



Waggener High School



Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, May 1961

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.

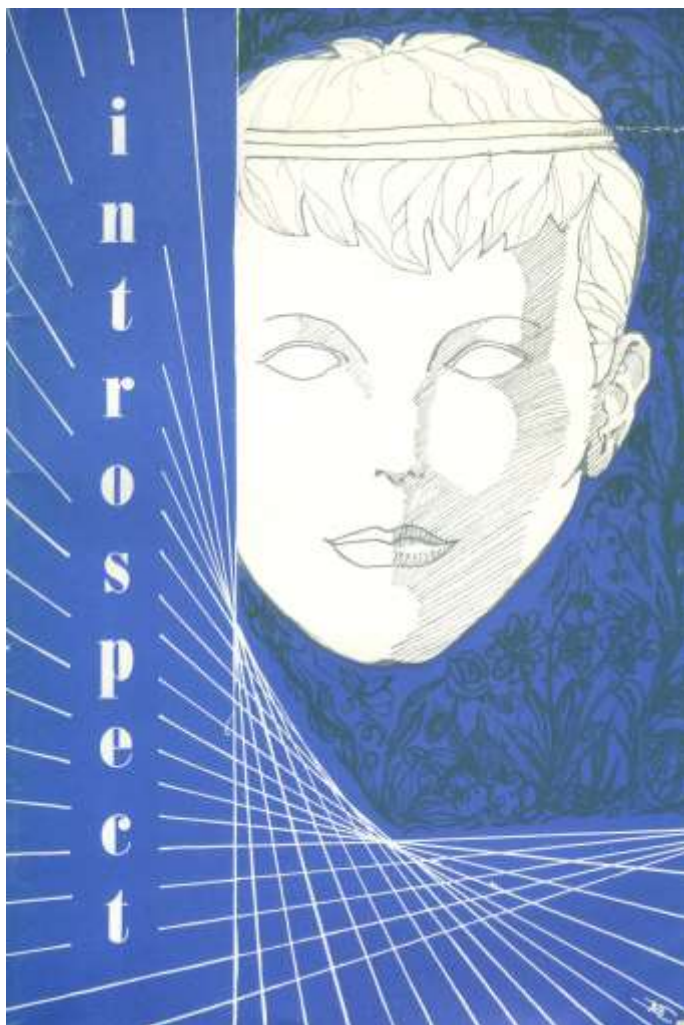
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have 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)*.

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Special thanks to Trent Hutcheson for this copy.

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introspect

The Literary Magazine
of
Waggener High School

St. Matthews, Kentucky
May, 1961

Volume Two
Number One

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introspect

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THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF WAGGENER
HIGH SCHOOL, ST. MATTHEWS, KENTUCKY

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Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, May 1961, Volume Two, Number One

In this, the second issue of *introspect*, we feel that we have accomplished several things. We have improved both the quality of the magazine and the quality of its selections. This is caused by the increased interest in the *introspect* among the students of Waggener. Thus we have had a wider selection of copy, and greater support for our patron's drive. This year we are beginning an "exchange library" with Kentucky colleges and many other schools. We hope that we will thus broaden our viewpoint, and perhaps develop a state-wide reputation.

At this time, we would like to announce the winners of the various contests which are supported by *introspect*. The winner of the cover contest is Bruce Chang, who received a \$5.00 prize for the cover design we are using on this issue. The winner of the *introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest is Susan Rumble, who also received a \$5.00 prize. The Junior High winner is James Larrick. The winner of First Prize in the Short Story Division of the Quill and Scroll Writing Contest is Helen Bisha. First Prize in the Junior High Short Story contest goes to Karen De Vore.

The Essay Contest was won by Linda Borsch. Jan Heckenkamp won in the Junior High Division. There should be some explanation for the First Prize in the Poetry Division. It goes to four poems—two written by Julie Bloch, and two by Helen Bisha. The Junior High Poetry prize goes to Ann Marshall, two of whose poems tied for first place. Last we would like to announce the winner of the most coveted award, the Editor's Award, which goes to the best piece of writing published in *introspect*. This year the award goes for the second year to Helen Bisha for her short story, *Miguel*.

In closing, we would like to thank those without whose help the work could never have been done. Mrs. McGuire, our beloved and well-worn sponsor, who has attended meetings at least twice as frequently as anyone else on the staff, deserves the first vote of thanks. The next goes to the Quill and Scroll, who have let us use all the copy from their contest as material for the magazine.

The greatest thanks, however, goes to you, the readers and patrons of *introspect*, for without your support, the magazine could not have been written.

Julie Bloch
Editor

RICHARD EPSTEIN

A NEW LOOK AT RED CHINA

The greatest threat to international peace today, if it can be assumed that we are in a period of peace, is Red China. This thriving, bustling war-professing country has distressed the minds of many peace-loving souls. However, the most disturbing fact about Red China to me, is that we are unable to talk to her communist indoctrinated leaders, for we do not diplomatically recognize their government. No cataclysmic change in policy is foreseeable; the new administration has already pledged itself to the policy of non-recognition. In order to understand fully the problems at hand, though, we must first review the recent course of events in China.

In the autumn of 1949, after twenty two years of bitter and protracted struggling, Mao Tse Tung and his communist armies took over the mainland of China. In the process of defeat, Chang Kai-shek and his troops were forced to occupy the islands of Formosa. The original American reaction was division and confusion. This policy has continued to this day. We still are only certain of what we will not do. We will not favor China's admittance to the United Nations. We will not recognize them.

Today, over eleven years after the victory of the communists, we can see the great strides that the new-regime has made. The commune system, although an inhumane way of life, is producing tangible results. The Chinese army has been augmented to the largest in the world, and alarmingly enough we read that they have developed a potential capacity for nuclear weapons. We can even see signs of the raising of the "bamboo curtain." A country is now ready to assert its strength on a surprised world.

The population of China presents the greatest challenge to the government. It is said that if the Chinese walked hand-in-hand double-file into the Pacific Ocean that the country could still never fully evacuate itself of all its citizens. This statement, although possibly not valid, gives the reader an illustration of the great population explosion occurring in China. As every hour passes, thousands of new Chinese are born. Seven hundred million people are crowded into an area one-third the size of the United States. Hunger and disease have become prevalent.

The population and food-shortage problem of China leaves the country one of three alternatives: to seek peaceful trade with other

foreign nations; to re-settle part of their swelling masses in the vast frontiers of Russia, or to expand into underdeveloped Southeast Asia. Since world peace will depend on which road China ultimately chooses, this question deserves the most urgent attention of American policy makers.

A brighter side of China may be seen in its vast untapped natural resources. The northern mountains, although unlivable, are rich in minerals. Recently geologists have confirmed these facts and led us to believe that China has a great potential for industrialization.

The leaders of the Chinese government are sometimes mistakenly thought of as in accord with the Soviet Union. However, Moscow, today, is preaching of peaceful co-existence while Peking tells a horrified world that war is inevitable. Why do these two great communist countries' ideologies differ so greatly? The answer to this question is probably the solution to the world situation.

China, for one, cannot imagine the devastating destruction of nuclear weapons because they have never actually tested any. The development of their own nuclear capacity might have a sobering effect on the Chinese. I doubt it though. The fact of the matter is that the Chinese advocate war because they have less to lose by one than any other country. If three-fourths of the Chinese are killed in a nuclear war, they would still be left with a population equal in number to the present one of the United States. A nuclear war would undoubtedly leave them in a position of control in the world.

In the face of the grave propositions which I have just stated, I can only urge that the U. S. seek a new perspective concerning Red China. If for no other reason, the crucial issue of disarmament would in itself be enough. No plan of disarmament could ever be effective without China's participation, and, as pointed out, we can no longer hold the Soviet Union accountable for Peking's actions in this matter.

What steps can we take? First of all we must abolish the myth that Chang Kai-shek is the real leader of the seven-hundred million mainland Chinese. This is pure nonsense. The Generalissimo's sole power rests only in the ruling of the people of the Formosan islands.

Secondly, it is imperative that we renew diplomatic negotiations with China even if we have to take a temporary loss in prestige in the cold war. The price of peace has to be paid; the cost can never be too great.

The results of a U. S. recognition of Red China are obscure. It is rather certain China would then be admitted to the United Nations,

The course of their actions after this is indeterminable. They do have an acute shortage in food; we are possessed with an overwhelming surplus of the commodity. This easily could be the meeting ground for improved relation.

In conclusion, I must confess my basic faith in the human race. I feel that wherever you are able to talk to a people, to strive earnestly for better understanding, your goals can be attained. However, the direction in which we are now drifting, in not attempting to talk to these people, clearly seems the most direct and quickest channel to war.

JENNIE DONNELLY

TOWER OF CIVILIZATION

Humph
What do you know?
Smart?
You think you are
Men are only pigeons in this world.
Suckers,
Nothings.
But I—
I am a member of the wisest group of all
I will take over the world some day.
I am an armadillo.

