

# *penman's palette*



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# PENMAN'S PALETTE

VOL.5

NO.4

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# A CHINESE FABLE

CHARLES BOLTON '57

There was once a little boy named Ling who lived with his father in far-away China. They lived on the side of an old volcano which had an impossible Chinese name meaning "The House of the Evil One." In the valley below there was a very old village and temple.

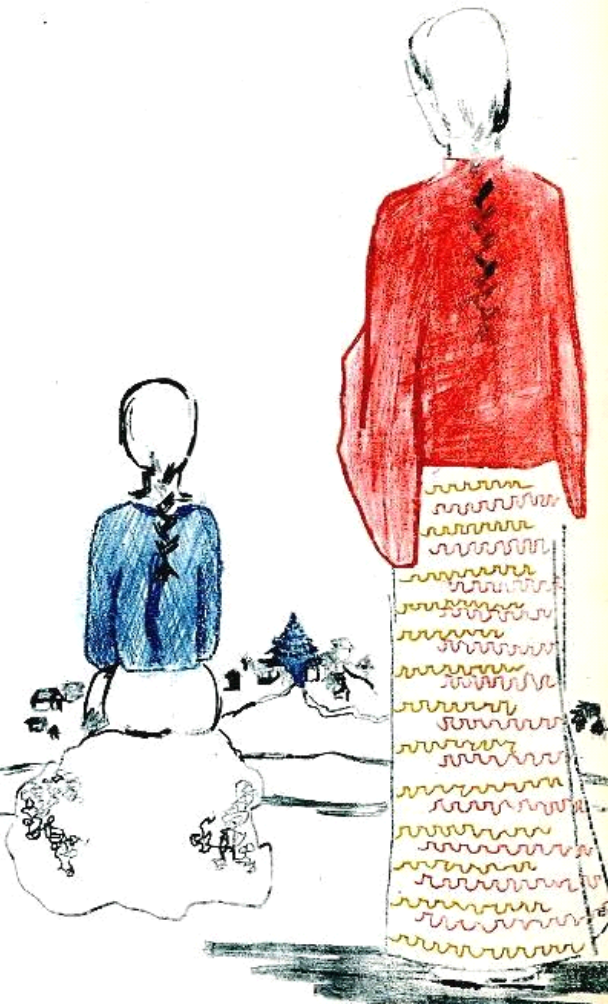
The people of this valley were devout and the priest old and wise. The villagers made very few demands upon the priest because of his age and respected position.

Now Ling's father was an exiled scholar of the Emperor, who had gone to live upon the mountain in order to be removed from the ways of men and have solitude in which to meditate. The boy's father died suddenly when the son was ten. Ling buried his father but told no one of what had happened, for he was a proud boy and did not want charity.

Ling was very wise for his age and with no one to guide his intellect, he soon became a doubter of many things.

Since Ling and his father lived far from the village, it was a long while before the villagers missed the old man. A delegation was appointed to go up to Ling's house and pay a courtesy call. After many hours of climbing, they reached the little house, but upon seeking entrance they found that it was empty.

At once a great fear struck them but Ming, a wise, old, and respected farmer said, "We are fools, for he would not be at home at this time of day; instead he would be where every good farmer would be--in his fields."



The group left the house, chiding themselves for their foolishness and set out for the fields.

Soon they reached the first terrace but found no one there. Terrace after terrace passed until they came to the topmost one. Finding no one there either, they began to despair that some misfortune had befallen Ling and his father.

Ming, who had very good eyes, gazed upward and saw a small figure. He turned and said, "What fools we be, for there he is yonder, resting upon the mountain top after a day's labor."

So once more they turned upward and soon reached the top. But they saw not Ling's father, as they had expected, but Ling himself. He was sitting very close to the mouth of the volcano and looked as if he were speaking to someone inside the mountain.

The villagers at first thought the boy insane, but much to their surprise he received an answer from the volcano's mouth. Upon hearing this, the villagers fled down the mountain side, crying that Ling was possessed of Evil Spirits.

Ming remained. Hearing a commotion behind him, the boy turned and saw Ming. Ming asked him, "With whom do you speak in the mountain?"

Ling answered, "I speak with the Devil who resides there."

Ming said, "Do you not believe in God?"

"No," replied Ling, "Does God talk to you, does God discuss with you art, philosophy, the way of life, or the evil men do?"

Ming shook his head. "Boy," he said at last, "Do you not know what you do? Are you mad? The Devil will

lead you to no good."

Ling answered, "I care not, for others care less. I know what comes to pass in the world outside. I have heard from the Evil one, and I know that all men are evil and care nothing of the gods and what they preach."

Ming had no answer to this. He returned to the village. When he came into the village all the people crowded around him and said, "We thought that the devils had eaten you, for we saw with our own eyes that Ling talked with the Evil One who lives in the mountain."

"Nay, fools," Ming replied, "I am still alive and none the worse for my experience."

"Then we will go up on the mountain and kill the boy and roll stones into the mouth of the volcano!" the villagers exclaimed.

"No," said Ming, "Do not do that, for I go now to seek the advice of the priest. Surely he can think of a way of converting the boy. Besides, your folly would be the ruin of our beautiful valley. Do you not think the Devil will retaliate for what you would do to him?"

"We will wait; maybe the priest can save the boy," said some of the villagers sheepishly. The people dispersed into their homes, and Ming turned towards the temple.

Ming sought the priest at the temple, and he was ushered into his quarters. Ming retold the events of the day, and the priest replied, "We will wait until the rising sun before attempting to talk to the boy."

The next morning Ming and the priest left the village and walked



toward the volcano. Soon they reached the top of the volcano and watched Ling repeat his performance of the previous day.

Ling was as belligerent as ever. It began to appear that Ling's arguments were to be victorious and that Ming and the priest were just beating their heads against a stone wall.

But the old priest smiled at the boy and said, "Would you object to a test of your all-powerful Evil One, my son?"

Ling looked puzzled and replied, "I will ask him, but first what is the test?"

The priest answered, "If the Evil One is not successful, will you renounce him? The test is very simple. The Evil One must obtain three things."

Ling retorted, "I agree to the test, if the Evil One agrees also."

