



# Waggener High School



## Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, May 1962

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.

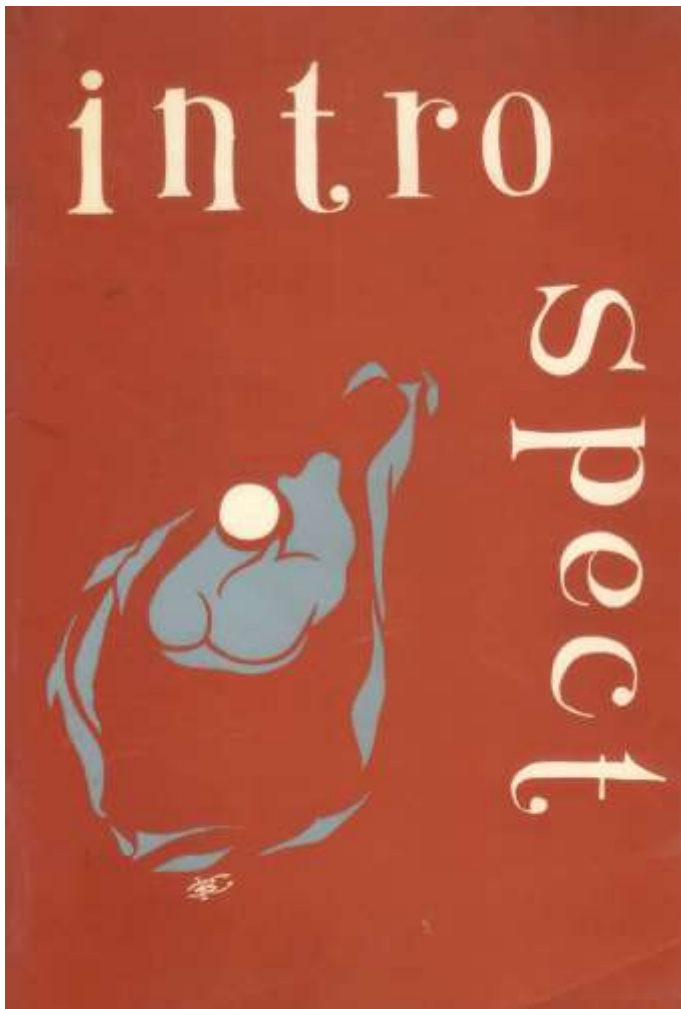
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have 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 Heather Scarlett Hurley (63) for this copy.

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, May 1962, Volume Three, Number One



# introspect

The Literary Magazine  
of  
Waggener High School

St. Matthews, Kentucky  
May, 1962

Volume Three  
Number One

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, May 1962, Volume Three, Number One

This page was not part of original booklet.



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# introspect

**VOL. III, NO. 1  
MAY, 1962**

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

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## editors' notebook

This year we of the *introspect* staff have tried to publish the third annual edition of Waggener's literary magazine with an eye to improvement and innovation. Greatly encouraged by the apparent interest of the students in the publication of their own literary efforts, we have attempted to give them ample opportunity both to write and to have their compositions printed. This year for the first time, the magazine includes a special junior high section in which are printed some of the many fine contributions from Waggener's 7th, 8th, and 9th grade students. Another new feature is the publication of a guest composition written by a student of another high school in this area.

This year we are very proud of the experimental program initiated by *introspect* to promote interest in creative writing among the junior high students. The reaction from both the students and the teachers participating was very gratifying, and the experiment yielded many promising pieces of writing.

### *Our Thanks to:*

Our two sponsors, Mrs. Hannah Baird and Mrs. Paula Pendergrass, who agreed to act in that capacity after Mrs. Baird's departure.

Calvin Johnson, our Business Manager, who has managed to publish this magazine in spite of its editors.

Mrs. Anna Jenkins, Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, and Miss Irene Durham for their co-operation in the Junior High Creative Writing Program.

Mrs. Katherine Kirwan for her sponsorship of the Quill and Scroll, the chief source of our copy.

The *Chit Chat* for its excellent coverage throughout the year.

Mike Bennett, of Trinity High School, for his guest contribution.

Our particular gratitude to the patrons, who contributed monetary expressions of their faith, and to the purchasers, who have shown the same faith in the quality and interest in the aims and ideals of *introspect*.

Helen R. Bisha  
Bruce Chang  
Editors

## awards

### QUILL AND SCROLL CONTEST

SENIOR HIGH SHORT STORY DIVISION, Myrta Baxter, *The Hard Woman*.

SENIOR HIGH ESSAY DIVISION, Allan Harvey, *An Ideal for Life*.

SENIOR HIGH ESSAY DIVISION, Martha Brimm, *Desert Storm*.

SENIOR HIGH POETRY DIVISION, Richard Dieter, *Conformity*.

JUNIOR HIGH SHORT STORY DIVISION, Mike Easley, *A Tall Story*.

JUNIOR HIGH POETRY DIVISION, Carol Moran, *Why Lee and Johnny Died*.

### INTROSPECT SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, Gretchen Hauptli, *The Harvester*.

SECOND PRIZE, Lynn Staley, *Fingerprints of a Fern*.

THIRD PRIZE, Marcus Burke, *The Reaper*.

## cover notes

When any word or term is new to someone, it is the usual procedure for him to leaf through Webster's dictionary in search of the definition. Well, dear reader, in the interest of saving you such a tedious task, it is as follows: "in-tro-spect", to look into or within, as one's own mind; to inspect, as one's own thoughts or feelings; to practice self-examination." The gems of literary works often lie in the hidden recesses of a creative mind and it has been the privilege of *introspect* to uncover some of these gems. On the cover the oyster symbolizes the creative mind and the pearl, a literary work. May this inspire you to uncover some of your own pearls.

Bruce Chang  
Co-editor





CALVIN JOHNSON

## WHY I WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE

A college education, to me, offers the promise of a fuller life in terms of vocational success, intellectual breadth, and social competency. It is often stated that a college graduate can earn much more than a person having less education. One who draws upon the reservoir of knowledge and develops the specific skills related to his chosen field becomes prepared for his work in life. However, so much stress is often placed on the fulfillment of a number of requirements for a degree that it becomes a status symbol of success, an end in itself. A degree and a well-paying job are not in themselves sufficient motivation for me to undertake this rigorous program of concentration and study.

There must be continuing intellectual growth throughout life if the person is to become a significant individual. Undergraduate study facilitates this process of acquiring knowledge and affords the opportunity for becoming acquainted with a vast range of ideas. A college education also teaches the relationship between various fields of learning. Such understanding better prepares the student for life. Since we live in a time of rapid technological change, it is difficult to establish a specific body of information which would form an adequate basis for any life work. An education in the liberal arts, however, **does** give the student the proper foundation to meet the challenges of new demands. The experience of college cultivates intellectual wisdom which is all important in finding the purpose of our existence and in acquiring the long view of life. Such a perspective enables one not only to deal with his immediate situation but also to see the larger patterns of history.

