

**PENMAN'S PALETTE**  
APRIL 1959

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# PENMAN'S PALETTE

Volume VII

Issue 1

March 1959

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**B**ut I like them. Oh, mind, you now, I'm not girl crazy you see, but I like them!

It is said that they are of "sugar and spice...etc.". It has yet to be determined, however, whether this "sugar" is of the glucose, sucrose or Machiavellian variety, but it is undoubtedly certain that they are real "spicy." For instance, view the world today with women; ah...well...however, there is a brighter side: where would you and I be if it weren't for 'em? Yes sir, ask yourself that question; don't try to answer it, just ask it. Better still, why not just forget the whole darned thing?

Speaking of sugar and spice, have you ever tried to cook your own dinner? Now, here's where those animals (and I use the term with firmness) of the mixing spoon-measuring cup school really shine. Some indeed, virtually shine through and out the other side, but when pizza pie is made right it can be as tasty as made-rightly pizza pie...and that's not to be scorned!

True; and I'll grant that you have a point when you say that they aren't very good football players. But those damsels play their own games, and very well at that, too. Try the game of love; but be prepared to be a loser, for you can't fight the inevitable. It's just an inborn prowess: the lure, the bait, the trap, and the catch...so who complains?

Girls can only be fully appreciated, though, in their complete armor...er, that is attire. I ask you, have you ever seen a more breathtaking sight than a girl in a full length formal? (...foolish ques-

tion, wasn't it?) Actually, in cases like this, have you ever tried to get a breath amongst the smell of flowers and stinkum? Really, though, they needn't be wearing a tremendous gown; as a matter of fact...well, anyway you look at it they are strictly sights to behold. Therein lies the problem.

And now as a tribute to the wonderful girls in the world I offer this verse:

Sugar n' spice and everything nice;  
Whoopee Ding Dong for girls.

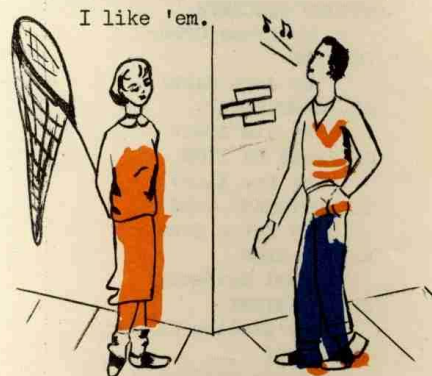
Smart as whips, meek as mice;  
Minds going 'round in swirls.

All dressed up, sweet as song;  
Boys stand 'roun' and long.

Muscles weak, brains forever strong;  
Nevertheless I say, "Whoopee"  
Ding Dong...

For girls.

All and all, they are to be credited. Consider this: They are cagy, crafty, conniving, sneaky...pretty, fragrant, boy-ant, weakly...good, quick, smart, lemanian...strong-minded, blinded, bright, and Machiavellian.



the necessity of



# Girls Indeed

If one took notice of all the wonderful things boys did, he would be overwhelmed by the surprise. Take an average school day and make a note of the many little things boys do for a girl.

First, after you have struggled to the bus stop on a frigid morning, many of your nicest male classmates wave to you cheerfully from their warm cars. How thoughtful! Finally the bus comes, often ten minutes late, and as you are climbing aboard, your many books fall down the steps and outside again. Of course you didn't know that they fell until some friendly boy informs you of such. Well, thank you. You pick them up and off you go to a gay Monday at G. M.

When you get to the door of the school, several boys are glad to open the door... for themselves. But you manage somehow to get inside safely without getting too many feet stepped on. The bell rings and you are in the crowd rushing anxiously to your homerooms... you had better hurry or you'll get trampled on!

You are finally able to fight your way through the hall of many boisterous figures and start working on the combination of your locker. After doing it many times and it still doesn't open, you realize the male next to you is just fiddling around

*Merion Hombeck*

with your lock while talking to the person next to him. After moving over, you easily get your locker open and get all your books in it. Then some gentleman sweetly closes it for you... ..of course he didn't think you wanted to put your coat in there, too.

Well, off to your classes. Nothing special happens in first period...can't quite figure that out, they must be angels...oh, it's Girls Chorus.

As you have seen, boys are very considerate among some of their other qualities. They are so glad to sharpen your pencil for you. You don't mean to tell me you expected it to stay long! Indeed, to make a point the length of the whole pencil must be shortened...but in half?

It's often been said that when a boy teases a girl, he really likes her. You soon find that you are the favorite by far. Even though one of the opposite sex shows his love by untying your shoe lace, he sincerely ties it again for you...in love knots.

The day progresses as any lively Monday and it's now time to collect money for the students' lunches. The brightest of the boys try to make it easier for you by always having the correct change (or help by giving you the exact change that each of his friends gave him). Or one might actually let you collect silver pennies for him... just imagine the privilege!

That rat-race is over and you rush to typing. Here you are even more honored. One sweet "homme" has let you use the typewriter he used all last week

while he settles for yours. The only thing he forgot to mention was that his letters have all been capped. But that makes you keep your eyes off your hands... good practice!

The rest of the day is mostly uneventful and you finally

stagger out to the car when your mother picks you up after school. But to make sure you never forget the wonderful opposite sex, two sweet males give you the privilege of taking them home.

Where would we be without boys?

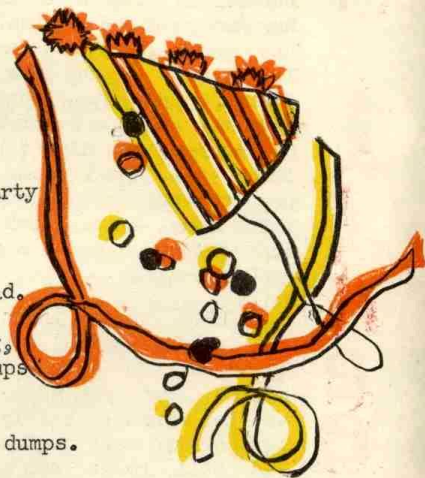
# The Life of the Party

Step softly! The life of the party  
Is trying to sleep overhead,  
So pick up your toys  
Like good little boys:  
Go play at the neighbor's instead.

No, Joey, your daddy isn't dying,  
And he hasn't the measles or mumps  
He's just got a pain  
On the top of his brain  
And his spirits are down in the dumps.

Last night he worked overtime trying  
To prove to his guest and to me  
That middle-aged men  
Could be youngsters again,  
But the strain laid him low, as you see.

So run along, kiddies, and don't slam the door  
As you run outside to play.  
To tell you the truth  
He's allergic to youth  
Of any description today.







Many signs indicate the arrival of spring--such as Ground Hog Day, the birds migrating from the south, the budding of leaves and flowers. But in my Home Town, U.S.A., the genuine sign of spring was the circus! Posters picturing daredevils, clowns, elephants, trained horses, lions and their trainers, and freaks announced it. The circus spelled adventure, excitement, and thrills. Everybody joined in the happiness of the forthcoming event and the town seemed to wake from a deep slumber with a sudden start and perk into action with such vigor that you would know only the circus could make.

My gang, which was strewn all over town, would immediately be summoned to the club house and without any waste of time would be told of the crisis. The circus was arriving and the club funds were exhausted. This meant one of two things,--raise money by running errands or skip out of school and help them feed the animals and perform other jobs in order to get free passes. As was the club rule, we had to vote upon everything brought before us, although we knew in advance what the result would be. We voted and the result was as expected. The major decision was over with and the tedious task of spending the long drawn out weeks before the arrival began. School work, which was low

in the beginning, dropped to a record low. The gang, which met every day since the round-up for the voting, became a general nuisance and often was blamed for a broken window or other occurrences which happened. Most of the time the charges were correct.

Then came the day before the circus and if we had been bad before, it was nothing like now. We might as well not have gotten up for we didn't eat, and never even bothered to take the test which was given in school that day. The hours passed like years and the seconds like minutes until at last night came; but still no relief was brought, for if I did fall asleep, I have no recollection of it.

