



# Waggener High School



## Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect

This is one of many sections that contain information, photos, newspaper articles, internet items, etc. of the St. Matthews area and especially of Waggener High School. Many of the items came from Al Ring's personal collections but many people have helped and I have tried to give credit where I can.

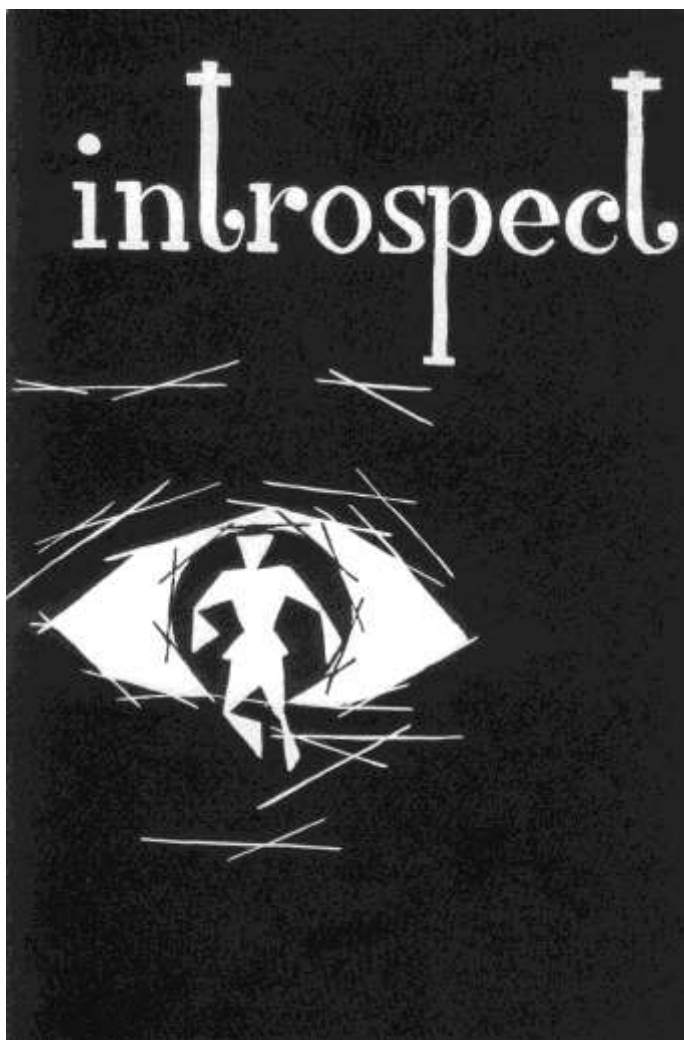
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have old or new information on the St. Matthews area from 1950 to 1962 or Waggener High, please contact Al Ring.

All graphics have been improved to make the resolution as good as possible, but the reader should remember that many came from copies of old newspaper articles and photos. Credit to the source of the photos, etc. is provided whenever it was available. We realize that many items are not identified and regret that we weren't able to provide this information. As far as the newspaper articles that are not identified, 99% of them would have to be from one of three possible sources. *The Courier-Journal*, *The Louisville Times* or one of the *Voice* publications. Books that we have used for some information include, *Randy*, *Cactus*, *Uncle, Ed and the Golden age of Louisville Television*, *Waggener High School Alumni Directory 1996*, *Waggener Traditional High School Alumni Directory 2007*, *Memories of Fontaine Ferry Park*, *St. Matthews The Crossroads of Beargrass* by Samuel W. Thomas, *St. Matthews, 25 Years a City Two Centuries a Community*, *St. Matthews 1960-1995*, *Waggener Lair's 1958 to 1962*, *The Holy Warrior, Muhammad Ali*, *Louisville's Own (An Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Louisville Area Recorded Pop Music From 1953 to 1983)*.

Please use this information as a reference tool only. If the reader uses any of the information for any purpose other than a reference tool, they should get permission from the source.

Special thanks to Marie VanHoose Sayre for this copy.

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, May 1960, Volume One, Number One



# introspect

The Literary Magazine  
of  
Waggener High School

St. Matthews, Kentucky  
May, 1960

Volume One  
Number One

**Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, May 1960, Volume One, Number One**

**This page was not part of original booklet.**



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Editors' Corner

The making of a high school literary magazine has been, for us of the INTROSPECT Staff, an act of faith. Faith that the Waggener student body, or at least a significant portion of it, would not be content to lead in football and Merit Semi-finalists alone, but would also desire to have an upper hand in the more artistic realms of creative writing, music, art, and dramatics.

There have been many problems arising in transforming this act of fate into around forty pages of print with something of value contained in that print. Besides all the usual problems, here unlisted, which confront any average established publication staff, there were also quite a few unusual and unique ones, ones entailed by the fact that this issue is volume one, number one. Such things, for example, as choosing a name, selecting judging criteria, finding a compromise between size and quality of printing and a limited budget.

The magazine as you see it now is not a mold from which all other INTROSPECT issues are to be cast. The staff this year has had many plans and dreams which have not met realization because of the newness and experimental nature of the effort. Primarily, an attempt will be made in the future to expand the efforts in the magazine to include art photography, more art work, scholarly essays, plays, and perhaps even music, song, and dance. Also, regular departments will be established, such as a jazz column, art and dramatic criticism, etc.

\* \* \*

It is our honor and pleasure, as editors of the INTROSPECT, to announce the winner of the INTROSPECT Editor's Award, given to the person who has contributed, in our opinion, the best single piece of creative writing to the magazine. This year the Award goes to Helen Bisha for her poem, Colorado. This poem also won first place in the Quill and Scroll contest, Senior High Poetry Division.

Helen Bisha has also won the INTROSPECT Spontaneous Creative Writing Contest, which carries a \$5.00 first prize. Her winning piece entered in that contest was A Drop of Rain, A Glass of Wine. Helen wrote this poem from a preselected title given her, in ten minutes.

For other pieces in the magazine, coming from this same contest, see: "X", "Reflections at Close Range", "Two and a Half Feet on Which to Go", "The Twilight of the Gods", "Hatred or Faith", "The Ultimate Simplicity - A Child's Innocence", "A Pencil", "The Ultimate Simplicity of Faith".

\* \* \*

Credits and Thanks to:

Our hard-working sponsor, Mrs. McGuire, without whose active help and interest, and constant inspiration (with a little prodding) it can truthfully be said that this magazine

would not have been possible.

Peggy Calhoun, our Art Editor, who drew very skillfully all the art work in the magazine, including the cover.

Sandy Walker and Lynne Lawson, who worked on all of the copy for the magazine.

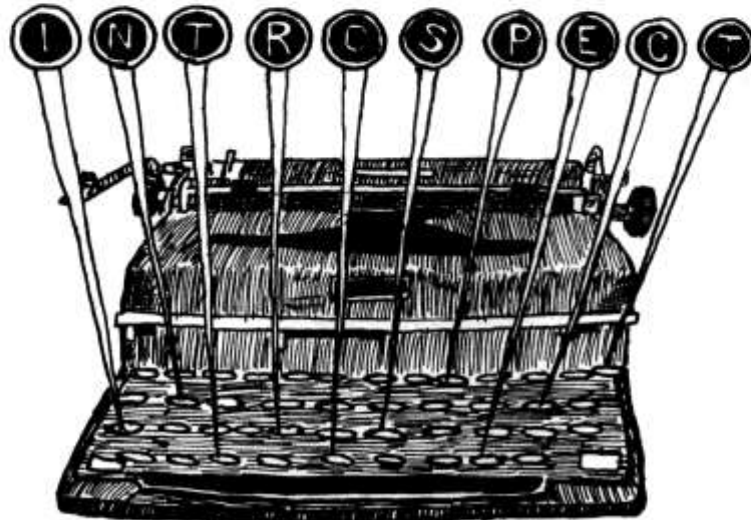
Mrs. Katherine Kirwan, sponsor of the Quill and Scroll, who managed the Quill and Scroll Contest.

All of our patrons (see back page) and all of you who have purchased a copy of the magazine, who must always form the broad base for the support of the INTROSPECT.

\* \* \*

In this, the first issue, a comment will be made concerning the selection and meaning of the name INTROSPECT. Of course, it is useless and adolescent to read any deep significance into any single word, not to mention the semantic impossibility of the task. But in the name "introspect", which literally means "looking into" with the connotations of self-searching or consciousness of one's inward self, we believe that we have come close to describing the essence of any good creative writing. It is our hope that we have been able to give you some of this essence in this the first issue of the INTROSPECT.

Jim Thompson  
Elliott Neubauer



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AWARDS

The INTROSPECT Editors' Award

"Colorado"

INTROSPECT Creative Writing Contest Winner

"A Drop of Rain, A Glass of Wine"

The Quill and Scroll Contest Winners

Senior High

Poem....."Colorado"  
Short Story..."Long Walk Home"  
Essay....."What is Love"

Junior High

Poem....."The Coming Day"  
Short Story..."Decision"  
Essay.....Russell Garth

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Editor's Note:

"Colorado", winner of the Quill and Scroll Senior Poetry Division, and the INTROSPECT Editors' Award, by Miss Helen Bisha truly warrants close attention for its beauty as poetry, its deep, almost mystic, perceptions into man and nature, and the unity of the whole through linkage of its disparate parts.

Colorado

From the land of Red Rocks,  
From the land of Shining Mountains,  
From the sere-and-golden plains, the tall prairies,  
In Indian-file...