Ling then turned and went to the mouth of the volcano. He called to the Evil One. "All-powerful Evil One, do you agree to this trifling test?"

From deep within the mountain, came a voice like muffled thunder, saying, "I agree, but what are the three things I am to find."

The priest answered, "The first thing is a rock from the deepest part of the sea."

The Evil One laughed so hard that Ming was afraid the volcano would erupt and bury them all alive. Then there was silence. Less than a moment later the Evil One appeared before them, a dripping black rock in his hand.

"Here is your rock," he roared, "What is the second thing you wish?"

The priest replied, "A piece of a star."

The Evil One vanished briefly, then reappeared before them with a piece of red hot, smoking star in his hand. "Here is your star," said the Evil One with a sneer, "What is the third request."

The priest said calmly, "Bring us a cup of love."

The Evil One stood for a moment with a look of disbelief upon his face, and then vanished in such a cloud of smoke that the mountain top was obscured.

When the three emerged from the clouds of smoke, Ling turned to the priest and said, "The Evil One became angry. Why was it that he could not obtain the cup of love?"

The wise priest answered, "My son, many people in the world serve the Devil, but it is not through love that they serve him. They serve him through hate. Of all the things the Devil commands, the one thing he can never command is love."



The dawn broke clear, infinitely blue,  
And the hill stood naked of its throng;  
But yet upon its crest appeared  
The empty cross, barren of  
Its guiltless King.

A hush engulfed the dogwood cross,  
Its blood stained limbs hung free;  
And upon the "skull" there fell,  
The silence of eternity.



# ARRIVAL

HANNELORE GOLLOWITSCH '57

It was still dark at five o'clock in the morning on deck of the "Arosa Kulm," the little steamship which after an eleven-day trip was finally to arrive in New York with some eight hundred teenagers aboard. But some of us were already standing at the bow shivering in our thin summer coats. Only a faint beam in the west told us that we were approaching the big city.

Then we saw a bright light dancing up and down on the horizon. As dawn broke forth, we passed the lightship from which the dancing light had come. The sun rose and sent its light over the glittering water. We were in the midst of flying birds which we had not seen for days and busy boats, large and small, all plowing their way through the quiet water.

A thin shining mist fell on the surface of the ocean, and we could no longer see far into the distance. Suddenly, a dark shadow rose through the mist at the left, then another one on the right, and finally many

more, buildings forming a solid line. The mist dissolved, and in the bright sunlight that promised a hot August day, we passed the impressive and mighty Statue of Liberty.

At nine o'clock the engines stood still, and the health inspectors entered the boat. The pushing and jostling in the halls became dangerous and the heat almost unbearable. I went onto the fore-deck and looked towards Manhattan. Long lines of cars passed through the streets between the sky-scrapers which stood grey and dark against the bright blue sky. A flat boat now lay beside our ship and pumped oil into the side. The men on the boat worked hard in the sunlight. Their shirts were wet with perspiration and clung to their bodies. Between the two ships was a small space of water, oily, dirty water with garbage floating on its surface.

The morning passed by and I was still standing watching the steam boats pass to and fro with the mighty skyline of Manhattan as a background. So, this was the New World!



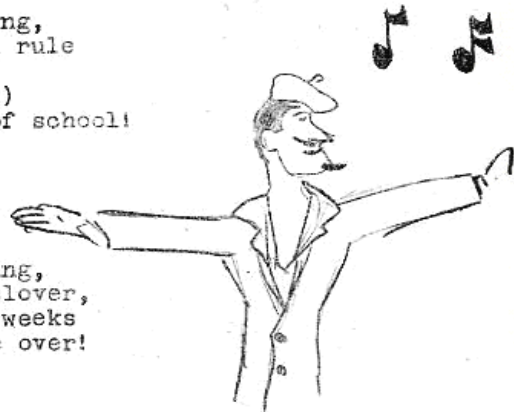
# THE END OF SCHOOL

as seen by different characters  
Bill Carlson '60



## The Intellectual:

Summer is coming,  
Farewell, slid rule  
In  $\frac{axb}{2} \times \frac{xyz^2}{5(8-2)}$   
We'll be out of school!



## The Poet:

Summer is coming,  
We're all in clover,  
In a few more weeks  
School will be over!

## The "Cat":

Summer is coming,  
Man, that's cool,  
It won't be long  
Before we're out of school!



## The Big Time Operator:

Summer is comin'  
We're reachin' our goal,  
In a couple more weeks  
We'll be outa dis hole!



## The Juvenile Delinquent:

Summer is comin',  
It's more'n I can take,  
My term's up soon,  
But I'm still gonna break!



BC



# HOUND

OWEN PORTER '57

Jesse Willard leaned back and lit a cigarette and knocked the flakes of tobacco from his shirt. From a corner he heard his old beagle thumping the floor. "Get him, Blue," he whispered. Jesse chuckled. "That dog's always after a flea."

The thumping stopped, and with a long sigh, the old hound settled back to sleep. Jesse sat thinking about his farm. Now that spring had come, he thought mostly about the planting.

He planned ahead a little, for the next fall when he would sell his steers at Culpeper. Each year he made enough to add a little more to the place.

He dropped his feet to the floor and put on his boots. Blue awoke and walked over to him. "Let's go, hound," Jesse said, "get some water." He walked out the door carrying a bucket and held the door open for the dog to follow.

The night was cool and the sky blistered with bright stars. Jesse walked along the path to the spring in the hollow. Blue ranged out in the dewy grass away from him. "He'll jump a rabbit there before long," Jesse thought.

At the spring, underneath a locust tree, he filled the bucket. From the woods off to the right a clear, trumpet note sounded. "He's got him," Jesse said out loud. Standing quietly, he listened to the dog baying as he ran in a wide circle around him.

Finally the baying faded over the hill and Jesse walked back to the house. Setting the bucket on the

table, he filled a pan and washed his face. Snoop a scratching came at the door. He let the dog amble in. Blue, panting heavily, went straight to the corner and flopped down, exhausted.

"He's got old," Jesse thought, "nearly ten years now." In a moment he turned out the light and went upstairs to bed. The dog followed and went to sleep at the foot of the bed.