Long before dawn appeared over the horizon, I was up and dressed and on my way to the rendezvous. There was never anyone late, and usually everybody was an hour ahead of time. On this exciting day there was no time to lose, and lose time we did not! Off we took for the circus grounds like a herd of buffaloes being chased by a tribe of Indians. We were yelling and whooping to raise the dead and they very easily could have been raised, for it was only around three o'clock in the morning.

We would usually arrive just as the train was pulling in, and

the noise would beat our yelling going down there, but no matter how much noise there was, there never seemed to be any confusion about what to do. Everybody had a job and that they did without wasting time. It was amazing to see the Big Top raised, and by dawn a city of tents were covering a field which had been desolate a few hours before. The gang helped raise a tent for which we got our passes, but we stayed around and helped just the same.

We had breakfast with the whole circus, and how they ever managed to make such a meal in so short a time is beyond me. It was a feast fit for a king! There were bacon, eggs, ham, sausages, pancakes, cereal, milk, fruit, and many other hearty foods.

While waiting for the show's opening in the afternoon, we watched the animals, saw the clowns dressing, watched acrobats practice, and helped put a few signs around. When afternoon came, we watched the show at the Big Top, which consisted of daredevils doing stunts on the backs of horses, clowns, acrobats on tight ropes, breath-taking performances on trapezes; lions, bears, and trained seals playing music; elephants, scenes of skill, beauty, and humor--all were controlled by the dashing ringmaster. At the end, everybody who took part in the performances made a grand parade around all the rings as the band played merry tunes.

The end of the Big Top show for the afternoon meant going to the side shows where almost anything could be. We first stopped and loaded up on popcorn, peanuts, cotten candy, pop, and

hot dogs. We never missed a tent! Always starting in a systematic circle, we would see everything---sword swallows, bearded ladies, fat men, knife throwers, two headed women, Siamese twins, ape men, the tallest man in the world, and the strong man.

After seeing all the side shows, it was again time for the night act of the Big Top, and this one was even more spectacular than the first one, for people would toss fire to each other on the ground and in the air. Then the clowns, who were make-believe firemen, would put out a burning house made of cardboard. When the final parade came, lights shown on costumes making them sparkle all sorts of different colors.

Then came the sad act of tearing the circus down. The noise and clatter again rose and within a few hours the circus was packed and ready to leave and the field once more desolate. We slowly went home talking over the happenings of the day and eventually of next year's circus.

As we parted and went home, I knew what was coming and so did my parents. They took control of the situation with a firm hand and sent me to my room. The next day I had a stomach ache as if I had been hit there instead of the other place, but regardless, I was sent to school. Each of the gang got the same treatment but we agreed that the fun was well worth the punishing!

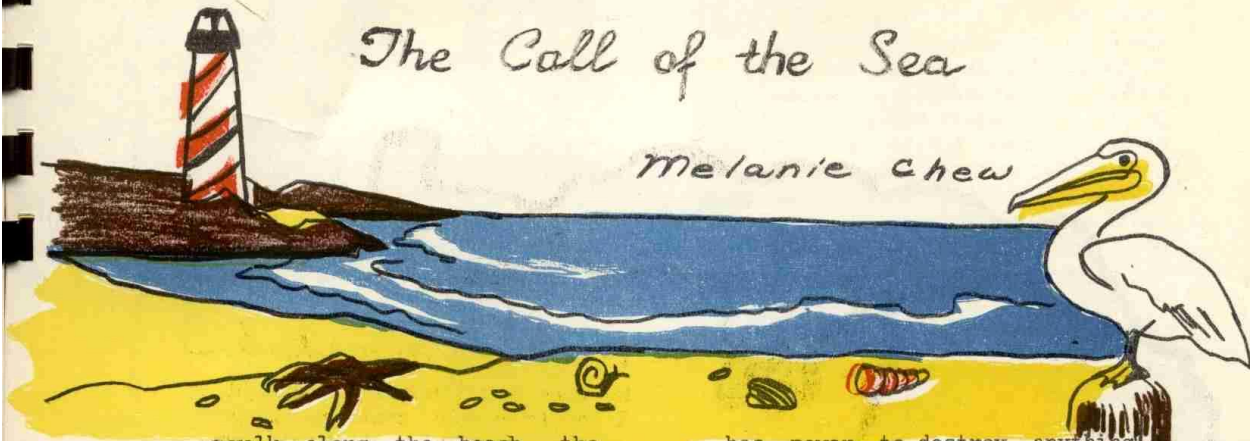
Where are the circuses today which used to visit the small and large towns? They are dwindling in number and soon will become extinct--but why? Is it necessary for this to happen? Is

there any way of stopping it so future generations can enjoy the same fun that we had when we were little? This catastrophe

must be prevented before it is too late. Will you be the ones to stop it, so that the children of tomorrow can enjoy it too?

## The Call of the Sea

Melanie Chew



I walk along the beach, the pounding breakers nipping at my feet. The undercurrent, sly and strong, entices me to follow it. Yet, I continue down the winding beach.

Except for the sea birds soaring above, the landscape is desolate and barren. I watch the birds in their graceful plight. One of them spots food below. It dives, skims the surface of the water, and retrieves a small fish. The others continue to fly for a time, then settle down on the edge of the water to rest.

The beach is not completely empty. At my feet the tannish sand crabs are busy burying themselves in the white sand. Empty shells that once provided protection for small inhabitants, bits of driftwood, and seaweed lie in tangled masses, outcasts of the mighty sea.

The sea has beauty, power, mystery, and loneliness. It

has power to destroy anything that defies its will. It will crash and pound at the giant boulders along the coast until they shall one day disintegrate into diminutive pebbles. Its mystery lies hidden in the unknown depths of loneliness; but, when its longing and restlessness are calmed, it is as beautiful and enchanting as the music of a piano in the hands of a master.

I run faster and faster down the beach, smooth and free from all human footsteps except my own. The sky darkens, the winds howl and the waves move farther up the beach to break at my feet with fierce determination. The water is cold and the salt stings my legs.

I must leave before the ocean weaves its magic spell around me. I climb the sloping bank. The waves roar at my defiance but I am more powerful than they. Safe and alone, I sit and listen to the call of the sea.