They come, and there is little singing among them  
For they have seen the white man,  
And know the endlessness of his numbers,  
And are acquainted with death.

But not in flight, stumbling in desperation; they come,  
They march, if not happily, proudly.  
Only the children laugh as they dash between the ponies' legs,  
And the papooses stare at the world with solemn-eyed happiness.

The tribes pass, and leave little sign of their going.  
A discarded moccasin, a broken bow...  
The thick mountain grass springs quickly erect behind travois  
poles:  
Unshod ponies mark no great roads...  
There is only an absence where they stood.  
There is an emptiness where they are no longer.

From the great flat-lands.  
From the land of the gaunt rocks  
Where the only shade is cast by the 'puncher's horse  
Up the trail...

The drovers push the big herds.  
Lonchorns wild and wary.  
Ready to spook at a cougar or a quick-running storm,  
Their horns mazing like the bare branches of a winter forest.  
Raising the dust of the trail,  
Covered by the dust of Texas and Colorado  
Trailing to the high prairies of Wyoming and Montana  
Pushed by lean riders on wiry ponies,  
Riders with tied-down ropes.  
Followed by tall men on fine sleek horses,  
Men with tied-down guns.

From the East they come, and from the Orient  
To push...

To drive rails across the plains,



To hammer tunnels through the mountains,  
Bringing men to build Cities of Gold,  
Cibola in a city of tents.  
Towns that boom and die  
And leave swaying ruins  
Pitifully arrogant against the prairie wind.

Where the sound of gold once rang,  
And the ill-tuned pianos tinkled along the dusty streets:  
The belles danced here, darlings of the frontier,  
And took their pay in gold dust.

From everywhere they come  
To build and to stay.

To build a sod house or a mansion,  
Or a city, rising all aglitter.  
New and fine, with no place for the old and outworn—  
Scoured clean by the constant wind,  
Polished by the harsh wind.

Rising from a land that commands and demands respect,  
A hard country, new and crude  
Gaudy and loud  
Untouched and untouchable  
And quiet enough to hear the wet chuckle of a mountain stream  
Or the sound of the sunset.

A land and a city clumsily raised by people  
Who laugh, and shout, and quarrel,  
And work well together.  
A farmer from the plains of Hungary  
A logger from Norway  
A Chinese whose grandfather forged a golden railroad spike...  
People who dig their hands into the earth  
And toss up neon spangles  
To challenge the starlight  
Over the land.

-Helen Bisha



The Quiet Conqueror

The dark twilight races around the stiff, dead elms,  
    and rustles the sombre branches,  
And whirls the dried leaves  
Still hanging from them.

And the gray-field grasses blow in the purple breeze,  
    flat to the ground,  
Their seeds long fallen  
And their spirits broken.

And the chill sea wind blows the icy spray  
    until it shatters  
Against the black rocks,  
And the beaches are empty.

And the craggy hill, the fox, frozen in a trap,  
    and the cold streets of a great empty city  
Are all etched against the black night;  
And the autumn gives way to winter.

-Julia Bloch

Hatred Or Faith

Scarlett was its color and it usually hung sedately in the rear of the closet where it could be seen by no one. Today, however, I remembered it and suddenly had to see it again. I locked the door, crossed the room, and brought out the symbol of my hatred. The dress lingered limply on its hanger, then edged slightly over one end and folded upon the rug beneath. I stared at it. Once I had thought it beautiful with its velvety softness and white lace trim, but now it was ugly; forbidding. Would I never forget? Weren't minds geared to shut out terrible experiences and retain only the pleasant happenings? My eyes closed and I saw them: My family, the wagon, the prairie. How had they gotten lost? Fate? Predestination? Who knew but God? Suddenly they were alone with only the fire to present assurance. They would have made it to the river that day where celebrations were in store. I had donned my scarlett dress for the occasion for Father had once said it gave a becoming flush to my cheeks. Lost on the prairie with a broken wheel and little food. Help! Help! Would someone never come? But no one came and we stayed there and starved and sickened. My mother grew frail and pale with hollowed cheeks and sunken eyes. Father fell on a knife accidentally, or was it, and died the next day. God would help us, I knew. We must have faith. In spite of our faith, my mother rotted from starvation and in a torturous period of convulsions, consciousness and unconsciousness, finally could fight no more. Now, I was alone. I walked, and walked, but knew not where. I ripped my scarlett dress on thorns, but I walked, half

crawling, half stumbling. Knowing I could go no further, I walked. I must keep.....

I flashed back to reality and looked at the dress on the floor. Its color matched the hatred which welled up within me. Hatred for those people who did not come, for the prairie, for myself, but most of all for God. What divine purpose could he have for this tragedy? Could he have had a reason? He must have! I picked up the dress, placed it on its hanger once again and suddenly thought it was beautiful. God must have wanted it that way.

-Sandy Walker

number two

Oh Mother Sun  
We are not yet born.  
The earth is your fertile womb  
And we are your children—  
Children of your womb  
Soon to be freed—  
Freed from our blessed shell.

Do you bleed, dear Mother, and suffer?  
For we are your children—  
Encased in PREJUDICE,  
An abstraction of HATE.  
Ravaged are your delights,  
Cannibalized, your children;  
And damned be their deeds.

Yet praised also, our Mother,  
For tomorrow we leave you—  
If not by your design,  
Then by our own hard work.  
Our scouts are dispatched,  
Our machines are poised.  
Tomorrow we are born.

Tomorrow we fly through space eternal.  
Our mouths will speak,  
Our eyes will see,  
Our minds will marvel, as we expand.  
Our birth trauma begins—TOMORROW.

Now tell me, Mother dear,  
Are we old enough, to be so born?

-Brent Billerman

"A time to be born,  
And a time to die."  
-Ecclesiastes III, 1.

The Crystal Forest

What yesterday we called the old brown woods, today is a crystal forest. What miracle in the night has changed this place of mold and mustiness into a wonderment of beauty and delight? Where before the dark old oak stood bare of its summer greenery, shivering in the fog and cold, it now stands magnificently gowned in shimmering ice, reaching its silvery limbs like mystical fingers to the warmth of the glowing sun. Today is its day of grandeur. The crystal forest will live forever in the memories of people passing by. The brown dark woods will be forgotten.



The wind whispers softly around the crystal-encased branches, stirring them faintly so they catch the sunlight, reflecting it back in myriad colors, as would exquisite jewels.

Even the little shrub has its moment of delight when small animals come to gaze upon it in bewildered surprise. Yesterday they nibbled at its roots and pulled at its limbs, leaving it straggly and ugly. Today it is a thing of rare beauty as though caressed by God's hand. His light of life was left upon it.

Clouds gather in the far edge of sky and puffs of wind shake the trees. The ice snaps and cracks in response. Little by little, the trees' sheath of silver falls to the forest floor. The sun is increasingly warmer and the ice soon begins to melt, dripping like tears from the trunk of the old oak, doomed once again to darkness and shadows. From now, until another freeze, the trees will be brown, dead and ugly. They will only be the woods where little children are warned never to wander; where older people have no reason to wander;

But, if you come in the blackness and mist and listen closely, intently, you can still hear the old oak, the young pine, whispering in the darkness, of the night they became and the day they were beheld as the beautiful crystal forest.

-Bonnie Meyer

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."-John Keats

The Ultimate Simplicity of Faith

It was dark and damp and sultry. The plant inhabitants of the forest seemed frozen by a lifeless, oppressive heat. She was running, scrambling, falling, tripping, running, running through the dense wood from a known monumental horror of her life. Several isolated rifle shots shocked the stifling air. Her knees and whole body collapsed with terror.

For a long time, she lay in the moss behind a gigantic fatherly tree that wanted to protect such a small girl from her merciless, heathen pursuers. Her breath was returning slowly, but her heart was all tuckered out from beating so hard and long. The agonizing terror that had locked her mental powers was melting now, and the reality of her plight was becoming clear. She had escaped with ten others, but now she was by herself and frightened and desperate and thirsty. Hadn't any one of her comrades reached safety?

She began to think of her dear, sorrowful parents and of her beloved, innocent brothers and sisters. They must have been shot. She was the only person alive.

The tears came in waves, but silently and gently, for she knew enough to remain quiet. But what was the use? What utter good would ever come to her? Men of another school of living had destroyed her life—those she loved and the familiar comforts of existence. The hard, cruel world had left nothing for her to grasp—to hold on and hope for.

But was she not breathing? Did she not still have her brain with all its thoughts and beliefs? Beliefs...Faith... she had no right to think of God's tender mercy relating to her. She was damned on earth. The ugly thought stabbed her conscience. Why should she lose faith? When she was comfortable and satisfied, she had had plenty, indeed an overabundance of it. Dressed in rags, hungry, thirsty, without loved ones, and full of terror...why should she doubt Him now when she most needed His help?

Would He listen to her if she prayed here? Here in the dirt and grime without a clean face and without a holy altar? Her intensive thinking was cut short by the horrible sound of men's feet clomping nearby, and the harsh, angry voices of murderers. Her soul filled with controlled fear. The underbrush about ten yards from her loudly collapsed under the weight of an armed soldier.

She prayed...without a fixed prayer; without worries of its divine acceptance. The fierce animal came no closer.