A person who is unskilled in social relationships is not fully mature. The many aspects of a well-rounded college experience can cultivate these social traits. The interrelation with other vital and alert young people develops wider interests and provides leadership opportunities. In such ways, the college environment develops the spiritual and social components of the student. He learns to take the responsibilities of citizenship in a democracy. He recognizes the truth that

through service one obtains true happiness. Thus, both a social consciousness and a social conscience are acquired. Intellect and skill are not enough to give meaning to life. Only the understanding of oneself and of one's place in society fulfills the deepest need of the human spirit.

College is a means to an end—a building block, an investment in life. I seek through college the opportunity to attain my vocational, intellectual, and social goals. I hope it will provide me with new skills, teach me to work creatively with people, help me become a dynamic person in my vocation, and above all help me make a contribution to society.

GEORGIA BRUCKEN

### THE JESTER AND THE SAGE

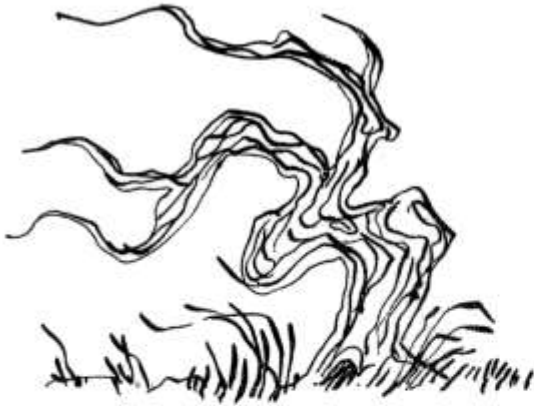
Whilst walking down the road of life,  
Approaching middle age,  
I chanced to meet two travelers ;  
A jester and a sage.

The clown was full of merriment  
And seemed without a care.  
The sage was clad in self-control ;  
A calm all-knowing air.

'Twas strange that two such opposites  
Should accompany one another :  
A dignified, deep-thinking man,  
And one without a bother.

And so I stopped and asked of them  
From whence in life they came.  
The first replied, "Why, just as you."  
The second answered the same.

"But surely," said I in puzzlement,  
"I'd've known you both before."  
"Oh, yes," then smiled the learned man,  
"We lived to you next door."



“ ’Twas in your youth,” the jester said,  
“I knew you well, indeed.”  
The wrinkled sage grew quite forlorn,  
“I warned . . . you did not heed.”

“What was it that you warned me of?”  
I dared not ask again.  
“ ’Twas of the follies of your youth ;  
Alas, but all in vain.”

“In vain?” I asked, and was quite shocked.  
And did then add in haste:  
“But has my life been thusly lived  
To be a total waste?”

“Oh, no,” the jester spoke right up, “I’ve found  
You quite a willing sort  
To follow me in the jests of youth  
That make it such a merry sport!

“You’ve laughed, and played, and romped with me,  
And thrown away the years.”  
As I thought back—it all was true—  
My eyes filled up with tears.

All this I'd done, and nothing more  
For man or self or God.  
I turned to the sage in humility  
He answered with a nod.

The wise old soul then looked at me ;  
"My child, please lend an ear :  
Though long and hard I pled with you,  
'Tis true you would not hear.

"You now have come to middle age  
And half your life is wasted.  
If you had frolicked less, my child,  
Real joy you would have tasted.

"But youth is stubborn and head-strong ;  
From age it turns away ;  
So you have given no thought to me  
Until this very day.

"And now that you have met me here  
And know me upon sight,  
I'll talk and walk along with you,  
To help you day and night.

"To help you see the truth in things,  
To find it without strife ;  
For truth, you know, must always have  
A place within your life.

"You must honor it and cherish it  
Whilst living day to day.  
And if you do, I promise you,  
That peace will never stray."

"But sober thoughts are not enough !"  
The two did then agree.  
"That's why we both together walk  
And make good company."

"I cheer him up, he calms me down,"  
'Twas the jester once again.  
"And now we'll walk along with you,  
In the middle of the lane."  
Today, I'm almost at the end  
Of life's long, weary ways.  
But mirth and truth are still with me . . .  
The jester and the sage.

GEORGIA BRUCKEN

### ON A HILL

High on the hill he stood and there remained  
Until the last sun ray became invisible.  
"How many after me," he wondered,  
"Will look at the setting sun  
And know how fleeting it is?  
Yesterday we were young and firm in our ideas,  
And not one discouraging word did we know.  
We went about in life as though we ruled the world,  
And all that mattered was our happiness.  
Cock-sure of ourselves, never once did we doubt  
That the sky would be forever blue.  
Our youthful enthusiasm made our wildest dreams  
Seem ready to come true at the slightest nod.  
The sun was at its zenith and the heavens were free  
From the smallest cloud of fear or doubt.  
We were young then, and within us burned  
The spark of hope to see us through."  
He asked himself how that spark had become  
As ash, an ember, and had blown away?  
How that happiness and self-assurance  
Had become a mere memory with age?  
How had we lost our hearts and desires  
To find the ends of those colorful rainbows?  
Darkness came and he turned away,  
For he knew not the answer to his timeless question.

GEORGIA BRUCKEN

### WE ARE YOUTH

We knock at the door and are turned away.  
So we take count of ourselves and find that they  
Who bolted the lock from within  
Have discovered our past and know our sin  
To be that of youth. They are jealous,  
For they know that within each one of us  
A spirit abides ; one they no longer may claim  
For themselves. Ours is a spirit, not only in name  
But in thought and word and deed.  
And they know our spirit theirs does exceed.  
For we stand here ready to conquer the world,  
With our hearts in our hands, our flags unfurled.  
Our banner above us, we stand at attention ;  
And our courage knows no bond or dimension.  
We are young and able ; they, old and gray ;  
So they bolted the lock and turned us away.



GEORGIA BRUCKEN

### A WOMAN'S LOVE

If it be such that you love me, love me.  
And forever I shall love you unceasingly  
As only a woman can do. But if  
You do not love me, then disguise not  
Your feelings in pretense, for I shall  
Despise you longer with a woman's hate.

MYRTA BAXTER

## THE HARD WOMAN

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL  
SENIOR HIGH SHORT STORY CONTEST

The radio announcer had finished with the news and was giving the weather. "There is a prediction of a total accumulation of ten inches of snow for the area of Newtonburg and Roseville, with heavy snow and low temperatures in the other parts of the state."

The greasy smell of the combination truck stop and lunch counter was increased in comparison with the pure soft snow outside. The trucks parked outside loomed monstrous in the chilling night. The customers included a few intercity truck drivers and incidental motorists, who were stopped to get away from the bad night.

With their minds on the weather outside, none seemed to notice the entrance of a hard-looking, middle-aged woman who quickly shut the battered door. She made her way across the floor and mounted the last stool on the end. She was poorly dressed, her clothes increasing her hard features.

Her weather-beaten, and perhaps trouble-beaten face, was a sordid one, scored with the unknown ruts of a terrible and disappointing life. In a rough but sad voice she ordered a cup of coffee and a hamburger.

She then made her way to the gaudily lighted juke box, which had just finished playing a current jazz tune, "Night Blues." Carefully she read the list of titles the machine had to offer, inserted a nickel, and returned to her coffee and hamburger.

All waited to hear the strains of a bleating jazz number. The room filled with the music the stranded derelict had selected—"Silent Night, Holy Night."

