

**PENMAN'S  
PALETTE**

308 B

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typing II class and office pract-  
ice class.

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# PENMAN'S

# PALETTE

Vol 5 Nos

## CONTENTS

### FICTION

A CRYING CHILD by Rebecca Ward	2
A SORT OF STILLNESS by Owen Porter	7
SIR ROBERT APPOINTED A KNIGHT by Mary Louise Kelley	13

### SKETCHES

SNEAKY by Douglas Anderson	17
THE VARIABLE WIND by Patti Buck	11
THE CHANGING SCENE by Alan Gayer	15
BUSBY INSECTUS by Margaret Tackney	10

### ESSAY

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS by Patsy Paez	19
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### POETRY

LUNA by Anne Lewis	5
WATERFRONT AT NIGHT by Carol Rose	6
MENTAL INDIGESTION by Bonnie Benn	16
SACRIFICE by Ann Arnold	9
GOODBYE by Gaby Greer	12
IS THERE AN ANSWER by Owen Porter	22
FIRST SNOW by Betsy Browder	4
LIMERIC by Ann Arnold	4
QUIET SOLITUDE by Emily Akerman	11
NIGHT by Claire Walter	10
STORM by Emily Akerman	10
THE LILAC BUSH by Sue Jones	21
OUT-OF-DOORS by Nancy Oliver	21

The Penman's Palette is sponsored by Mr. Dugstad and published by the students of George Mason Jr. Sr. High School, Falls Church, Virginia.

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**Table of Contents** (Added by Steve Callanen, GM '59, on 9-28-2020.)

- Vol. 5, Issue 1, Undated, Editor, Carolyn Tibbs, '57, Assistant Editor, Owen Porter. Cover, drawn by "B'O'R" Betsy O'Roark-Scheben, '58, Art Staff. (Issue located by Diane Wallingford-McCarthy, '60.)

## **FICTION**

- A CRYING CHILD, by Rebecca Ward, '58, pp. 2 & 3.
- A SORT OF STILLNESS, by Owen Porter, '57, pp. 7, 8 & 9.
- SIR ROBERT APPOINTS A KNIGHT, by Mary Louise Kelley, '58, pp. 13 & 14.

## **SKETCHES**

- SPEAK-EASY, by Douglas Anderson, '57, p. 17.
- THE VARIABLE WIND, by Patti Buck, '58, p. 11.
- THE CHANGING SCENE, by Alan Gayer, '59, p. 15.
- BUSUS INSECTUS, by Margaret Tackney, '58, p. 10.

## **ESSAY**

- FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS, by Patsy Paez, '57, pp. 19 & 20.

## **POETRY**

- LUNA, by Anne Lewis, '58, p. 5.
- WATERFRONT AT NIGHT, by Carol Rose, '58, p. 6.
- MENTAL INDIGESTION, by Bonnie Benn, '59, pp. 16 & 16A.
- SACRIFICE, by Ann Arnold, '58, p. 9.
- GOODBYE, by Gaby Greer, '57, p. 12.
- IS THERE AN ANSWER, by Owen Porter, '57, p. 22.
- FIRST SNOW, by Betsy Browder, '58, p. 4.
- LIMERICK, by Ann Arnold, '58, pp. 4 & 4A.
- QUIET SOLITUDE, by Emily Akerman, '61, p. 11.
- NIGHT, by Claire Walter, '60, p. 18.
- STORM, by Emily Akerman, '61, p. 18.
- THE LILAC BUSH, by Sue Jones, '62, p. 21.
- OUT-OF-DOORS, by Nancy Oliver, '60, p. 21.

## **ARTWORK**

- Cover, "B'O'R" Betsy O'Roark-Scheben, '58, Art Staff.

- A CRYING CHILD, by, Diane Wallingford-McCarthy, '60, Art Staff, pp. 2 & 3.
- FIRST SNOW, "B" Betsy O'Roark-Scheben, '58, Art Staff, p.4.
- WATERFRONT AT NIGHT, "AJW" Amanda Jane Whitfield-Shepard, '60, Art Staff, p. 6.
- SACRIFICE, "AA" Ann Arnold-Hunter, '58, Art Staff, p. 9.
- GOODBYE, "B" Betsy O'Roark-Scheben, '58, Art Staff, p. 12.
- THE CHANGING SCENE, "AJW" Amanda Jane Whitfield-Shepard, '60, Art Staff, p. 15.
- MENTAL INDIGESTION, "AJW" Amanda Jane Whitfield-Shepard, '60, Art Staff, p. 16.
- SPEAK-EASY, "B" Betsy O'Roark-Scheben, '58, Art Staff, p. 17.

# A CRYING

I turned up the collar of my coat and snuggled farther down into it, as the wind grew stronger and sharper. I was pacing up and down before a small railway station in a large German city during World War II. The watery sun tried to pierce the grey clouds with its feeble rays, attempting to send warmth to the bleak scene below.

The city stretched for miles away to my left, looking like a battered toyland on which some child had stepped. There was hardly any movement anywhere. Except for the twitterings of a ragged little sparrow pecking at some dirty crumbs in the gutter, a strange silence settled over the world and the city around me.