Intense heat, loneliness, and intense heat. Her head swam and her body felt weak. By nightfall she could no longer detect the presence of her enemies. She must get up. She must try to reach the neutral zone her father had dreamed of. She slowly raised her battered body and began to silently tiptoe along a forgotten path in the abyss of the haunting forest.

The slower she walked, the faster her thoughts whirled. She realized in a vague way that she personally had come close to God in the very simplest form of faith...perhaps the only



true form. Perhaps she had turned to Him in a moment of final desperation...for necessity...the last road left. But she didn't want to think that ever. He was with her now, and He would always be.

Without knowing it, her footsteps became firmer and the unknown direction in which she was traveling seemed more distinct and meaningful. She had nothing, yet everything. She had her life and her faith.

-Jane Eklund

Melancholy encompasses all,  
Earth breathes a sigh  
Knowing full well what is to come.  
Eons of time are gone and may never return.  
Fate laughs at men's folly  
And men cry.

-Lynne Lawson

"Blessed Is He..."

He knew he had only moments left. He reviewed his life with regret. He had failed miserably. What had he done to be proud of? Yes, he had tried to aid people, but only to satisfy his own desire to be needed and leaned upon. During his priesthood, he had devoted all his efforts toward feeding the poor. Surely, if he kept someone alive, that person would want him. Instead, no one thought of him as a person, but rather as a charity leader who was to be thanked politely for keeping you alive another day and then hastily forgotten. Didn't someone want him? Then, it was better this way. If no one cared for him on earth, he did know God loved him. He should die, for he had failed. He wondered what his punishment would be. "It may not seem so, God, but I have tried. Please don't be too severe, for I have only you."

He leaned back on his cot and looked around the shabby room furnished only with a cot, a small night table, and a badly ripped sofa. He would not be remembered for feeding the multitudes because he had died penniless and alone with no one to see.

He uttered a prayer of forgiveness, glanced around his beloved surroundings once more, gave a sigh of remorse, and breathed his last. His face carried a look of concern for others, so typical, and no one knew his sorrow.

The funeral was held three days later with great ceremony. Exactly 5,000 attended and his epitaph read simply: "Loved by all".

-Sandy Walker

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him!"- Romans VII, 20.

Greener Grass

To sign my name as other than my own;  
To be an individualist at ease;  
To have an air of quiet majesty  
And go to exotic places when I please—  
Oh, all these things I know I'll never do,  
For Fame and Fortune look at me and flee.  
But it is nice to sit and dream that I  
Might be another "somebody" than me.  
I have wished countless times for wealth and pow'r  
But Conscience always tells me that is wrong.  
I was not born to idle all my time.  
My Spirit with the Rich does not belong.  
Don't mock me—I do not my fate rebel.  
With Susan Rumble I am quite content.  
Day-dreaming is a habit that I have,  
Whose "wasted time" I think of as well-spent.  
Some Happy Day I will wake up and find  
In place of old, a new and different Me,  
Not sad because she has not won the prize,  
But glad because she's all she dreamed she's be.

-Susan Rumble

An Incident South of the Border

My name is Juan Villa. I am the grandson of Pancho Villa. My family now lives in Vera Cruz. I am a graduate of the University of Mexico and I have done post-graduate work at Harvard.

Now I am in the mountain hideout of the great revolutionary known only as El Liberador. Our illustrious leader has promised us that within three years we will be strong enough to wage war with the Gringo Imperialists to the far north. Our hideout is in the Sierra Pacaraima Mountains on the northern border of Brazil. From here we look down on the Branco River, and from here we will launch our first offensive in one month. It will be a three-pronged attack: one force will move due west, across Venezuela into Colombia; the second will drive north and capture Maracaibo and Caracas, and the last, which I will command, will strike a decisive blow into British Guiana. With this done, the rest of the Central American countries will fall over to us easily. We have already signed a treaty with Cuba, Haiti and revolutionary groups in Surinam. Our strength is great. We, in the mountains, number around six thousand, but one decisive victory will bring us unlimited numerical aid from the peasants. El Liberador has obtained, from an unknown source, a great quantity of German Army rifles used in the Second World War. We have enough tanks and we are speedily being mechanized for our first strike. We have huge stores of ammunition and ten German Messerschmitt fighter planes. We have "fifth column-

ists" in almost every major city in the western hemisphere.

El Liberator is a powerful leader, only three or four of his closest friends have ever seen his face. He usually wears a pair of large sunglasses that seem to obscure his appearance. He is the most excellent speaker and has full control over the masses when he is speaking to them.

Today I am to meet with El Liberator to discuss the plans for my part in our great defensive. I am looking forward with great expectations to my first face to face meeting with he who will see that my grandfather's dishonor is repaid in Gringo blood. I stroll from my tent over to the camouflaged Quonset hut where El Liberator makes his headquarters. I rap twice on the door and am admitted by a bearded huard. El Liberator is seated before me in his usual dress with those huge sunglasses on.

"Good to see you, Villa," he says in a warm manner.

My first look at our leader strikes a bell somewhere inside of me. He stands up and strolls over to a map on the wall. Then he whirls around to face me and removes his glasses. I jump back in horror and a cold chill shoots up my spine. I should have guesses! How could I have been so stupid! Those guns, those planes, that body, that mustache, that superior and dominating attitude, those piercing eyes, that manner of speech, that blood-thirsty aggressiveness!

-Jim Ratliff

May 3/60

All my worlds have fallen below the level of my last lost friend.

Soon, I shall create new worlds. Now can begin to understand new friends.

The riddles that revolved will start to spin again  
In intricate design.  
And I shall find new puzzles and new rhymes.

The constant answers will be different now.  
The ever-constant distance dwindles down,  
Diminished in a dream, will still be there.

Through twisting dreams will curl the distance round  
In spiral rings to bring the closeness back, still will we  
care?

While twisting dreams have also twisted hearts, or minds  
Be changed and ages and torn apart.

-Maggi Huber

"Lips that would kiss form prayers to broken stone."

-T. S. Eliot

A Drop of Rain, A Glass of Wine

A drop of rain, a glass of wine,  
And a golden wind, tarnished by the autumn  
Now only a spent whisper...  
The rain, gentle and inexorable, slowly dilutes the wine  
Of the summer's lost laughter.  
And I watch, reaching futilely,  
Clutching at something beyond my fingertips,  
Calling to someone beyond my voice.

-Helen Bisha

Historical Atmosphere

Standing behind the walls which protected England from her invaders two thousand years ago or walking down the streets of old Williamsburg, an individual feels the presence of those who erected these eternal monuments. The question, "What did these people think and why did they live," must be asked many times by those who visit these sites.

I often wish I could enjoy a place of historical interest without being involved in such deep thought. I invariably, however, am confronted with the realm of time and existence. The thought that people just like myself grew, laughed, cried, and struggled on this very spot centuries ago seems beyond my comprehension. I fail to perceive the individuality of each man and his relation to the cycle of time.

It seems, from my thoughts on this subject, that time is determined by the life cycle of man and the other living components of the world. The approximate appearance of man's existence is unimportant in relation to the complete evolution of time. The important factor is the realization that man's existence is temporary and that through his existence, man must come to terms with the world and use it for the betterment of himself and his fellow man. Man does not change; only the understanding of his existence changes through the ages.

Thus, historical monuments symbolize the success or failure of a period in promoting a better status for the world. The people of today should not be concerned about the people themselves, but their contribution, the meaning they found in existence and which they move into the fabric of history. This comprises the historical atmosphere of any work.

In the centuries to come, man will investigate the contribution of today's people to the world. Will it be a worthwhile contribution that they will find?

-Christine Rust

"Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe."

-The Outline of History, Ch. 15

A strange infant, Life, awakens,  
Aroused by a sense of disaster,  
Destruction and Fury.  
Hate wells up in a heart where  
Love has been vanquished.  
Overpowered, Life turns over and  
Sleeps.

-Lynne Lawson

#### A Pencil

I am sitting in strange, but familiar surroundings.  
A pencil is in my hand, and before me is a piece of paper;  
a blank sheet of paper upon which I can write of the deepest  
stirrings within my soul; a piece of paper, pure and unblem-  
ished, upon which can be written the sweetest tales of heaven  
or the shocking horrors of Hell.

And I am the creator. I control the pencil. I control  
the marks on the paper. They are mine. They must do my bid-  
ding.

I hold many pencils. Many pieces of paper pass through my  
hands. I contemplate each one. The worthy pencils write good  
papers. The unworthy pencils create trash.

For the pencil is a human being. The paper is a human  
life, a reputation and I am the creator.

-Ann Marshall

#### Time

Through the door of eternity,  
Comes a power no man can stand.  
It swallows his creations,  
Like water a grain of sand.

It moves on wheels of lightning,  
Which no element can contain,  
And tramples o'er the works of man,  
Again, again, and again.

It rolls by very silently  
With never a word to say,  
And crumbles with its power,  
Whatever moves in its way.

No man will ever live so long,  
To see its power bend.  
For no matter how long man shall live,  
Time will never end.

-Charles Brown

Reflections at Close Range

The nearness of you-in convictions we are nearly one. Our lives, not of unsimilar circumstance, have strained through the same dye. Our aspirations, our travails, our love—we are nearly one.