# ΕΛΛΑΣ

# GREECE



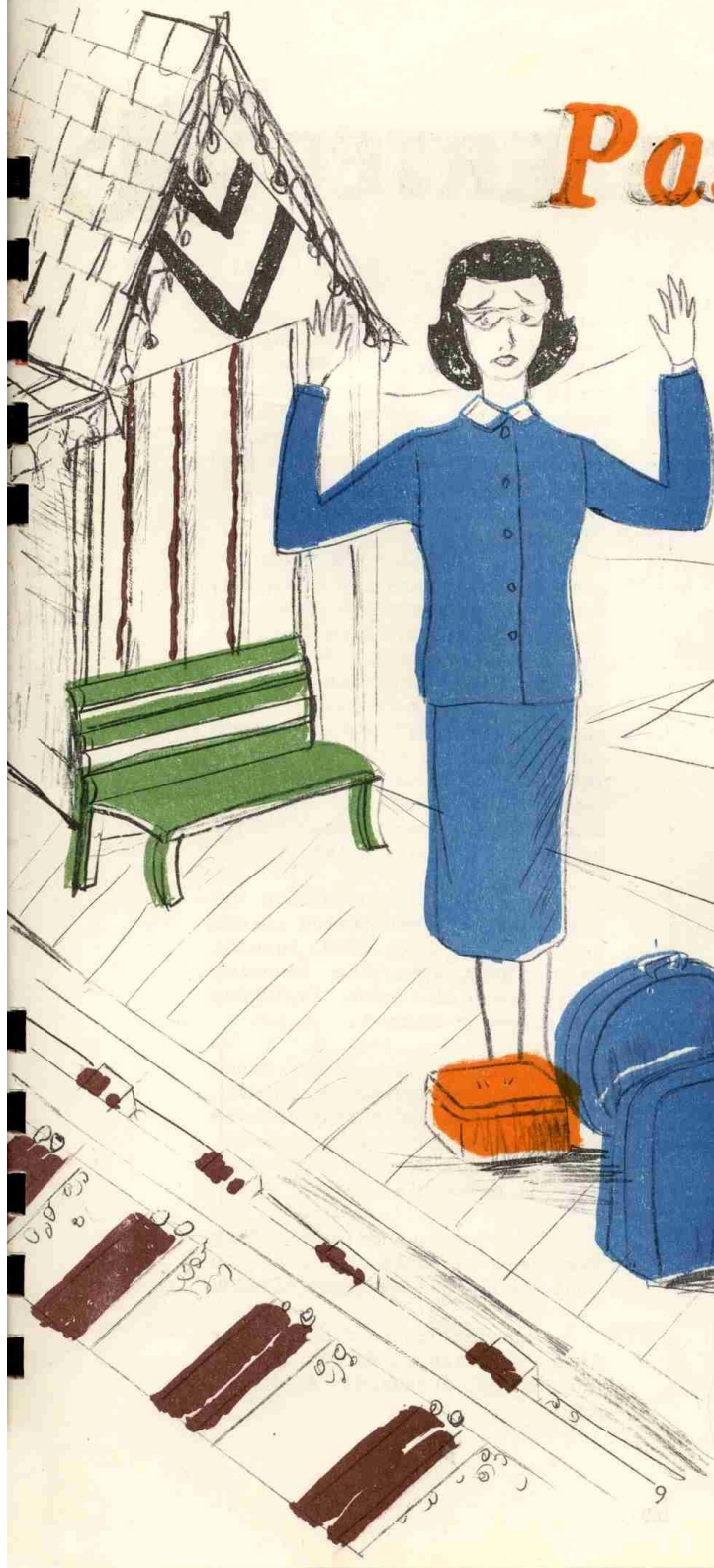
It happened in Greece nearly nine months ago. I was about to finish high school and had to think of my career. I was trying to work at all those tedious lessons a Greek senior has to study. But studying was difficult for me because at that time a very close and beloved relation of mine had just died.

*Kriton Izonakakis*

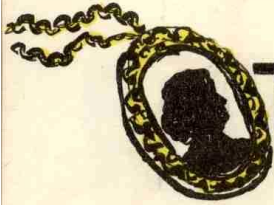
We were deeply unhappy; I thought I should never smile or laugh again. Everybody at home was crying; my mother was dressed in black. I could not certainly suspect that, four days after this tragic loss, my mother would wake me upon a Sunday morning, smiling, and say to me: "You have been awarded the scholarship, get up." I got up. I felt both like weeping and laughing. Many a kid from our town had been awarded that scholarship. The number of scholarships was limited, so that I thought expecting to be awarded one was hopeless. My brother was shouting with joy as my grandfather was translating the papers and I was wondering if I did not dream. Now farewell to my plans to attend law in Athens! Farewell to the exhausting summer during which I should be hard at work preparing to take the exams in September! I would go to America!! It is the unexpected that frequently happens. It was one of the nicest experiences in my whole life. I am still trying to believe it is true!

# Passport

carolyn newell



Never again will I be as careless with a passport as I was this summer at the border of Germany and Switzerland. I was traveling by train with other students of the American Field Service. We were en route from Holland to Switzerland and were all so excited with our first European trip that none of us could concentrate on any one thing. In order to get off in Basel, Switzerland, we had to present our passports a few miles from the city. Feeling very efficient, I flashed mine before the proper officials and started preparing my suitcases for our system of "Unloading En Masse", which involved throwing baggage out the windows. To avoid being tossed out with my luggage, I hurried out of the compartment. I was half-way out of the station before I realized I'd left my passport behind. I rushed back to the train and jumped on, ignoring the cry of "Billet, bitte", or "ticket, please". Luckily for me, a Dutch couple had found my passport, but as I ran back to the door, the train started rolling. By this time I was so confused that the only German I could think of was "Danke Schon", and "Gesundheit!" Since neither was particularly appropriate, I let out a rebel yell. The station conductor was obviously uninformed on Civil War tactics for he jumped about three feet and tossed his red flag in the air. Fortunately, this brought the train to a grinding halt and gave me time to leap off, but it also taught me to keep a tight grip on a certain government document!!



# THE DESERTER



Nancy Malone

Before him there loomed a gabled array of colors as the sunset paraded across the sky. Sometime soon he would reach the undercover protection of darkness.

He stood up straight, leaning against the long, heavy rifle, and wipes the sweat from his face.

He was tall, young, and rather handsome behind the stubble of beard. In his dark eyes there dwelt both fear and uncertainty, while his whole body revealed a feeling of guilt.

His eyes searched the pink, and golden horizon, and his ears were alert to every sound.

Suddenly, a bush rustled! Startled, he raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. At that moment a frightened buck leaped from a clump of trees and was soon lost in his own dust.

Walking on, he came upon a clearing where he could camp for the approaching night. Sitting down with his back against a tree, he ate the last of his food. He tried to shun the creepy feeling that came with each sound or movement, but each time it crawled back into his troubled mind.

He soon became drowsy from lack of sleep and his heavy eyelids closed as he drifted into a distorted slumber.

Once again he could see the

fury of fighting men and could hear the unyielding blasts of guns and cannons. Before him there was the large Yankee soldier in his soiled, navy blue uniform. Then his only brother had stepped between the two and heroically died by the Union bayonette to save him.

In his sleep he began to grow hot and perspire as he remembered the terrible scene of the many dead bodies on the Gettysburg battlefield. He saw his brother clutching his chest as gushes of thick crimson blood poured out and death seeped quickly in. He had then looked into the hardened face and cruel eyes of the enemy and seen the blood-covered bayonette. Then he was to be the victim!

The blade had struck and missed, for he had veered sharply and run. He had been running ever since, with the haunting nightmares of death following him wherever he went.

Suddenly the death scene vanished and he could faintly hear the thud of horses hooves along with the voices of men. He was aroused from his sleep and sat up with a start.

They were coming! They were here to take him back to that hell-invaded battlefield!

Jumping up, he ran blindly into the night. He was haunted and hunted, A coward. A deserter.

# THEY FELL

*David Crocker*

War is an ugly, horrible thing,  
Bringing fear to everyone's heart,  
The bombs, the fire, the holocaust,  
All play their gruesome part.

The screaming, twisting schrapnel,  
The high-pitched whine of the shell,  
That is why many a child cries alone,  
Because his father fell.

They fell in the slime of the battlefield,  
Tinged red by others' blood;  
They lay with bodies broken and torn,  
Half buried by the mud.

Many, when found, with their hand on their heart,  
Clutched a picture of some dear, loved one;  
Of a wife, a child, or a sweetheart,  
Or a mother, ne'er more to see her son.

They fell and died all over the world,  
In the four corners of the earth;  
In the wet sands of some Pacific isle,  
Their bodies limp in the pounding surf.

They fell in the gloomy forests of Europe,  
On the beach of Dunkirk too;  
On the hot desert of Africa,  
Buried where only the silent sands knew.

# GLENDALE RAMBLERS

*Jim Elmore*

Johnny lay in bed half asleep thinking of the rod he would probably never own. The silence was suddenly shattered by the sound of squeeling tires and roaring engines. He jumped to the window just as a solid black '56 Ford shot past, straight pipes blaring down the once quiet street. That was Glendale at midnight. Just behind it, a moderately customized '56 Chevy strained to keep up.

"D--n that Ace, who does he think he is; we'll never get a drag strip if he keeps up this illegal stuff. D--n it all anyway.

Johnny was fighting mad as he spoke those words. He had worked hard to persuade the city council to make a drag strip out of the old airfield so his friends could race their cars legally. Johnny went back to bed.