When the sun had started to peek over the hill, Jesse was up and fixed his breakfast. He left the house and walked toward the barn down the road. Blue trotted along behind. Jesse hitched the grey mare to the harrow and rode out to a field nearby. The sun was up and already the air had begun to warm.

Taking off his shirt, he laid it in the grass by the fence. The dog curled up on it, as usual, and Jesse proceeded to turn his plot of ground. The day progressed as the two, horse and man, worked together on the field. The discs sliced the ground, turning up clods and cutting the ground in long lines. Occasionally Jesse directed "gee" or "haw", but the horse knew his job well enough. The sun warmed the man's strong back as he rode, thinking of his trip to the stock market the next day. He would go to the auctions there.

About noon he stopped to eat and headed for the house. Jesse noticed that the dog did not follow and called to him. There was no move so he walked to where the hound lay quite still curled up on his shirt. His eyes were closed tight, and the hound seemed to sleep soundly. He did not



move when Jesse patted his head saying, "Well, you're pretty old, hound, guess you're sleeping sound now."

That evening when Jesse walked to the spring he filled the bucket and trained his ear to the woods, listening. Only the melodic trill of a whippoorwill echoed from some far-off place. He walked back to the house, feeling a little empty spot inside. Entering the house, he held the door open a moment for his unseen companion to enter. The stars were out again and Jesse slept with the window open where he could see the sky and feel the night breeze.

The next morning he struck out as planned for Culpeper. In his pick-up truck with sideboards up he drove to the town, reaching it about noon.

The day was hot and the musky odor of the stockyard hung in the air. Trucks were lined up at the gates loading their stock, lunging steers and squealing pigs.



Jesse bid on several heifers but didn't buy anything. Instead, he wandered about just watching the hurried business. Under a shady oak tree sat a group of men talking. He walked toward them and listened. A pot-bellied old man was speaking while rubbing the neck of a hound dog lying stretched out beside him.

"Yes sir," he approved, "This bitch has run some rabbits in her day." The others listened. "Best hound I ever knowed and with a voice like a bugle." He looked down at the dog. "Always kept her slim, too, never fed her a thing till she got her belly full of them pups. Then I had to take good care of her." He pointed to a wooden crate by the tree from which low whimpering sounds came.

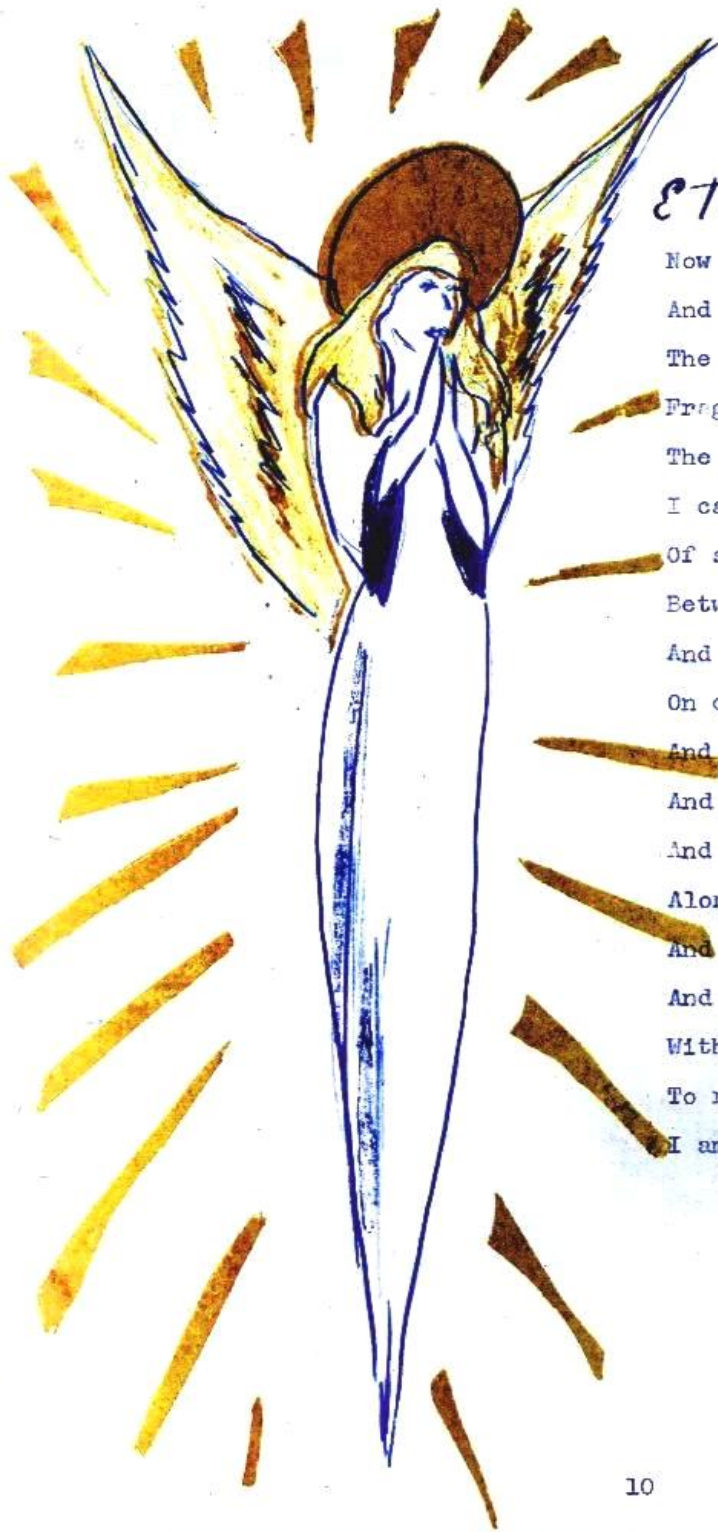
Jesse walked to the crate and stuck his finger through, letting the pups lick it joyfully.

"Pure-bred beagles they are mister," said the old man. Jesse looked up, seeing the old man was speaking to him. "Got a dog, mister?"

"No," Jesse answered, "not now." A little black-patched pup tugged at his finger, growling playfully. "I'll give you ten bucks for this one." He said it quickly, without hesitation.