NED LAWRENCE

## DUSK

Truly there is no more beautiful a creation of nature than the sunset ; the time between dark and light when the pale red, yellow and oranges filter through the darkening amber sky to illuminate the soft puffy clouds floating freely overhead as if held aloft by some unseen giant.

As the yellow orb we know as the sun sinks lower in the sky, the moon appears above the harvest fields. The soft rays of the sun give the moon a weird look of fantasy as only found in fairy tales.

Above the tall trees a flock of birds fly over heading for a roosting to spend the night. Throughout the countryside the farmers and tradesmen lay aside the tools of their trade and contentedly make their weary way home. In the homes nestled snugly in the hills, dinner is cooking and waiting for the men of the house to return from work.

The pale rays of sunlight have turned a bright crimson now, and a yellow orb hovering in the sky has slowly declined into the resting hills of the countryside as though it were a sinking ship carrying the hope of humanity.

The amber sky has now turned black, and the moon begins to rise in the sky like a golden chariot. Slowly the rays still hovering where the sun has descended begin to fade.

A flash! A bright flash turning the sky an ominous purple and green breaks the still of this peaceful scene. A concussion shocks the once peaceful world, and a giant cloud glowing with the evil of man rises like a monster in the distance. The sky now has turned bright as day. Around the ominous cloud a deep blue flame leaps up and utters contempt to the world.

The concussion has stirred the birds, once nestled in the now leveled trees into flight. It is a ghastly sight as they move across the pink sky as would a huge funeral car carrying man to eternity. God forgive the now dead humanity floating on their coffin of sin.



SUSAN RUMBLE

### PEACE

The fire has flickered ; dies in peaceful glow . . .  
I am one now with the smoke, the snow . . .  
To pen a thought, a song or sonnet write,  
Love lies peaceful in the waning light.  
Far off retreats another frantic day,  
Stuffed with hours, it will dormant lay,  
But unlike it I will live not for sunrise,  
When harsh, awaking sounds lay bare my eyes . . .  
Twilight is an adventure in Content,  
When all of my quiet reverie is bent  
Upon a harmony with welcome Night,  
For, waking I will better face the light.

SUSAN RUMBLE

### RAIN

The anguish mirrored by a thousand doubts  
And in a thousand puddles, clouds the year's  
Sweet brightness. Dun existence sadness flaunts  
Upon a world already wet with tears.  
  
I seem to fade amid this mirrored gloom,  
Yet rain but draws me farther into mine—  
A life too bright now reconciles with doom—  
Rain tempers joy, as water distils wine . . .  
  
Out of our patterned glories we must see  
That heavy drops of melancholy sin  
A comfort to our overwrought souls be—  
The mirror that we see our true souls in . . .  
  
This is perceived—that with its price of pain  
Life compensates—a gentle touch of rain.

SUSAN RUMBLE

### THE MESSAGE

(My son, my son—behind bars like a caged animal. Oh, your eyes are bitter. I must reach you now—before it is too late. . . )

“Hello Bill! My, you’re looking well. How do you feel?”

(Oh Mother, you look so—worn and tired and sad. I wish I was free—just for a while—to tell you that I need you. Free. But then, you wouldn’t care . . . )

“Fine Mom. Never better. Look O.K. yourself. Pretty cool place huh?”

(Oh, Bill, you’re so—cocky. But then you never much cared what happened to you. I can see the hostility in your eyes. You must—hate me, son. I never did much for you. But then, I can’t blame you, Bill. Tomorrow you will die . . . )

“Do they treat you nice here? Your pa said . . . ”

(My pa was here before me, Mother! He left me this—legacy! But you—were gentle with me. You were different. But you never understood. Eight kids and you thought I was the black sheep of all of them. I wanted to tell you I need you, Mom—now! But—I can’t reach you.)

“Yeah-yeah-great! You should see the spread I’ve got for supper tonight—chicken—apple pie—the works! I—Mother, why are you crying?”

(Son, you don’t think I understand. But I do—and I must reach you—Over the years the others didn’t matter. You were the worst behaved of the lot, Bill, but I loved you the best. I can see you now—when you were a little boy—in your little sweater—and, now, yes, now you’re a man. And now you will die . . . )

“Oh, I’m not crying, Bill. Just an allergy. Er—weather’s been awful nice lately.”

(Don’t be kind to me, Mom. You don’t understand. All these wasted years, and I never did anything, for you. And

now I want to tell you—before it's too late—that I wanted to . . .)

“That's good. Er-Pa'll prob'ly go fishing.”

(Bill, the officer's come for me. Oh, son, say the prayer with me—like when you were little. —Now I lay me down to sleep—Please understand, son—I pray the Lord my soul to keep—Good-bye, son! I can't reach you! You just don't care!)

“Well, I guess this is it, Bill. Be—brave.”

(Oh, Mother, you don't understand! I'm—I'm, afraid!)

“I've never been afraid of anything, Mom. Nothing ever hurt me.)

“Good-bye, Bill.”

“Good-bye, Mom.”

(I remember when I was a kid—that prayer. Never prayed much . . . How did it go—If I should die before I wake—Oh, Mother!)

A door shut. A bond severed. A message-lost.

SUSAN RUMBLE

### EVANESCENCE

Despair, my substance  
(For Earth has lost its dignity)  
I crucify.  
Too weak with anguish to explain  
Why . . .  
To hold my heart in misery  
Is dead delight  
(I worshipped Joy)  
And yet, fulfillment is too harsh  
—Beggar's toy . . .  
Endeared, the Image soon becomes  
A scalding Memory . . .  
I begin to see  
That the draught of wine, I would define  
a hollow Victory . . .

GRETCHEN HAUPTLI

## THE HARVESTER

FIRST PRIZE, SENIOR HIGH DIVISION, "INTROSPECT"  
SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

The tanned wrinkled face of the old harvester revealed more than mere age or the lines worn by hard work. His face was a mirror of his life, reflecting his youth and maturity at the same time. His hard eyes had a decided twinkle about them that was accentuated by the numerous wrinkles of his forehead. His chin was bold but the thinness of his rough lips which turned slightly upward in an impish grin showed that he was not quite so bold as his chin might suggest. His clothes were old and worn, but yet he had an air of neatness and order about him. In his vest pocket rested an old watch with which he toyed when he was nervous. The chain jingled when he laughed, making him laugh even harder. A pipe stem extended from the left side of his mouth protruding through a much neglected mustache of grey. Smoke swirled above his head while his gaze watched it disappear into the distance. He was crouched in a rocking chair and seemed to grow wearier with each creak of its antique rockers. Soon his eyelids slipped shut and he was a boy again climbing to the very top of the apple tree to harvest a juicy crop. But this man had harvested a much bigger crop-life. He had separated the golden grain of happiness from the pod of useless waste, had gathered it, and had watered it well with kindness. Thus his harvest was indeed bountiful and now it must be passed on to the rest of the world, for the harvester's job is done.

THIS PAGE IS SPONSORED BY VICKI BREELAND.