As I look at you, I cannot help feeling you're almost a part of me. Your hair is light and fine. Your brow is pensive; the very symbol of your strength—not domineering, but strength of character; of love for all that is human. Your eyes are deep-set and gray. In them can be seen a trace of your inner being. Here is one of sympathy for man; a bastion against injustice. Here is a trace of your ambitions; your determination; your sentiments for the one you love. And then there is your complexion, your nose, and your ears—all flawless. As last there are your thin lips, your mouth; your golden voice. Your body is of Grecian perfection. You are truly a beautiful person.

I can feel your breath. I sense the warmth of your body, I hear your heart.

Our hearts are not alike. One is heavy, while the other is free. I feel this as I sense your presence; your nearness. As I consider your near perfection, I know why you are so worshipped.

Yet, in our nearness, I know I could not worship you. You have succeeded where I have failed; we are no longer one. Through a minute division of the specie, we have ~~been~~ cast apart. I know you shall continue to grow while I decline. For this, the nearness of you hardens me, and I despise you.

-Alan Zemon

My Grandfather-As I Knew Him

One simple molecular structure journeying through the realms of his own incomparable genius searching for an infinitesimal fragment of the knowledge of God;

A warm spring shower moistening Nature and hers therein with soft gentle rain-drops, yet, at times, becoming the raging torrent of a summer monsoon.

All this and more was my grandfather.

-Tommy Loeb

In life we learn by fate's 'er turn:  
Mistakes are Man's great teacher.

-Bill Doolittle

The Twilight of the Gods

The gods of men are strange and foolish things;  
They symbolize a superstitious race.  
We look to them for hope, faith, charity.  
They throw their righteous anger in our Face.  
Forgiven are we, hundred times and more,  
But twice that number do we commit sins.  
When Luck has passed us by, we groan and weep,  
And beg to transform losses into wind.  
The God of Wealth is like a toy balloon.  
You'll blow it up until it finally bursts.  
The God of Love is ready with sweet wine.  
It wants the firsts last and the lasts first.  
The God of Fame is Cold, Unfeeling Hate.  
To reach the top is his fanatical goal.  
Stand in his way! Be crushed 'neath his feet!  
You'll taste the bitter venom of his soul.  
You think they are not here, do not exist?  
Look around you, friend, and you also will see  
That though the world seems quite a hopeless place  
At the twilight of the gods, Heaven will be.

-Susan Rumble

The Little Girl Who Talked to God

In a town called Haymond in the eastern part of Kentucky, a five year old girl named Sue, lived with her mother. Her father had died one year before. They lived very poorly after he died because he did not leave them much to live on. Little Sue had violent headaches almost constantly, but her mother couldn't take her to the doctor because they could not afford it.

Almost everyday, her mother would find her in the back yard looking up to the sky and talking as if she saw someone in the sky to talk to. Her mother asked her one day who she was talking to and Sue replied, "Why, Mother, I have been talking to God. He said I could join Daddy real soon now." Sue's mother turned from her and ran into the bedroom. There, she fell onto the bed and began to sob hysterically. Sue heard her mother crying and went to her.

"Mother, she said, "why are you crying? You can join Daddy soon too if God wants you to. Why don't you ask him?"

Her mother slapped her jaws and told her to never speak of it again. Sue was startled and began to cry. She ran out into the back yard and looked up into the sky. "God," she cried, "what have I done to make Mother mad at me? I don't want her to be mad." As she stood there, her tears stopped falling as if someone from above were really telling her to stop crying.

The next day her mother called her in for lunch and as they sat at the table, Sue spoke joyfully and said, "Mother,

God has been describing heaven for me. He said there are angels in long white gowns. Also he said there is a beautiful golden gate surrounding the city. There are beautiful flowers growing everywhere." Her mother felt very depressed and could not eat her lunch.

That night when they were getting ready for bed, Sue had another violent headache. When she got into bed, instead of saying "Goodnight", she said, "Good-bye, Mother. I will see you real soon." The next morning little Sue did not wake up. Then her mother knew she had really spoken to God.

-Judy Gish

EFG

And then, suddenly  
When every day  
Seemed a blessing,  
When just to wake  
From dreaming  
Was unbelievable,  
There came this  
Cold, stinging ache.  
And the beauty  
Of life was lost.  
Even the trees  
Are grotesque.  
Is this spring?  
Is this the way  
Life must be?  
Forever?  
This time is so  
Hard on us—this springtime  
We who love not  
And are not beloved,  
We must gaze  
At the sweet  
Peace around us,  
And go home,  
Empty to darkness,  
Alone, through the  
Coldness of the  
Spring rain.  
'Tis all too sad,  
So sad.  
The sparkle of  
Beauty has not  
Yet died from  
Her cheek and eye,  
But it will, because  
She is one of us.  
She will grow tight  
As we are, and dead,



And white as her  
Purity.  
God bless.

-Merrill Lee Sweet

BCD

She kisses the hand he touched,  
She walks on, alone, tear-stained,  
Little caring for observers,  
And still her heart breaks.  
And this is youth:  
Joy inhumed in trifles,  
Love tortured by kindness,  
Hate kindled in love.  
And reason is nothing.  
An idiot said, "sunny youth".

-Merrill Lee Sweet

"Eye for eye...

(A Classic Mystery Retold)<sup>1</sup>

"Eye for eye, tooth for tooth,  
hand for hand, foot for foot."  
-Exodus XXI, 24

As the venetian blind of city night clamped shut with a deadening finality equalled only by the last drop in a cup of espresso, Dr. Paul Underwood (class of '41) locked his virgin-white office and all its Hippocratic codes both with a turn of the key in the lock and a restless turn of the conscience within him.

Miniature white horses<sup>2</sup> riding diminutive breakers were corralled into the turbulent homestead of the Chicago sewage system; inundating rains swept the city and Dr. Underwood, the epitome of confidence and trust, thought of water. Water in the form of monsoon rains which fought a crippled Air Force plane at the close of World War II. Water with salt and mineral additives which bore on its bosom an orphaned child of

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1. The author was immediately impressed with the possibilities of this setting upon hearing it as part of a mystery game at a recent soiree. The originator of the story is held to be anonymous. Herein I have attempted to give the account as suspenseful, (and I hope) more entertaining telling through a few flourishes which I can count as original.

2. crests of waves

Thor. Water, pure water, for which he and his co-pilot had longed.

Yes, the rains brought bitter memories as they did each year. Memories of agonizing days before their salvation and even more acrid memories of unpalatable pieces of humble pie, eaten in the face of a vow which rescuers prevented him from keeping.

Yet the hell of war allows men more courage in the handling of life than does the purgatory of everyday existence. And are not the covenants of Mars forgotten under the olive branch of Venus? For the twelfth year, twelfth night arguments in the eleventh hour progressed toward the stroke of a new day. A talismanic combination of thoughts had played the final note of its concerto on a warped instrument. The doctor's mind was about to take over for the curtain call. Without personal loss, the pact would not be broken...

\* \* \*

Darkness covers a multitude of sins. Surgeon hands are busied with an unwilling patient. With a back alley for an operating room, garbage cans for an operating table and a jackknife readied for a scalpel, the doctor administered the anesthesia manually to his victim while he, in turn, was anathematized. A few moments of copious silence followed, broken only by the sounds of copulation enjoyed by an erected knife at the expense of a man's yielding flesh. The doctor in a moment of deification looked down and saw that his work was good—a cleaner amputation could not be done. Leaving his shorn lamb to die, the Good Shepherd of the A.M.A. walked into the starless night. The prudish drops of chaste rain which fell from a weeping sky were violated by the heinous drops of blood which plummeted to the ground from the extra arm beneath the doctor's overcoat.

\* \* \*

As the doctor approached the house, he noticed its meager appearance, rather as if the head of the household could be a better provider were he to be provided with the appendage which the doctor carried in butcher's wrappings in his right arm. When the housewife accepted the package addressed to her husband, she seemed to give the doctor's cape-shrouded left arm both a surprised and sympathetic look as if she knew what sorrow such a loss could bring.

As our hero walked away from his co-pilot's deprived (and now depraved) home, he thought again of the War, the plane, the crash, the waiting. "After all," said he, bringing solace to his retching mind, "we had to eat something..."

-Lerry Timberlake

"The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries."-Plumstead, 1878.

Night

Day slips over the dam of life,  
Slowly tumbling down the quiet waterfall toward the black pool  
of forever.

Night glides slowly in, settling in deep shadows,  
And thickening, clinging to the houses and trees,  
At last covering the cities, the towns, the farms and the  
mountains,  
All with a soft darkness.

Night is sounds.  
Musical rustling of summer leaves in the darkness,  
The muffled, distant roar of cities and trains and ships.  
Frightening, unknown sounds in the blackness.

Night is emotion.  
Storm winds fiercely buffeting a lone figure,  
Waves washing gently over glistening black rocks,  
Lovers entangled in the secrecy of their love.

Night is garish.  
Harsh lights, rough music, rude people.  
Roaring traffic, catapulting past gay amusement parks.  
Betting, shouting, laughing, running and fighting, caught in  
the throes of humanity.

Night is peace.  
Wars are forgotten, friends are found.  
Love is given and received.  
Birth, life and death all come with the peace of the night.  
And with the peace comes the day.

-Julia Bloch

The Attack

My eyes felt terribly heavy as I lay in my bed dreading to open them. After a long nap, that first ray of light is always the worst. I wondered why no one ever wanted to wake up. No matter how old or young a person might be, they always hated to be roused from a deep sleep. I shrugged the troublesome questions off by telling myself that all people liked their dreamworld better than reality.

