daugherty '55

## Embarrassing Moment

When our teacher had finished with the roll call, our star football player entered the class, late as usual, walked to his desk in the front row and sat down. The teacher looked up at him and requested an excuse for his lateness. As he got up to answer her, he heard a loud rip and then a roar of laughter from his fellow students seated behind him. Teacher promptly requested, "What are you laughing at?"

The boy's face turned crimson. The teacher, becoming impatient, pounded on her desk and said, "Bring whatever it is that is causing this

disturbance up here and put it on my desk."

"Ma'm, it's impossible," said our football player.

"Nonsense! Now bring it up here."

"Ma'm???"

"Now!!"

As his face turned three shades redder, he walked up to her desk and sat on it.

Kathy Macmillian '56

Continued from pg. 1  
knew he looked fatter, stuffier, and more distinguished, if not richer.

"Colonel," said the friend, "I went you to meet Brig. Gen. Daniel B. Mouldy, Brig. Gen. Andrew A. Acres, and Brig. Gen. Johnathan S. Barret."

Continued from pg. 5  
tars were shut and everything movable was fastened down. Inside the cabin we huddled nervously; some bracing themselves while others were fastening life jackets. Outside, the main part of the storm hit us, sending spray crashing over the gunwale and tossing us like a cork. We felt the anchors start to slip as we started the bilge pumps. The skipper then produced what looked to us like a piece of canvas and some metal rods. This was a sea anchor. The drag of the canvas on the water slowed us down considerably. After what seemed like an hour I heard above the roar of the storm, water crashing upon land and could dimly see



the beam in the Bloody Point lighthouse. This was the last thing I wanted to hear. We huddled, half frozen with fear that we would run aground and be lashed to pieces in the shallow water. An act of God must have saved us, for the storm seemed to let up and the anchors dug deep into the clay-like bottom. The ones who hadn't already done so fell to their knees and prayed.

Soon only a breeze was left. It wished the water playfully as we headed back across the bay. Never did the channel waters look better to us as we cruised towards the dock.

Butch Ebert '55

## NOLUMBUS DISCOVERS THE WEW WORLD

Many gears ago, Queen Spainabella of Is heard a knight slock on the coor of her destle. There stood a young gen from Manoa, who gowed bracefully and egged baudience with her Highal Royness.

This baudience was gillingly wiven, and the maring dan, whose came was Nolumbus presented a plan to find a rew noute to the East.

The Queen jocked her hewelry and presented him with smee shall thrips, the Pina, the Ninta, and... aw phooie. There's something wrong with this pen. It wont right wright. Oh well, everybody knows the story anyway.