HELEN BISHA

### **CANNIBALISM**

We two were young and brave ;  
We laughed and sang and thought great thoughts together.  
Your youth called forth the springtime lying frozen,  
Caught in the dead, black ice of another winter ;  
You taught me joy.  
Wisdom I gave you, the knowledge of grief and death.  
(You touched my face with April's flame-green branches.)  
I offered you to taste the bitter herb,  
The brackish cup of discontent  
That you might know my heart.  
I reached across the emptiness to touch your hand,  
To bridge compassion's deep abyss  
Between the worlds of age and innocence,  
That I might love the quickness of your youth  
And you should drink my tears.

LYNN STALEY

### **FINGERPRINTS OF A FERN**

SECOND PRIZE, SENIOR HIGH DIVISION, "INTROSPECT"  
SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

Delicate and sweet smelling, a fern belongs in the class of beauty. Its slender spine supports feathery imitations of leaves. Growing close on the ground, a fern is gentle. It is a symbol of love and of pure unmarred loveliness. Its fragileness makes a fern quiet ; it doesn't roar like mighty trees. Repose and restfulness bring tender thoughts to the mind and love to the heart. Ferns are beautiful, but unlike a storm, they make themselves known in silence.

JOYCE CLEVELAND

**A CAT**

She drifts in the door,  
With the autumn haze,  
Her eyes serene,  
And blood on her velvet paws.  
(Rattledy-purrrrr)  
She washes her smokey fur  
With a pink plush tongue,  
Her eyes placid,  
And the wild night burns in the fire.



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JOYCE CLEVELAND

### QUESTIONS

I'd like to have a word with whoever invented time,  
If only in imagination,  
I'd like to ask you a few questions—  
Good ones I think.  
Why are there only twenty-four hours in a day?  
Or days at all for that matter?  
Or years?  
Or eons?  
We live a little, and then we die,  
Why divide it up?  
Into hours,  
Or days,  
Or years,  
Or eons?  
The world came into being one way or another,  
It will cease to exist in one way or another  
And the sun,  
And the star-suns,  
And the galaxies,  
And the universe,  
We're nothing.  
But still you sliced us up into smaller nothings  
'Til we're so full of nothings that we live by the hour,  
By the day,  
By the year,  
By the eon.  
What are we to the universe?  
Nothing.  
What is the universe to infinity?  
Nothing.  
Who were you to invent time?  
God?

MARCUS BURKE

## THE REAPER

THIRD PRIZE, SENIOR HIGH DIVISION, "INTROSPECT"  
SPONTANEOUS WRITING CONTEST

In the pre-dawn darkness, wading through a green sea's fretful edges, a man walks. He is short, stooped, utterly grotesque in every form of the word. He stops, bends down and tugs at the stalks of a plant yet hidden by the vast immensity of the green sea.

Repeating this action time and again, the man slowly takes from the sea row after row of stalks. Making his way toward us, he halts, stands up, and goes on with this hell-like labor.

The sun, breaking the chains which have held the shrouds of black and gloom over the earth, bursts from below the horizon of green waves as a ball of fire. The man, stopping only to gaze for a moment's time at the sun, resumes his work. To the sun, looking down upon the laborer as a god looks upon an ant, this insignificant mortal must be as a shuttlecock, tossed around by the laws of nature which he, the sun, controls.

The day as all before it, becomes mature, and the worker, sweltering already, must be cursing the sun for the heat which is roasting him.

Now stopping, now beginning anew, the man continues plucking at the stalks of the small plants, but as he finishes a row, another seems to appear on the horizon.

Noon comes, and the sun, having reached its zenith, starts its way down to the other side of the world. The afternoon is hot, the man is thirsty, but he knows he may not drink.

He is closer now, and he comes yet closer, so close that we may hear his utterances as he works his way through the vegetation.

The harvester stands up, and looking ahead of him at the ever-stretching sea of green, closes his eyes as if to eradicate the unfinished rows from the face of the earth. "DAMN TURNIPS."



KAROL MENZIE

### MONUMENT TO CHARLIE

Charlie was raised in the city.

That's probably why he liked to call up farmers in the wee  
little bitty

Hours of the morning, like say, 2 A.M.

He asked them how their cows were

And how their crops had been.

Then he asked for Sam

Sometimes Charlie went to the train depot and  
took a friend who wanted to go  
with him to watch the trains come there.

They'd find a friendly engineer  
and ride the switch engines everywhere—

Which was illegal.

Once a friend of Charlie's who was on a geology  
binge needed some jars to put his rocks in.

Charlie leaped into the breach

But the jars smelled like formaldehyde.

The friend's mother threw them out with a screech—

Charlie's father owned the city morgue.

Charlie wanted to be an undertaker too and  
he studied the business from the bottom through

Then he crawled into a coffin to see what  
it felt like.

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RICHARD DICTER

### CONFORMITY

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL  
SENIOR HIGH POETRY CONTEST

As I look upon God's messengers of nature  
And note their individual casts,  
I pause ;  
And I recall a joy, a joy now removed from my life.

These leaves—they touch, they grasp, they stir my inner soul ;  
Their singular beauty is a rare and stalwart messenger,  
The last  
Of a dying order.

The people I knew, like the leaves,  
Possessed a flowing, reaching quality  
Once.  
They strongly bore the thoughts of the leaves.  
They have altered their minds, and how ?

I advance to the milkweeds,  
Random children of the heedless wind,  
They follow, they cluster, they are one . . .  
Clinging, a few are led into the pond  
Destruction ;  
They perish in their magnetic state.  
A common fate is shared  
For no unfounded reason.

My peers choose  
To descent from a pod. Not being  
The authors of their events,  
Their occurrences and fortunes flow  
In a parallel state  
Of maze.

Freedom, sought, fought for,  
Is brandished wastefully by them.  
It is lost in a common flow.

Will these men, having lost a purpose,  
Rise ? Return ?  
To obtain the Director's obliterated goal

Without his guidance, can they  
Effect a change?

They must ; and yet  
When questioned, they are annoyed.  
They persecute me, mock me. And I alone,  
Will know that apart from them  
I dwell.

The leaves and I  
Are free,  
And we will control  
Our impressions and  
Effect our existence in a way known and understood  
By us only.

MICHAEL TURNER

### **SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH**

Throughout American legend there stands a man who will live as long as the American people care to remember anything about their past. I am speaking of the Confederate fighting man. He embodies the very spirit that was and is the South ; and yet, in a greater sense, he stands as the symbol of America. Although he has become extinct from even the courthouse steps, the memory of him lives on, because he symbolizes the very essence of the American soldier—his courage, his devotion, his will to fight for that which he believes is right.

He might have come from Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, or a dozen other states ; but no matter where his home lay, he fought for the same land. It was a dying land of a dying age, but he loved it. He loved its stately mansions and its little shacks, its fields of cotton and its fields of corn, its gurgling brooks and its mighty rivers. One day an army set foot upon his land ; and he took up a gun and a sword to defend it. He fought until the gun was broken and the sword bent, the mansions and shacks burned, the cotton and corn were rotting in the fields, and brooks and rivers ran red with blood. He fought because he loved his land.

The flag under which he served became tattered with age, but it was surrounded with glory. His leaders were men the likes of whom America will never see again: the knightly Lee, the daring Jackson, the stalwart Hill, the gallant Hood. They too were ringed with glory. All that he touched attained glory—glory that he had won at Chancellorsville, glory that he had bled for at Antietam, glory that he had died for at Franklin. He is gone now, but we, the living, will never forget the way he fought and died.