ELLESA HIGH

FOG

Earth is a kitten,
The fog is its mother,
Washing it with her
Soft, wet tongue.

STEVE PORTER

THE TIDES OF FATE

On a cool spring evening when the moon shone brightly, a brisk breeze flowed up over the high sea wall that bordered the ocean. As Marty Edwards, a resident of a nearby apartment, walked along the crumbling surface of this old wall, he wondered what the waves were saying as they so violently crashed into the jagged rocks below. They seemed to be talking to him, trying to warn him as they rolled in and out and slashed the wall with increasing force.

Thinking little of this ominous gesture below him, Marty decided to turn around and go home. But first, he stopped by a drugstore to buy a carton of cigarettes. While making his purchase, Marty noticed a tall, slender youth in the store. It was late and they were the only customers there. The youth's large, staring eyes seemed to follow Marty's path as he left the counter and pushed open the large glass door of the store.

Walking back home along the wall, Marty again noticed the waves. They seemed even more restless as they peered up at the slowly moving figure high above. The waves were lapping higher up on the wall as if they were trying to reach up to warn him. Then Marty heard footsteps behind him. They were moving quickly and getting closer. He peered over his shoulder and saw the same youth that had been in the drugstore running at him. He was yelling, "Hold it, Mister! Stop!" Marty became frightened and started to run across the worn stones of the wave-battered wall. Only a few more yards and he would reach the wall's end and be able to get home to safety. But Marty Edwards never reached the wall's end, for his own came first. Marty's weight and the never-ceasing power of the mighty waves were too much for the decrepit wall, and a part of it gave way and sent Marty to a crashing death on the rocks below. The previously rushing youth then came to a stop at the point where the wall had crumbled. He looked down and saw Marty's lifeless figure strewn over the rocks below and surrounded by the fateful waves. The frightened boy then covered the body with an epitaph of silver coins; the change Marty had left in the drugstore which he was trying to return.

CAROLYN ROE

WHO KNOWS SNOW?

snowflakes—limpid, small / wander / willed by anger /
in silence / like a thunderbolt.
snowflakes—angry?! / drop / gently without wound /
to earth / in a cloud.
snowflakes—gently settled? / drift / the passion of wind /
to dunes / making valleys.
snowflakes—smothered? / die / still remaining /
as liquid pools / mirrored by memory.

KAROL MENZIE

FREIGHT-CAR PHILOSOPHER

SECOND PRIZE, GULL AND SCROLL JR. HIGH
SHORT STORY CONTEST, 1961

"Accordin' to my calculations," the tramp said, "We're 'bout fifteen minutes out o' Kinsley—ain't that what you said your home town was?" He peered through the frayed brim of his tattered bowler at the boy sitting next to him. He squinted in the flickering light of the racing freight, trying to decipher the sudden change in the boy's attitude. "Well, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

The old man beamed knowingly. "You got a girl back there, ain't you Bobby Boy?"

"Yeah," Bobby agreed, finding a sudden fascination in straw which drew his gaze to the floor.

"She purdy?"

"I'll say!"

"A real looker, huh? Y' know, I use' to have me a gal . . . it was up in Chicago—ever been there? It's a right nice town—she was my best gal . . . leastwise, I never did like women after that. They're a funny bunch . . . they got funny ideas . . . y' can't trust 'em. Fickle sorta . . ."

"But Sally isn't—"
"Eh?"
"I said . . ." Bobby stopped, not actually at a loss for words; more for courage. "I said, Sally's different. She's . . . faithful . . . and—and good . . ."
"Sally her name is? My gal was Lucy Louise—the fellers called her Lulu . . . different? I thought that about Lulu too. I 'spect ever' man do."
"But Sally—she said she'd wait till I got back and—"
"And? You planning on gettin' hitched up? You? So young?"
"I'm sixteen," he defended, with a flash of anger. "I'm a man now, and I'm—we're tired of being told that we're too young to do everything! Marriage is—an institution—it's—it's—"
The tramp closed his eyes. "Y' know, some folks say kids are like wine: they got a great future, but you gotta let 'em age."
"But I don't want to be locked up in the cellar of life! Sally and I are going to get married—we love each other, and we're . . . going . . . to . . ."
The man nodded sagely. "Laise, eh? Yeah, it's a great thing. A great thing . . . You sure this is it?"
Bobby got up and staggered with the swaying train. "Of course it is."
There was a silence, and he thought for a minute the tramp was asleep.
"Of course," the man said suddenly, feeling his way. "After the marriage . . . come . . . kids . . ."
Bobby jumped. "Yeah, I know that."
"You sure you want a bunch o' brats runnin' around?"
"Some people call it a blessing," Bobby snapped.
"Yeah?" the tramp agreed, apparently weighing the possibilities. "Do you?"
"How much longer?" Bobby asked.
"We're slowin' down . . ."
The train stopped jerkily, as if reluctant to give up the freedom of flying down the tracks.
Bobby and the tramp slid the door open a crack.
"All clear," the tramp said. "You ready?"
"Yeah . . ."
"Well? You goin'? Good luck, boy."
"Thanks."
"I just want you to know—my door is always open." He laughed at his joke; a dry crackle.

Bobby sprinted around the station and slowed down to a walk in the street. He kicked a rock. The train whistle yelped, and the steam hissed back.

"Johnny!" a stout lady shouted at the little boy she had in tow. "You put that rock down this instant or I'll have your father paddle you!"

Bobby stopped. Then, he whirled and ran back to the station, and the track.

"Wait, wait!" he called, at the speed-gathering train. "I've changed my mind! I don't want to be tied down yet!"

The tramp stuck his head out the crack wearing a grin whose ends practically curled over his ears. "Hop aboard, Bobby-boy!"

HELEN BISHA

SMOKE

An icy breath o'er flows the
golden pools
Of summer, and chills their
laughing glint
To frozen glitter:
As crystal tears upon the face
of autumn.
Aspen torches sear the
distant sky,
(Smoke-blue: the pall of
summer's pyre)
And with the maples' flame
A carpet for the feet of Autumn
spread;
A shroud for Winter's steps,
Silver-traced across the
mountains.

MIGUEL

FIRST PRIZE, GULL AND SCROLL SHORT STORY CONTEST, 1961

Miguel came into the valley in early summer, walking up along the Little Snake River. From my place at the head of the valley, I could see him coming from quite a way off. I could see the people all along the road watching him too, the women standing idle in their doorways and the men halting in their work. He didn't stop at any of the ranches, though, 'til he came to the water-gate just above my alfalfa field. He paused, then seeing me watching from the front porch, he waved confidently as an old friend and started up toward the house.

That was the first time I saw Miguel, but in the two days he stayed at my ranch we got to be friends, closer than most blood kin. We had one thing in common; we had both set out to chase the sunset, and it had led us to the same Wyoming valley. But aside from that, we differed. I was, in a small way, a rancher, while Miguel was my natural enemy, a shepherd. He was looking for summer pasture for his flock of a hundred head which was waiting, along with his wife, at the railhead in the next valley.

The range he picked was so good-for-nothing (to us cattlemen, anyhow) that I hoped there would be no trouble. But the same day Miguel moved his sheep onto that first mountain, an uneasiness began to run through the valley. At first there was nothing tangible, no physical sensation. It was a more—a heaviness on the wind, like the color of the sky before a thunderstorm. By evening, though, there they were, lined up in front of my house with their unlighted torches. I couldn't recognize in those dark, sinister riders the men I'd been neighbor to since before I'd bought my own land. Ed Tolliver, Sam Brunson, even my old boss Major Dunsil—they were all there, etched black against the sunset sky.

I couldn't ride with them. They were all my friends, but so was Miguel. I stood there, gripping the fence rail until I felt the hard ridges of the wood digging into my hands, and watched them ride off into the dusk. I must have stood there an hour, staring down into the fog rising from the darkening surface of the river. I was ashamed, of my own indecision and of the thick-headed prejudices of my fellow ranchers. At last I caught up my mare and headed her up the mountain.

The trail was steep, a hard climb for a horse and worse for cows. That's why none of it made sense. The pasture couldn't even be used for cattle, but the whole valley—all my good neighbors—were riding by torchlight to drive a young man and his wife, together with their meager livelihood, from it. I giggered my mare sharply, and she broke into a plunging gallop.

Far up the ridge the riders were skylined for a moment. They would reach the top before me, but not by much. I spurred Becky again, and she responded gamely, shortening their lead. I topped the rim of the great natural bowl just as they reached Miguel's camp.

What happened during the next few minutes will always be a blur in my mind—a blur of fast-riding shadows punctuated by dipping, weaving points of fire. The lonely keening of the wind was disturbed by the terrified bedlam of running sheep and by one shot.