"Come on, Son, it's time to get up and go to work," Mrs. Rathman said, trying to wake him gently.

"Get up, you lazy bum," Mr. Rathman shouted, placing one size twelve foot on the bed and literally bouncing Johnny out of it.

Johnny got up from the floor, dressed, and staggered downstairs to breakfast. He finished eating and walked five blocks to Hockman's Garage where he worked during the summer months and after school.

"Hello, Mike," Johnny shouted across the room as he took

his coveralls off the hook. "Much work today?"

"Yeah, a little bit. You can start by cleaning and adjusting the carb on the Pontiac."

Johnny had the carburetor off and was putting part of it in gasoline when the sound of wheels, spinning in gravel, came from outside. Johnny looked up to see Ace Willcox's black Ford roll through the open door.

"Hey, Johnny, would you adjust these carbs? They start cutting out at seventy."

"OK, Ace, but wait until I finish this job. You know, Ace, you're going to kill yourself in that car some day!"

Johnny put the carburetor back together and mounted it on the manifold.

"Start'er up, Ace," Johnny said, tossing him the keys.

"Rrrudnnn!!!" The engine roared.

Johnny quickly drew his head out from under the hood.

"Hey, hey! I said start it!" Johnny shouted.

"OK," Ace said, smiling as he backed off.

Johnny stuck his head under the hood again.

"Alright, gun it!" Johnny said.



The engine roared again.

"Ok, cut it," Johnny said and signaled as he slammed the hood shut. "Now let's see what's the matter with your wreck."

"Man, did you hear about the new girl who moved in down the street from me?" Ace exclaimed suddenly. "Man, what a dish!" Ace whistled and made signs with his hands.

"No, I didn't. What's her name?"

"Marleen Milford, and boy does she live up to her famous initials."

"Cite, huh?"

"Cute! Man, is that an understatement."

"Say, I'd like to meet her," Johnny said from under the hood. "Tromp that thing once."

"Well, you'll know her when you see her."

"There you are. She'll run all right now, but I wouldn't run over seventy-five. The fuzz might catch you."

"How? There's no speed limit in this state."

"No, but over seventy-five is automatically reckless driving."

"Well, thanks, Johnny. Gotta go now."

"So long, Ace. Don't wreck that thing."

Ace got in his car and drove off. Johnny continued with his work.

"Hey, Mike. It's almost noon. Mind if I go get something to eat?"

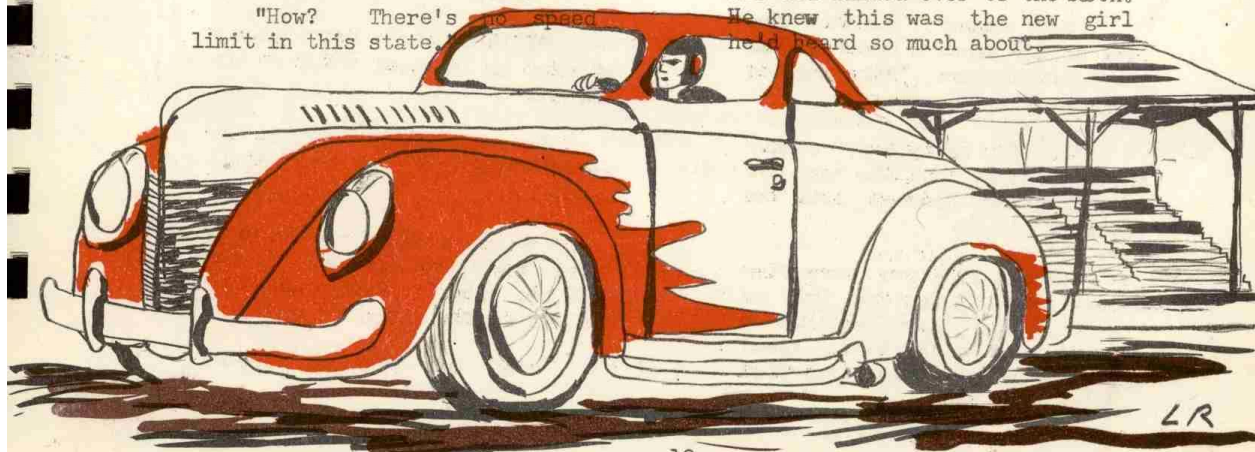
"No, go ahead. I'll go after you come back."

Johnny cleaned up and walked directly across the street into the drug store. Sitting at one of the stools, Johnny heard a voice over his shoulder.

"Who's he?" Someone said in a high, southern-accented voice.

"Johnny Rathman"

This voice he recognized--- It was Jean Nolan. Johnny spun around on the stool. His mouth flew open and he stared into the booth. As soon as he realized what he was doing, Johnny slid off and walked over to the booth. He knew this was the new girl he'd heard so much about.



"Hi, Johnny," Jean said as he slid in opposite them.

"Marleen, this is Johnny Rathman; Johnny, this is Marleen Milford."

"Hello, Marleen. Ace told me a lot about you and I must say he wasn't exaggerating."

"Here's your lunch, Johnny."

"Danny, when did you start working here?"

"Yesterday. Hunhum!"

"Oh, excuse me. Marleen, this is Danny Fergenson; Danny, Marleen Milford."

Johnny returned to the shop and completed the rest of his jobs for the day.

When he had finished, he went over to the desk, sat down, and began thumbing through Mike's factory speed equipment manuals. Mike, once a mechanic with a late model racing circuit, was new retired, and satisfied with his small garage. Johnny scanned the pages of manifolds, carburetors and valves, dreaming of the engine he could build with this equipment.

"Hey, Johnny, run over and pick up the parts I ordered from the distributors," Mike shouted as he came in the door.

"OK, I'm on my way," Johnny answered as he took the keys off the hook and climbed into the truck.

The distributors were five miles away, in Lanton. Out on the highway Johnny rounded a gradual bend in the road. Ahead was a two mile straight stretch

of road known by the teenagers of that area as "Flat-out." at the end of this was Swanson's Sways, a series of two "S" curves, so-called because old man Swanson owned all the land around there.

This was the most treacherous spot on the road.

Johnny returned from Lanton with the parts Mike had ordered, and helped him with the last job for the day. When the work was finished, Johnny walked home slowly. On the way, he passed Fergenson's Junk Yard.

"Hi, Mr. Fergenson," Johnny called as he walked by the shack, "Mind if I look around?"

"Hello, Johnny. Go right ahead."

Johnny had been gone only a few minutes when he came running back to the shack.

"Mr. Fergenson, how much do you want for that old '40 Ford back there?"

"Foorty-five doollars."

"I'll give you thirty."

"Sold."

"I'll be right back," Johnny shouted as he took off down the street.

He ran all the way to the shop. Luckily, Mike was still there.

"Mike, would you advance me this week's salary and let me use the truck?" Johnny asked as he ran in the door.

"Ok, but you had better

have a good reason."

"Oh, I do," Johnny said excitedly, taking the money and the keys from Mike.

In a few minutes Johnny was back at the garage towing the Ford.

"Well, what do you think, Mike?"

"How much?"

"Thirty, can I park it out back, and work on it in my spare time?"

"Yea, I reckon," Mike said, not very enthusiastically.

"Thanks, Mike."

Johnny pulled the car around back. Mike closed up and drove

him home.

For the next three weeks, Johnny worked hard on his little coupe. At first Mike said he would not help; but soon he was helping Johnny, and teaching him the finer points he'd learned working on the race cars. Johnny's coupe didn't look like much but it ran well, and handled like a dream.

One afternoon, Johnny came in the drug store.

"Hey, Danny, one coke to go. Hello, Marleen, haven't seen you in a week or more."

Johnny sat down opposite her in a booth.

"Marleen, how would you like to go to the drive-in?"  
Continued on page 23.