He fought with a will that never ceased, yet, in the end, he was defeated—defeated, but not beaten. He could never be beaten. With his land dying, his home burning, his women and children starving, he fought on—until there was nothing left to fight for, or fight with. Yet, as he walked down the dusty trail that led to Appomatox, he wrote the South's name and the name of America as high on the pages of history as it has ever been written; and the banner he carried into the twilight of the Lost Cause will stand forever as a monument to his courage and devotion.

MARTHA BRIMM

## DESERT STORM

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL SENIOR  
HIGH DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY CONTEST

A breathless stillness covers the desert. Motionless, a rabbit sits on the warm sand under a mesquite bush. Dusky-hued and bright eyed, a mouse crouches on the edge of its burrow, watching, waiting.

A cool breeze stirs heralding the approach of the storm. Clouds begin to race across the turquoise sky, blotting out the sun. As if by magic, all the desert creatures vanish. An eerie darkness envelops the land. Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning rends the angry clouds. Thunder rolls, echoing and re-echoing against the sheer walls of a nearby canyon. Tumbleweed, caught by the wind, bounds across the sand. Mesquites and junipers sway and toss fitfully as the storm increases in fury. Crystal drops of rain fall slowly at first, then pour torrentially from the weeping sky.

The wind dies abruptly, the rain ceases, and the sky clears. Watery diamonds sparkle on the spines of the dark green cacti. Inquisitively, the mouse pokes its sharp little nose out of its burrow and sniffs the clean rain-washed air. The jack rabbit races joyfully over the dunes. A slate-colored lizard appears from nowhere. Overhead, white clouds play a celestial game of tag—setting off the deep azure of the sky.

The storm is over.



MARTHA BRIMM

### COMPANIONS

A little boy and his grandfather  
Sitting beside the deep blue pond  
In silence  
Fishing.

The earth is cool and the sun sparkles on the water  
The leaves of the oak stirred by the wind  
Rustle softly  
Whispering.

A bond of love binds them together  
Memory of yesterday and hope of the future  
In today  
United.

JOHN GUTH

### **IMPOSSIBLE, BUT NOT TRUE EITHER**

Beyond the realm of modern science lies the Unknown. It never tells the truth, but who cares? Anyway, located in the midst of the Unknown is the Impossible. Contrary to popular belief, the Impossible is real. It is a physically existing world composed of elements. However, these are not ordinary elements. They are all made partly or wholly of Mungy (pronounced "munjee") and are quite impossible. In addition to Mungy, they consist of electrons, neutrons, and batons. When these elements were formed, several mistakes occurred. The nuclei were made of electrons and neutrons (instead of protons and neutrons as it should be), and the batons were sent swirling about the nucleus in a disorderly fashion. Between the nucleus and the orbiting batons was placed a tremendous amount of Mungy. To this comedy of errors one can but say, "If at first you don't secede, join the Union. Rome was not built in a day; it was built in Italy."

Right now you are probably asking yourself, "What is Mungy?" Mungy was invented in 1642 by a science teacher who is now in exile. Recently, it was rediscovered by the author when a flying saucer shot some at him (he hasn't been the same since). Mungy is stretchable, bendable, squishable, polyunsaturated; and it bounces. It is impossible to tell its color because it is so blue. I can't see for the tears in my eyes (like, blue is a sad hue). The above are but superficial characteristics of Mungy. Deep down inside it's all heart. Therefore, Mungy has a profound effect on the mind (as if you didn't know).

So much for the scientific aspects of the Impossible, what of the philosophical aspects? Is the Impossible so impossible that to talk about it is to go to far? Are we to be like Magellan who went so far that he came back around the other side? We needn't worry; even Magellan didn't make it. Don't count your sheep before the fence is built (dreamers have been sawing logs for years but that fence is still unfinished). Face the Impossible with a smile (and face poetry with a simile); for verily I say unto you, "He who laughs last probably didn't get it anyway."

ALLAN HARVEY

## AN IDEAL FOR LIFE

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL  
SENIOR HIGH ESSAY CONTEST

In his book, *The Discovery of India*, Mr. Nehru wrote, "In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an ideal, for truth, for faith, for country and honor." These words can be mouthed in a matter of seconds but for most, it would take more than a lifetime to come close to fulfilling their command.

In a nutshell, this is the ideal for life. It forms a neat little mold into which all of us, in a moment of reflection, would like to pour our characters. The question that remains is . . . can we? The answer can only be found within ourselves.

Ideals such as courage, sincerity, responsibility, if understood and practiced, help us to form characters, capable of fulfilling the destiny set forth by Mr. Nehru's invitation.

In today's troubled and confused world, all too many people are concerned with a somewhat selfish and usually ineffective pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp happiness. Nonetheless success and happiness can only be gained in the giving of ourselves to something which will endure beyond our brief existence.

In a great sense, it is now that we can hope that our future will be penned with such skill and delicacy that there will be the proper balance between the tragic and pleasurable, the light and the shadow, the celestial and the mundane. It is now, perhaps better than any other time in our lives, that we can awaken the humanity, understanding, and humility within ourselves to endure the contrasts of life. If we can remain untarnished, we shall be able to laugh with every merry antic, thrill with every noble speech, weep when sorrow tells us it is time for weeping.

A way of life has been established by Mr. Nehru; it remains for each of us to grasp its standards. In this light there seems to be a kinship with one of the parables of Antoine St. Exupery, French writer and flyer born in 1900. He wrote:

And the sculptor fixed the likeness of a face in clay. And you walked by and passed before his work and you glanced at the face and then walked on your way. And then it happened that you were not quite the same. Slightly changed, but changed, turned and inclined in a new direction, only for a while perhaps, but still for a while.

A man thus experienced an indefinable impulse: he lightly fingered the clay. He placed it in your path. And you were caught with this same indefinable impulse. And it would not have been otherwise if a hundred thousand years had intervened between his gesture and your passing.

As we are swept along the stream of life—submerged in the flux of social aggregations—what whims, what endeavors, what impressions will captivate our minds and “incline us in a new direction”?

Suffice it to say, Mr. Nehru’s sentiment has held true throughout countless centuries.

LEO DURHAM

### THE WORLD OUTSIDE

Enclosed behind far reaching walls,  
Steel and fate bind our souls.  
Our lives to be lived  
In dirt-filled streets,  
In crowded rooms with  
Cardboard walls.  
Trapped here by our birthrights;  
Apart from the world outside.  
Outside they move free and gay.  
Their stride is swift;  
Their faces hard.  
Their streets echo the tramping of feet.  
Power and victory are theirs.  
In their world:  
The world outside.  
Our future is written;  
Our time is near.



Death will come hard ;  
    In concentration camps,  
    In furnaces,  
    In mass graves.

Millions to suffer, to die.  
While outside their power will rise,  
  and conquer,  
  and trample.

Their end will come !  
    But for now—  
We must remain apart  
From the world outside.

Our bodies will lie in ground covered with snow.  
Our minds will decay ;  
Our minds . . .