It was all over quickly. Two of the Major's hands were pushing the last of Miguel's hundred head over the sheer, torturous rim-rock that forms the ramparts of the mountain. The rest of the men were circled around a small, huddled body—the victim of the single shot. For a second, I couldn't think who it might be; it was the figure of a youth or—a woman. And the only other person on the mountain with Miguel was his young wife.

Now, my neighbors aren't murderers. But when the slight, boyish figure in the shapeless chaperos of the sheepherder ran at them brandishing a rifle—well, that doesn't excuse a killing. But what happened next will be my shadow for longer than I care to live.



I had just ridden up, so I saw him first, standing there on the jagged edge of the cliff. Slowly the circle opened, and Miguel looked down at the body of his dead wife. The sick look of disbelief on his face was the most pitiful thing I have ever seen, and I started toward my friend. His head jerked toward me—I don't think he even recognized me—and he took one step backward.

That's all, I guess. Miguel was in the valley just three days. He left no mark on the land, not even a grave (for I could never find his body, up there among the towers and chimneys of the rimrock). But now, when the people along the Little Snake look up past my ranch at that great volcanic hulk, they call it Sheep Mountain.

GLASS ENIGMA

O world, we are so young,
So hesitant yet daring.
We fear, then plunge ahead;
We stand apart,
Alone in a throng
Of those who share our loneliness.
Balanced on the blade
Between joy and anguish
We shatter at a touch,
Yet fling ourselves upon the spears
Of tomorrow's half-breached wall.
We rush headlong at living,
Laughing too loudly, loving too
quickly,
Feeling too deeply.
(Infatuated with life, fascinated
by death).
Forgive us our youth, world;
Forgive our holdness, and accept
Our blunders in the name of
good intent.
Understand us, (a heaggart pardoned by his
youthful vigor)
And know our hearts,
But sound them not too deeply,
Nor disturb the undirected intel-
lect,
The clear eyed faith searching
for a god.

WIND SONG

FIRST PLACE, QUILL AND SCROLL POETRY CONTEST, 1961

"Come fly with me," the wind invited
As I sat one day,
High above the fog-drenched city.
So northward we ran,
Where the burdened clouds stream in,
Stately as great galleons,
Heavy with the treasured rain,
The sky's caressing flood.
We lingered a time to watch the clouds
Weep, thwarted, against the mountains' lofty rim;

And to draw the breath of pine and salt
And snow above the sea.

Then eastward, across the flame-and-tawny wastelands,
Where dustdevils outrace the wary mustangs,
And the golden air
Lies strangled in the desert's sterile cup—
Hangs molten 'tween sand and sky.
We trembled, the wind and I,
Blinded in the aching light,
And blindly fled . . .

To tumble, fainting, into a valley
Of green and aspen-gold,
And falling-water silver,
And the wind raced on
Alone, to leap laughing
From the cresting peaks
That will the rivers' course.

RESURRECTION

FIRST PLACE, QUILL AND SCROLL POETRY CONTEST, 1961

From the well of tortured light
Beyond the Mountain,
Darkness flows down into the valley;
Coolness floods the breathless land,
And the blackness is filled with sound;
A quiet singing, fearfully,
Desperately straining toward the moonrise.

The desert giants, frozen in their footsteps,
Stand forth from the shadow of the Mountain;
Ghost soldiers halt in shocked silence:
A lonely legion, desolate in a shifting world
Of sand and wind-blown silver,
And the moon flees before the wind,
Seeking refuge somewhere in the dappled sky.

In the midnight,
In the roaring void behind the wind
A gentle breath fills the darkness;
Desert candles dismiss the night,
Dancing in their own fey radiance,
Swayed by the phantom breeze
Of dawn.

JAMES LARRICK

THE CHILDREN

FIRST PRIZE, JR. HIGH DIVISION, "INTROSPECT"
SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

"Dad?"
"Yes son."
"Eh, you won't get mad will you?"
"Why should I?"
"Because, because . . . I broke Mr. Leather's window."
"M-m-m-m."
"Dad?"
"What, son?"
"Did you hear me?"
"Hear you what?"
"I said I broke Mr. Leather's window."
The corner of the newspaper folded back.
"You WHAT?"
"I . . ."
"Never mind, I heard you the first time. Now how did it happen?"
"Well you see, it was like this. Johnny Hill had this keen play today in football, and I was supposed to go out for a long pass."
"And?"
"And the pass was too long."
"Well you know what this means don't you?"
"Fraid so, I've got to pay for the window, and until I do I'm grounded."
"And you know why I do this, don't you?"
"So that I can become a better citizen?"
"That's close enough, now, go on out and play, Billy."
Silence for a few minutes.
"Daddy?"
"What Mary?"
"My doll's head came off. Can you fix it?"
The corner of the paper moves to one side again.
"Let me see her."
The doll is taken from the little girl's hands and carefully studied.
"H-m-m. It's only the elastic. Go take it to your mother and she can fix it for you."
"No she won't. She's giving Tommy a bath."
"Oh all right. Give her to me and I'll see what I can do for her."

The doll is given back, and after a few minutes the elastic is fixed and the head is in place.

"Thank you, Daddy."
The little girl leaves.
"Well, maybe I can read the paper now."
"Daddy?"
"Oh in the name of ———, What is it, Mark?"
"Roger?"
Roger enters.
"This is Roger, Dad."
"How-d'ya-do, Roger?"
"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Blake."
"Me'n Roger've been havin' an argument."
"M-m-m-m."
"He said that his father was balder than you."
"Well, Roger, I hope you've proven your point."
"Yes sir, Thank you sir."
Both boys leave. Dear-old-dad sighs.
"NOW maybe I can read the paper."
"Mr. Blake, I want to congratulate you."
"Oh, it's you again, Roger."
"You're MUCH balder than MY dad."

Apparently forcing back the urge to kill, Mr. Blake speaks.

"Think you very much Roger. Er, it's getting rather late, hadn't you better be getting home?"

"Oh, no sir, Mother said I could stay till five o'clock."

"Well, run along then."

"Don't you want me to stay and talk with you?"

"Roger . . ."

"Yessir, Mr. Blake, I'll be going sir."

"Oh when in heaven's name can I read the paper?"

Mrs. Blake enters.

"Goodness, Henry, it's almost four-thirty. Aren't you finished with the paper yet?"

Breaking point.



GAYLE HOFFMAN

SUMMER SCENE

THIRD PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL ESSAY CONTEST, 1961

On a thickly wooded hill in southern Indiana, a shady and secluded path, known only to those adventurous souls whose search for beauty is rewarded by its discovery, winds upward through the forest.

Here and there by the side of the path, sprinklings of rich color—bright blues and pinks, brilliant yellow and flashing scarlet—appear, as tiny wildflowers boldly display their dazzling richness and radiance. The luxurious softness of a thousand and one shades of green—from the light fairy green of the new, wild grass to the deep, polished sheen of the ivy, clinging as if by some magic enchantment to the trees—presents a backdrop of beauty for the splendor of the flowers.

From the protective shelter of the trees, looming tall and majestic above the narrow path, a chorus of birds of every color and description tosses its warbled song to the winds, and the forest resounds as it echoes through the woods. Now and then the scamper of startled feet is heard, as a rabbit, roused from some secluded hiding place by an unfamiliar sight or sound, bounds away to some more secret haunt. Squirrels, chattering proudly to one another about nothing in particular, rest in the boughs of an old oak tree, or scurry along the ground in a frenzied search for acorns for their winter store.

The path winds higher and higher around the hill until it reaches the summit, where it ends abruptly in a small, grassy clearing. One aged, gnarled tree reposes in stately grandeur near the far edge of the clearing, and beyond lies an almost vertical drop from the top of the hill to the plain below.

Far, far below, tiny houses are visible, seemingly so small and fragile that a gentle breeze could knock them down as easily as a small child's breath could crumple a house of playing cards to the ground. A stream of sparkling blue water winds ribbon-like through green fields and meadows, and miniature children and farm animals romp and play in the cool grass. Across the fields and meadows, the hazy lavender outline of far-distant hills nestles against the horizon. And high above, a single, fluffy cloud sets off the splendor of a deep azure summer sky.

MICHAEL MOORE

THE VIPER

Doctor Robert Burke, a graduate of Harvard School of Law, is now working as a major political leader in the reform movement for the increased freedom of native workers in the Union of South Africa. Dr. Burke is much loved by the natives, and, as you will see, is much despised by the Dutch leaders of the colony.

One cold night in July, while sitting in his room reading, Dr. Burke was disturbed by a loud rap on the door. Upon opening the door, Burke was startled to see a small, sinister-looking man pointing the muzzle of an evil little blue pistol directly at his head.

"Good evening Doctor, I hope I am not disturbing you. I am a member of what you might call the society for the prevention of Dr. Burke, and I am definitely against your reformist ideas. I do not see why anyone would want to give more liberty to that mob of heathen scum. Why are you endangering the lives of everyone in this area?"