"Take him," the man answered, "He's yours." Jesse handed him a bill and took the twisting little hound in his arms. As he walked back to the truck, he laughed aloud as it lapped at his face.

Riding back home that evening with the pup beside him, Jesse thought of old Blue. The dog had been with him since he got the farm and had seemed to help it grow a little each year. He had been luck to him. Jesse looked down at the wet nose and small flap ears, lying on his leg. "Think I'll call you Luck, puppy," he said.



## ETERNITY

Melanie Chou '62

Now that I am dead

And over me

The wind leaves

Fragile blossoms from

The apple tree,

I can remember the feel

Of sun-warmed earth

Between my fingers,

And the sound of rain

On quiet, glistening streets,

And the sight of the wild

And restless sea at night,

And the scent of daffodils

Along the water's edge,

And the taste of honey,

And of ocean fog.

With these things

To remember,

I am not afraid.



# From my Journal

PAT RUTTER '58



Golden leonine heads, youthfully reared above the emerald blades, they challenge their world of snails and beetles; and how nobly fierce do they seem. Yet so soon will the gilt tarnish, as they turn into an ethereal wisp of cloudy down. Pewter grey heads now, they nod sleepily with the age of but a few weeks. So very light, they float away one at a time, drifting aimlessly along, caught up by a breeze, then to drop and scatter, fairy feathers

There are, I believe, few things so pitiable as a deserted fairgrounds, a carnival in the early morning. At night, there are crowds of people, gayly shouting, laughing, crying; caught up in a mad kaleidoscope of humanity, they whirl unceasingly from booth to carousel and carousel to booth, until the moon has dimmed and their pockets have been emptied. Truly, noise and color and lights have become the very symbols of a carnival. And then, where the sun has first risen, the grounds are desolate in their utterly void desertion by life. Yet, now is perhaps the most revealing time of all. Shorn, by the truest and brightest of lights, of tawdriness, frivolity, and clamorous confusion, Vanity Fair stands subdued and rejected, a mockery of itself.



# ESCAPE

ANNE LEWIS '58

Run, run--you have to run--you've got to get away. Go on--faster, faster, get up in the mountains--you can hide there--go on!

Why? Why? Don't question--go on! Maybe he's faster but you're far smarter. You can outwit him. You can get away from him. You have to get away from him. But his senses--almost supernatural in their power. How can you escape? You know you can. Keep on--don't get scared.

This old trail--get off it--get on another. No! Don't do that! Go somewhere where he can't follow. There--up there! He can't follow over those rocks. That cliff! Perhaps there will be a cave there!

You must rest. No--you can't. You can hear him behind you--you've got to go on. How can he still follow you? You were so clever. Go on to the cliff.

The top! You can go no higher. Another! Higher! Down this one and up the other. Hurry! At a mad pace, down and down and down! How clever you are! Run up the mountain.

The top--the top! Higher--you must get higher! You can't--you can go no higher! There--far distant--higher--they're much higher. But here--closer--just below--winding way at the foot of a mountain, a river--a deep clear river. The water will hide you--will carry you away.

Down the ridge--hurry! Ravenous eyes can be felt peering at you. Cross this clear land and get where you will be hidden.

The ground is spongy. The rains are draining off the mountains. You fall and grab a small tree. Ach-

ing and fatigue pull at you. But you're all right. Sit down and rest awhile. Now rise and hurry to the river.

So soggy--heavy spring rains this year. Over these rocks--you must get over them. Little springs of water are starting now, and join to form a creek. Hurry now--you can hear him sliding after you. Hurry to the river--and safety. You must be near the river now. You must be!

You step on the slick moss, lose your balance and fall, the rock rolling away. Hurry now--get ahead of him while you can. He's having trouble on the rocks. Don't hurt yourself. Perhaps you wouldn't be able to continue and then--then?

On--go on. It can't be far. You've gone so far already. Just a little bit more. Once over these rocks and you'll be at clear water. Now you are in the rushing waters, but he is still behind you--still chasing you.

Stay in the water--no matter what you do, stay in the water. You'll leave no trace. Go on down the river--far away from him. But stay in the water!

The river's getting closer--you can see it! The water goes faster and faster, the current is stronger. The water gets deeper and deeper. He is splashing far behind you. Go on--you must get completely away.

The river! It is becoming deeper and deeper, stronger and stronger. Now you're getting away! The water grows higher and higher. Go on--get far enough away. Further--the water grows stronger and stronger--deeper and deeper.



# NIGHTFALL

EMILY AKERMAN '61

The shadows tiptoe lightly  
O'er the ground  
At the close of day, while  
The restful quiet reaches out a hand  
And scopping up the cities' din  
Sprinkles darkness o'er the land.

Majestically stars wake from sleep  
And dance lightly on soft carpets  
Winking at a slumbering world.  
The spherical light of the moon  
Clutches withering treetops,  
And drops the dew o'er the dunes.