The light was getting brighter now and I knew it wouldn't be long before I would have to open my eyes and face the taunts and tasks of another day. The children would insist that I play with them. They were really nice kids, but oftentimes they got a little rambunctious. Take the other day... Jenny, she's the youngest, got a firm grip on my hair and pulled until I thought I would bite her. Somehow I restrained myself, but it was no easy task.

The light was brighter now. I could hear Jenny's father

walking around in his bedroom slippers. I curled up again and tried to ignore the noise, but found that impossible. Then I heard small footsteps in my room. They were coming closer and closer to me. Every nerve in my body told me to run, but I knew that would only make matters worse. Finally I took all my fears in hand and opened my eyes.

This time my self-injected control did no good. I jumped from my bed and pushed my back against the chair at the other end of the room. The figure before me had a look of destruction in its eyes. The gun in its hand was pointed directly at my head. All I could do was stand still and try to disappear into the background. The short, white arms of my attacker looked like iron bars as the fingers closed tighter and tighter around the trigger of the weapon. I found myself praying for help and at the same time wishing that the gun would go off and end all my misery.

Eventually, my prayers were answered. Jenny's mother had heard the confusion and come in to see what was the matter. She swiftly whisked Jenny from the floor and took the pop gun from her hand. As she playfully spanked her, I felt my body relax as the sweet feeling of salvation ran through it. My feelings were inexpressible. All I could do was wag my tail and bark.

-Bonnie Meyer

#### Lost Soul

Trapped on the wings of Destiny,  
Caught in the vertigo of Fate's whirlpool,  
I walk.  
Roaming, Roaming,  
Where I go I do not know.  
Fate will lead me to the realms of the unknown.  
Dizziness—

Onward! Onward!  
Hunting! Hunting!  
Woel! Woel!  
Where is eternity?  
Where is the Unknown?  
What is the Unknown?  
Is my Destiny never to find myself?  
Dizziness—

The circular motion of the whirlpool,  
Twisting, turning,  
Moving, moving  
Dizziness—

Gone, gone,  
Where am I?  
What am I?

Who am I?  
Destiny,  
Fate unknown  
Dizziness—  
Darkness—  
Moving, trudging  
Walking, grinding  
Faster, faster,  
Dizziness—  
Darkness—  
Lost Soul.

-Fred Neikerk

#### The Ultimate Simplicity-A Child's Innocence

"Mother, Mother, guess what! I have a new friend!"

"That's wonderful, dear!" I had been as enthusiastic as he because I knew this was Benny's first friend.

At dinner, we heard more about Benny's new-found cohort. His name was Abe. He was a new boy in the first grade class, and he sat right behind Benny. All this came out in a jubilant rush of words.

"I've never seen Benny quite so excited," I thought.

Little Abe was the main topic of our dinner table conversations for many weeks to come. He was the best baseball player in the whole room. He knew the names of all the different rocks that he and Benny had found on the playground and best of all he had taught Benny to whistle through the space in his teeth.

I could picture them together, confiding their little secrets to each other, running up and down the playground, laughing like two little hyenas. I think I had come to love "Little Abe" because of the happiness he had brought to Benny.

The one day Benny had asked if he could bring Abe home to play after school. Of course, I had said. I was anxious to meet this wonderful youngster. I could imagine him; a little blond with mischievous blue eyes and freckles on the very tip of his nose...

"Mother, we're home."

"Oh, darlings, come out into the kitchen. I've made you a little party with cookies and milk and..."

They stood before me. But, I couldn't believe my eyes. All the lovely pictures of the past two weeks became horrid, ugly images. No, no! I imagined them again playing ball, whispering! No, no!

I froze, a smile on my face, as "Little Abe" extended one small brown arm in greeting.

"Sho' am pleased to meetch'a Ma'm," he said.

-Linda Schaeff

"Love all God's creation." -The Brothers Karamazov, Part 11.

One for the Money, And Two for to Go?

War brings many things: idealism, fanaticism, tolerance, patriotism, and...love.

Love brings peace to individuals, hope, release, and is the only sucrease from the horrors of war. Thus, love and war have composed the oddest paradox of humanity, as they walk hand in "amour" through the millenia.

But atomic war has brought change into both the battlements and the bedrooms. No one knew just what these changes would be until the first in the new tide of war babies arrived.

"Strange that it should affect the body in this manner," said the men of genetics and genealogy alike.

"We should have known...," said Pasteurs and Paters.

"Oh my dear God, why?" said the mother of the first such infant.

The paradox between war and love was resolved into a single irony. The effect was impartial in regards to sex, race, creed, or income status.

As the doctors looked upon each newly arrived babe from the womb, they knew that there had been one bomb too many... for each new son of Atom had just two and one-half feet upon which to go!

-Larry Timberlake

The Hebrew Song

"Dance everyone, Dance!  
Run through the valley,  
Purple the clover,  
Harvest is over!  
Dance everyone, Dance!"

The Hebrew song,  
The land of Israel.  
Flowing wheat, running wine,  
The harvest-  
Land of plenty.

This is the dream come true!  
the house of the ancient fathers-  
(The birthplace of the gods)  
The wondrous new land-  
(We fought and cried and dies for it)  
This land is ours.

Our fathers were the old, the new-  
Bringing to this land their ageless faith.  
Hope in the future from strength in the past-  
The right to think,  
and work,  
and worship.

Sacred land, of blessed soil,  
    dark with ancient blood-  
Given to us (for each receives his own)  
To live with our traditions and ceremonies  
Without conflict with the unseeing.

We are the first, the new!  
Our children shall look back on us,  
    and say,  
"They made the footprints-  
    built the walls,  
Formed the land of mercy,  
    where all are equal!"

Land of Chanukah and Shalom,  
    of Moses and the new life-  
The life of great and glory,  
    Judah's story,  
Written on the tablets of clay,  
And papyrus scrolls.

This land is ours,  
Our fathers were the old, the new-  
Land of Shalom-the Hebrew Song;  
Dance everyone, Dance!

-Julia Bloch

#### Educational Television in the Public Schools

Americans are presently facing a major crisis. The crisis in education is that we have too few teachers for too many students. It is also apparent that things are going to get worse in the years immediately ahead unless we take prompt steps to correct the situation. We can trace the trouble to two main sources. A sharp rise in the birthrate has resulted in rapid overcrowding of our classrooms. Also, there has been a relative decrease in the supply of qualified teachers.

Our public, elementary and secondary schools have an enrollment of about 34,000,000. Some 2,300,000 of these students are enrolled in excess of what is called "normal capacity". Thus, the average size of classes is much greater than it should be. By 1965, our school population will have advanced yet further--to 30 percent above the present figures.

A good teacher can neither be bought nor made overnight, and it is here that our troubles extend far into the future. On a conservative estimate, we are 135,000 teachers short right now. The main reason for our teacher shortage is that we are not training enough teachers. To make things worse, only a fraction of these trainees actually go on to teaching.

In the midst of our trouble we find that science has provided us with a new tool, a tool which will assist teachers in doing their jobs better and more effectively. Educational television allows the extraordinarily good teacher to influ-

ence a great number of students instead of confining him to a single class at a time. Educational television can combine, with the smoothest of changes, many different teaching devices: direct personal lecturing and demonstrations, motion pictures, slides, specimens, drawings, and charts.

Experiments with in-school educational TV in England, Canada, Oklahoma, and Philadelphia, as well as many other places, show that it has many important benefits. The television classes have improved student attention and behavior so greatly that a substantial reduction in classroom teachers is possible. The programs often stimulated students to further activity. Moreover, students taught by TV almost always scored equal to or higher on achievement tests than control groups.

Education is the backbone of any democratic nation. Education moulds the minds and character of tomorrow's leaders. When a nation's educational system is facing a crisis, that nation is facing a crisis. The field of educational television has already been opened. Many times it has proven its abilities to teach. By using these outstanding abilities of educational television in our public schools, we can overcome the school crisis and attain standards of learning never before realized.

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-Jonathan Kesselman

#### Creusa And Ion

Erechtheus, then of Athens king,  
A daughter had, Creusa by name.  
She the bride of Apollo became  
And bore him a son, half god, half king.  
Fearing the ire of her righteous sire,  
Creusa with her linens attired  
Her son, and with him placed  
A necklace, gold-hued and dragon-faced.  
She took him to that beloved home  
Where first she conceived him, and knew her love.  
Here she placed her unmarred dove  
And left him. Her Hermes roamed.  
He found the child, and on command



Of Phoebus, took him to the sacred hand  
Of the Delphic priestess, where he waxed  
Strong of nature, with all parents masked.  
Creusa, unhappy in her shunted love,  
Married Xuthus, and then behove  
To bear a child, but she remained  
Barren, and by her bed unchained.  
To Delphi then this couple came  
To ask why, in Apollo's name,  
No child had they to call their own,  
No child to love, to hold alone.  
Unknown to mother, unknown to all,  
They there met Ion, a son to call.  
Thus spoke Phoebus, thus to Xuthus:  
"Embrace him whom thou next do see,  
For him truly thy son shall be.  
Do not fret and worry thus.  
He is thy son. Now do me trust!"  
Xuthus, in his great elation,  
Embraced and held then this creation  
Of a god and mate-now Ion called-  
And named him son. So greatly galled  
Was joyless Creusa that such a man  
Would be her son, that she planned  
To take his life. Then she placed  
Within his cup divinely graced  
A potion lethal, that she might  
Be rid of such a son that night.  
She could not know this was her love,  
Her son by Phoebus, whom now she chose  
To murder. And now she strove  
To quell the fear that in her rose.  
Ion, warned by his father on high  
Threw potion, drink and all away,  
And as the grass did wither and die,  
Did seek Creusa, her for to slay.  
He shrieked in shameless rage and grief  
That such dared of his life a thief.  
Cringing in her guilt and horror,  
Unknowing and unknown, this mother  
Pleads for her worthless life,  
Scarcely escaping sword and knife.  
Then appeared the Delphic priestess,  
Her mind so filled with revelation,  
That this woman, Ion's hostess,  
Was indeed his true relation;  
Holding forth the well-known swaddling  
And the necklace made of gold.  
Thus indeed the story told  
Of nobly birthed foundling  
Father of a race, was he,  
Famed Ionia bears his name.  
Creusa bore a son, to be  
Dorius of the Dorian fame.