Abruptly, the solitude was shattered by the sound of marching feet and harsh voices shouting orders. Turning around, I saw a line of men and women driven toward the station by a half dozen soldiers. Then, above the noise of tramping feet, a cry of anguish and sorrow reached me, reminding me of a wounded animal.

Stranded behind the wire netting which enclosed the station, stood the lone figure of a little boy. His hair was the color of

damp corn and it hung down over his face. His eyes were big and blue, giving a haunting expression to the rest of his little face, which at the moment was wet with tears. In between the sobs that kept choking him, he managed to cry out, "Mama!"





# CHILD

by  
Rebecca Ward  
'58

How I longed to run to him and help him through the opening to his mother, who was obviously among the line of people. I stood for a while and pictured the wild joy that would seize the little boy as he rushed through the gates into his mother's outstretched arms, the tears that would be shed.

I tried to think of other things, knowing how useless such thoughts were, but try as I would those big blue eyes, bright with tears still came before me. I might have noticed how alive the city had become in those few minutes, how the sun had become stronger and the wind less cold, how an odd leaf of one of the few trees fluttered down lifelessly, but I saw only those eyes and heard only those heart-rending cries.

I turned again to the pitiful scene, because I knew that the temptation would prove to be the conqueror of my conscience. I turned my back to it and ran, ran as fast as I could and as far as I could, trying to get away. But I knew I would never succeed, for my mind would one day turn back to that scene. I would see again the haunting face and hear the sorrowful cry of a child.



**NOTE: The section of this page beneath the above illustration was cut-out.**

# FIRST SNOW

Stabbing winter air, <sup>by</sup> Betsy Browder '58

Heavy gray sky,

Bare black branches shivering,

The silent world waits breathless.

Finally they are coming,

Slowly swirling,

The first tiny white snow flakes fall.

Some, suddenly freed, others follow,

Faster and faster,

Racing.

The falling snow darkens the land;

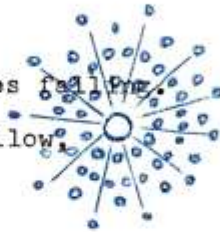
It muffles and soothes.

For a long while,

Silent.

Then, sound breaks through the quiet;

Life has come to the gray winter road.



**NOTE: The lower corner of this page, which contained the "LIMERICK," poem by Ann Arnold, '58, was cut-out.**

<sup>by</sup> K. in Arnold '58  
from Manassas,  
passes.

classes.



**63-years after publication of this 1957 Issue  
of the Penman's Palette,  
Ann Arnold-Hunter, '58,  
submitted via a 29 September 2020 e-mail  
her following missing LIMERICK.**

----

**There was a young girl from Manassas,  
Who was always receiving passes,  
At the end of the fall,  
She dropped football,  
After failing all of her classes.**

# Luna

Anne Lewis

158

Why were you thrown there,  
Midst pinpoints of light  
With magnificence rising from where  
Your pillar of fire standeth forth in the night,  
Your beauty so to declare  
Why do you shine  
Though not with a glory  
Self-possessed, but of one far more fine?  
And thus does your splendor, your brilliance, your glory,  
Issue forth from command divine.  
'Tis His will that you  
Should so shine through the darkness  
And reflect another that, too,  
No darkness or demon shall ever suppress--  
Two lights of a blazing hue.



5



# Waterfront at night

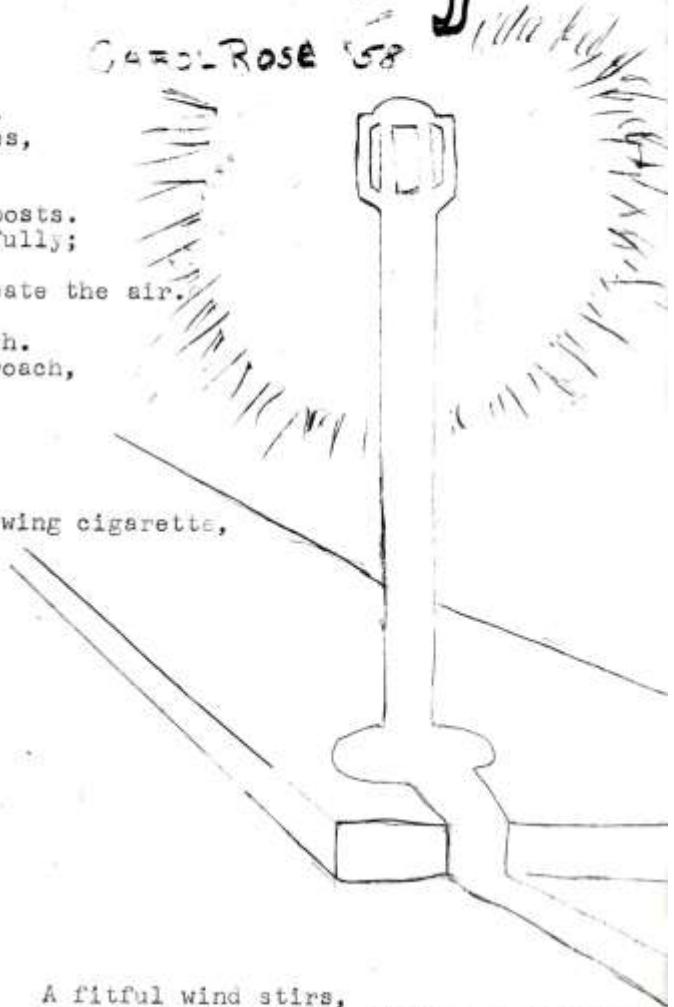
CAROL ROSE '58

The sun has fled.  
Once sparkling waves are murky.  
Gone are the sweating stevedores,  
Their curses muted by time.