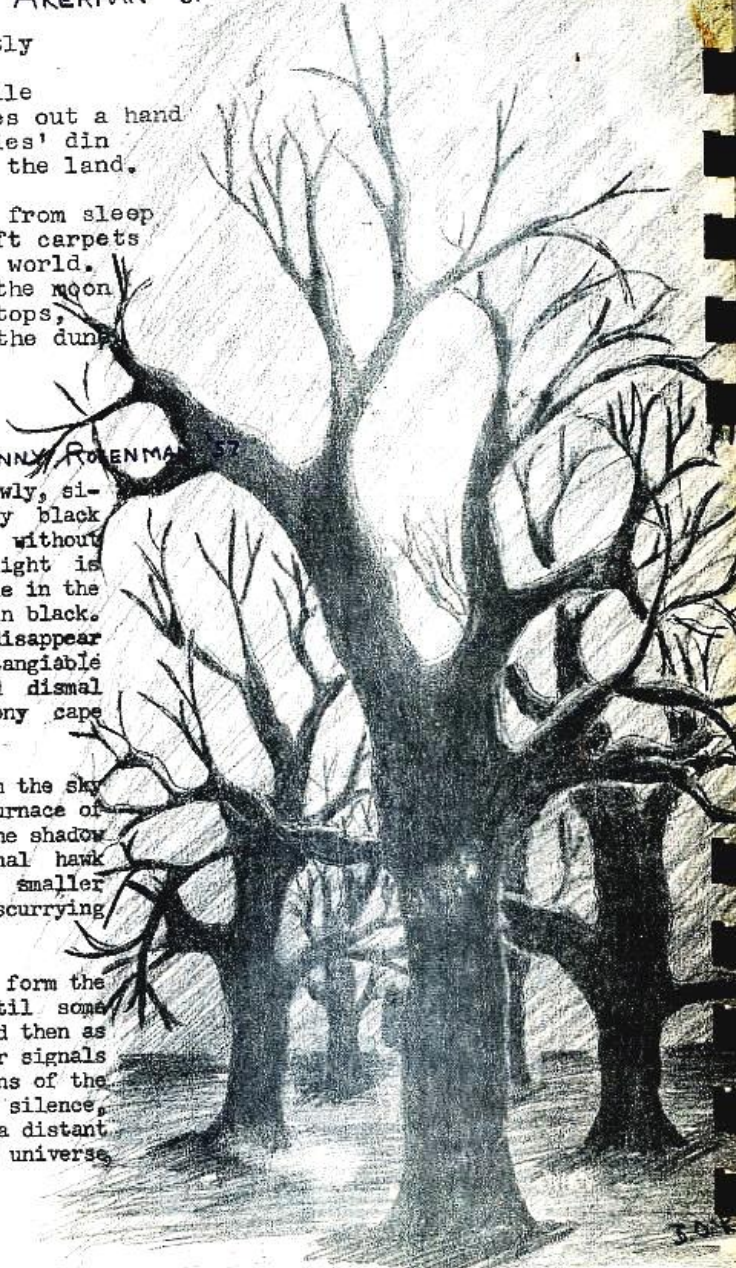
## NIGHT

LONNY ROENMA '57

The night creeps in slowly, silently, a smooth velvety black that covers everything without exception. All that was light is extinguished; all that shone in the light of day is shrouded in black. The fields and meadows disappear and leave one in a small intangible cell. The forest, dark and dismal in the day, now wears an ebony cape of mourning.

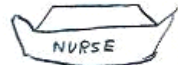
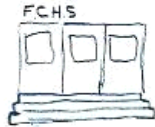
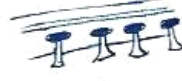
The moon stands out in the sky like a glowing ember in a furnace of black. Across its beam the shadow of an owl is seen--a nocturnal hawk whose screech sends the smaller creatures of the night scurrying toward the nearest shelter.

The myriad of insects form the orchestra of the night, until some passerby moves clumsily, and then as if some invisible conductor signals with his baton, the musicians of the night are silent. An eery silence, broken only by the wail of a distant beast, seems to encompass the universe and the woods are still.



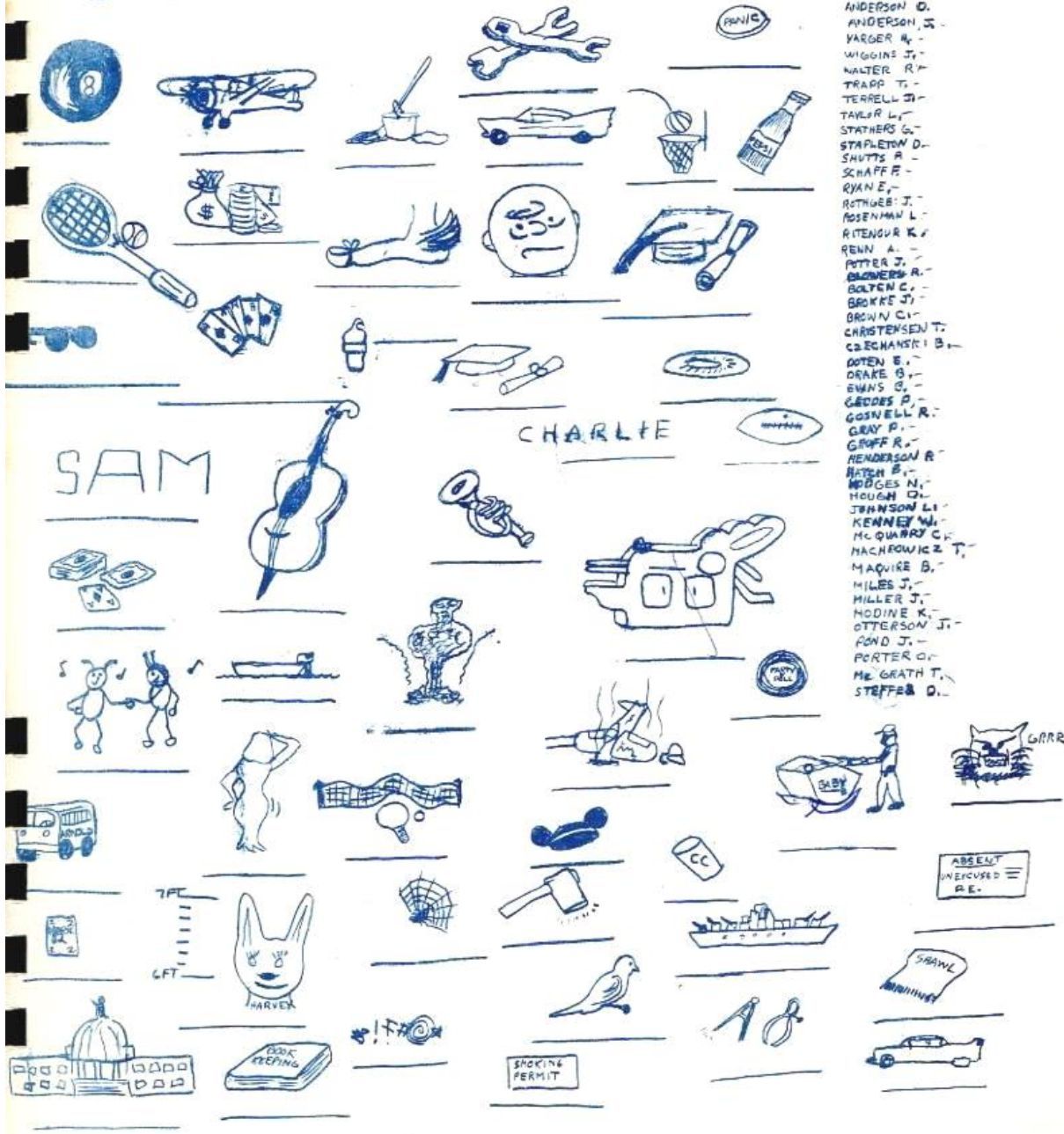
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- DRAKE B.
- EWING G.
- GEDDES P.
- GOSNELL R.
- GRAY P.
- GROFF R.
- HENDERSON R.
- HATCH B.
- HODGES N.
- HOUGH D.
- JOHNSON L.
- KENNEY W.
- MCQUARRY C.
- HACHEWICZ T.
- MAQUIE B.
- MILES J.
- MILLER J.
- MODINE K.
- OTTERTON J.
- POND J.
- PORTER O.
- MCGRATH T.
- STEFFEN D.