Thy story told, O ancient Greece,  
Land of art, beloved home of peace,  
Everlasting by thy name,  
And thy gloried, peerless fame.

-Merrill Lee Sweet

### The Eternal Question

It was an afternoon in early August. I was in the throes of my usual bad temper which I reserve for those usually muggy, usually hot, damnedly usual afternoons. Mother appeared on the back porch and said, "How about rinsing our the garbage cans before they get filled agsin?"

"Aw Mom, not today." I returned, "They're all right." But even as I said this I rose to do her bidding. Don't get the wrong impression of me; I'm not a saint or anything like that. But how can you object to such an oddball thing like rinsing out garbage cans?

They were in the garage, their lids lying on the ground beside them. I thought, "Those damn lazy garbage men don't even put the fool lids back on. I'll bet they don't even know better!"

I wheeled the cans out into the driveway, connected the garden hose up, turned on the water, and it wasn't long before I had a little heap of wet sodden rags, wilted foul lettuce, rotten potato peels, and some coffee ground-stained newspapers out on the drive.

It was then that the great eternal omnibus question presented itself to me. What in the world did you do with the garbage you cleaned out of garbage cans? At first I hosed it over to the side of the yard, but it stunk like blue blazes, and looked even worse. So there was nothing else to do, but put it back into the cans. I did this, and then put the cans back into the garage. Content to leave things as they were.

That would be the end of the story if it wasn't for the fact that mother raised holy heck about the whole thing. I had returned to the porch and was settled down for about half an hour when she comes storming into the garage raising Cain.

"I thought I told you to clean our those darn cans." (you see, Mother never swore.) "That was half an hour ago and there you sit doing absolutely nothing!"

"Gee Mom, I did clean out the cans", I exclaimed, "but there wasn't anything else I could do but put the garbage back after I had finished!"

"Now I've heard just about everything! You mean to claim that you cleaned out those cans and then put the garbage back into them? Wait until your father hears about this!"

"Well, what would you have done?" I questioned in a quavering voice.

"That will be quite enough until your father gets here!" Dad came home an hour later, and then it happened. He

heard the whole story, and then sat back for awhile until I thought he had forgotten to punish me, had forgotten everything; there was such a blank look on his face. And then a kind of half-crazy smile went over his features, and he began to giggle. Then he leapt up and did a jig, and sang a crazy tune:

"Oh, what do you do with the garbage can's garbage,  
The garbage can's garbage, the garbage can's garbage?  
Oh, what do you do, do you do, what do you do?"

Mother started to cry. And then she said one word.  
"Damn!"... (but Mother never swore.)

-Jim Thompson

### Infinity

I am walking  
Through Infinity.  
Never did I start,  
And  
I shall never stop.  
It is vast and endless  
This space.  
And I walk in darkness,  
Alone,  
And unnoticed.  
I cry out,  
But no one cares.  
No one hears my plea  
And I am left alone  
In Infinity.

-Ann Marshall

### Escape

Yawn...Where am I?...What am I doing here?...I remember. They put me here last night. I didn't want to come, but I didn't have much choice. I screamed and fought them off but there were two of them and they were much stronger than I.

There are bars all around me, to the left, to the right. They're surrounding me...caging me in. I've got to get out. I pull on the bars until my knuckles turn white and I see red. My eyelids sting and my whole body is tightened into one taut string...The bars don't give. I guess I really didn't expect them to. I collapse in sheer exhaustion. I take a deep breath. I haven't given up yet. I let out a scream. I scream again, and again, and again. It's no use! They don't hear me; they never will. It's too well padded in here.

It's rather damp, clammy damp and cold, too. It's driving me crazy. I've got to occupy my mind. I've got to think

about something...someone...My family was kind to me, sheltered me, clothed me, and fed me, but then I overheard them saying they couldn't put up with me any longer. They put me in here in this cage...I cry again. Now I cry, not in rage, but in despair and loneliness. Won't someone come and raise me out of this pitiful existence?...

I hear a voice; I recognize it immediately. It's the voice of my mother. She's recognized my plight at last! This crib is really uncomfortable.

-Linda Schaef

### The Infidel

In coolest day, the sad sky raining down its grief—  
Matching the mood of the infidel,

She hates me with the passion of a boiling broth  
And yet she holds me with feigned love,  
Keeps me within her grasps, and will not let me live.

I cannot bear the coolness of the day nor the heat of blinding  
passion—

I reflect calmly on my life, not really feeling the real that  
is around me.

Bliss is mine in my place

I feel the warmth of love through the scalding heat.  
Where? Where? I cannot discover the source, and I am  
Lost.

Soothing is the cool air—but very depressing.

-Merrill Lee Sweet

Before the silent mirror I have stood;  
Along the solemn parkway I have walked;  
I've held a single lifetime in my hand,  
And been torawed with Fate to talk.

-Susan Rumble

There is in night a wind that blows—  
That sweeps, and breathes its cold, dry breath,  
Which gives to me a will to live.  
Yet to a flame is death.

-Brent Billerman

The Blonde

Lucinda Morrison is a voluptuous blonde—not the kind of voluptuous blonde who must run to the beauty parlor every two or three weeks before dark roots appear, but an honest-to-goodness voluptuous blonde.

Geraldine Ross is a brainy blonde—not the type of brainy blonde who sneakily conceals her knowledge and flutters helpless eyelashes at her victim, but an honest-to-goodness brainy blonde who can recite the alphabet forward and backward and perform other such useful tricks.

Harvey Lee is a lucky blonde—not the kind of lucky blonde who has just inherited a million from an aunt he has never had to kiss, or won a trip to Hawaii just for buying a box of cereal, but the lucky blonde over whom a voluptuous blonde and a brainy blonde are fighting.

Now if this were that kind of story, and if Harvey were that kind of man, brainy Geraldine would win. After all, men cater to the voluptuous type only for a good time, but when it comes to marriage the serious girl comes out on top. But--this isn't that kind of story, and Harvey isn't that type of man. He is in no hurry to make any such important decisions and finds delight in each of the girl's company, providing it is not simultaneous, because then sparks of jealousy fly between Lucinda and Geraldine.

If one of these blondes lived next door to Harvey, then, of course, the girl next door would eventually become his one and only, but this is impossible as both Geraldine and Lucinda live across the street.

This does not worry Harvey, as he is a man of leisure and, as I said before, is in no hurry whatsoever to make up his mind. Harvey is always certain to enjoy himself when dating either of these wonderful girls. Usually it is the gentleman's duty to entertain the lady, but his mere presence satisfies Geraldine and Lucinda. However, today, Saturday, Harvey is worried, but only the slightest bit. He has a date with both of the girls; Geraldine in the morning, and Lucinda in the afternoon, and he hopes to be on time for both.

Geraldine calls for Harvey at 10 a.m. She looks particularly blonde and brainy in her plain-tailored blouse of white, and her plain-tailored skirt of pink. Harvey is a knockout in Ivy League shoes, pants, and shirt. A walk along the beach and lunch at her house complete the program for the morning.

As they walk hand in hand, they discuss matters which require a considerable amount of intelligence to discuss; so Harvey lets Geraldine do most of the talking. After a scrumptious lunch, Harvey feels especially full and smart. He flashes his adorable dimple at Geraldine, who almost melts with admiration, and he hurries home.

None too soon, either, for he barely changes into another Ivy League shirt before the doorbell rings. He can tell by the cute way she rings the bell that it is voluptuous, fun-loving Lucinda. As they go out the door, Harvey's mother,

who is still rather domineering, reminds him that dinner will be ready at six. Rather than cause a disturbance in front of Lucinda, Harvey replies that he'll be home on time.

Finally they are on the way. Lucinda has planned an afternoon of games at her house, but en route to the game room, Harvey is waylaid by the T.V. set. Lucinda is just as content to sit and offer voluptuous glances to both Harvey and the T.V. announcer. A gasoline commercial reminds Harvey that it is time to go home for dinner.

He flashes his golden eyes at Lucinda and hurries out the door before she can kiss him. Lucinda gives one last voluptuous glance at the T.V. set and departs for her room, where she can dream about Harvey and waster her time in numerous other ways.

Harvey thinks upon the experiences of the day, and a smile breaks out upon his face. It soon disappears when he sees a strange car parked in his driveway. For him it means company, and company means a late dinner. It isn't the fact that he could have spent more time with Lucinda, that bothers him; he is just plain hungry.