Oily waves lick solid seawall posts.  
A far-away foghorn sails mournfully;  
A weary anchor line creaks.  
The odors of fish and tar permeate the air.

Slow footsteps splinter the hush.  
Harshly, rhythmically they approach,  
Only to die away.  
The offended stillness reigns.

A match flares suddenly,  
And then is snuffed out.  
Its life is bequeathed to a glowing cigarette,  
Which undulates redly, gently.



A fitful wind stirs,  
Breathing the sounds of distant laughter.  
It carries in its wake a scrap of paper  
And blows it into the filmy water.

A wistful street light flickers,  
Feebly probing the depths of a gutter  
And discovering a forlorn and empty bottle  
Whose usefulness has long departed.

The moody sounds, the pungent smells,  
The obscure sights, the tingling feel,  
All belong to the shadowed waterfront  
Indifferently awaiting the dawn.

AJW

# A SORT OF STILLNESS

A fat Mexican waddled into the room carrying a tray of coffee and pushed it across the table to several people seated there. They stopped talking and began to sip the steaming mash. The stage would leave for El Paso soon, and its passengers were having lunch in the cafe. Outside, the sun blazed hot on the Texas flatland, and clouds of red dust rolled across the plain.

Minutes passed. Then a coach, pulled by four horses, swung out from a side street and stopped in front of the depot. The driver jumped down and walked to the door of the cafe. "Stage's ready!" he called. The group at the table rose quickly and hurried outside. Two women, a boy, and a man got into the coach. The driver climbed aboard and called to the team. The coach lurched forward, then stopped. Two men hurried into the street and spoke to the driver. A man in a loose grey suit did the talking. The other was lean and hard, dressed in levis. After a few moments they both got in, and the stage pulled away.

Own Point '59

The young woman stared across her son's copy-faded hair, and she looked out steadily out of the window. The other woman, a thick-complexioned blonde, patted her hair softly and carefully rouged her cheeks. The shiny-vested businessman flopped wearily in his seat. "Are you a banker, mister?" asked the boy.

The man wheezed on his cigar and smiled broadly, "No, sonny, I'm not. I'm first salesman for the Charlestown Brass Co., the large single works in the South--manufacturers of cannon, cartridges, and mobile caissons."

"Gee, you make guns," replied the boy. "I'll bet you supplied the rebel army."

The salesman faltered, "Well, no son, it was under different management then."

"Jeffrey is too curious," replied his mother.

"Curiosity is no fault, ma'm," said the lean stranger. "How's a boy to know what's





right if he don't ask?" She recoiled but said nothing. Her son grinned at his new friend.

"Are you going to El Paso too?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are you going to live there?"

"No, not exactly. I'll stay though."

The blonde sighed and spoke in a low drawl. "I'll be staying there too, at the Peso Hall --entertaining, you know." The salesman moved toward her.

"Why, you're from the South, too," he said.

"Yes, suh," she answered, "But I was born there."

He settled back into his seat. "This is a dirty land," he said, "Useless to everyone."

"It's dirty," agreed the stranger. "It is dirt. It's barren land and no good for cotton or tobacco, but still it's land." He looked out at the moving country as he spoke. Crumbling mesas of stone were surrounded by fields of dry, brown yucca, low plants hugging the ground like puffs of cotton. There was cactus, not tall and stately, but short leafy plants. Some were in bloom.

The stage kept a steady pace. The driver called to the team occasionally to break the monotony. A low hum came from beneath the coach as the wheels whirled along.

The young woman waved a fan

restlessly, feeling the heat. She looked at the man in levis and smiled weakly. "You'd be cooler without that hat," he said. She took off the flat-brimmed hat and settled easily.

"Do you suppose they'll ever carry the railroad down this far?" she asked.

"Oh, someday," he replied, "they'll get around to doing most everything someday." His companion parted his coat, displaying a gun butt.

"Do you need that for Indians?" asked the boy. The man pulled his coat tight and said nothing.

"Is El Paso very big?" asked the showgirl.

"It's no large city, but it suits this country," replied the stranger. "The people live fast. I guess some people would call it wild. Lots of Mexicans and Indians. You'll have no trouble finding your home though."

Several of the passengers slept as the stage rode into the evening. The sun set, leaving the sky in color. A soft rose settled on the horizon. "That's all beauty," said the young woman.

"Yes," came the reply. "It's deep beauty. Every day ends like this with the sky all lit and pretty. It's always quiet, too, at the end, sort of soft and easy and still."

The coach slowed as it entered town. The lights of the houses shone bright in the darkness, and people hurried down the boardwalks. It stopped in front of the depot. A doorman



helped the women out and led them toward a hotel. The boy caught his mother's skirt and pointed to a crowd by the coach. "Look!" She turned and saw several armed men leading the stranger away. The other man followed.

"What's happening?" the boy's mother asked the doorman.