## pattern of a season

Suellen Miller

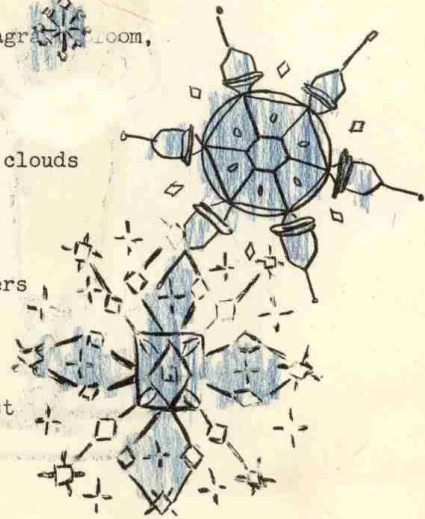


In spring  
The peach trees, garbed in fragrant bloom,  
Make a lovely pattern  
Against the soft blue sky.

In summer  
The reflections of lazy white clouds  
Make a restful pattern  
On the surface of a calm lake.

In fall  
The outlines of city skyscrapers  
Make a sharp pattern  
Against the gray autumn sky.

In winter  
On an icy day the silvery frost  
Makes a decorative pattern  
On a window pane.



# The Battle of the Bulge

BEVAIN STEADMAN

**B**eing overweight is doubtless the most universal physical predicament to which a person is prone. Losing weight can be one of the most humorous problems presently besetting modern man

There are very few men, or women, who are satisfied with their present shape, and the vast majority usually desire to remove any superfluous flesh whatever.

No one seems to have actually developed a popular and definite cure for obesity; however, nearly everyone claims to possess the so-called perfected technique.

The start of a weight-losing campaign may have a very

innocent beginning. Perhaps the lady of the house discovers much to her horror, that her favorite dress, which has fit perfectly for the past four years, is now a bit tight at the waist. Panic seizes her and she sprints for the scales. To her terror she discovers that in the last three months, she has actually gained two and one-eight pounds. Fear grasps her as she addresses herself in the mirror, for she no longer sees the one hundred and sixteen pound woman that her husband married, but, instead, visualizes the image of a three hundred and fifty pound mountain of fat with mounds of heaping baggage protruding at all angles.

Her following action may result in near total annihilation of an entire family. The



cause of this near disaster is illustrated by a word which strikes fear in the heart of practically every red-blooded American husband--Diet!!!

Diet is the most widely used way of losing weight in America, and is usually the most unsuccessful. The basis of diet is simple. You eat practically nothing, therefore allowing your body to use the extra weight as energy. The less you eat, the more weight you're supposed to lose.

Meals become as unappetizing as they are skimpy. Such low calorie oddities as dried hummingbird's teeth and baked filet of tadpole now compose the daily menu.

Most people on diets observe such restrictions as regular eating intervals, and devouring only scanty amounts of those foods which contain fewer calories; however, the well-known routine of snatching a "tidbit" here or there is usually the dieter's downfall. The average dieter usually consumes no more than one thousand calories a day from meals, but I would estimate that he eats at least five times that quantity between meals.

Diet, nevertheless, can be effective if the person applying the method has the near super-human control and self-restraint necessary to produce the desired outcome.

Certain money-minded individuals have taken advantage of the obese status of the public and have neatly flooded the American market with hordes of sure-cures for being overweight.

An exaggerated example, for

instance, could be Dr. Ivan Skubitsky's Miracle Reducing Drug containing that amazing ingredient,  $C_{12}H_{32}O_{11}$ , or as they simply term it, Monoseptosis Amaxibus. (I call it sugar.) If you follow instructions it's guaranteed to help you lose five pounds in one week. The instructions are; take one pill a day, eat nothing and drink only water.

If, by some miracle, you should survive one week under these circumstances, I would surmise that you would indeed lose at least five pounds, but when you begin to eat sufficiently to regain your strength, you will probably find ten more pounds. Thus the ordeal has gone for nought.

Down through history man has conquered animal, fire, water, sky, and even other men, but his greatest obstacle cannot yet be placed in the Hall of Conquests. That obstacle is the fight against the rising waistline--The Battle of the Bulge.



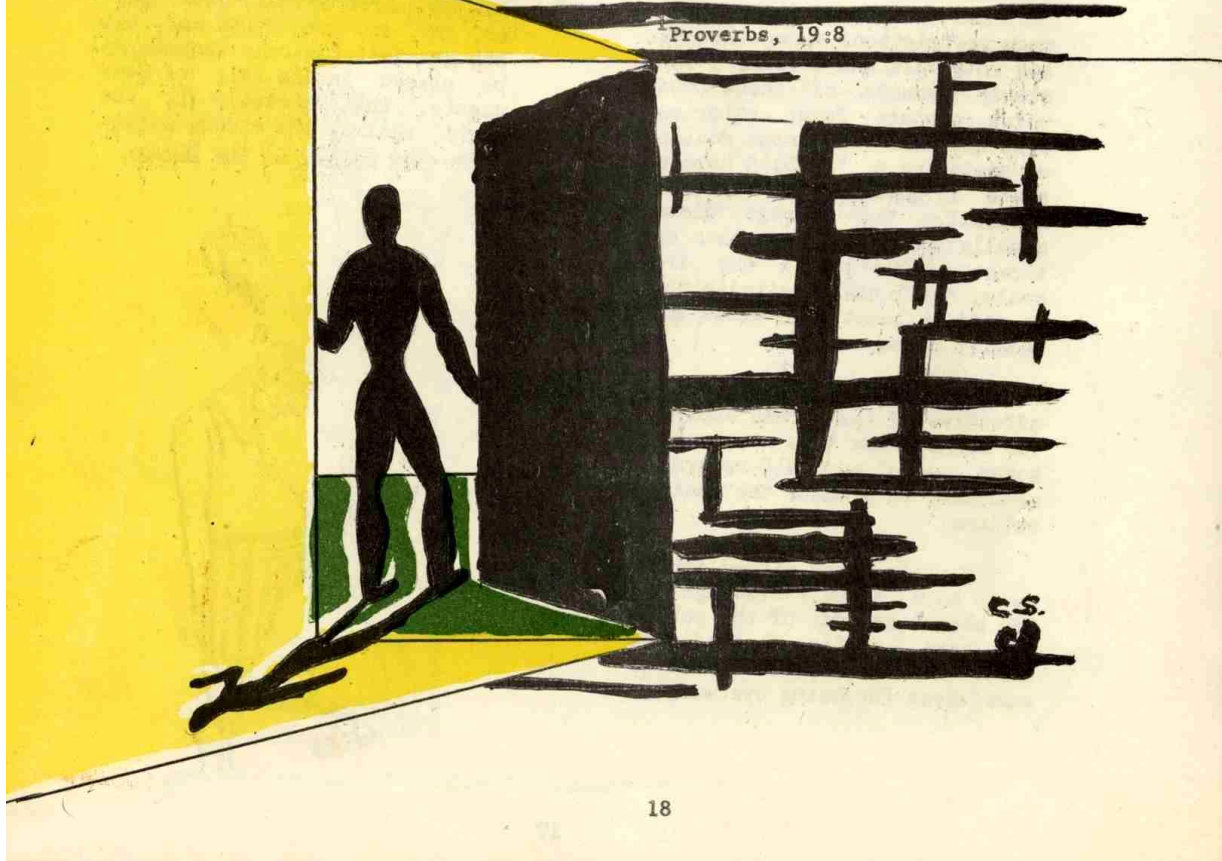
# "He that keepeth understanding shall find good"<sup>1</sup>

Margaret Rich

Through understanding, the finest human quality, one can conquer fear. For, what does man fear? He fears the darkness, a mysterious disease, or a strange foe. Then, why do these things terrify him? He fears because he cannot see what danger the darkness hides; he has seen a friend crippled by the disease, but no doctor knows its cause or treatment, so man trembles before its onslaught; and, above all, he fears the enemy, whose words are harshly meaningless to his ears, and whose alien face and actions throw up a blank wall against which all his strength is power-

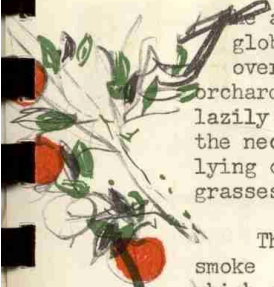
less. Man fears the hidden, the strange and the unknown. Yet, arm man with a flashlight, and the darkness becomes gentle; give him hope of a cure, and he can battle the disease. Likewise, equip him with understanding, and his foe may become his strongest ally. Given comprehension of the enemy's tongue, knowledge of his customs, and perception of his loves and hates, likes and dislikes, and strengths and weaknesses, what has man to fear? The hidden is unveiled; the unknown, explained; and the strange understood.