---

Our bodies rot.  
Our children must suffer—  
    Our wives, our husbands,  
    Our mothers, our friends,  
    The fathers, the old,  
    The young, the foolish,  
    The wise.

All live in fear, in dread.  
Our hope is all but gone.  
The time will come, but still not yet,  
    When they too  
Will know dread and fear and death.  
All this will come to those who put us here, to those—  
Those in the world outside.

But still we wait and pray and die.  
Apart from THAT world outside.

Now it ends.  
Their fall has come.  
Many are dead, many more shall die.  
And now they too join  
Our dead, our dying.  
And they too are now apart  
From the outside world.

BRUCE CHANG

## I ACCUSE

"Halt, halt, catch the scoundrel. He's taken a ha'penny's worth of confection from my counter. Catch him I say; don't let him get away!" cried a bearded man wearing a white apron as he ran down Cane Street. "Ah, you've apprehended the beggar, kind sir. Very good."

"What has he done?" asked the man while containing the boy who struggled most viciously.

"What has he done? Why he took a ha'penny confection from my shop. Just reached in and took it, he did," glared the bearded, skinny, old man.

"Well, he hasn't the confection now. There's no evidence," said the gentleman almost defending the boy as he disliked the old man's attitude.

"Of course he hasn't, he's eaten it, but he stole what he ate nonetheless," retorted the confectioner.

"Without proof I'm afraid you haven't a case," answered back the man now definitely defending the ragged and frightened boy.

"Haven't a case have I? Well, we'll see about that. You Sir, you over there, yes you, step over here a moment will you?" called the shopkeeper to the customer he was waiting on when the alleged thievery took place. "Now Sir, tell this worthy gentleman is this not the boy who just snatched a ha'penny confection from my shop?"

"Well now," gruffed the banker-like man, "he seems to be one and the same, but as I didn't have my focals in place I can't say yes in all certainty. Besides all these street urchins look the same, one and all a mess."

"You have less of a case now than before," beamed the gentleman who no longer held the boy with any grip at all.

"I saw the boy, and I'm taking him to the constable's to be switched to within an inch of his life," snapped the old man visibly angered by the stranger's meddling.

"I'll not release the boy into your hands. We'll all go to-

gether to the constable's," stode off the gentleman with his arm around the boy.

Thus the crowd went twenty paces down Cane Street, turned left on Browning Street, and into the local constable's offices. The bearded man, the gentleman, the young boy, and the banker-like man then entered the inner office.

"Constable, I have a complaint," announced the candy maker no calmer than before.

After the whole business had been related to the constable by the ranting oratory of the candy maker, the constable smiled at the boy and gently said, "Let's hear the accused speak for himself. Now young man, did you or did you not take one of this man's ha'penny sugar jewels?" asked the constable in a tongue-in-cheek fashion.

"Yes, your highness," whimpered the grime besmeared boy.

"Aha!" shouted the merchant, "he admits the crime."

"Kindly refrain from any more outbursts until we hear all of the case," chastised the constable unable to tolerate the Scrooge-like manner of the confectioner. "Why did you not admit this before?" to the boy again.

"My mouth was full and I was afeard!" said the boy in a weak voice.

"Afeard of what?" pursued the constable.

"Of being hung for my deed," answered the boy nearly in tears.

"No one's going to hang you," comforted the constable, "but if you were afraid, why then did you commit the deed anyway?"

"I was watching him selling candy to this gentleman here," he said pointing to the man in the banker's habit, "and noticed he upped the price a shilling, so I didn't think he'd care if I took a ha'penny's worth."

"Case closed," said the constable nearly doubled up with laughter. After composing himself once more, he dismissed all except the chagrined sugar jewel maker.

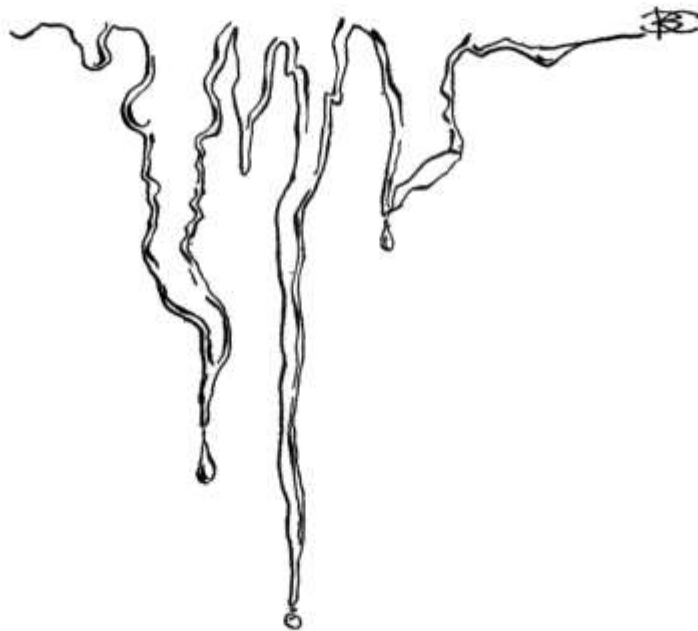
MIKE MOORE

ICE

Ice is delicate crystals  
Covering the world on a chilly morning,  
Windows fancily frosted  
In an elfin pattern,  
The snowflake in exquisite beauty falls softly.

Ice is destruction,  
Splitting the majestic oak,  
Causing the mighty mountains  
To groan in Supreme agony ;  
Carving valleys with massive knife,  
Ice is destruction,  
Tearing,  
Rending.

Ice seems to say,  
"Watch me  
I am beautiful  
But I shall change the face of the earth  
For I am the Lord's chisel."



MIKE BENNETT

### ODE TO A SEGREGATIONIST

GUEST COMPOSITION, TRINITY HIGH SCHOOL

In Nashville and in New Orleans,  
And all across the land,  
The die-hard segregationists  
Attempt a last ditch stand.

They carry banners in the streets,  
And cry with indignation  
That they will never let their "dears"  
Succumb to integration.

And they, while claiming violently  
To be American,  
Discard the Constitution  
To join the Ku Klux Klan.

"But we are free and have the right  
To campaign to and fro."  
But here's the question they avoid:  
"Where did the Negro's rights all go?"

"But sir," they argue on and on,  
"We really think we're right  
To keep our children free from germs,  
And black away from white.

"And God is on our side," they say,  
"And surely would not force  
The white and black to mingle,  
Disrupting nature's course."

And God above on Judgment Day  
Will surely say, "Oh well,  
Since heaven's integrated,  
You all can go to hell."



SUSAN HOUSER

### PEERLESS

Peerless was restless and angry. Shut up in a large shoebox, the tossing of the train was buffeting him unmercifully.

The little old lady behind us peeked over the seat. "What's that scratching noise, sonny?" she inquired. "I hope it isn't a rat. You don't have a rat in that box do you?" The word "rat" was expressed in tones heavy with disgust and worry.

"Oh no, ma'am," George said quickly, "that's Peerless."

"Peerless?"

"Our guinea pig." George looked at me for affirmation.

"Oh, yes, our guinea pig," I said. "They're very clean, friendly, little animals, you know."