"Sir, your being of Dutch blood leads me to believe that you are a trifle biased in your opinion on the matter. I come from a country where it is said 'All men are created equal' and this is what I believe."

"Doctor" replied the small man hotly, "I suppose you realize that my mission, to be melodramatic, is to rid my country of you and your dangerous ideas."

"You will never get away with it, my good man," said Burke. "The shot will be heard for blocks."

"There will be no shot," said the little man craftily. He reached into his coat pocket, took out a small wicker basket, and opened it. A small, deadly black viper, common to the area, slithered out onto the floor and over to Burke. It bit him twice on the calf, but Burke didn't move. After about three minutes Burke spoke.

"Dear fellow, I think you have been taken. You have been sold a harmless little pet in place of a deadly viper."

Seeing Burke quite alive, the little man grabbed the snake, put it in his pocket, and stalked out the door.

Several seconds later an agonized scream came from the hallway. Laughing softly to himself, Burke unstrapped his artificial leg, and prepared to retire for the night.

A TRIP TO THE STORE

At the tender age of fourteen, Gillespie Smattel, who possessed the mind of a three year old, made a shopping trip with his mother. Upon entering the department store, Gillespie was fascinated by the revolving door. Wrenching his arm loose from his mother's grip he headed directly towards the object of his fancy. In a matter of seconds after Gillespie entered the door all other occupants were hurled into the street or into the store, assuming various awkward positions. The door gained speed at an amazing rate, and soon anybody who ventured too close had apparel and any objects they were carrying whipped from them into the door by the terrific draft created. Only his mother was brave enough to poke her umbrella, which was promptly snapped in two, into the melee of hats, scarves, assorted packages, etc., and one slightly hysterical boy. The shock of the umbrella, however, jarred Gillespie very badly and he wandered dazed from the door crashing into the racks of dresses, mannequins, and finally coming to rest in a spectacular display fountain created by the management.

After extricating Gillespie from the orchids and iris of the fountain, Mrs. Smattel began her rounds of the various counters with Gillespie tightly in hand. It is amazing to note, however, the amount of damage a boy can achieve with only one hand and two feet. Leaving two salesladies totally incapable of continuing work and one probably permanently deranged, Mrs. Smattel and Gillespie ambled over to the material counter. When his mother released him to examine some cloth, Gillespie strolled away. About twenty minutes later this was heard on the public address system:

"Will the mother . . . Yes, sonny that is a nice paper weight. Will the mother of Gillespie Smattel please come to the lost and found department . . . No, sonny, don't throw the paper weight at me, please." There is a sharp cry of pain, then a volley of oaths that would make a Swedish sailor bluish, followed by the word 'kid'. "Will Mrs. Smattel please come and get your be-son." Then there is the incoherent sound of sobbing.

When Mrs. Smattel went to pick up her son, she found that the store was suing for damages, but she of course pleaded insanity.

There is, however, a happy ending to this story. As Gillespie grew older his mind cleared and he became a politician.

ANN MARSHALL

CASTLE OF YORE

FIRST PRIZE, GULL AND SCROLL
JR. HIGH POETRY CONTEST, 1961

A mighty fortress, awesome in its day,
Sober grey,
Etched against an ancient sky,
Grim and forbidding in the distance.
With great numbers of balconies and towers
And wrought iron fences
With stiff bodied, straight faced guards at
every gate,
Spears in hand,
To bar people of common blood
From treading on the regal ground inside.

Within—
Myriads of stones forming a solid floor
Over which pass servants
Toiling to cater to the whims of a stern king or
a spoiled queen.
Laboring because fate chose for them to be
commoners.
Cooks pattering in the kitchen
Boxing the ears of a scullery maid
For an ill-timed mistake.
Chamber maids gossiping between their tasks
Ladies-in-waiting imitating their princess,
A valet for a duke,
A whipping boy for a young prince,
All leading separate lives
Within a universal life shared by servants.

Scores of rooms—
Bedrooms for visiting princesses,
Giggling as they walk along the dim corridors
surrounded by their ladies.
Simpering at the compliments of a rash prince
Who makes love to all maidens,
Drawing rooms for grand balls
In honor of the eighteenth birthday of a prince
Who solemnly dances once with each lady
present



And offers a second dance to his sweetheart.
Dark dungeons
Rooms where political prisoners wretchedly exist.
The duke's enemy is thrown into a cell.
A would-be assassin is dragged
Cursing and screaming, to the gallows,
While the king watches contentedly from his window
And sips wine from a silver cup.

Eternity draws closer.
The castle becomes obsolete and crumbles,
Snuffing out a way of life.
An era fades and becomes a memory
Living on, only in the hearts of its offspring.
A Herculean structure
Now only a feeble recollection.

BRUCE CHANG

**A JUG OF BLOOD,
A LUMP OF FLESH, AND THOU**
THIRD PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL SHORT STORY
CONTEST, 1961

Deep into the night the city slumbers. All sleep but one, one citizen who still toils in a dimly lit room. The dark night conceals no spies. He is alone, alone to perform his sanguinary task. Only this disembodied spirit observes and feels compassion for his victim. The air is cool and heavy, with the scent of death holding reign. In the center of the room on a cold table top lies an inanimate form which is now as cool as the air. Over this still form bends a man wearing a white gown. With furrowed brows, sharpened tools, and tense muscles, he works feverishly. Has he fear of discovery? He cuts and slashes with vigor into the body. What little blood it still has in it trickles out and then off the table, thickly, into a pan beneath. The crimson liquid splatters on the hard surface and spots the floor and gown. This thick and nauseating liquid was once the life-sustaining liqueur of the body on the table. The man cuts carelessly, enlarging the wound from throat to abdomen until the halves are prised apart, exposing its contents. The moist viscera glistens in the dim light. Our citizen reaches into the cavity and clutches the soft masses of tissue. He tugs and pulls without restraint until the entrails

are torn out. Has this man no respect for the dead? Gut, stomach, and heart are piled in random order on day-old newspapers, newspapers filled with articles of crime and murder. The viscera pool on the newspapers, awaiting later scrutiny. What will be their fate? Borial? Inclination? Decomposition by acid? Beware! human, that the spirits of the dead do not place revenge upon you for this outrage. Beware! The hollow form still lies on the cold table top without complaint for its loss. No protest is heard as the blood splattered fiend approaches once more. With flashing, steel toothed saw he cuts. A dusty "ssst" announces the blade has conquered the bone. Regular rhythm sends the blade deeper and deeper until the bone is severed. The powdery noise, capable of causing the sturdiest patient under a dentist's drill to wince, has no effect on this man nor his "patient."

Time moves on as our part of the world turns to face the angelic sun and starts to quit this hellish darkness of the night. On its cold bed the decapitated and limbless hunk of flesh waits further division. The saw and hatchet team begin to crunch and break. Those sounds do not reach the ears of the slumbering city. It is not aware of this gory deed, but then, it is not yet dawn.

Morning at last speeds its shafts of light into this before dim room. The city awakes sporadically, one here, one there; but it awakes. It is still not but soon will be aware of what has been done. It will soon see in its newspapers among articles of crime and murder, in bold print the details of this deed.

Our citizen is tired; he snatches what little rest he can. The table is clean; nothing is on it. Our fumbling surgeon has doffed his bloody gown for clean sheets and pillow. The body has been reduced to book-sized lumps. Recognition would be impossible by even its mother. Our citizen sleeps soundly with visions of money floating through his mind, bloodstained money perhaps, but money none the less. He will be paid well for his work last night.

Awake! Awake! O citizen. Have you no conscience that you can sleep soundly? Put aside your dreams of reward and think. Can you not picture what you have done? Can you not imagine the pleading, tear moistened eyes before death closed them forever? Can you not hear the last murrur as the death blow was dealt? No, you can not; you do not. Your heart must indeed be of stone, fortified against the invasion of sympathy and mercy. You are no better than a ghoul. My curse be upon you and your abattoir! May you not sell a single pound of hamburger today, you, butcher!

RUBAN RUMBLE

PATTERN—A PATCHWORK QUILT

FIRST PRIZE, "INTROSPECT" SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

The aphids climb the stalks of wheat, voluptuous with their golden
pearls of grain . . .

The sickles swish in endless rhythm—blades amputate the stalks from
their roots,

And peasants, sweating, toil beneath the sun-ripened sky,
Unseeing, hardly mindful of earthly fertility in all its harvest glory.
They think of winter's trials . . . coldness, restless minds . . .

Save one, who lifts his aching back and smiles at the threatening forest,
Daring the world to come forth and challenge him to a duel in
melancholy . . .

The feudal lord from white horse haughty regards the youth and feels
deep anger.

But he is unmoved, by unseen spirits, (he too, is a vassal),
And frowning, treads the pulpy earth, worrying about the snow and
his crops.

A lazy plume of smoke from women's ovens curls over the tops of trees—
Plays tag with the cooling wind, and then vanishes, conquered.