<sup>1</sup>Proverbs, 19:8



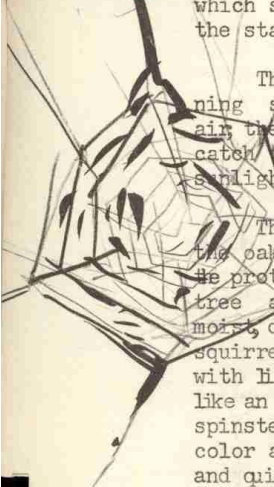
# Autumn Concerts

Lynne Crane




The apples are red and golden globes, hanging heavily on the over-weighted boughs of the orchard's trees. The bees hum lazily in the sunlight, sipping the nectar of the fallen pears lying on their sides in the tall grasses.

The bonfires send up their smoke signals of bluish haze, which settles protectively over the starry chrysanthemums.




The spider sings her spinning song lazily in the tangy air; the silver skeins of her web catch the iridescent flashes of sunlight.

The russet velvet leaves of the oak drift indolently from the protective arms of the mother tree and rest gently on the moist dark ground. A scampering squirrel surveys Autumn's scene with little sounds of displeasure, like an old fashioned New England spinster overwhelmed by the color and "sin" of the big city, and quickly pelts an unsuspecting earthworm as he moves sluggishly across the mosaic of the leaf strewn ground.




The butterflies flit daintily around the garden, barely distinguishable from the floating leaves. One by one they come to settle on the butterfly bush against the garden wall. Soon the heavy fronds of the bush, with their burden of small white flowers, are covered with the beautiful wings which form a mosaic of color in the breeze.

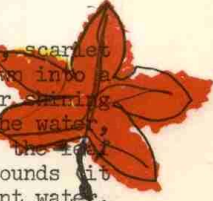


A garter snake slithers slowly through the roots of the purple lilac bush, moving care-


fully about in his search for food; ignoring the flamelike beauty of the garden.




The goldfish in the pond dash through the shimmering, colored water like small of gold, slipped there by some benevolent giant for the pleasure of the children of the garden.



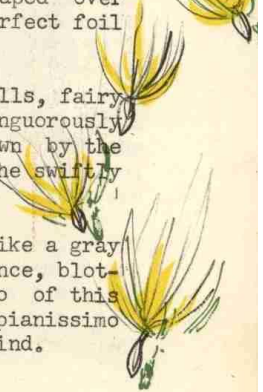
A maple leaf, sharp, scarlet and perfect, drifts down into a small puddle of rain water, shining on the garden path; the water, catching the image of the leaf and mirroring it, surrounds it with a frame of opalescent water.




A tiny gray bird with a ridiculously big black vest wings swiftly along the wall, gliding into a bowlegged landing. Everything in the garden seems to halt for a moment, laughing with the minute creature over the absolute absurdity of the act.



The chrysanthemums, fallen stars, lean their lazy heads above the rain puddles and revel in their luster against the autumn scene. The burnished gold of the fire thorn draped over the wall offers a perfect foil for their beauty.

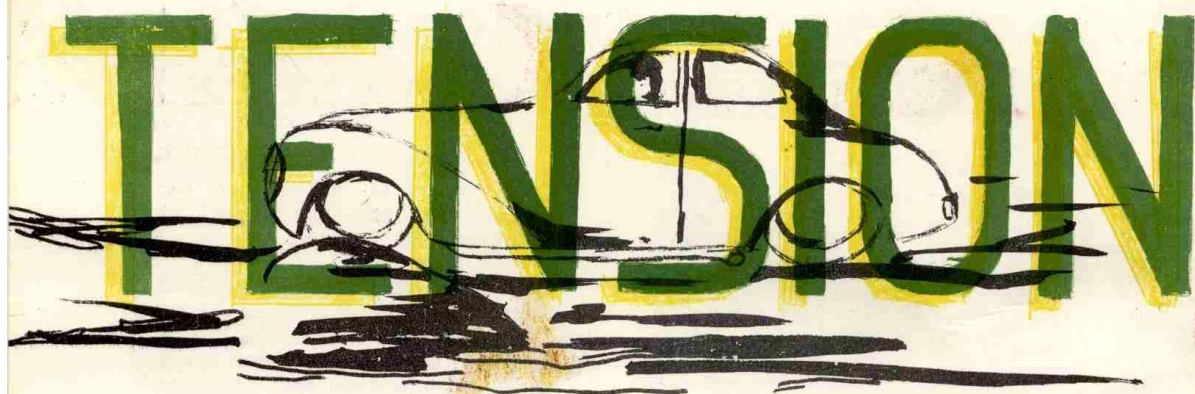


Milkweed puff balls, fairy chariots, float languorously through the air, blown by the wind, grown sharp in the swiftly coming autumnal dark.



Twilight drops like a gray cat over the back fence, blotting out the crescendo of this golden day into a pianissimo blown by the keening wind.

# TENSION



JOHN CARLO

I sat in my seat, and my heart beat so furiously I thought it would jump out of my throat. My car's engine purred like a cat waiting to leap from hiding upon an unsuspecting fowl. The soft music of the radio breathed encouragement to my heart as I sat there staring down the long dark ribbon of pavement.

This was the new highway that was partially completed. One side of it had been paved but the other side was still dust and gravel. I had just finished rebuilding the engine in my 1940 Ford and was anxious to try it out. The highways were deserted for it was after midnight. This stretch of pavement was about two miles long and would be long enough to try out the car.

I pulled around the barricade and on to the pavement and began to count to myself. "One". I put my clutch in and pulled the gear shift down into low.

"Two". With my clutch still in I gave it gas. "Three", and I was off! The roar of the engine and the scream of crying tires obliterated all other sounds, and everything outside became a sea of blurs. As I moved into second gear, and looked ahead, the night seemed like an endless sea of darkness waiting to swallow me up in its tremendous depths. I looked down at the dashboard. A cold sensation ran through my body as I saw the needle on the speedometer tremble between seventy-five and eighty. My hands were dripping perspiration, and numb with pain as I gripped the steering wheel. I was nearing the end of the paved surface and I eased up on the gas pedal. My muffler crackled in agony, and my engine rumbled with hostility. When I pulled over to the side of the road, I realized I was exhausted from the momentary strain. Once my strength was restored I moved quietly back down the road toward home, well pleased with the engine's performance.



# MR. HUMPHRIES

Jim Scott

Mr. Humphries? Ya' mean that ya' don't know Mr. Humphries? Let me ask ya' son: what world is it that ya' come from that ya' don't know Mr. Humphries is this world.