"Why that's Danny Hackett,

ma'am, Dangerous Dan. Marshall's just brought him in. They're gonna hang him."

She stood and watched the departing figures, then turned and went inside.

A tumble weed bobbed across the street and nudged against the stagecoach. A flurry of red dust spun after it.

## SACRIFICE <sup>by</sup> ANN ARNOLD '58

As the train pulled into the station,  
The porter came down the aisle,  
And with mercenary anticipation  
Requested my bags with a smile.

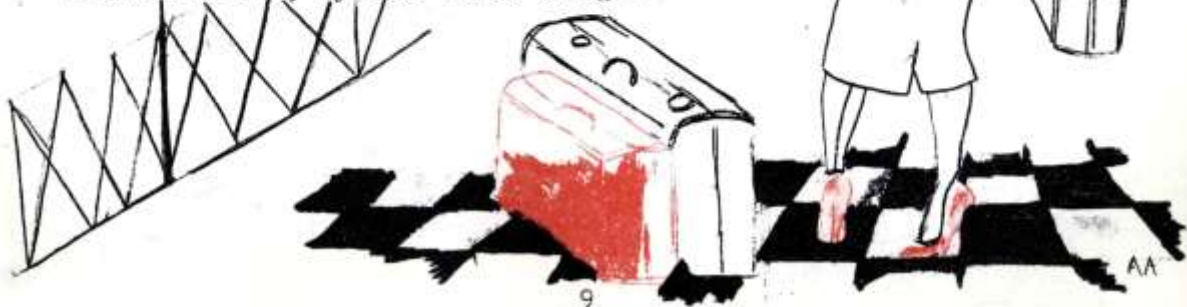
I took a stand, I faced the foe,  
I clenched my fist, and I said no!

With a bag or two tucked under each arm,  
And determination all over my face,  
I staggered out and with silent alarm  
Saw beaming red caps all over the place.

I set my jaw, I turned around.  
I didn't look, I covered ground.

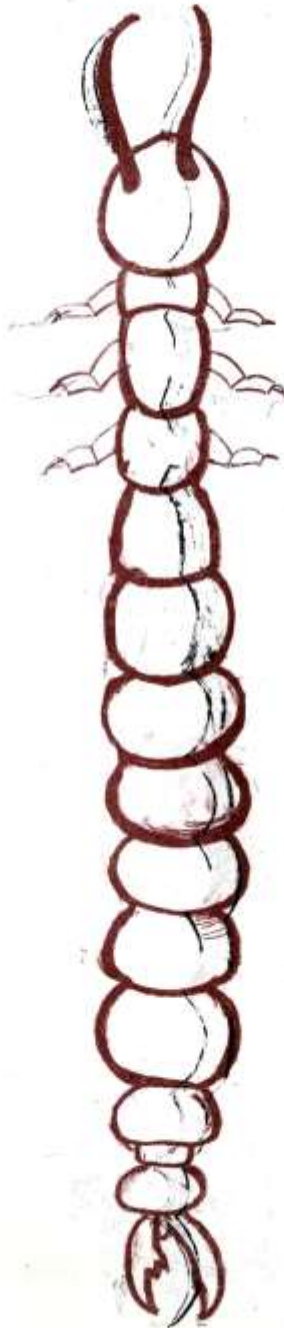
Through the torture, one goal stood before me,  
And I knew I could soon relax,  
For the only aspect that I could see  
Was the pile of saved greenbacks.

I never fell, I saved my dough,  
I made it home, my back hurts though.



# BUSUS insectus

by  
MARGARET JACKNEY  
'58



I am swallowed by the bus, a great gluttonous insect plagued by continuous indigestion. It is belching and groaning to alleviate its discomfort, as it crawls from stop to stop, devouring a motley array of human substance. It absorbs coins and excretes the waste, carrying people who get where they are going, a little older, bereft of valueless money and invaluable time.

Having nothing else to do, I examine my fellow passengers. A fat woman, slave to a voracious appetite, comes down the aisle. Her bone structure is obscured by waves of undulating adipose tissue.

A very old man with the mouth of a fretful child catches my attention by the baleful looks he casts in the direction of his feet. The many lines of his face denote querulous discontent. After some consideration I realize that his vexation is not the result of seventy odd years of difficult life, but shoes that are too tight.

The insect reaches my destination, disrupting my reverie.

# the variable wind

Pat Buck '58

The street is quiet; leaves rustle lazily in the gutter. Suddenly a little breeze springs up, playing with the leaves and papers in the street, nudging gently the clothes of passers-by, whispering softly to the trees.

A change comes over the breeze; its force increases. It begins to moan, volume rising. It grows stronger still, sweeping the trash along the curb fiercely, lashing at the bare branches of the trees, howling past the people, whipping at them with all its energy. The trees sway under the attack, groaning for mercy. The people

scurry for their homes.

Shutters bang as the wind, rushing down alleys and screeching around corners, cruelly buffets them. Rain drops mix with the angry air and are flattened against the pavement. The wind goes on rending and destroying, hurling itself at anything in its path.

Slowly the wind diminishes; the shrieking dies out and fades away. Now, it begins to cry, whimpering ever so softly. Giving the leaves one last toss, it disappears, leaving them to settle to the ground to rest once more, undisturbed.