Young girl lifts her head from the roaring fire and stops to wipe her
hands and smell the violets.

Bravely meeting an older woman's frown with her sweet smile,
She thinks of her lover in the fields—squints to glimpse him in the
bright sun,

With fellow workers breaking noontime bread—amid the aphids.

Far off, across the winding bridge of Time, the trumpet summons men
back to their labour.



EXPULSION
FROM "THE JAZZMEN"

Some old Negro
Poured out his soul on a banjo,
And the people gathered around him and sang.
Up the dusty street
The little half-clad note ran,
And laughed because he was free.
But the Winter
Caused the people to doubt him,
And the coolness of the wind
Warped the strings on the banjo.
The little note
Shivered up the dusty street
And turned Blue in the cold.

PATRICIA ANNE McGRATH

LOVE IS LIKE A WATERMELON

Love is like a watermelon. You carry it around with all kinds of "Fragile" and "Handle With Care" stickers on it because it is something you want unspoiled by the smut of outside existence. But there is always a postmaster who doesn't read the stickers. It is yanked from your arms and thrown among the other crushed packages. Splat! The whole is gone, and only the shell remains for you to pick up and hide away in a box marked "Memories."



TRAGEDY OF UNSUNG MEN

Oh, people of the world, behold
the tragedy of unsung men,
Who, in their quenchless thirst for fame
have trod the seeds
from whence it springs;
Who, reaching for immortal heights
of hero wise and God-like man,
Did forget to mold the link
of mortal deeds.

STEGAR COPELAND

DEADLY COLD

It was cold, deadly cold. Even through my fur-lined gloves the cold numbed and stiffened my fingers. The freezing temperature permeated my whole body, petrifying my mind as well as my limbs. It was a constant battle to keep moving as the incessant cold chilled my very being. Sleep was what my weary body sought, but I knew the consequences of that sleep.

There was a stiffened carcass lying there, so grotesque that I could not identify it, I could not bring myself to eat it even if my frozen hands could have torn a piece of meat from the frozen mass.

As I lay there in the icy clutches of Death, my breath froze the moment it touched the air. There was ice all around me, incarcerating me in a tomb. Now I was completely numb. I knew my extremities were completely froshitten, and soon gangrene would set in. There was no feeling of pain. My mind searched for escape, but there was none.

Help seemed remote, as if I were a million miles from anywhere. I did not expect or hope for help from those who did not even know of my existence in this hidden place.

Then I heard a strange knocking sound. A crack in the ice appeared and through it my boss, the butcher, opened the door to the meat locker.

BONNIE MEYER

INTERROOSTERIAL RELATIONS

SECOND PRIZE, GULL AND SCROLL SHORT STORY CONTEST, 1961

Once upon a time there were two baby chicks, one red and one white,¹ born of the same father.² As brothers, the baby chicks conversed openly with each other and soon discovered a seemingly wide difference in their ideals. The white chick, being very anxious to throw off the chains of his father, matured more rapidly than his backward brother. For weeks the red chick lumbered under the cumbersome rule of his father. Finally, growing weary of his father's abuse, he staged a bloody revolt which lasted several days and ended with the defeat of his father, who fled in fear of his feathers.³

Now the two brothers were free to rule the hen house as they saw fit, but again they were unable to agree.⁴ The white chick, used to living and letting live, favored a plan which would allow all chickens to decide their own destiny; but the red chick, who was obsessed with a desire for power, wanted to occupy his recently departed father's dictatorial position. Finding themselves unable to live together, they divided the hen house, the red chick occupying the east wing and the white chick occupying the west. Several brown chicks were unable to decide which ideas they liked best and insisted on living in the middle of the roost. Because the undecided fowls held the power to bring about the victory of either the red or white regime, they were always being offered bribes by both sides.

Being very wise and seeing the advantage of their precarious position, they accepted these gifts with much gratitude. This situation continued for several months. One day the white chick noticed that his supply of eggs was dwindling considerably, but fearing a "red" victory, he could not stop offering bribes. Strangely enough the red chick discovered the same coincidence, but was driven by a similar motive.

Finally, one day the brown chicks announced that they were about to leave their position of neutrality. In a flurry of haste both the red and white chicks raced to their cupboards to offer one last overwhelming bribe, but to their horror the cupboards were bare!

1. Any similarity between nations civilized or barbaric is not coincidental.
2. The reader is asked to ignore the physiological impossibilities of this situation.
3. Those admiring idioms may substitute the word "life."
4. Having different colored feathers, this is very common.

Hoping for the best, they returned to the middle of the house to hear the brown chicks' decision. To their amazement there was no one there. The dictatorial red chick looked to the east and there, on his beautiful straw upholstered kremlin, sat an obese brown rooster. The white chick looked to the west and there, in his simply decorated pentagon, sat a thin brown hen. The dispute was decided.⁵

5. The reader will note that this is in no way the author's prediction of the future.

JAN HECKENKAMP

PURR-SONS

FIRST PRIZE, GULL AND SCROLL JR. HIGH ESSAY CONTEST

This essay is obviously written on the entertaining and informative subject of the feline, but it is certainly not concerned with any ordinary cat with a mediocre sobriquet such as Fluffy, Tabby, or Tom. A cat of this ilk is Powder-Puff, a sleek Siamese, given his outrageous title by a young lass whose subconscious mind cried out in yearning for an undistinguishable mass of fur. This article is about cats christened for outstanding qualities of their purr-sonalities.

One extraordinary cat is Homer Thompson, a resident of Bermuda. He is named for the famous archeologist who excavated the Athenian Agora. Homer is thus termed because he digs. He uncovers everything from discreetly concealed broken toys to seedlings, bulbs, and other bits of careful planting.

Another cat of this category is Cho-Cho-San. She was titled by her mistress, a great lover of the opera "Madame Butterfly." Both the cat and the woman being graceful, the logical course was to give the animal her name, which, in Japanese, her native tongue, is Cho-Cho-San.

Furcilla, also of Bermudian residence, was named for her delightful singing. She is the kind of cat who would have said "Speak for yourself John," if she had had the chance, but she didn't.

Long gone and lamented, Whizz-Kid was born in a hay mow in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was named for the famous Philadelphia baseball team of the year 1950 because of his remarkable batting average—one mouse out of every ten.

And so it goes, on through the labyrinth of Maggies, Furberts, and other purr-sonality cats. I am extremely humiliated to admit that I have a cousin who had the nerve to name her cat "Kitty!"



LARRY TIMBERLAKE

**NO LIGHTS
AFTER DARK**

THIRD PRIZE, "INTROSPECT"
SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

I fly with the wind
and he's great company,
For though I'm chained to him,
the wind is so free,

I fly with the wind
and he's great company,
And together we sail
over all the countries
Of the earth—what there is.

I fly with the wind
and he's great company,
In the daytime it's fun
but at night we can't see
Anything, anywhere—so we don't.

I fly with the wind
and he's great company,
I think, but don't know
because, excepting me,
There is no one else—that I know.

I fly with the wind
and he's great company,
But I often reflect
upon my family
And the wonderful girl—that I had.

I fly with the wind
and he's great company,
I've been with him now
ever since '63,
The year we were wed—by a bomb.

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JANE EKLLUND

TOO MANY DAYS IN MY LIFE

There are too many days in my life and not enough qualities. A day comes and goes, uniform in its characteristics by nature—24 hours, 60 minutes in an hour, sunrise at six, sunset at five, breakfast at 7:15, dinner at 6:00, school, homework, weekend date, youth group, 24 hours.

When I am mentally in too much of a hurry to think and observe, each day is twin to the next; and I become numb and insipid to the deep world of people and things around me. I am a nice, despicable machine—a piteous victim of habit and procrastination.

Each day should not be just another red check on the calendar. Tuesday should not be mixed up with Wednesday or Thursday. Each day should be an event with sparkle and spice, love and feeling, work and rest but always with time to think. Here lies the cure for eliminating the "days."

It is not this simple to just sit down and think. Some people will never find the time nor the desire and may not realize that there are too many days in their lives. Others, when they try, become afraid of themselves. They get a tiny glimpse into their real selves and shrink from their true emotions and the purpose or reason for life. This is tragic for these people can never have (or know what it is to have) a full life, and I am one who is fighting this fear.

KAREN DE VORE

A PIECE OF PAPER

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL JR. HIGH SHORT STORY
CONTEST, 1961

A piece of paper was lying on the table in the lobby of the hotel. Many people passed that chilly November day, but no one saw it. Then a man walked into the lobby. But this was no ordinary man. He was tall and well-built like a wrestler and had a rough, weather beaten face.

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He glanced around the lobby as if searching for someone, but with a disappointed look on his face he walked over to the table. He saw the piece of paper there and when he picked it up and read it, his eyes grew round and his face turned ashen white. With a trembling hand he shoved the note into his pocket and ran out the door and down the street.