When Harvey walks into the room, all the attention is focused upon him. Remember, he is an absolute dream. Then one of the silly ladies, who is fat, but doesn't care any more because her husband is fat and doesn't care any more either, says, "My, Harvey, what a big boy you are. How old are you now?"

Harvey grins shyly and says, "I'm five years old." He then runs to his dad to tell him of his wonderful day with two blonde kindergarten sweethearts who live across the street.

-Judith Ann Henry

#### Rat Game

The carnival was a island in the nocturnal mist. Its multicolored lights and garish noises called to him, as a lantern calls the moth inexorably.

He walked down the fairway, allowing the mingled lights and sounds to fill him. Here was his shelter in chaos, shelter in terror from the greater terror of the night. The lesser of two great evils.

Among the myriad images which fought for attention in his consciousness, he perceived ahead of him a crude canopy pitched arrogantly in the center of the crowded lane. Around the canopy was a mixed group of people. Above the canopy was a sign: THE RAT GAME. He joined them.

"They're off!" Come and join the fun. Where he'll go, nobody knows!" The hawker stood under the canopy, his voice amplified above the general babble by a portable speaker.

In the center under the canopy was a large, round table enclosed by foot-high glass walls. Around the edge of the table were many holes painted in different colors. A Negro placed a cup upside down in the center of the table. Then he

lifted the cup, a small white mouse cowering beneath it was revealed. "Clang! Clang!" The Negro punched a bell! The mouse quivered for the space of an instant and then darted to the edge of the table and went down one of the holes.

He saw this uncomprehendingly until he realized that money was being bet on the various colors. The fools! Couldn't they see that the mouse was no more responsible for his actions than driftwood at sea--or man on earth?

The smells stifled him. The straw colored much at his feet, the beer-sodden things that nudged him on both sides, the messes made by the mice on the table, the pungent odors coming from their cages--all combined and reinforced each other. The Others didn't seem to notice.

He decided to join them. "A nickel on the brown!" In some way he felt compelled to join them! "Ding, dang, dang!" The Negro banged at the bell. The rat scampered again to the edge of the table, hesitating between the red and the brown, into the red! "Damn!"

The lights and sounds of the carnival faded away....

Now only watch the rat! The whole of existence tied up in those scamp-ering feet, those blind decisions by a dumb animal, im-merged in a new strange, above all, unnatural environ-ment.

The hawker made him look up! Made him again see the Others around him. My God! They had long teeth, whiskers...hairy...

Humanity! Down from the trees; seeking shelter from the stars, the skies, themselves!

He ran away. People turned to look at him as he fled from the carnival. Looked at the rat scampering into the envelop- ing black, in search of its womb!



-Jim Thompson

Four Stolen Hours

I awoke several minutes ago from what I sub-consciously remember to be a very troubled sleep. My name is Mrs. Gilbert C. Holden, and every morning it is my habit to walk through the beautiful park that lies in the middle of my small New England town. I must have dozed off due to the peaceful calm.

It is Wednesday, April 19, 1960, and my wrist watch now reads 11:10. My goodness! If I don't hurry my husband, Gil, and the children will be home for lunch before I get there. It is a beautiful day. I think I'll serve lunch out on the terrace by the garden.

(11:20) Why, what do you know, there's Mrs. Whitacre over there.

"Hello, yoo-hoo, Mrs. Whitacre!" Well, that's certainly funny; she acted as if she didn't even know I was here. Oh, well, maybe she just didn't hear me.

(11:40) I'm halfway home now and I can hear the sound of sirens coming from the direction I have just left. It must be the town's one and only ambulance for it is of a different pitch from those of the fire engine or the police cars. I certainly hope it is nothing serious.

(12:00) Ah, here I am home at last.

"Gill Boys!" Well, looks as if I'm in luck; they're not home yet. I'd better get busy right away and fix their lunch.

My watch now says 1:00. I wonder where they are. They should have been here half an hour ago. Gil may have had a lot of work to do and decided to grab a quick snack at the office, but the boys always eat at home.

(1:05) Could something be wrong? Oh, Lord, now I'm really worried, I. . . Wait a minute, I bet they tried to call when I was out walking. Sure, that's it. I bet that phone will ring any minute and they will explain everything.

(1:30) Could my watch be wrong? No, according to the kitchen clock I'm three minutes slow! Maybe I'd better call the school and see if they are all right.

(1:35) "Oh, hello operator. I would like 638 please. Yes, of course someone's here!... Why can't you hear me!..... I think I'll walk down to Gil's office just to make sure everything is all right.

(2:00) The day is no longer bright and beautiful but dark and cloudy. The air is heavy and huge rain clouds fill the sky. Gil's office is only several blocks away and I think I can make it before the rain starts.

(2:15) Oh dear! Here comes the rain! I'd better duck into Doc Berton's drug store until it lets up.

(2:20) "Whew, Oh, hello Doc! It's really raining buckets,





isn't it. . . .Doc?. . . .Doc Barton?. . . .Why won't you answer me?  
. . . .Doc!!! Can't you hear me?? Can't you see me?? Oh,  
please! . . . Please!!"

"Oh, Mrs. Barton, what's wrong with Doc, he.....Mrs.  
Barton? Please answer me! Please look at me.....Mrs. Barton?  
Please answer me! .....This is some hideous trick! I must get  
out of here!

(2:30) I'm running down the street now and the rain is  
swirling all about me!.....But I can't stop! All of a sudden  
I have a horrible feeling that I'm living in a dream, that I'm  
not really here at all!

(2:40) Oh, but that's a ridiculous thought! I must stop..  
I'll duck in that little newstand. Everyone must think I'm  
awfully silly, running around in the pouring rain like this.

(2:50) Hmmmm, no one seems to be around. Well, at least  
this is a dry spot.

It is now three o'clock...Oh, here's the latest edition of  
the paper...Ah, let's see the headlines. They read:

MRS. GILBERT C. HOLDEN DIES OF HEART ATTACK

This morning at eleven o'clock, Mrs.  
Gilbert C. Holden died of a heart  
attack on a park bench in Lawrence  
Memorial Park  
Mrs. Holden...

The paper has fallen from my hands and at last I am able  
to understand the happenings and my feelings of the past sev-  
eral hours. A strange music reaches my ears and I seem to be  
enveloped in a cloud of mist. I am calm now and no longer am  
afraid.

-Pat McGrath

God's Work

There it was, lying majestically before me, a scene of  
unsurpassed beauty. Yes, it was the Grand Canyon. I could  
see the trees silhouetted against the light of the early dawn  
and the cabins dotted close to the sharp rim which dropped  
into endless terrains below. I stepped nearer for a better  
view. I was able to see for miles in almost any direction.  
As the sun gave forth its light, so the gorge was given its  
first hues of the day. The cliffs changed their colors from  
shadowy grays and blacks to dark greens and pale lavenders, set  
off with shadows from out-reaching precipices. There was a  
gentle breeze drifting across the canyon. No sounds were audi-  
ble except the faint hum of water rushing over distant falls  
which were hidden somewhere in the canyon wall.

Later that morning, a train of burros started their long  
walk to the distant floor of the canyon. I watched them as  
they made their way down. Heavy-laden, sure-footed, they  
wound their way along the steep, narrow trail around the wall

of the canyon. Patiently, they trudged on and on. Finally reaching the grassland below, they picked up speed and moved toward the lodge, expecting hay and oats as their reward for a trying journey. As the burrow completed their trip, my eyes shifted to the comparatively small bit of water which had created this work of art. The river Colorado stretched like a ribbon from one end of the chasm to the other. It was swelled from floods in the mountains whose creeks contributed their contents to this larger river. My eyes scanned the cliffs searchingly. The lavenders, greens, and blacks of that morning had changed to glazed colors of red, brown, buff, black, and in some places even white. The sun was at its highest. Its rays were almost blinding when reflected by the layers upon layers of rocks.

Suddenly something caught my eye. A glimpse of white was all I needed to lead me to the waterfall practically hidden from sight among the boulders. The sheet of water was not too large and looked as if it were in slow motion from my viewpoint. The water crashed to the rocks below and then disappeared, destination unknown. After watching it for sometime, I realized it was getting late. The sun low in the Western sky and the rock formations near the canyon floor were shadowed with black and dark purple hues. Gradually all the cliffs became tinged with dark reds, soft purples, and peaceful blues. The glow of the afternoon was exchanged for the restful colors of the night. Soon the gorge lay in morbid silence. Shadowy figures were everywhere. I was inspired with awe. As the sun sank behind the horizon leaving only pink, purple, and red clouds to be seen, I raised my face to the sky and suddenly thought, "Only God could create a work such as this."

-Sandy Walker

X

It had been a perfect day, one of those days that seem too perfect to be really true. I was going home still floating on the rosiness of the day. I parked my car, got out, and, on an imperceptible impulse, I looked up.

Down it came, lazily drifting from miles on high. It held my attention with a hypnotic fascination until at last it rested at my feet. I could not bring myself to pick it up immediately. The aura of strangeness with which it had appeared gave it a certain untouchable quality. Gradually, I brought myself to reach for it. My wonder soon changed to amazement as I realized that it was only a small piece of paper, completely blank, except for a minute "x" directly in the center. The mystery about the paper was heightened by the very blackness of the "x" against the extreme whiteness of the paper.

My first impulse should have been to throw it down and go on. But for some strange reason, perhaps the buoyancy of my earlier mood, I tried to find some reason for it.