# INTERROGATION

DAN PERSINGER '58

Kaytov awoke in complete darkness. "Something tangible," he thought. The darkness was oppressive and closed about him. Figures and things only half real danced and flitted before his eyes. Yes, the darkness was in a way both tangible and real--not the mere negation brought about by the removal of light, but a positive darkness one could both see and feel, especially feel.

"How long?" thought Kaytov in utter despair. "How long has it been?" No answer came to him. Indeed, he had half expected none, for in the very back of his mind the formless thought arose, only to be beaten back by a more sane, realistic path of this same mind.

"What if I should never...?" The question was quickly repressed, but its terrible implication could not be erased. "Not now," thought Kaytov, "not now when my very strength may depend on my ability to retain all my self-composure."

The second awakening was very much like the first, if it could be called an awakening at all. From fear Kaytov's mind had passed to a dullness and torpor. Thoughts came and went as figures in a mist. Try as he might he could fasten his mind to no single thought. He knew he was hungry, and there was something else too. "I know," he thought, "I know, and yet...!! There it was again, formless in his thoughts, yet lurking, always lurking.

Time is measured in part by man's ability to note its passage. When all external evidence of the passage of time has been removed, the

mind of man cannot always correlate or measure its duration. For Kaytov time was a thing apart, set off in another world where men talked and moved. Though he knew time had passed, he had no means of comparison, no way of knowing its length.

"What was that! Had something moved?" Kaytov could not concentrate. "There it was again." Now he heard clearly the even, measured tread of booted feet. Fear, paralyzing and all insistent, drove over him like a flood. His mind cleared and with it came terror! "Why?" "Why?"

Fear removed all thoughts from his mind. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead. His muscles tensed and knotted. His breath came in short rasping gasps. Somewhere in the darkness beside him a door screeched and then opened.

Standing in a pale, grey half light emanating from a source he could not comprehend, Kaytov saw three men. Horror! Revulsion! His mind was clearing swiftly now and with it came truth, terrifying, destroying completely any strength, any wall he might have built against--- "that"! He remembered everything, the arrest, trial, conviction, and finally this.

Oh, they had tried so cleverly to make him confess. Interrogation, always questions, more questions, incidents for which there were no explanations. "Under Quota," "Propagandism," "Cooperating with the enemy," "Sabotage," words for which he could find no reasonable answer. Night and day, hour after hour... "I deceived them," thought Kaytov,



"Every one of them." But the darkness and the loneliness--how much can a mortal man stand? And then...nothing. Time ceased to have meaning. Days, weeks, months, they all held no meaning. Until now!

The three men gestured and Kaytov went with them. They did not speak nor show any sign of emotion. That is their way. Down a narrow, dark hallway and into a small, dirty

courtyard they led him. Overhead clouds had begun to obscure the sun.

General Serov looked out of a small dirty window half hidden by his open office door. His thoughts lingered on the boredom of his daily routine and the ever presence of the secret police.

A clock on the wall read 1 p.m. Out in the courtyard it had begun to rain.

# Smyrna

*Barbara Wall '57*

Smyrna, you're just a quaint old farming and fishing town on the wind-swept Atlantic coast.

Smyrna, old girl, you're quite unique, there is none like you. You possess two dialects, one the refined, smooth, clear speech of the old plantation owners who once dominated you; the other, the short and choppy speech of the English seamen who were shipwrecked on your treacherous shoals.

Smyrna, you are strong. Your trees are tall and stately; your work animals are fine and powerful. To see men stripped to the waist working in the fields, their sinewy muscles rippling under their sun-tanned skins is impressive indeed.

Your women are soft yet hard, beautiful yet dangerous; they, too, are strong and quick with a smile.

Your waters are deep, blue, and clear; your fish plentiful. Your sands, firm yet pliable, glisten with every ray of the sun.

Smyrna, your charms are unexcelled by the beauty of Paradise.

# NATURE'S WAY

BILL CZECHANSKI '57

It was a bright sunny day, one of those rare warm days that occur prematurely in the early spring, and its warmth and loveliness lured my companion and I from the everyday, mechanical activities of the urban life to the wonderful, refreshing stimulation of rural life in all its natural beauty.

The trip from the city to the country was refreshing in that it was good for one to again realize that the sweet air of the countryside still existed and that the sky, trees, babbling brooks, and soft winds, still offered their comforting qualities to mankind.

After leaving the car and walking a short distance into the forest, we witnessed a free feeling that crept into our very souls and seemed to relieve us from the tensions and strains of everyday life. It was a fine day, and it gave us a fine feeling.

A walk of about a mile brought us upon a small brook that seemed to speak to us in its own unique way and tell us of its wanderings over rocks and crags, through fields and valleys, and of its inhabitants, the small fish and wriggling tadpoles. The music brought forth by this small innocent brook was soothing and comforting to the mind and far superior to any music that man can ever hope to compose.

Upon walking still farther into the forest, we saw a squirrel chasing around a tree, and I must admit that we envied his great freedom and lack of care. He appeared to be concerned with only such things as eating, playing, and sleeping and if he did have cars, I only wish that I had the ability to hide mine as well.