After several blocks he dashed into a small, dark shop and into the back room. As he looked around the room his face regained its natural color, and he let out a sigh of relief. He had made it!

He found the owner of the shop and whispered something in his ear. The old man nodded and left the room. Soon he returned with a package in his hand. He gave the man the parcel and was rewarded sparsely for it.

Then the man dashed into the street and rushed home. His wife was at the door, and he shoved the package into her waiting hands. Then he took the note out of his pocket, read it again, and smiled. It said,

"Run to the meat market and get a steak. J. P. is coming for dinner tonight."

BILL HIRRICHS

AUTUMN

SECOND PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL ESSAY CONTEST, 1961

The coals of the cooking fire smoldered in the large stone fireplace, and their warm red glow darted about the room.

By this eerie light the wooden beamed ceiling seemed lower than it was, and the warped floor expanded with the ebbing of the flames. Near the open hearth was the deeply soiled edge of an ancient hooked rug, worn and frayed at the sides.

Above the fireplace were many objects dominated by a large brass tray and two well worn volumes, the *Bible* and *The Farmer's Almanac*. Astride the hearthstones stood a three-legged stool of oak, blackened by the heat of fires long dead.

On a peg at the back of the door hung a faded plaid hunting cap whose owner, a son too proud to be a farmer, had long been away.

Sitting near the fire, not so much for warmth as for companionship, was a bent old woman of seventy years, placidly mending a many times mended shirt. As she worked, her whole person was reflected in those stitches. Her meticulous manner was mirrored with every stroke of the hand. Although the days were not yet cold, she wore a woollen shawl against the chill of age. Her snow white hair fell in her eyes as she worked, and a touch of youth was often seen as her quick hand darted to replace it.

Nearer the door, almost in anticipation of a visitor, was an old man, weathered by years of toil. His hair too was white, but it disciplined itself harshly as the whole man must have done. A straight back and a strong neck were suggestive of courage and determination. But the hands told the story of this man; the large, strong hands with their long tan fingers and white nails. They were the hands of a farmer, which sift the soil with a love of the land or shoe a horse. These hands were never idle, for even now they carved unceasingly on a tiny wooden horse.

Outside, the first hints of winter were creeping over the land. The trees were golden with the crimson kiss of frosty nights upon their leaves. The wind whistled up the rocky hillside and through a crack in the oaken door.

The old man looked up at the old woman and said, as he had for many years before, "Looks like it's going to be a long winter."



LINDIE SHELBY

SEPTEMBER RAINS

SECOND PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL JR. HIGH ESSAY CONTEST, 1961

In the city the winds roar through the trees as if racing to see who would reach the goal first. The goal? An unseen marker in the realms of space and time and in all other dimensions. Fog drifts lazily through streets, around corners, into open windows, and out again as someone rushes to close it with a bang, leaving it to fall, shattered, to the ground, left to lie there lifelessly.

Behind the steely raindrops the quivering moon reflects a golden silence, seemingly so inviting to man, so small and unimportant in this vast universe. The taut blue telephone wires hum as the wind and rain beat down upon them, with such consistency that one can tap out a steady pattern.

This goes on for hours until the twinkling puddles of water on the street are all that are left of the blinding rain, and the fog drifts away to a blowing mist. Until the yellow lengths of sand in the harbor soak up the water deposited there by the hum-drum rains of everyday city life.

In the country it continues in a steady hum until the last raindrops fade slowly away. A full purple moon, and a billowing scarf of stars, by the thousands of hundreds, appear in the sky, until the twisted silver trees form weird shadows on the lonely dirt road leading to an eternal emptiness, that so many people become acquainted with during their lifetime. People, who, with a little more effort, could have found the eternal life long dreamed about by each and everyone in the land of humans.

This continues until the people fall into a healing sleep and dream their sweet, and self-reflecting dreams of years to come and years gone by.

From majestic mountains to desolate bays; from tropical islands to the busy streets of New York; from West to East; from South to North; this is our world, and Destiny has put us here to withstand the bitter hardships of living in it.

JEANNE HATHAWAY

**PRAISE BE UNTO OUR
COMMERCIALIZED LORD**

Christmas isn't Christmas anymore,
Although many superficial spirits,
Bottled and otherwise,
May be found galore.

A person used to feel Christmas in his heart
But now he feels it in his wallet too;
Because there are so many people willing to cash in on the Lord
That Christmas is ruined for the most part.

Yes, it's sad that we can't really feel the Christmas spirit anymore
But that's the way it is:
So rally 'round that \$6.00 Christmas tree,
And praise be unto our commercialized Lord!

A SIMPLE STORY

This is a simple story in which I shall attempt to relate to you the beauties and joys of nature, all part of the magnificent great outdoors as seen from a bill-board crowded highway:

As I drove along that early morning, the feeling of exhilaration swept over me at the thought of getting away from it all if only for a day, and a drive in the country, I mused happily, would be just the ticket.

But soon the feeling slowly crept away, for the farther I drove, the more crowded it got. Oh, not with people, not by any means, but with that universal and unrelenting medium of advertisement known as the bill-board.

I looked out of the car window and there, overcome with awe, I stared with wonder at the great ball of fire rising majestically from behind the eastern hills. Or was it? I had to look again a little, for I wasn't sure whether it was the sun or the glow from the copper-bottomed pan pictured on the bright green bill-board which praised the "time-tested and approved" effects of "Shine-All" copper cleanser.

This is ridiculous, I thought disgustedly. So at the next opportunity, I swung off the highway onto a rutted gravel road, which, I might add, was in need of a little more gravel. As I jugged along, I vainly tried to catch glimpses of the peaceful countryside. And glimpses, I kid you not, were about all that there was to be had due to the distinct presence of official looking little signs lining the road each claiming to have the best lake for fishing this side of the Smokies, also the best bait, also the best souvenirs, also this, also that, also

Well, I said determinedly, there's only one way to beat this and that's to get out and walk. So I pulled the car over and hopped out. Sighting the nearest fence, I climbed over and found myself in a meadow which stretched before me like a green velvet carpet dotted with delicate summer flowers. Its solitude and beauty were breath-taking and the stillness that was broken only by the contented chirping of the birds enveloped me and set my heart at peace. Quietly I slipped off my shoes and ran barefoot through the grass still wet with dew, reveling in the simple joy of chasing a tiny butterfly.

And then I saw it. A little homestead carved out of the wilderness, standing there the same as it must have been fifty years ago, untouched by modern man and his commercialization. I slowly surveyed the setting: a little white-washed farm house, the pump with the chickens scratching about, and the old red barn with a weather-vane perched on the roof, and oh, my God!, the roof! I shook my head sadly as I read the words painted there: "See Rock City, 8th Wonder of the World, Only 10 miles. Turn left on highway"

ALAN ZEMON

NOW IT IS DARK

It is light; and when it is light there is no darkness. It is clear that light cannot sustain itself, but rather must be ideally maintained; this its nature requires. There arise those who tire of the light; they say: why maintain it? Why should we maintain it that others may see it?

Darkness appears; the first lights go out. This is not felt bad, as men rise to tell us: it was too light before anyway.

Darkness, by its nature, cannot exist unaided but must be systematically maintained. Gradually, more darkness must be brought in. Yet: it still is too light. Why keep it light for those who are choking us?

It is dark; and when it is dark there can be no light. Those who were murdering us can murder us no more; we shall continue to burn black. Light cannot be kindled out of darkness, but must be burned of its own. Now it is indeed dark.

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CAREY WORCESTER

A DAY

SECOND PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL JR. HIGH POETRY CONTEST, 1951

A silver mist lies on the earth,
The brown fields now a dusty rose,
Their grassy plains had once given birth
To a stream where emerald flowed.
Aurora, then, flings open wide
The doors to her domain.
And Apollo rides through the Gates of the East
On his chariot of flame.
The whitened veil o'er hill and dale
Gives way to an azure sky,
And fleecy clouds look down on the world
From their vantage point up high.
Apollo, then, his work all done,
Disappears through the Gates of the West,
But leaves his priceless crown of gems
On a lofty peak to rest.
The crown corrodes to burnished rust,
Set off by ruby flame,
Then crumbles into purple dust
To return from whence it came.
A star, like a jewel from the golden crown
Lingers on to shed its dim rays,
And to herald the rosy coming of dawn,
That will begin another day.

LINDA BORSCH

ON CHOOSING ONE'S OWN NAME

FIRST PRIZE QUILL AND SCROLL ESSAY CONTEST, 1961

When a baby is born a new individual has begun living. This baby must be named, for an individual must be called something so that he can be guided, taught, called down for punishment, and aided in numerous other ways. If the baby could only choose his own name it

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would be far more simple. I shall try to give a few of the reasons why the child would be better satisfied with a self-chosen name.

