



Waggener High School



Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, Spring 1965

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.

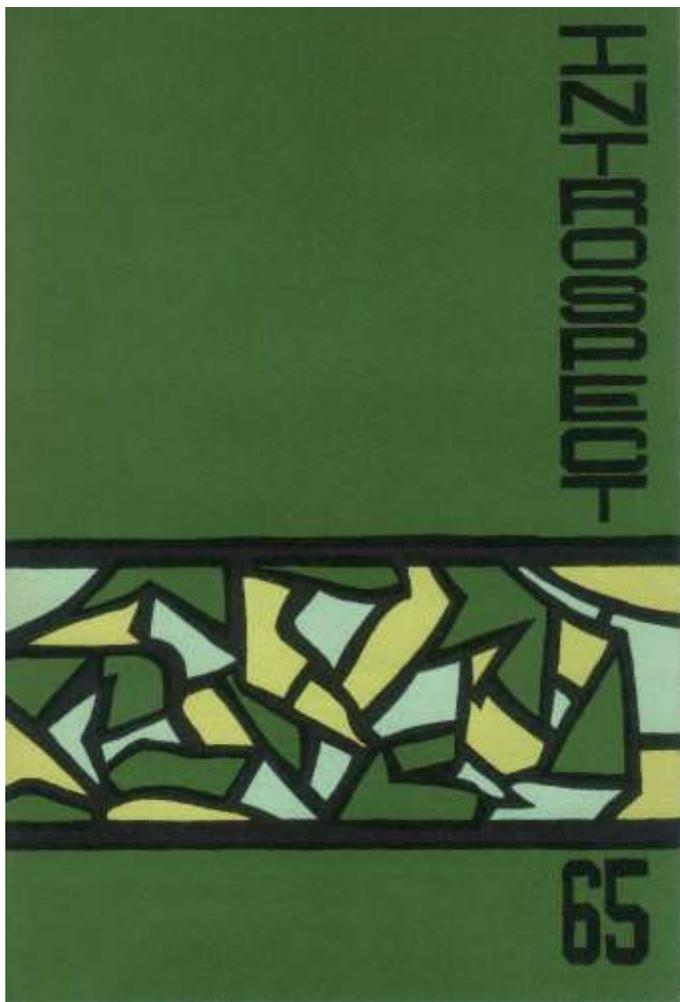
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have 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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Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, Spring 1965, Volume Six, Number One



Cover Notes

Ideas, like the many colors of a stained glass window, are individual, but they are essential to the whole. Symbolic and representative of the conscious and questioning minds of a generation on the way up, their viewpoints and attitudes burst forth in many aspects—each different in interpretation but alike in purpose. The view from the window of the *introspect* is an honest and sincere one; more than that, it is a promising one. It shows distinctly and positively that the light of inspiration produces the limitless boundaries of room to grow.

—Margaret McDonald

The light of inspiration is recaptured on the inside cover and its various facets are reflected throughout the magazine.

—Julie Breeding

The Literary Magazine

of

Waggener High School

St. Matthews, Kentucky



introspect

Volume Six

Number One

Spring, 1965

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introspect

The Literary Magazine of Waggener High School
St. Matthews, Kentucky

Vol. VI, No. 1
Spring, 1965

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AWARDS

Editor's Award

Marcus Burke—"On the Proper Place for Ancestor-Worship"

Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Essays

Junior High

Linda Moody—"A Smile and a Tear"
Ann Marshall—"Solitude"
Gail Lynn—"The Coffee House"

Intermediate

Susan Porter—"The Huge Brown Eyes"
Karen Speer—"The Looking Glass"
Sue Wallace—"Rotting Apples"

Senior

Gary Lühr—"John J. Normal"
Olivia Day—"Song of the Earth"
Mikey Bestebreurtje—"Life's Purpose"

Poetry

Junior High

Roberta Hilt—"Matches"
Ann Stiglitz—"You Never Stay"
Roberta Hilt—"A Smile and a Tear"

Intermediate

Marcia Messick—"Hoot's Death"
Kathy Tachau—"Alone"