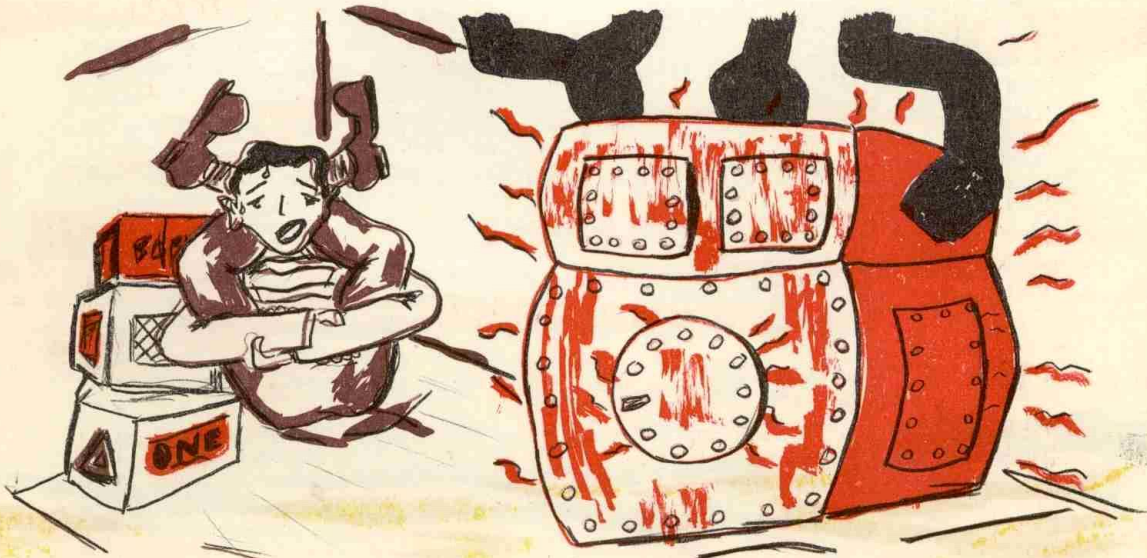
Yup, I knew him, yup, I even went t' school with 'im. --Ha! I never will ferget th' time when Ole' Hump (that's what we called 'im then), yup, the time when he done got his legs behind his head by Big Bully Jones. Ole' Jones jes' picked 'im up an' put 'im in the corner of the school boiler room.---By golly 'twas hot in the boiler room too, an' it must'a been jes' hours an' hours afore he got his feet down.

Now ole' Hump was a quiet fella' but this thing he's sore at. I never heard Hump cuss but jes' a few times, but this time he really cut loose; why son, it

was even heard in Clavell County an' thass eighteen miles away!

Ole' Hump wasn't much fer scrappin' neither, but when he caught up with Bully Jones he done smacked 'im so hard that Jones landed in Clavell County afore Hump's cussin' did. From then on Jones wasn't quite the bully he used to be.

Another time was when, down t' Coot Creek, he was afishin'. That's another thing, boy,--he could really fish. Why son, he caught salmon that was at least forty-five foot long; right thar' in Coot Creek.---Well anyway, when he was afishin' a darn crawfish bit 'im on th' toe. Son, he screamed so loud an' foul that th' sun blinked an' Coot Creek stopped for a week. It got the dam boys aLL upset, an' they was worried about it fer a while, too.



He's gen'rally pretty quiet tho', an' smart? Why son, he was offered th' presidency of this here United States, but he refused. Yessir, if he'd been elected he'd still be President. But he jes' liked t' till th' soil like us folks, which made him very likable.

But he was smart. As kids, we used to kid 'im 'bout his bump on th' back of his head ( Bumpy Humpy we used t' call him); but he'd jes' say that th' bump jes' had that much more knowledge in it, an' be danged if it didn't too.

Quite a story teller, too, that Hump. Oh, he didn't talk much, mind ya'. When th' men would set around drinkin' at Joe's an' tellin' stories, when it began t' get late an' th' stories dull, then Hump would always tell one; an' they'd lis-

ten when he spoke; he had a voice that would ring clear like a yeller warbler on a summer day.

But his stories wasn't jes' stories; they had sense an' meanin'. Usually they was so good that without a word after 'twas all over everyone would get up an' go home. It gave 'em somethin' t' think about.

An', son, drink? Why he'd, an' I seen him, put down enough whiskey to drown' two whales an' still kill a bobcat at eighty paces with a slingshot. Yessir, he was a man!

Hump didn't go t' church often, but he was a good man that lived by th' Book.

Ole' Hump is gone now, but son, you remember Mr. Humpfries because, son, he was a great man.

## one page of time

~~lee album~~

Dawn spread her gray misty robe across the sky,

Changing it from pearl, to a blush, to petal pink.

The Sun in all his glory burst forth into the day,

As if to say, "I am here, let all look and behold."

His mantle was of every hue, from a plum haze to a fiery gold.

The chariot of Apollo raced across the heavens, and its horses galloped around the celestial rink;

Displaying its brilliance for all to see and wonder,

"How great the Sun, how distant, how splendid.

And when, at last, one page of time had come to an end,

The Crimson Sun sat down upon his violet throne and retired for the night.

continued from p. 15

"I've got a date with Ace tonight," Marleen answered, as if she were doing him a favor even to talk to him.

Johnny went back to the shop and put on a new set of heavy-duty shocks. That night, Johnny was out testing them. He turned off the highway onto a side road. Johnny often drove the back roads just so he would know them if he ever needed to. He was driving along a seldom used dirt road, when his headlights reflected the taillights of another car; as he approached, he recognized the car. It was Ace's. In the front seat with him was a girl--her long blond hair meant only one girl, Marleen.

"So all she wants is a boy with a fast car," Johnny thought to himself as he drove home. Well, I'll show her who can build a car."

It was on his way home that Johnny made up his mind that he would beat Ace. Johnny knew what Ace's engine lacked. His carburetion was sufficient, but the manifold passages and valves were too small. Johnny worked harder than ever on that engine. He did every thing he could think of to drain the last ounce of power out of it, but the little flathead would not out run Ace's V-eight. The only way he could beat Ace would be with a new engine, but Johnny couldn't afford the four hundred dollars. Johnny opened a bank account to save for the engine. His savings mounted, but with school only a week away, things looked rather dim.

Johnny arrived at school that first morning just as a new Cadillac pulled up in front of

the school. The chauffeur opened the door, and out stepped no other than Hughbert Wellington III, the school snob. He didn't like to wear suits and ride in his dad's limousine, but he hadn't much to say about it.

"Johnny," Hughbert caught him as he opened the door, "Would you like to attend the races with me this Sunday?"

"Horse races?"

"No, the automobile."

"What kind?"

"Sports cars."

"Alright, what time?"

"Twelve thirty."

Johnny drove Jean home from church, then went home to change clothes. When Hughbert came to get him, Johnny almost fell off the porch. There, in plaid Bermuda shorts and an ivy league cap, standing by a white Jag, was Hughbert.

It was a four hour endurance race. Johnny enjoyed watching the race. It was in the last race that one of the Corvettes he'd been watching went into a hairpin turn and flipped, completely demolishing the car. Johnny went over to the car after the race. As he approached, he heard the owner shouting.

"I'm through with racing", through with pouring money into these things."

"Sir, would you be interested in selling this?" Johnny asked hopefully.

"Yes, I would," he said

disgustedly.

"What'll You take for it?"

"Three Hundred."

"Sorry, Mister, all I have is two twenty-five."

"Well, cash on the barrel-head?"

"Check."

"All right."

"Thanks, Mister."

Johnny wrote out the check. Hughbert took him home, and he returned with Mike's truck and trailer.

After school Monday, Johnny went directly to the shop and began working on the Corvette. By Friday, he had the engine out and ready to put in his coupe. All day Saturday he worked, pulling the old engine out, and installing the new engine and four speed transmission. He'd been mightily lucky to get a full race Corvette for only \$225. Now Johnny would show Ace what a car could do. Johnny pulled out of the garage and down onto the highway. It handled smoothly. Just ahead was Flatout. He pressed on the gas; with a smooth rumble of power, the stubby coupe gained speed. The speedometer read eighty, an easy effortless eighty, ninety, one hundred, and still no strain on the hill. At one hundred twenty the engine whined slightly. Johnny backed off, and went through the S's at seventy-five; there was no skid and little squealing. He took the back roads into town, just in case. Johnny stopped at the drug store on the way back. Danny, Bill,

and the others were at one of the booths. Johnny went over and sat down.