"Guinea pig! Humph! In my day, decent boys and girls had dogs and cats for pets. Why, my mother always said . . ."

We never found out what her mother always said, because just then George and I heard a loud "squeek, squeek" and turned in time to see Peerless slip through a large hole in the side of the box.

"He's chewed through!" George shouted.

We made a wild grab for Peerless. A sound, remarkably like a train whistle issued from the lips of the old woman. Again and again she shrieked, waving her arms helplessly. The conductor and several men came running.

George and I looked at each other and dived under the

seat. We saw a flash of shiny black fur, and Peerless was gone. Several more calliope shrieks issued from the poor old woman as she was hustled from the car.

But our troubles had just begun. A pretty young woman a few seats back suddenly turned very pale and said quietly, "There's a rabid rat in this car. He's on my foot."

For a second no one moved. Then bedlam broke forth. George and I stood up and shouted, "It's all right! Sit down!" but it didn't do any good. People were crowding for the exits, shouting. Suddenly a woman shrieked, "Oh, my baby!" A heroic looking young man dashed back, rescued the baby from its imagined peril and raced back with no heroism at all.

Then Peerless strutted out in the aisle and sat down to watch. He began to squeak excitedly. I prayed that he would sit still so I could grab him. I sneaker closer . . . and jumped. He slipped from under my outstretched fingers and ran smack into George.

The women had stopped their screams, and George and I took the opportunity to explain, "It's not a rat, it's our pet guinea pig."

"He's not rabid."

"He chewed his way out of his shoebox."

"And you all know that guinea pigs are very clean, friendly, helpful little ani . . . Ouch!" George screamed as Peerless sank his beaver teeth into his captor's finger.

To our surprise, the young woman burst out laughing, and a second later the others joined her.

The conductor rushed in, his hat askew and fancy gold watch swinging by his side. "What's all the ruckus? Hey, get that rodent out of here!" This was directed at George and me.

"Oh, no, no," the young lady gasped. "He's a guinea pig. Guinea pigs are very clean and fr-friendly." She almost doubled up with laughter. The conductor got quite red and left hurriedly.

I gathered Peerless and stuck him in a quickly emptied bag. We were both very surprised when several people gave sighs of relief as we left the train.

CAROL MORAN

**WHY LEE AND JOHNNY DIED**

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL  
JUNIOR HIGH POETRY CONTEST

On a day in late September,  
When the leaves were turning gold,  
And the sun was warmly glowing  
On a love that was not old.

They were walking down the golden lane  
In silence, for the day  
Was their last together  
Before Johnny went away.

He took her lily hand in his  
When they reached the road where they must part  
But not a word was spoken  
For each knew the other's heart.

And with that parting kiss,  
And with the tears held with restrain,  
There welled the lonely thought  
That they might never meet again.

Each his thought was thinking,  
As he turned on down the road,  
And she watched with misty eyes  
Till out of sight his figure strode.

In bed that night she listened  
With ears, attentive, for  
To hear the many footsteps  
Of the soldiers march to war.

The thought of never seeing him  
Was much too much to bear.  
"Dear God, please bring him home to me,"  
She wept her lonely prayer.

Then one day, as the weeks crept by,  
Alone, in the orchard, was Lee  
When she heard the tramps of many feet  
And she ran from the shade of a tree.



A shot rang out, suddenly,  
And the Southern maiden stopped.  
A groan escaped her cherry lips,  
Then to the ground she dropped.

Perhaps the Yankee did not see  
Perhaps he did not care;  
In either case he hurried on  
And left her lying there.

In the last few fleeting moments,  
Of a life still young and fresh,  
She whispered, "Johnny, Johnny!"  
Then all life left her flesh.

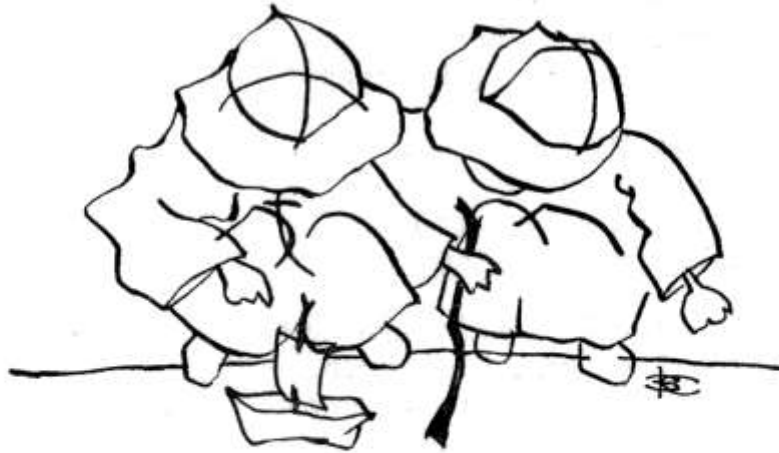
No one ever knew exactly  
How long she lay there dead,  
But Johnny happened on this way  
And from a wound he bled.

His breath was growing shorter,  
As he limped upon his way,  
But he must see Lee, see Lee—  
Then suddenly, there she lay.

He took her head into his hands,  
And stroked the silken hair,  
When, possessed by utter grief,  
He wept over her there.

Then he took her little hands in his,  
And beside her he lay, his shirt soaked with red,  
Then with bitter tears he breathed his last.  
Johnny Rebel then was dead.

The war was so needless, so long, and so cruel.  
The innocent suffered for others' selfish pride.  
But we'll always remember  
Why Lee and Johnny Died.



CYNTHIA COLVIN

### WALKING

I love to walk on a sunny day,  
And see the children as they play.  
I see the sun up overhead,  
And a cooing baby on its blanket bed.  
The trees, now leafy, and green, and nice,  
The squirrels as they scurry like little grey mice.  
Oh! how pleased, and Oh! how gay  
Am I, as I walk on a sunny day.

On a rainy day I love to walk.  
I look, I listen, and sometimes I talk.  
And look at the raindrops as they fall;  
“Come on, let’s play,” they seem to call.  
Two little boys, sailing their boat—  
Each one’s dressed in a yellow raincoat.  
Oh! how pleased, and Oh! how gay  
Am I, as I walk on a rainy day.

MIKE EASLEY

## A TALL STORY

FIRST PRIZE, QUILL AND SCROLL JUNIOR  
HIGH SHORT STORY CONTEST

Them bass in Cumberland Lake is mighty choosey. One day they'll take minners and another they won't take nothin' but a craw.

Pap an' me was givin' 'em a round one day when they wouldn't take no bait we had at all. Pap, he 'lowed they'd go a'ter a frog.

"Wist I had me a frog," he said, takin' a long pull on his jug o' swamp dew.