# quiet solitude

Emily Akers  
'61

Quiet is the still of night;  
Fierce is the ocean's roar;  
Brilliant is the moon's light,  
Throwing rays from shore to shore.

Lonely am I  
As I dream tonight,  
Watching the sky  
And the sea gull's flight.

Thinking of the one I love,  
Far across the sea,  
Looking at the stars above,  
Wishing he were with me.

If only I could sail the blue,  
I would see him there,  
Explore new lands and places too,  
Being free, without a care.

Still the quiet reigns about me,  
As I sit and gaze,  
Listening to the raging sea,  
Looking at the foamy waves.



# GOODBYE

Gaby <sup>by</sup> GREER  
157

Goodbye, small son.  
Your Grandad is here.  
He will take you with him  
to learn to read and spell and write.  
He will give you better things  
than ever our poor hands could give.

Do not cry!  
Would you have your sister cry!  
Here are some cookies for you on your journey,  
and some to give to others who have none.  
You will soon be in your new home  
and in your own little room.  
Think of your new, shiny toys!  
Do not cry!

Be good, small son.  
Learn each lesson well, and day by day,  
grow to be a bigger man.  
Forget not nature, which has been so good to you.  
Forget not the God who has given you His blessings.  
Forget not your family, which will always love you.  
Goodbye.



# SIR ROBERT

## APPOINTS A KNIGHT

Sir Robert lay down "The Times" and gazed pensively at the fire. "It seems to me," he said, "that things could be gayer around here." He glanced around the castle room, old and gloomy. "A perfect setting for a romantic tale, and my daughter, a fair maiden indeed, sits reading a book!" Alicia, used to this, turned the page and read on.

"Nowadays," he mused, "a castle is good for nothing but worrying about how to pay the taxes and keeping it up. I'm afraid I shall have to leave it for sure."

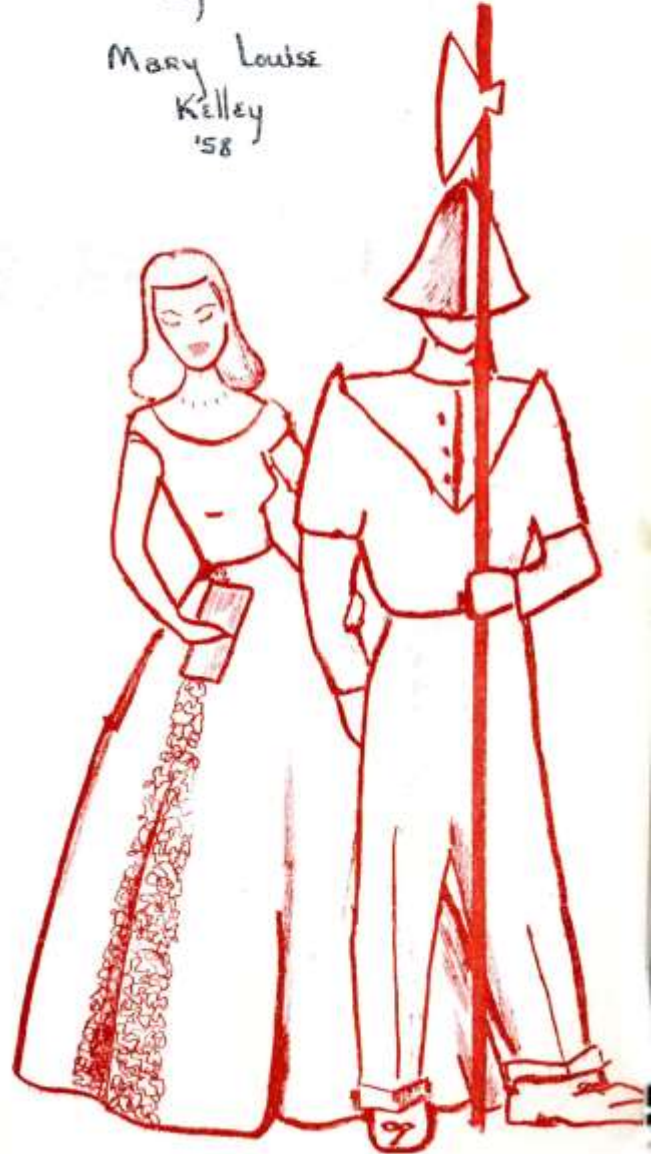
Alicia got up, switched off her light and came over to her father. "Don't worry, Dad," she said, "you know we'll be able to keep the crumbling Penn-Smith castle."

The honk of an Austin-Healy interrupted them, and Alicia ran down to meet her fiance, Jim Allenton. So far their engagement had been quite unsatisfactory as Sir Robert would not hear of their marrying so early. He was not particularly fond of Jim anyway, as a quiet book-loving lawyer-to-be was not his idea of a husband for his daughter.

Sir Robert had been afraid for some time that matters were coming to a head, and his suspicions were confirmed that night when he heard Alicia's high-pitched voice saying, "I mean it, Jim, I will elope."

At the first shock, Sir

by  
Mary Louise  
Kelley  
'58





Robert was furious, but the more he thought, the more pleased he was that the pair were showing so much spirit in defying him. And so it happened that Sir Robert found out the day, departure time, and destination of the lovers.

.....