From the squirrel our attention was turned to a tiny flower growing in the depth of the underbrush. Its petals were of a lavender color, and their touch was softer than a midsummer's breeze. Here they were, existing in a place so obscure that they could be discovered only by good fortune. It seemed amazing to us that such a tiny flower could live huddled among the giant forces of nature and still survive in such beauty.

After stopping to observe the flowers, it occurred to us that we had become tired so we sat upon the soft matting offered to us by the leaves and underbrush. We found resting under these wonderful conditions completely relaxing. Here we were listening to the glorious music that nature had to offer us--the wind, the sky, the trees, and the low murmur of the little brook in the distance, all added to this magnificent natural symphony. Each element played its own part, giving to us all that God had ever intended it to.





# PICTURE IN WORDS

*Leon Rix '59*

The sun was hot, very hot. The old traveler looked up at the bright red ball of fire hanging there in the sky. It seared his eyes, and he imagined that his face turned another shade darker from its scorching rays. It was there in the late afternoon sky, directly in front of him. It traveled west every day, just as he did, and just as he did, it slept every night.

He licked his parched lips with a swollen tongue. It did not comfort him as he tried to forget his thirst, and shouted at his mules.

The rickety old Conestoga wagon lurched with the sudden effort of the mules, but the half-starved beasts were soon back at their slow, lumbering pace.

Abruptly, the lead mule stopped dead in its tracks, and fell to the blistering sands. It moved convulsively for a moment, then lay

still. Several large buzzards drifted slowly down toward the dead animal. The man cursed them, and walked as swiftly to the dead mule. He managed to keep the huge birds away long enough to remove the traces from the carcass. He forced the remaining five mules to move ahead for a moment. Then he looked back over the animal, and suddenly he felt very sick--and thirsty--thirsty.

Screaming, he jumped from the wagon and ran full speed away from the vultures and their grisly meal. Then he stumbled and fell on the hot sand. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a couple of buzzards coming toward him. Then, unconsciousness came, and he welcomed it. Then, oblivion.

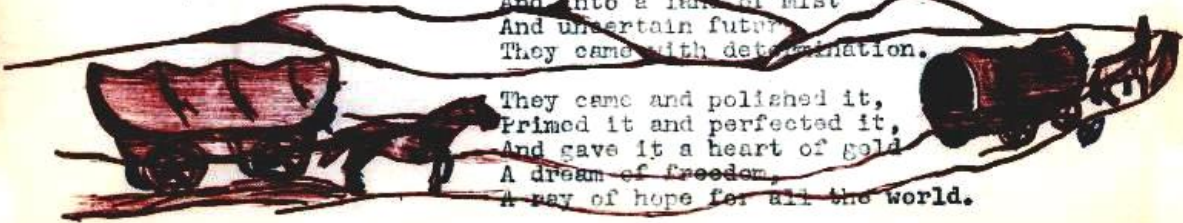
Behind the purple hills on the horizon, the sun, his work done, went to sleep leaving the earth enveloped in the cool twilight and the ancient traveler in the cold sleep of death.

# PIONEER

*Pat Gentry '59*

They took their dreams and hopes  
Their sweat, blood, and life's toil  
And into a land of mist  
And uncertain future  
They came with determination.

They came and polished it,  
Primed it and perfected it,  
And gave it a heart of gold  
A dream of freedom,  
A ray of hope for all the world.



## NATURE'S CREATION

*Shouneen Cruise '6*



Nature smiled  
On a blossom  
And created it without a stem.  
No stem to hold it to the earth,  
No roots to chain it down.  
It floated upward with heaven as its goal,  
It flirted with the clouds,  
And with the breeze it danced  
A merry minuet.  
It floated through a garden  
And teased the envious flowers  
Anchored there.  
Nature watched her gay creature,  
Laughed. . .  
And called it a butterfly.



## A SONNET

*Margaret Pickert '18*

Oh, you who look on life with kindly eyes,  
Whose light reflects the glory of your soul,  
Who speak the gentle wisdom of the earthly wise,  
And seek, with joy, to touch a star-burnt goal,  
Come--show me where our pathway leads!  
What? Through that pass? To that transparent peak?  
How much I want to come with you, God knows!  
But I am--look, just look and see how weak!  
Go on my dearest pilgrim, on your way,  
I'll follow you where the storms and daisies are,  
But when the robins lullaby the day,  
I'll look and see you beckon from a star.  
But, oh, don't break my heart with parting tears.  
Let robins' songs be music to your ears.



# SUMMER CYCLE

Alan Gayer '59

as irrepressible small feet traverse it. Birds are silent...

\*\*\*\*\*

Silently, warm solar rays pierce the dark purple mass on the horizon. Slowly, the sky passes through a prismatic range of lightened colors. Light flirts with the cold outline of the city, changing black stone structures to glowing fingers seeking the heavens.

\*\*\*\*\*

Birds flutter in the municipal park and a fragrant, heavy-sweet mist envelopes the area. A sleepy park policeman leaves his post near the fountain and starts his trip back to the station. A few people though, walking dogs or merely strolling.

Soon doors break open and slam as commuters rush to make early train connections. Alarms all over the city ring, rousing disgruntled laborers from their reposes. Thousands of eggs are fried and multitudes of working men hurriedly gulp their meals. The atmosphere conveys their condensed pleasure and beauty in its own way.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rising higher, the sun increases in intensity. Pavement is heated and radiates warmth. The city sighs almost visibly, repressed by the sticky heat.

Housewives leave their gardens, seeking haven in their homes. In un-airconditioned offices, coats are removed and ties loosened. Perspiration streams from the body of a toiling construction worker.

Trees in the park cry out for moisture; failing, they cringe lower. Grass, destitute of color, crackles

Reaching its full intensity, the cosmic sphere glares mercilessly down upon the cowering city. Engulfed, the sweltering city remains breathless, burdened by an oppressive blanket. From its pinnacle, the SUN is master of all. But an object at its peak can only regress, and slowly, reluctantly, it relinquishes its infamous glory.

Frail human beings now dare to venture on streets. They move lifelessly homeward. Stores close...The city is quiet...

Marquees make a half-hearted attempt to revive the metropolis. It only stirs and sinks again into stupor.

\*\*\*\*\*

Silently, warm solar rays pierce the deep purple mass on the horizon.