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Senior	Ellen Mease—"III"
	Dick Bay—"My Heart Cried Out"
	Ellen Mease—"IV"
Short Stories	
Junior High	Sharon Stokley—"As the Night Follows the Day"
	John Barnstead—"This is the Way the World Ends"
	Debbie Goldstein—"The Littlest Thief"
Intermediate	McGee Spencer—"Rotten Apples"
	John Sims—"A Whisper in the Night"
	Cindy Cunningham—"The Wishing Well"
Senior	Leonard Price—"April is the Cruellest Month"
	Charles Thrumman—"Service to Mankind"
	Debbie Huffman—"A Bang or a Whimper?"
	Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Essay

Junior High

John Barnstead—"Twilight"
John Barnstead—"Spring"
Sandra Guth—"Twenty-Four"

Intermediate

Sally Siegfried—"If Man Does Not Keep Pace"
Suzy James—"Falling Leaves"
Sally Siegfried—"Mood Study"

Senior

Bill Wellnitz—"A Fire"
Byron Ford—"Spring"
Mike Leathers—"The American Scapegoat"

Poetry

Junior High

Barbara Jarrell—"The Flame"
Sharon Royster—"Valentine Ballad"
Dianne Dale—"Our Love"

Intermediate

Suzy James—"After Death"
Suzy James—"On the Go"
Mark Riddle—"Truth"

Senior

Gayle Petty—"Soneto Para Querido Mio"
Marcus Burke—"On the Proper Place For Ancestor-Worship"
Lynn Staley—"A Time to be Young In"

Short Stories

Junior High

Teresa Worthy—"Black Stallion"
Sam Molloy—"The Revolt of the Spuds"
Sam Fritschner—"The Battle of Lexington"

Intermediate

Cindy Cunningham—"Fifteen Sons"
Suzy James—"Hate is a Sometimes Thing"
Sherry Michelson—"The Pursuer"

Senior

Leonard Price—"Bargain of Faith"
Leonard Price—"Triumph"
Penny Ortner—"Cold, Cold"

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Esthetically Speaking . . .

The best use of a journal is to print the largest practical amount of important truth, truth which tends to make mankind wiser, and thus, happier. — Horace Greeley

This, the 1965 *introspect*, climaxes a year of exciting and successful literary projects at Waggener. The staff's first venture, the patron's drive, not only assured us of financial backing for publication, but, more importantly, planted the idea of the magazine in newcomers' minds and re-invigorated the enthusiasm of old students. The spontaneous writing contest, in which more than two hundred students participated, supplied the staff with superior creative writing for the magazine and encouraged many young writers to express themselves. The Quill and Scroll writing contest furnished us with even more material from which to select the contents of the magazine.

Of special interest in the magazine is the two-page "season sequence," Marcus Burke's award-winning Shakespearean sonnet "On the Proper Place of Ancestor-Worship," the class of '65 poem (sonnet), the contest-winning cover by Margaret McDonald, and a new feature, reviews of current and best-selling books.

Special thanks are extended to Mrs. Katherine Kirwan, who managed to expertly keep up with the reams of Quill and Scroll contest material, and to Mrs. June Perry, who led us through a busy and literarily stimulating year. Mrs. Kirwan, Mrs. Janice Spear, Mrs. Perry, and Miss Anne Crockett warrant special thanks for helping the staff choose the book reviews to be published.

Waggener has been cited this year as unusually superior in many fields—athletic, scientific, journalistic, and academic. It, we believe, may also take pride in its extraordinary literary accomplishments. The interest and support given to this year's magazine, the sixth *introspect*, its writing and art contests and its financial drives, evidences the fact that Waggener realizes the importance of providing creative writing and adequate space for its publication. This literary enthusiasm is the culmination of five years of *introspect* staffs who have worked to promote better writing in the school. It is to these hard-working and forward-looking students that we dedicate the 1965 *introspect*, the climax and result of their efforts.

Bev Johnson, Editor

Page Sponsor—The Lucian Johnsons

SENIOR
HIGH



—Peggy Collier

The Class of 1965

Marcus Burke, '65

Memories! How often we have rambled through
These shining halls which to unfeeling eyes
Seem ugly, barren, but these our hearts imbue
With that which makes our lagging spirits rise.