Upon a child's birth not much consideration is given to the fact as to whether or not the child will enjoy his name when he starts school, begins writing, or acquires friends. The good hearted parents seldom realize that their name choice could mold the personality patterns of their child. There would be very few children who would be overly excited by a first name such as that of his grandfather's great uncle's middle name, and his third cousin's, twice removed, last name for his middle name. This name would be very confusing to hear, very difficult to write, and almost dangerous to claim.

Even worse are the names for which the child can find no possible solution as to why his parents ever had him blessed with such a gem. All through his life this child goes around town being asked whom or what he was named for, or why he was named at all. These unfortunates are forced to accept nicknames which sometimes, much to one's disadvantage, symbolize some physical attribute or skill such as "Skinny," "Helpless," or "Giant."

These nicknames are the indescribable little names which sometimes haunt a being. Why do the parents name a child David when they plan to call him Dave? Why do parents name a child Robert and then call him Nicky because of his middle name? It seems as if, in this case, the child would receive his middle name in place of his given first name. Parents strangely attach long family names to a child and then pick a very common name to call him all his life. In most cases a child would like his spoken name to be the one which appears on his birth certificate. There are, however, a few children who like the attentions that they receive because of an unusual name or name situation. It is made easier for a child when school opens every year if he does not have to explain to the teacher a dozen and one times that his name is really his, and not something that he made up in order to distract the class.

When a child reaches a certain age he sometimes finds a name other than his own which he believes would be more suitable for him. He gets the ridiculous idea that he can simply inform his parents of his new found name and then they will have it changed for him. If the parents had picked a suitable name to begin with they would not, at this stage, have to try and explain to the child about customs of the family and hurting relatives' feelings.

Another big problem arises when the child finally talks his parents into making the change. He has found a name that he will never outgrow or one of which he will never be ashamed. The parents usually agree to make the change in the child's teenage years. The individual

begins, after the consent of his parents, to realize how hard it would be to go through with the change. All kinds of school records and papers would have to be changed, not excluding the art of trying to get personal friends to drop the present name and pick up a new one. To add to confusion the individual can not see himself writing one more letter to any college—least of all telling the school of a name change.

Babies will probably always be stuck without the opportunity of choosing their own names. If there were only a way in which the child could make his own decision! Maybe if everyone were called "Child" until the age of five, at which time the "Child" could pick a sensible name such as "Duke," "Spike," or "Yogi" the children of today would later be happy.

ALLEN HARVEY

"CAVERNS MEASURELESS TO MAN"

Hidden are these caverns,
Not by earth and ferns,
But they lie secreted
In the mortal man;
Caverns little thought of,
And diverse in their kind.
Some are large and bounteous,
Filled with dazzling gems—
Gems of blinding splendor
Lodged in cool, moist moss.
Those who seek this wealth
Find it ever measureless.
A cavern in its coolness,
Unmolested by the world
Latent lies and pensive
In its living breathless sod,
And those who glimpse it,
As it lives and grows,
Reassurance surges,
Bringing quiet strength,
Peacefulness and wonder
Ebb from it in a wave.
The beauty of it awes them
They have glanced into a soul.

A REFLECTION

Casual works of magic are manifested by rain. While gloom and darkness prevail overhead, the downpour brightens the earth. Shallow pools of water reflect many details of earth and sky. We dwell momentarily in a double universe.

While walking the streaming streets, a man may appear no more than a shadowy blemish on a silver-looking glass. In the pools, trees appear to be suspended in a puzzle, creating a sense of earthly and celestial topsy-turvy dam. This bright, wet, dazzling confusion of shape and shadow, of reality and reflection, will appeal strongly to anyone with the transcendental instinct about this inexplicable and dual life of ours. These reflections will always give man the strange sense of looking down at the skies.

SHEILA CHEEK

BLAST-OFF

The rocket stood poised
For its trip into space;
Each component checked,
Each dial in its place.

The one lone crew man
Was quite certain that night
The rocket would soar
In elliptical flight.

The countdown was heard,
The lone crew did retire
To shelter for safety.
Four-three-two-one-Fire!

A violent roar!
The clear air did shatter.
The rocket collapsed,
And pieces did scatter.

Chairs, blankets, and blocks
Were all over the place;
The playroom in shambles—
A housekeeper's disgrace.

Sad was the crew man;
He could not help but cry,
He'd built it himself—
Just a five-year-old guy.

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ALICE ALMOND

PRELUDE

The damp, rainy day did nothing to improve Maria Femari's spirits as she wandered out of the tenement house where she lived in downtown New York City. This was *the* day, the day she was to have an audition before the main teachers' staff of the Bronx School of Music. They were to decide which one of the many musicians in that area was "the most talented, promising, and deserving student to receive the Bronx Music Fund of \$200.00," if only *she* could win it!

Trying to take her mind off the test, she paused at the foot of the stairs and wondered what next to do. The first thing, naturally, was to reach school. The next thing, she humorously thought, would be to find a way to make a fast exit after she successfully messed up the audition.

As she started off down the dingy street, Maria noticed Ben's longed-for skates lying casually in the middle of the road. Oh, will he *ever* learn? she thought. Maria could still see the expression on his face as he opened up his lone Christmas present just four short months ago. And Rose, her five year old sister, as she joyfully tried on the homemade sweater her Mother had given her.

Right now she imagined Mom was eating lunch in the cafeteria at the factory where she worked. Although she was only one of the many seamstresses who worked at the factory there, Mrs. Femari took great pride in her work, or at least more than most of the ladies. Her mother had been forced to take the poorly-paying job because of the death of her husband. This was one reason why Maria wanted to win the scholarship. Times were hard now, and if she were unable to receive the \$200.00, her ambitions to have a career in music, and to be able to help support her family in some small way would be destroyed.

As Maria boarded the bus—it was much cheaper, 15¢, this way—she noticed a little girl with big blue eyes gleefully clutching the remains of a once proud rag-doll. Looking at the sparkle in her hair, and the gentle loving way which her mother helped her into her coat, she thought of Rose, and the taffy her mother had just made. Maria knew that most of it would be gone when she returned home, but then, she herself had sampled it. She also knew there would be at least one brother—sister fight, and at least one precious toy broken. Although they were very well mannered for their age, they were still children.

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And that was another problem. Who would take care of them? Her mother worked all day. Maria would be attending school at the conservatory some three miles away and a baby sitter was out of the question, being too expensive. Right now Ben and Rose were being watched by one of Maria's girl friends who had consented to do the job.

Maria looked out the dirty window of the bus, and noticed that it was nearing her stop. It was only a short walk of about three blocks to the school, and she felt no need to hurry. As she got off the bus, she paused to see how much money she had spent, and how much it would probably cost her for the return trip. Yes, she had enough, but barely. Any money she had left would have to be contributed to the "fund," or the small amount (\$50.00) she had managed to save. It would be used to provide her with any extra supplies she needed. And there would be plenty! Maria would need a whole, new stock of clothes, including a formal, and some skirts and blouses for school. But that was one hurdle that she felt she could easily conquer, as her mother was an excellent seamstress. Her main problem, money-wise, would be books, manuscript utensils, and things such as lunch and transportation money. The high cost of books would make fast work of her fifty dollars. Maria didn't have the slightest idea how she would pay for the other needs. Although she did not want to, Maria imagined she would eventually end up taking a small part-time job as a waitress or something of that sort. Oh, well, at least she wouldn't have to worry until that problem "came to the front." Right now, what worried her most was the test.

Maria turned and entered the Bronx School of Music. Walking down the main hall, she uttered a small prayer of thanks for being able to have the opportunity of attending a school, even though it would present many problems. She opened the study door, where her audition was to take place and entered. Her eyes quickly scanned the room, and eagerly took in its greatness and splendor. It was beautiful, especially the grand piano! Catching her breath, she walked over to the piano and sat down . . .

ELLESA HIGH

CLOUDS

Clouds are ghosts
Which float across the sky
Scaring the moon and stars away.

ELLESA HIGH

THE FALCON

The musical score for "THE FALCON" is presented on a grand staff. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes a chorus section with the following lyrics: "The Falcon in his fearless flight / The mighty bird did fly, / Flying to his destiny / Through the unborn sky." The score is marked with "Allegro" and "Cresc." and includes dynamic markings like "p" and "f".

1. Over the bounding oceans,
Over the stilled seas,
Over the bloodstained zenith
Went the leather of the breeze.
2. In the shadows of the night,
Through the great quiet dawn,
Always, always flying,
Always on and on.
3. Always on and on,
Never to be stilled,
Always flying, flying,
Over stream and hill.

MARTHA BRIMM

DECISION

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL JR. HIGH-SHORT STORY CONTEST 1960

The sun had just dropped below the horizon, leaving behind a soft blur of blue and gold as Jennie turned off the road and, gently flicking her switch at the old brindled cow, started down the narrow path toward her home. On familiar ground, the cow trotted obediently ahead between the white oaks and pokeberry bushes, leaving Jennie preoccupied with her own thoughts. Would the war ever end? For days now the Tylers had listened from their farmhouse to the din of musket fire and roar of cannon in the distance.