"How would it be to have an organized hot rod club with our own drag strip?" Johnny asked enthusiastically.

"That stuff's for squares", Ace said, coming in the door.

"What do you guys think?" Johnny asked.

"I'm the leader of this gang, and what I say goes. Besides, who are you to talk about hot rods. That pile of yours wouldn't pull the hat off your head." "Oh, I don't know about that." "Say, I hear you've been after my girl." "I asked her for a couple of dates, Why?" "Well, I don't like it." Ace grabbed Johnny by the collar. Johnny pushed him away and Ace swung at him. The man at the drug counter broke it up.

"I'll see you next Saturday night on the out-skirts of Lanton."

All that week the whole school talked about the race.

Saturday, Johnny was at the shop getting ready. He went home, got something to eat, and returned. After completely checking the engine he left for Lanton. Ace was confidently waiting, as Johnny had expected; what he hadn't foreseen was Marleen's being with him. Johnny played around, speeding up and slowing down. This made Ace mad, and the madder he got, the worse he drove. Johnny flew through the Sways. Ace came through, tires squeeling and skidding. Ace floored it coming out, and Johnny stayed just in

front of him. Johnny had started to pull away, when he heard a muffled explosion. He looked back to see Ace's car dropping back, with black smoke pouring out of the tailpipe. The strain had been too much. Ace had blown the engine.

Back in town, Johnny stopped at the drug store, and half the school was waiting for him.

"Where's Ace?" Danny asked."

"Down on Flat-out, picking up the pieces of his engine," Johnny answered.

"How'd you do it?" Bill

Johnny lifted the hood and stepped aside.

"Come on, Jean, let's go get them."

Johnny shut the hood and opened the door.

"I made an awful fool out of myself over that Marleen, Jean," Johnny said, as he pulled out on the highway.

"Don't worry about it," she answered, moving over close to him.

## the witches game

*Lynne Crane*

Herbs have very strange names,  
Telling tales of witches' games  
Under the dark of the waning moon.

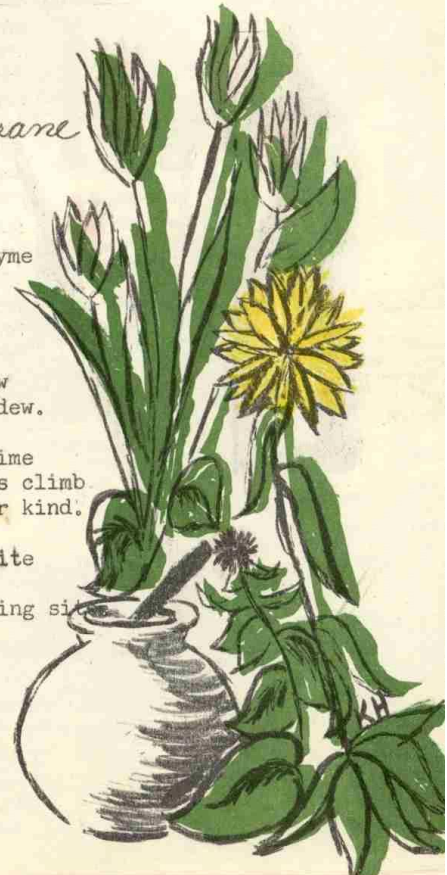
The flight of the bats is a runic rhyme  
A witching ghostly pantomime  
Above the bordering beds of thyme.

Saffron, basil, rosemary, rue,  
Picked and ready for the witch's brew  
Silver and shining with the morning dew.

Softly the morning bells start to chime  
As onto their broomsticks the witches climb  
For daylight's an abhorrence to their kind.

All that is left of their ghoulish rite  
In the dark of that mysterious night  
Is a few scattered herbs on the camping site

Wormwood,  
Sorrel,  
Corriander,  
And rue,  
Stuff to make a witch's brew.

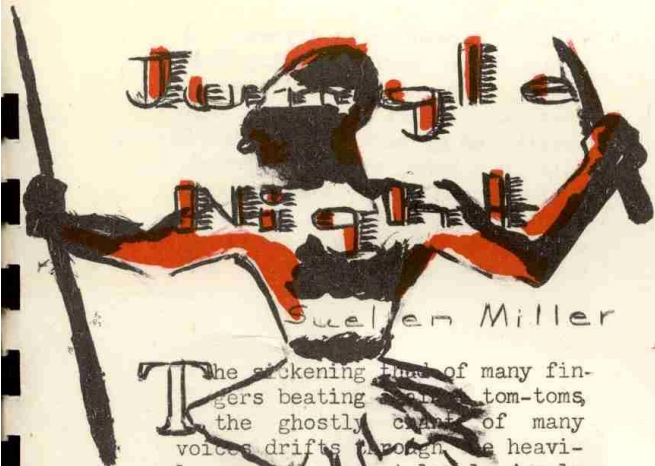




# HARBOR DAWN

*Paul Nordwall*

There is something fascinating about daybreak on a busy waterfront. The captain of a European-bound freighter is anxious to get his ship out of the harbor ahead of the day's congested activity. Aided by four snarling little tugs, dwarfed by the size of his mammoth vessel, he points her out to sea. At the dock the crews of the fishing fleet are casting off -- their decks loaded with nets and other gear, sure that today's catch will be the best of the season. Here and there an early-rising fisherman is setting out in his outboard motorboat to take advantage of his favorite fishing spot. Interspersed in this drab fleet of working craft are the sleek hulls and brightly contrasting sails of the early-morning sailing enthusiasts. And here and there among the docks and wharfs is a solitary figure just standing, looking -- completely fascinated with the panorama of a busy waterfront at sunrise.



Suellen Miller

The sickening hum of many fingers beating tom-toms, the ghostly chant of many voices drifts through the heavily scented air. A lonely jungle fowl calls hauntingly to its mate. The air is still, stirred only by the movement of black shadows swaying slowly against a blood red fire.

This is the sight which met my eyes as I emerged from the heavy undergrowth and stood in the flickering firelight. I stood in awe at this fantastic scene. My breath scarcely came from my gaping mouth as suddenly a deathly silence lulled the land.

Then once again the hollow thud of tom-toms broke softly into the stillness. And seemingly coming from nowhere, a voodoo priestess swayed gracefully into the firelight. As she danced, the natives, caught by a wave of emotion, wailed into the night in a ghastly chant.

I quickly turned as I heard a rustle behind me; and there saw a grotesque shadow loom over me. I shrank in utter horror, too frightened to scream. Cruel hands seized me, and I was thrown among the half-crazed natives.

I shuddered at the thought of what they would do to me. As the natives suddenly shrieked



with joy, I knew my horrible fate had been decided.

Then in blind fear I started running. It didn't matter where I went, just so I got away. I crashed insanely through the jungle night, fleeing for my life. My breath was coming fast now, and my mouth and

throat burned with dryness. I could hear their running feet coming closer, and I closed my eyes as I felt someone's hot breath on my neck. Exhausted I fell in a heap upon the ground. I gasped as a hot hand pressed against my arm, and a voice whispered, "Gosh Sue, these 3-D movies are too realistic for me!"

# CURIOSITY

ROBIN GILLESPIE

The future holds a luring enticement  
That is built up from the past.  
If we do not dream sweet thoughts,  
This strange lure will not last.

For centuries men have striven to find  
What the future holds.  
They venture far and explore new things;  
They leave the sheltering folds.

"Maybe it should be as it was,  
Maybe it was for the best."  
This, too, men want to find out,  
And till they do - there is no rest.

But, as for me, I am content  
To let things stay as they are.  
I would rather live in the present  
Than in the future far.

As we live each moment,  
As we live each day,  
We sometimes wonder what it is  
That makes us want to stray.

Man is a strange and thoughtful beast.  
That is made clear to me,  
But--sometimes I wonder--how would it be,  
If man had no curiosity?