A sudden flash of lightning illuminated Alicia's room, showing her hastily stuffing a hairbrush into an over-sized handbag. The same flash showed Jim urging his battered car up the wet road toward the castle.

When three stones were piled on the window ledge, their established signal, Alicia ran quickly down the stairs. She hastened to the west door, the entrance to the half of the castle that had been closed for years. Instead of Jim standing there, one could see only a puff of smoke. The smoke seemed to disappear through the door, and curiously Alicia opened it and entered.

The smell of the ages hit her full in the face, as she ascended the steps to the main hall. A wave of horror passed over her as she saw a chain slip around the corner of the gloomy room. To follow it was impossible, as Alicia seemed to have lost control of her lower extremities. In her excited frame of mind, she was far from prepared for the shock of the sound of steps echoing down the corridor, and the sight of a figure in the doorway. The room went black, and she felt herself slip into the darkness and dust of a musty corner.

She awoke to find Jim standing there. He had never looked more mild or unassuming and it

seemed impossible that she could have taken him for anything so foreboding as a ghost. As she took his arm, she could tell he was shaking. Lost in the darkness, they entered, finding themselves in a well-lighted ancient hall. On all sides were portraits of the Penn-Smith family. Handsome and splendid they were with their full suits of armor beneath them.

By sheer inner compulsion, Jim drew himself up to his full five feet, nine inches, his pallid face taking on a stalwart glow, and turned to Alicia. Taking her by the hand, he walked down the dark corridor and out the door with an effort worthy of knighthood.

Entering the courtyard, Jim saw with dismay that his car was firmly stuck in the mud. Suddenly he noticed foot prints, slowly filling with rainwater, leading around the wall, and down the hill. Following them, he found they led to a mangy white horse.

"I give up," he swore, "Let's get out of here." Lifting the bedrugged Alicia up on the horse, he mounted behind her and masterfully rode the beast down the hill.

.....

"Will Miss Alicia be down for dinner, Sir?" Sir Robert's lone servant asked.

"I very much doubt it," Sir Robert chuckled, hastily tucking his wet and very muddy feet under the chair. "She's been carried away on a white charger."

*Finis*



## *The Changing Scene*

*Alan Gayer '59*

**Alan Gayer, '59**

The tropical island is changed as if swept by a giant hand. The lulling music of the soft waves is gone, and the incessant clamor of the myriad colored birds is stilled. In the crystal lagoon, schools of brilliant, exotic fish break to seek deeper waters. Irrevocably banished are the warm, soothing rays of the sun. The peaceful island...waiting...anticipating...The monsoon approaches, nature protects her own.



Bonnie Benn, '59

# MENTAL INDIGESTION

Ever since I can remember  
I have heard my parents say,  
That "Your school days are your best days,  
They're so light-hearted and gay.

The school days are a lot of fun,  
In that they are quite right.  
But what about the agony  
I go through every night?

I have to start and hit those books  
And study every minute,  
Until the time my mother says,  
"Now here's your bed--get in it."

I start off with Latin  
And I do without a "class,"  
Some grammar and translation,  
And "to" means "to" and "ex" means "from."

Next I tackle algebra  
I make be to Mr. Snodgrass.  
I'm fighting a losing battle  
I hope that I may pass.

By the time I get to science  
They've gone too far--  
They're simply not going to do it!  
But then, "Oh yes, J-ahr."

Now what "Moyka'n" I possibly do?  
'Cause there still is English Lit.  
I'll read my three whole chapters  
And that will surely be it.

So, my "school days are my best days."  
I'll agree without a question,  
It's the night time that I suffer  
From my mental indigestion.



63-years after publication of this 1957 Issue  
of the Penman's Palette,  
Bonnie Benn--Hamstreet, '59,  
submitted via a 3 October 2020 e-mail  
the faded unreadable words in her "MENTAL INDIGESTION" poem.

Ever since I can remember  
I have heard my parents say,  
That "Your school days are your best days,  
They're so light-hearted and gay.

The school days are a lot of fun,  
In that they are quite right.  
But what about the agony  
I go through every night?

I have to start and hit those books  
And study every minute,  
Until the time my mother says,  
"Now there's your bed—get in it."

I start off with Latin  
Which I do without a "Quam,"  
Spelling, grammar and translation,  
"Ad" means "to" and "ex" means "from."

And next I tackle algebra  
Thanks be to Mr. Snodgrass.  
I fight a losing battle  
In the hope that I may pass.

By the time I get to science  
I say, "They've gone too far—  
You're simply not going to do it!"  
But then, "Oh yes, J-ahr."

Now what "Moyka'n" I possibly do?  
'Cause there still is English Lit.  
I'll read my three whole chapters  
And that will surely be it.

So, my "school days are my best days,"  
I'll agree without a question.  
It's the night time that I suffer  
From my mental indigestion.