Today an unnatural silence had lain over the land, punctuated only by the small domestic noises of a farm. It was rumored about the countryside that there would be a forced march to cut off the British from reinforcements. If this were true . . . who knows but what the army would march on the road which came close to her home. She just *might* see her brother.

Suddenly her reverie was broken. The old cow shied at something in the bushes and broke into clumsy gallop down the path. Fear, not of anything real, but of the unknown seized her. Silently she glided forward. In the tangled underbrush she could make out a dim form of a man.

With a groan, David Pennington had sunk into the tall weeds beside the path. He would be safe here . . . for a little while.

It had been about this time the day before when he regained consciousness on the body-strewn battlefield to hear the fading rumble of the retreating British Army. He was deserted. The months of ridicule in New York and now these past four days of actual combat passed swiftly in his mind, closely followed by visions of his home in England. Home . . . if he could only get there. His single hope lay in reaching Middlesboro, toward which the British Army was in full retreat. Possessed with this thought, he began painfully to crawl away in the fast gathering darkness.

Now, twenty-four hours later, twenty-four hours haunted by the fear of pursuit and filled with the agony of his wound, he lay semi-conscious in the shadows.

The form beside the path was dark, but the fading light fell full on a young man's upturned face. Instantly, Jennie thought of her brother and knelt compassionately by his side. His blood-stained shirt caught her eye, and she struggled to raise him to his feet.

It was not until they reached the clearing by the barn that Jennie recognized his uniform. Terrified, she sprang away from him. With a gasp of pain, he almost fell. Instinctively, she supported him. He was so young and so like her brother. He would die without her help.

Without hesitation, she turned from the path toward the house and guided him to the barn.

It was toward morning when Pennington awoke. His head was clear and his wound less painful. The past thirty-six hours blurred in his mind. There was a battlefield, pain, a girl, food, and warmth. He shook his head with bewilderment.

Suddenly, the drowsiness of the night was broken. He listened intently. Hoof beats of the road! Coming closer! He was pursued!

Noiselessly, he slid to the floor down from the hay and stood motionless in the shadows by the stall. Automatically, his hand felt for his knife.

The hoofbeats had ceased. There was a rattle at the barn door. A man entered, leading a horse.

A horse! Escape! Hope filled him, routing fear and pain, giving him strength and cunning which a moment before he had not possessed.

Morning came, crisp and fair. The sunlight fell impartially on Jennie, sleeping in her room and on the lifeless form of her brother in the barn . . .

JULIE BLOCH

FORFEIT

SECOND PRIZE, "INTROSPECT" SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

A strangest feeling—
 silent, still,
Alone—until
Quickest swooping, flying
 boughs, exciting winds—
And now—
Still again—silent, bright—
Grey sky filled with light.
And wildest feeling—
 love afraid,
But faltering not,
 its forfeit paid.

VICTORIA STATION, LONDON

The dim lights shine silver on the dull rails as the crowds of people dismount from the smoke-blackened train; and hurrying, struggling with many suitcases, they enter the brightly lighted door of the waiting room, leaving the grey platform momentarily bare. Once inside, this newest crowd quickly loses its identity, as the passengers are engulfed in the populace who have come before.

They sit, crowded on rows of benches with hard wooden backs, and hard wooden arms separating each of those who waits from his unwilling companions. Their faces are pale and tired, eyes circled and lined with the grime of the coal-burning trains.

There is a constant influx of new feet stamping across the dirty floors, and new hands carrying dirty suitcases . . . checking and unchecking them in the crowded baggage room. "Uncheck before midnight, everyone. We close at midnight. That'll be two and six, sir. ThanKEW."

The people walk in and out, unloading from strange, left-handed taxis, stepping on the dirty lifts to the "Tube" which runs beneath the trains.

The hollow, well-bred voice of the man announcing trains echoes through the station, "Number thirty-six, for Liceschester, Westchestershire, Sussex, Cadden, Birekenhead and Liverpool, now loading at gate eight!"; and coarse old women with dirty aprons walk up and down the platform pushing metal carts with thick white mugs of hot tea on them.

People shove by, loading onto their trains, running with heavy arms down the platform; and the high shrill whistle of the departing train sounds, as it begins to move, enveloped in smoke and steam, to start its journey into the night.



WAIT FOR THE WEST WIND

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL POETRY CONTEST, 1961

Wait for the West Wind,
O sons of sailors, sing your chanteys,
Load your boats and make them ready—

But do not sail,
O do not sail,
Until the soft West Wind is blowing,
Blowing softly, strong, deceiving,
Silent ripples on the water.
Blow ye off to lands of wonder—
Blow ye off to southern isles.

Wait for the West Wind,
Do not sail on stormy waters,
When the wild Nor'easter blows,
When the South Wind carries rainfall,
Avoid the Gulf Stream's green temptation
Sail ye only with the West Wind.

Wait for the West Wind,
Far ye'll travel, lands of beauty,
Search for gold,
Hear the songs of native maidens,
See the regal peacock mate,
Feel the torrid West Wind blow,
Sail ye onward with the West Wind.

Wait for the West Wind,
Then sail quickly,
Leave your loves and wives and daughters,
Laugh and sail before the West Wind,
Courses set to lands unknown,
Follow dove and twig in water
To the West Wind's seaweed palace.

Wait for the West Wind,
Wives and daughters,
Wait and pray and never know;
Wait on widows' walks and hilltops,
Weary eyes the seacoast searching,
Searching for the sons and sailors . . .
And when the West Wind blows upon ye,
Know they're never coming home.

(Note: The title of this poem comes from *Heavel* by James Michener.)

SONNET NUMBER ONE

FIRST PLACE, GULL AND SCROLL POETRY CONTEST, 1961

A charming little mossy nook we found,
And there we laughed and loved and sang and slept.
And kept our secrets, hopes and thoughts profound;
And in my arms you'd laughed, but I had wept.

For old beyond my years, I somehow knew
That though today love bore us to the skies,
When burned too quickly, it is quickly through,
And, Roman candle, showers stars and dies.

This was not love, but only just a tinge,
A rosy glow — at dawn, before the sun
Had cast its full hot brightness on love's fringe
And burnt it black before its dream was done.

We must grow older so that we can know,
That love, like wine, is best when tasted slow.

JIMMIE PARROTT

THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN!

We had lived in New York for almost a year, but my Mom and Pop, from Leesville, South Carolina, had never made a very good adjustment to the life in a busy northern city. The reason behind this was that New York is filled with Yankee people, Yankee customs, Yankee history, and worst of all, as Pop says, "New York is just plumb too far north of that Mason and Dixon line!"

Everything being considered, we had been getting along pretty well in our new home, until the day that the telegram came. It was last July fourth, a day which true Southerners don't celebrate, and always a black day in our family.

We were sitting at home condemning all the ignorant Yankees for celebrating such an event when Mom suddenly ran into the room shrieking with joy. "Grannie is comin' for a visit!", she screamed.

At first I thought that they were sending us back to Leesville because of Pop's secret KKK actions Times Square last New Year's Eve, but then I realized that Mom was upset with joy. When I heard the contents of the telegram, I was positive that we still had a home, at least for a while.

Grannie arrived with all the glory of the Old South on the morning of the fifth. She had refused to step foot in the Yankee town while "that celebration" was going on in all the streets. She arrived with her C.S.A. flag under one arm, her picture of "Dear Jeffie Davis" under the other, and singing Dixie at the top of her lungs. To our surprise she even had a police escort. It seemed that on her way from the train station she had tried to stage a "small demonstration." Grannie wanted the C.S.A. to be admitted to the UN at the same time as Red China. After the mob had been dispersed, the six nice policemen had offered to see Grannie safely home.

The visit lasted for two weeks, and every afternoon of those two weeks the same six policemen saw her home after her morning of subversive activities. Mom thought it was real sweet of the Mayor to assign Grannie a special escort.

One afternoon Grannie painted in big red letters on the side of the Empire State Building, "Yankees go home!". Later, even Grannie admitted that it was bad strategy—the Yankees were already at home; where else could they go? The South surely didn't want them!

At the end of two weeks, in a blaze of glory, Grannie departed from Grand Central. She left behind one relieved police force, approximately thirty converts, one soap box, one City map with its most vulnerable points marked in red, and one slightly confused delegation from Red China.

That all happened last July. Now it's May and spring is beautiful in Leesville this year. The Mayor asked us to leave town shortly after Grannie did. He was afraid she might decide to come back for another visit.

Grannie is still campaigning to get that seat in the UN, but her methods are more silent these days. She has even started a whisper campaign to the affect that the South is going to cut off its supply of grits to the North. She knows that nothing is such a good morale breaker as having to go without your grits. Grannie is real glad to have us at home again, and she is still talking 'bout how she was "jest too vivacious for them there 'Damn-Yankees.'"

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