"WILLY"



# WHY

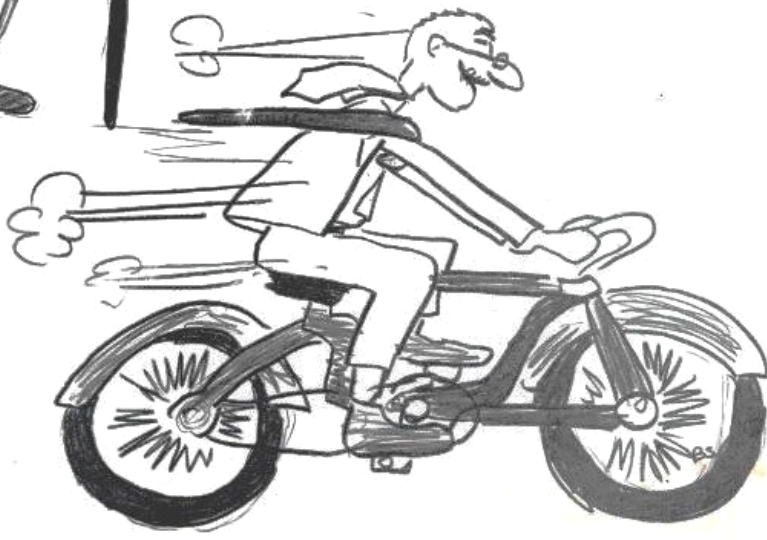
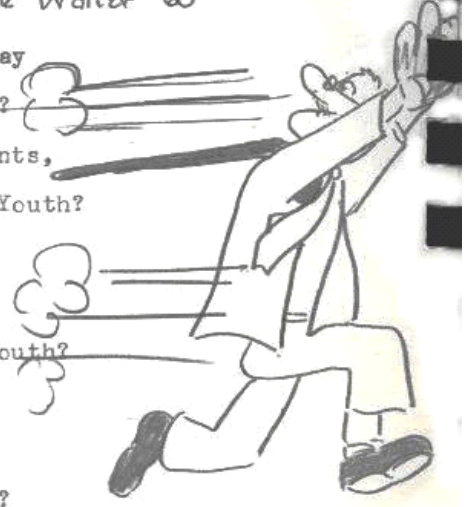
Claire Walter '60

Why do learn'd scholars say  
"Oh to be young this day"?

Who wants the embarrassments,  
The twisted ligaments of Youth?

Who wants the muddiness,  
Then shiny cleanliness,  
And the carelessness of Youth?

Who wants the stupidity,  
Children's cupidity,  
Clumsy inability of Youth?





# INTRUSION

Dan Runyon '58

There he lay, a thin ragged blanket draped over him. His large, half frozen feet stuck out at the bottom.

They had been here before but had left with smiles; for they knew that when they returned he would still be there.

He started up suddenly from his deep and wandering thoughts. He had heard steps off in the distance. They were falling lightly, but he heard them. Who could it be? Could they be coming back? No, it was someone else--or was it?

The steps sounded closer now. He was anxious to know who was coming, very anxious. Then he wished they would go away. But they didn't, they just kept coming. They seemed merry; they sounded as though they were skipping or jumping--oh, no!--it was---. He knew what it was all right, but he tried to convince himself that he was wrong.

Then they were just around the corner. Good Heavens! The suspense was horrid. He felt he would scream if they didn't go away.

A foot appeared around the corner and then stopped, for something had fallen. The foot went back. He heard voices but couldn't understand them.

Just as he felt the scream welling up in his throat they jumped around the corner. The scream was drowned by a great gulp.

There they stood, not five feet away. They just stood there and stared. It felt as though they had been staring at him for an hour, when at last, they looked at one another and grinned. They mumbled a few muffled phrases.

The tallest one reached into his bulging pocket and began to remove his hand slowly. Slowly--oh, so cautiously, the bulky object was emerging from the pocket. He brought forth two lollipops and gave one to each of his brothers. They unwrapped them, put them in their mouths, and skipped off happily.

Oh, how he hated those kids on Sunday mornings!

BIOLOGY  
WIGGLE

Howard  
Gebaux  
'59

Put your pseudopodia in,  
Take your pseudopodia out,  
Grab your flagellum,  
And toss it about.

Swing that clitellum,  
The pyloric region too.  
Shake the nephridia,  
And see what you can do.

Grab an amoeba,  
While you laugh and you giggle.  
Then you will be doing  
The Biology Wiggle.



# THE REAPING

REBECCA WARD '58

The hot August sun beat down upon the golden brown spears of wheat. They were tall and strong with fine grain, almost bursting in their richness. The green hedge which surrounded the field was already purple with blackberries, and poppies glowed scarlet among the gold. The cloudless sky was as blue as a cornflower, many butterflies flitted across the field, bees hummed drowsily, and swarms of gnats flew around, buzzing monotonously. The great red combine harvester nosed its way through the wheat, cutting it down like a wood-cutter in a forest. The laborer, sitting on the seat, was flushed and perspiring under the scorching rays of the sun, shooting like flames from a furnace, enveloping the countryside.

# THE SNOW DROP

MARGARET TACKNEY '58

Softly prodding, gently budding  
Exuding innocence  
Warily they emerge into the sunlight  
Their lifelight, so bright  
They are shy.  
Tripping daintily, bowing, insipid  
Dipped in supple alabaster  
Tinged with green.





Pat Harmon  
 Anita Porter  
 Esche Ryan  
 Virginia Landry  
 Paul S Gray  
 John Russell Brown  
 David Huff  
 Tom Trapp  
 Roy Wallace  
 Harold Meyer  
 Alice Harrison  
 Richard Steffes  
 Tom Christensen  
 Maryln Berry  
 Charles Dwight Brown  
 Patricia Moore  
 Kathleen Tallot  
 John Patten  
 Ruth Welch  
 Brian S Drake  
 Eleanor Clark  
 Paul Henderson  
 Connealy  
 Betty Sweeney  
 Kathryn Daniel  
 Philip Hodder  
 Ann  
 Danny Stapleton  
 Richard Cassell  
 Eric Dotson  
 Sandra Aley  
 John D. Wiggins, Jr  
 Roy Huff

Inside of Back Cover.