Bonnie identified teachers on previous page,  
top to bottom as follows:



MRS. ANNE R. MOYKA  
A.B., Wilson College  
*English; Advisor, Seventh Grade*



MRS. MARTHA CUSHING  
QUAM  
B.A., University of Colorado  
*Latin, Ancient and Medieval History*



WILLIAM D. SNODGRASS  
B.A., King College  
*Algebra, General Mathematics, Applied  
Mathematics, Plane Geometry; Advisor,  
S.C.A., Senior Class, Key Club*



JÄHR, INA A.  
B.A., Wartburg College  
M.N., Western Reserve University  
*Science  
Sponsor of Junior Science Club*



# SPEAK-EASY

Douglas<sup>by</sup> Anderson  
'57

In appearance the speak-easy was like all the rest. The heavy oppressive air clung to my sticky body. The smell of cheap, illicit gin and tobacco smoke blended together to form a suffocating odor. I could hear the muffled sound of music somewhere beyond the harsh noises of the patrons.

The dull glow of light at the back of the room was supplemented by an occasional yellow lamp. The dusty ceiling was only a few inches above my head, and flecks of dirty blue paint were chipping from the walls.

As I pushed my way toward the bar, I was able to discern my blurred image in a mirror above the counter. The top of the bar was made of an unfinished slab of dark grey marble. I sat on a stool and ordered a drink. Inadvertently, my foot began to keep time to the music. My drink was served by a melancholy bartender, but somehow it no longer interested me. Something was different about this joint. As I sipped the foul liquor, I tried to pinpoint its uniqueness.

I pondered this elusive subject for more than an hour without making any progress. The band took a break and I realized that this was the unique feature I had sought. Spying an empty table near the bandstand, I made my way to it and sat down.

A few minutes later the band began to reassemble. As they jammed "Jazz Me Blues" I noticed

the solidity and expression of their ensemble work. Each musician demonstrated his ability over the driving rhythm of a drum and piano.

The trombonist played with drive, imagination, and emotion. As the clarinet player noodled softly he portrayed a feeling inexpressible in words. The whole room hushed and listened. It was a slow tender solo, building to a wild climax, the most exciting solo I had ever heard. but there was still more to come.

The next soloist lifted a silver cornet to his lips and blew a single phrase, conveying in a vivid, moving way the mood of the music. His mellow tone was never harsh or blatant, but gently penetrated the body. It crossed the barrier of minds and created in me its unhappy depressed emotion. I sat entranced for the rest of the evening.





# NIGHT

by  
Claire Walter  
'60

A dark night seen through  
the swaying boughs  
of a willow tree,  
thrilling.

A cold wind piercing  
through the very soul,  
chilling.

A frigid hand gripping the earth in a  
black vise,  
frightening.

A majestic beauty of  
icy mystery,  
night.

# STORM

by  
Emily Akerman  
'60  
Emily Akerman, '61

As I sit here brooding over restless dreams,  
Storm clouds gather in the sky  
Lined with golden seams.

Darkness falls so very fast,  
Enveloping my thoughts  
Of times far in the past.

The thunder booms and lightning streaks the sky,  
And birds look dark and ghostly  
As they in flight pass by.

Now a drop of rain I feel upon my outstretched hand,  
Then I hear the thunder's peal  
Sounding o'er the land.

It's raining now in pelting sheets,  
And our Maker seems quite near,  
The one who should to our hearts  
Be so true and dear.

# FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

Patsy Parr  
'57

When changes are suddenly thrust into your daily life, after you have lived under the same conditions for a long period of time, you realize what a different world you have left and what an exciting new one you have found. This was my impression while I was in Quito, Ecuador, last summer.

Quito is a small city of a little over 20,000 people, situated in a valley about 9,000 feet high in the Andean Mountains -- mountains of awesome beauty, which at first seemed close in

upon me, but which soon became part of my life. Their beauty was, to me, a friendly gift sent by nature. On clear days I could see the snow-peaked mountains in the distance, and the lovely blue sky made it a picturesque scene indeed. Due to the high altitude, the weather was like our spring.

The city of Quito is old, and many parts of it remain the same as they were when the Spaniards settled there. The churches, of course, are among the places that a sightseer does not miss. They are beautiful structures,



old and unique in architecture. For example, the interior of one of the most magnificent churches, "La Compania," is completely adorned with gold leaf; the altars and the paintings are indescribable works of art. They are historic monuments of which the people are justly proud. The suburban area of the city has lovely homes, and the new modern developments are quite a contrast to old Quito, where houses of Spanish colonial architecture still stand as a reminder of the city's past.

From the beginning of my visit I felt the lack of modern conveniences, which are common to us and a dream to most people in Ecuador, but I did not miss them. As if in apology for the lack of ordinary comforts as we know them, the hospitality of Quitoños took their place, and I felt quite at home. Their generosity left a lasting impression.

The home life in this South American country was noticeably more closely knit than it is in the United States. This is mainly because the community is small, thus causing people to be more dependent upon one another. This makes it easier to meet people; and if you are a temporary visitor, in a few days you have many new friends and are treated with

almost exaggerated courtesy and attention.

The political differences between Ecuador and the United States were also impressive. Ecuador had its national elections shortly before I arrived last June. The last two presidents actually served out their four year terms, which is unusual in Ecuadorean politics. In the past election a conservative president was elected for the first time since 1895, a change which came about after a split in the liberal vote. Since the majority of the people are followers of various liberal factions, there was talk of revolution to keep the new conservative president from taking office. More than once I heard shots in the plaza near my house, and it seemed that a revolution might break out at any moment. I am glad this did not occur, because it shows that Ecuador is probably reaching political maturity, and it may have set an example for other South American countries, so often troubled with revolutions.