Naturally, I spent most of my waking moments thinking about it in the days and weeks after its appearance. The passing of time and events made it fade in my mind, but never completely.

A few years later, I had the first serious illness of my life. Of course, my idea of seriousness was not very realistic. One thought, however, was even more disturbing to me than my illness. I had come down with the disease five years later, to the day, that the paper had come drifting down to me. Why, I do not know, but I rummaged through my desk to find the paper. Above the black "x", a large red "x" had been added. I pondered over the idea that someone was playing a joke on me, but I was forced to discard this idea because I had not told anyone about the paper. For future safety I put the paper in a secret compartment of my desk.

The years passed. I grew older and I led a perfectly normal, sane life. I had my share of ulcers and summer colds, and the "necessities" that The greatly dis- that each time some- me, even the timi- added to my paper. "x's" respectfully vermilion, to a drab black- a tiny bit of the white paper showed. To say the least, I was terrified. The "x's" seemed to become a symbol to my decaying life. I began to wonder if this eerie paper also had a power of prediction.



Then it came; I was told that I had a disease, of course, they brushed off my fears that it might be fatal. With a grim insistence and determination, I went home and straight to my desk. I struggled with the secret catch, and then, with a stark realization, I dropped the box. At my feet lay the paper, v--black, shriveled, crumbling, to ashes.

-Driek Bestebreurtje

Long Walk Home

Karl hurried along the dark, familiar road in the semi-darkness of the cool September evening. It was late: the road was very lonely: and Lisa would be angry if he should be late, so he walked quickly with long, comfortable strides. As he walked he thought about the many sundry things he had no time to think about during the busy day--the beautiful home he and Lisa would buy one day, the fine school that little Karl would one day attend, and how much your Klara resembled her mother. Usually this was Karl's favorite time of day: he enjoyed the long, lonely walk to his secluded, rather plain house, and he enjoyed taking time to think, and plan, and dream as he proceeded along the little path.

It was becoming darker rapidly now, he noted; it was a good thing he knew the path well or he might very easily lose his way. It was also becoming cloudy, and there would be a storm late that night or early the next morning, no doubt. Karl hoped it would not be raining in the morning when he would have to walk back along the path to town.

After walking a while, with still a long way to go, he bundled his coat more tightly around him to combat the chill of the night air and the wind which had arisen suddenly, and was getting steadily stronger. It was now almost pitch dark, with the gray-black clouds concealing the moon and stars which usually brightened the dim forest path, and the tall oaks and beeches, so radiant earlier with brilliant fall colors, now seemed to hover high above the path, cutting off what little light there was that night.

Karl shivered and drew his scarf more closely around his neck, more because of an inner chill than the cold wind or the dampness of the night. It was a depressing night--black and still except for the mournful whine of the wind, whistling through the trees. He was tired and lonely, and wished that he were home with Lisa by the fire, watching little Karl and Klara at play.

As he walked on, he became more and more depressed. He began to think of things he would sooner forget--the strange little man who had come into the store that day, for instance. What a gloomy, somber old man he was! What was it he had been talking about? Oh, yes! He had been telling about a friend of his who had disappeared one night recently. When he and a few friends had gone out looking for him, all they found were some footprints on a forest path, which indicated that he had been running for some reason, and had suddenly stopped, but then the footprints mysteriously vanished. What a ridiculous story! How Karl and the others had laughed at the old man when he had told it! Imagine that stupid, childish man expecting them to believe such a fairy tale! In the warm, bright store, Karl had laughed and joked with the others about the old man; now, however, all alone on the dark, solitary path...

Karl snapped his mind away from such morbid thoughts,

and tried to think of something more pleasant. Just about two more miles and he would be home with Lisa.

He was in the thick of the forest now, and the night was so black he could not even see the path on which he was walking. Suddenly a vague, gnawing sense of disturbance seized him. At first only a dim, obscure feeling of worry, the impression grew, until, suddenly, Karl froze in his tracks with the realization that someone, or something, was following him along the lonely forest path. The sound of footsteps, unheard before because of the howling wind, was now becoming louder and clearer as it came closer and closer to Karl.

Karl first froze with panic as he remembered the story of the old man in the store that afternoon; then, terrified, he bolted down the path.

He ran for what seemed ages, sometimes panic-stricken, sometimes strangely calm, always praying that he might escape, never dreaming that he would. The sound of the dead dry leaves, crackling and crunching as something large and heavy raced through them, became steadily louder.

Then, about a half mile from his home, the sound of pursuing footsteps abruptly ceased. With a tremendous burst of thankfulness and an overwhelming sense of relief, Karl continued his flight with renewed energy, spurred on by the knowledge that soon he could rest in Lisa's arms.

But men are merely puppets in the fast grip of destiny, and the demon Fates will have their little jest at mortal man's expense.

As Karl rounded the last curve of the long, lonely path, only a few yards from the very door of his house, he abruptly stopped in his tracks. He had heard, above the shrill whistle of the wind, the heavy breathing of something very large on the path just ahead of him!

It was just beginning to drizzle the next morning, as a few of Karl's friends set out to look for him. All they found, however, were some tracks on the forest path, which indicated that he had been running for some reason, and had suddenly stopped, but then the tracks abruptly disappeared. Strangely enough, when they told their story, no one seemed to believe them.

-Gayle Hoffman

### What Is Love?

What is this thing called Love? Oh, how I wish I knew! How earnestly it is sought; how violently it is endured!

There is only one set fact about Love and that is that it has appeared in every language and society since aboriginal man. It is not spelled nor pronounced the same, yet the same elusive meaning is always present. How universal is this thing called Love!

Poets sing its praises and mourn its faults; wise men seek it for analization and it proves them unwise; man lives it, some surviving and some dying by its eternal strength. Only by Love or lack of Love can a beggar become a king and a king become a beggar. How mystical is this thing called Love!

Love can be a simple thing or as complex as life itself. Love can be a gentle thing or it can be brutal; in it is the making or the breaking. Love is to be joyously anticipated or fearfully abhorred; in it are birth and death. How many facets has this thing called Love!

Love is a passion, sought by all, found by many, repelled by some, and attained by few. In everything is Love; everything is nothing without it. Love is the savor of life, without it life becomes but a hollow imitation. To conceive Love is a thing of beauty, but to let the conception slip away is a matter of unadulterated hell. How powerful is this thing called Love!

Love can be seen in the eyes of a mother looking at her new-born babe, in the way a dog looks after "his boy", in the devotion of a child in prayer, and in the misty eyes of a bride. Love can be found in the chocolatey kiss of a four-year-old when presenting his mother with his prize frog, in the sanctity of a man devoted unto his God, and in the sweetness of a first kiss and the whisper of those to follow. How wondrous is this thing called Love!

Love is many things. Its characteristics--universal, mystical, versatile, powerful, wondrous--are those of strength. Perhaps this strength is why the wise, instead of attempting to define, merely accept with uttered prayer the splendor of this thing called Love.

-Julian Davis

"One loves ultimately one's desires, not the thing desired." - Nietzsche -

Poem

There is in night a wind that blows-  
That sweeps, and breathes its cold  
dry breath,  
Which gives to me a will to live,  
yet to a flame is death.

-Brent Billerman

The Coming Day

Across the broad Atlantic  
Lies an awakening land,  
And to those who go there  
She's fortune-in-the-hand.

From the dark, dark night she comes,  
And into lasting day.  
Of these countries what will be  
The pathways they shall lay?

From the broad Sahara  
To the mountain robed in cloud,  
Africa awakens,  
The continent child.

-Christie Harvin

THE NIGHT

The wind blew. Its vicious gusts bantered against the ancient walls of the warehouse and the echoes of its antics reverberated inside.

The old nightwatchman grimaced and tried to concentrate on the gleam of his flashlight as he made his nocturnal rounds. The yellow beam of light relieved the murk of the storeroom and its searching rays illuminated the tense, lined face of the aged employee. His wrinkled hand trembled as the building creaked and shook from the tempest outside, but there was a determined spark in his faded blue eyes. He had to prove it to them. He had to prove that he shouldn't be retired. With an effort, he straightened his rounded shoulders and proceeded through the aisles of stacked crates.

He stopped suddenly. Icy darts crept up and down his spine. Then he heard it again....a shrilly pitched shriek and a loud bang, like a ghost dragging its ponderous chain. He turned to run, but controlled himself when he remembered his job. With timid feet and a hesitating will he walked toward the noise. He heard it again and then he was falling down. His feeble body hit the floor with a resounding smack. Cringing, he waited for his unknown assailant to finish with him, but with immeasurable relief discovered that he had merely tripped over a piece of lumber.

Thrusting the protective beam of his flashlight before

him, the nightwatchman continued with his search for the intruder. He could no longer determine where the terrifying sounds came from, for as they ricocheted back and forth in the emptiness of the warehouse, they seemed to surround him. He chased each echo and shuddered as each time its illusive source escaped him.

With confused bewilderment he stopped to regain his pitifully short breath. SHRIEK! BANG! It was behind him! Paralyzed with fear, the nightwatchman could not turn around. Burdened with the strain of his fright and his years of service, the old man's heart stopped beating-never to beat again. The watchman lay dead and the yellow rays of his flashlight dimmed on the floor. Behind him a large shutter banged back and forth on its rusty hinges in compliance with the storm.....and the wind blew.

-Diane Lamar





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and our thanks to others who would prefer to  
remain anonymous - the INTROSPECT Staff -