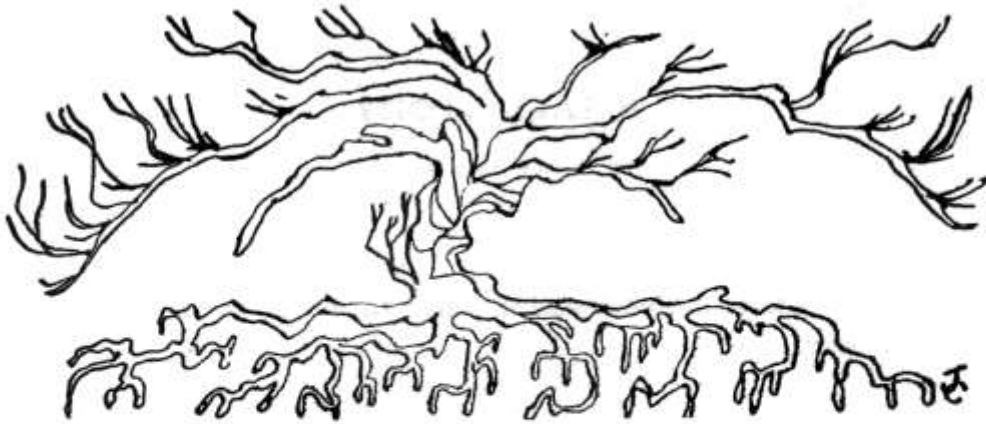
About that time we spied a moccasin swimmin' along with a live frog in its mouth, lookin' for a nice log t' crawl up on so he could eat it peaceful. Pap wanted that frog so bad he paddled after it and caught it, but the moccasin wouldn't turn loose of the frog. Pap thought a minute and then poured a little dew outta the crock into the snake's mouth. That made the snake lose holt, all right.

Pap threwed the moccasin back in the lake, baited up with the frog, and caught him a bass. The frog gat kilt in the ruckus, though, and Pap didn't know how he was goin' to get him another frog.

But 'reckly here come 'at same snake again. He was kinda weavin' in the water and was carryin' another frog in his mouth.

You know what? That snake slithered up into the boat onto the seat. He dropped that frog at Pap's feet and opened his mouth for another swig of swamp dew!

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JUDY KOON

### THE TWILIGHT OF LIFE

The old man  
Stands  
By the dogwood tree.  
He,  
Like the tree,  
Has become  
Gnarled,  
Withered,  
Bent.

Time passes.  
Spring comes.  
The old man  
Stands  
By the dogwood tree.  
He,  
Like the tree,  
Has become  
Gnarled,  
Withered,  
Bent.

They stand now  
In the twilight of a spring day.  
The tree has borne blossoms.  
The old man blossoms in memories  
Of times bygone—  
Filled with  
Success,  
Failure,  
Happiness.

Times Passes.  
Winter comes again.  
The dogwood tree  
Stands.  
It has become  
Gnarled,  
Withered,  
Bent.

But now it stands  
Alone  
In the twilight of life.  
The old man  
Has passed on  
To another world,  
A paradise  
Of young dogwood trees  
Growing  
Straight,  
Tall,  
True.

The dogwood tree  
Stands.  
Its gnarled branches  
Stretching towards the heavens—  
Stretching towa . . .  
Praising them,  
Searching  
For a lost friend  
In their depths.

LYNN STALEY

### THE HARVESTER

The wheat rippled golden against the sky. Larks soared and swooped in the meadow making warbling noises. Tiredly the man pushed his hat farther back on his head and rested. His face was happy and pleased with life. The sun had creased it and cares had wrinkled it, but honesty and good will shone out of his eyes. Proudness for honest labor had imprinted itself on his features and one would have been proud to know him. As he walked over to a tree, he scanned the still standing wheat. Throwing back his head, he drank deeply, letting the water run down his neck to cool him off. Reluctantly, he set the jug down and picking up his scythe went back to work. The sun reached its zenith and slowly retired down the sky. The air turned cool in preparation for night, and faintly stirring the still unmown wheat, a wind whispered softly.



LYNN STALEY

### A DIRGE FOR TWO BANJOS

Plaintively the song lifted toward the night sky. Stars came out and surrounded the cold, lonely moon. A faint wind stirred the trees, calling back memories. The song was sad, as was the night. A plucked string melted into a chord, bidding the stars draw near.

Slowly a girl walked to a hill where she and the night could weep together. Lazily the song echoed her soul and reaching the top, she paused to raise her eyes to a star call on its far flung brilliance to answer her prayer. Slowly disappearing in the night gloom, the girl thing became one of the shadows.

JOHN GEISER

### NIGHT

Night can be a time of peace ;  
A time of tranquility ;  
When the mind releases  
The problems of the day.

Night is a time for all to rest.  
For the mind to find  
Its place of repose.

Night blocks out  
The evil of the early day.  
It is its own world,  
Where one ceases to be himself,  
And, instead, falls  
Into the footsteps of his dreams.

Night is actually within us all ;  
A time to forget the world around us.

MIKE RICKETTS

### THE WATER-STOP TRAGEDY

Mrs. Charles Long of Tatum, Massachusetts, was on the Santa Fe Railroad to Carson City, Nevada, to see her husband, a Naval officer. Lieutenant Long was receiving a six months leave of absence. Mrs. Long has not seen her husband in over two years and this would be the first time Lieutenant Long had seen his eighteen months old son.

It was about 8:50 P.M. and almost time for Mrs. Long to be reunited with her husband. There were no other passengers in the same car with Mrs. Long; however, a conductor was supposed to tell her when they arrived at the right stop. Mrs. Long felt that she couldn't always rely on the conductor and she also knew that the fourth stop after crossing the border would be Carson City, Nevada.

When it was 9:00 P.M. the train made its fourth stop and as she had expected, the conductor wasn't there to help her off the train. So Mrs. Long proceeded to get off at this stop, thinking that this was Carson City, even though she couldn't see any bright lights. She thought that the blinding snow might be the reason for this. She was right about the blizzard, but she was wrong about the bright lights of the city, for this was only a water-stop for the train.

The next morning, the water tower watchman found Mrs. Long and her small son huddled in a snow drift.

LESLIE MAJOR

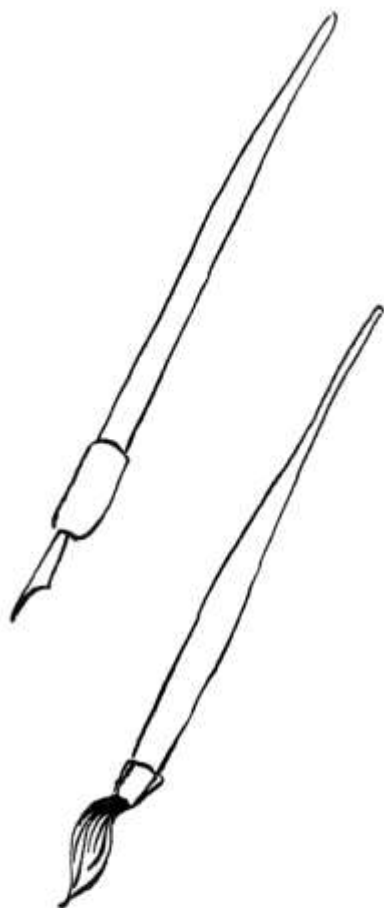
### WINTER NIGHT

I looked on a winter night,  
Onto a lovely, half-clear sky;  
I saw the frozen stars that night  
Shudder with winter wind's old sighs.

Just then a sharp, brisk wind blew by,  
And hid the half moon's winter face;  
Scattered clouds sped through the sky  
And covered the moon like bits of lace.



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