My trip to Ecuador was a very pleasant and exciting experience, and my most vivid memory will be the sincerity of the people and their friendliness toward the United States.



# The Lilac Bush

by  
Sue Jones  
'62

A lovelier thing was never  
seen  
Than this, a lilac bush in  
flower.

This trembling mass of leaf and  
bloom,  
All dripping from a warm spring  
shower.

And from the heart of it there  
comes  
A thrush song, throbbing rich and  
full.

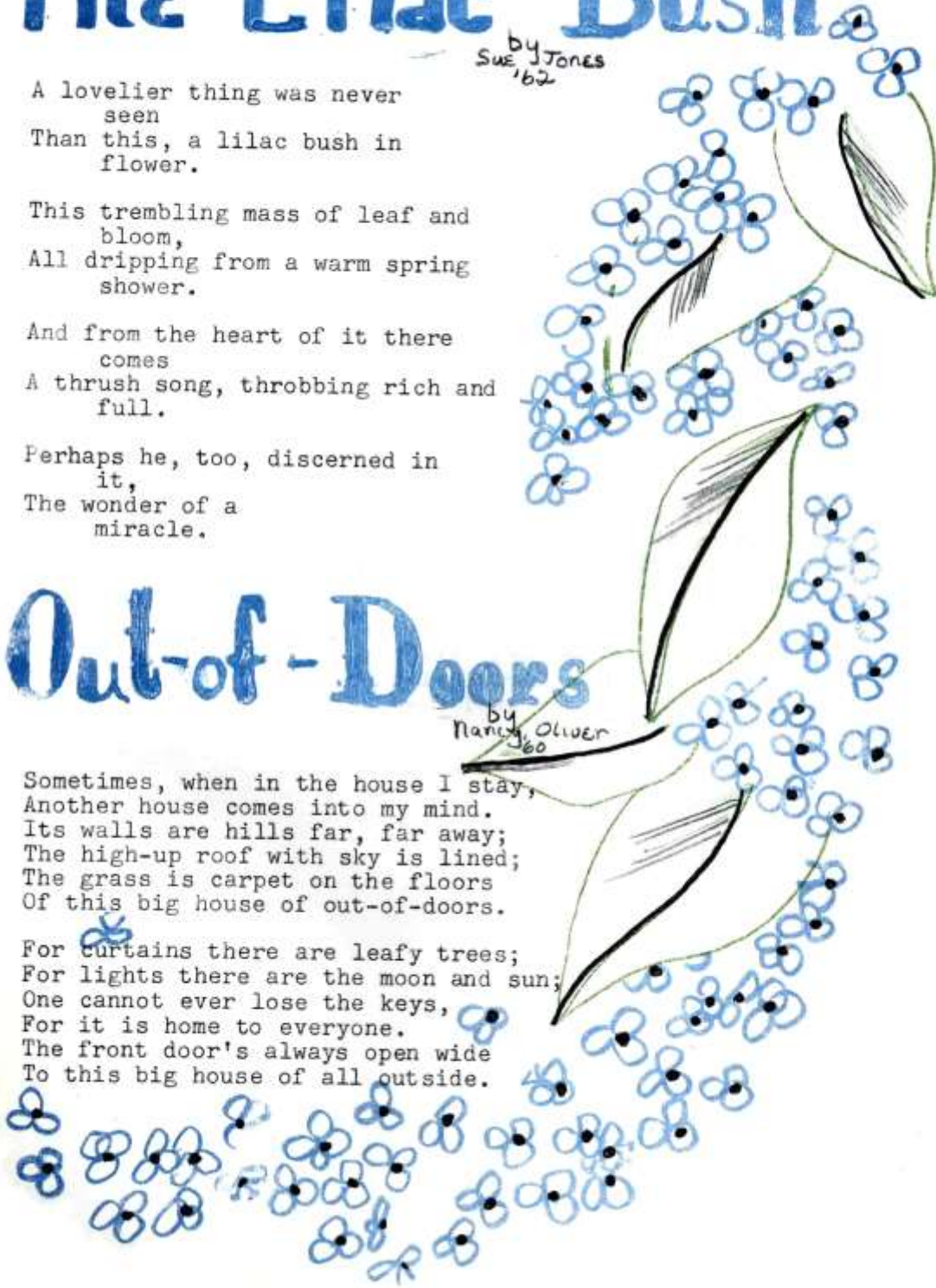
Perhaps he, too, discerned in  
it,  
The wonder of a  
miracle.

# Out-of-Doors

by  
Nancy Oliver  
'60

Sometimes, when in the house I stay,  
Another house comes into my mind.  
Its walls are hills far, far away;  
The high-up roof with sky is lined;  
The grass is carpet on the floors  
Of this big house of out-of-doors.

For curtains there are leafy trees;  
For lights there are the moon and sun;  
One cannot ever lose the keys,  
For it is home to everyone.  
The front door's always open wide  
To this big house of all outside.



## IS THERE AN ANSWER

by Owen Porter, '57

Some say this world of ours is wrong;  
They speak of hate and sin.  
Though man dwells upon the earth,  
He surely cannot win.

A question then comes into my mind;  
Some doubts there are 'tis true,  
If Hell's so near, so warped with fear,  
Why is the sky so blue?