Memories! How often we have calmly sat,
Yet wishing we had leave to break and run
Or simply read, or ride, or play at that
Which playing at would surely be more fun.

And yet that fun we wisely left alone,
For duty-bound to future hours we
Had need to sharpen with the finest hone
Our minds and bodies—unseen worlds to see.

But through these unseen ages, always will survive
The spirit, love, and honor . . . nineteen sixty-five.

Page Sponsor—Club-Chat Staff

The Star

Sue Wallace, '67

Walking . . . walking through the hills with gentle sounds heard along the way. It is the early, early morning, the sky pinched with a rosy glow away over there. Up the hills and down again. The tops of the trees become brighter with the soft, indefinite light. Up the hills and down again. Walking . . . walking through the sparkling dew, like separate worlds, living a private life inside the bubble of its universe.

Rising above the far horizon of the trees—there it is, the thing that all the world expectantly waits for and watches for. A huge, majestic sphere, knowing the role it has, performing with all the conceit and aplomb of the one who has played the same part with such great success since time began. The entrance is made with the usual fanfare, though at times during its magnificent career, it has entered as softly as the fog that it chases away. One moment there is the same rosy pink over the sky, then—suddenly—an orange flame rises through the sky, arching, arching over the world. The tempo of life quickens, the signal to begin has been sounded.

Now the world is dwarfed, the tiny bubble worlds of dew are gone, frightened away by the overpowering brute who has come into a world of peace. Bow down your eyes before him; the radiance of his being far outshines the faint reflection the earth is able to offer.

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A Faded Face

Dick Bay, '68

O tattered paper, o faded face,
What did you for human race?
You, who now have lost your name,
What ensued inside your frame?
Did you suffer? Did you sweat?
And did this weary world forget?
Knew you problems? poison? pain?
But what of you does yet remain?
—A tattered picture, a faded face,
A nameless figure, an empty place.
All torture, torment, and travail
Is gone; it was to no avail.
What good is that trouble to you today
With life, love, and legend passed away.
What did you leave the human race?
Just a tattered paper! Just a faded face!

But what am I, and what my place?
—Another number? a nameless face?
What will I leave to the human race
That future generations may embrace?
Just a tattered paper . . . just a faded face . . .
Just a nameless vacuum . . . a vacant place . . .

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Spore's Original Fifth Period Thespians

Silence . . .

Peggy Trawick, '66

The earth then was undefined
and perfect.
The river flowed then, too,
Just as it does now,
Following its course.
And no one questioned it
For the river had flowed always.

Then, the tree grew towards the sky,
And didn't care why it grew
But only grew.
The bird sang then,
Unendingly, the same song—
The only song it knew.
The river and the tree and the bird understood.
There were no words — then.

But after that came men.

"This is the river. I named it.
The river flows not up but down.
It flows through country and through town!
I made the river Beautiful.
It is here for me to float things on it.
The river keeps no secrets from me:
I have conquered it."

The river still moves silently
towards the sea.

" . . . But I know other things.
This is the tree; its leaves are green.
I make my houses from it.
It gives me wood so that I can create."

The tree stretches, and doesn't look down.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Spear's Pawn Shop

"This is the bird.
It lives in the tree and drinks from the river.
It sings, always the same song.
It flies, and I can imitate it.
I am better than the bird."

But hush.
Your world is only made of words.
You have changed nothing.
So hush.

A Whisper in the Night

Second Place, Intermediate Short Story Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

John Sims, '67

Stillness. Complete and all-encompassing, it clings to the air like an inky black paste. The darkness is its spouse; like a marriage, the night is a complete union of them both.

Yet the night is not still in the mind of a small, frightened organism lying on its back. The stillness is shattered by dreams—dreams of monsters and demons. Fantasies flit about the darkness, covering the room with a blanket of terror. Creatures more fearful and ghoulish than before grow out of the terror of the shivering mass of protoplasm that is observed.

Across from its prison, this animal can imagine the entrance. Through that portal it was led to this seemingly eternal doom of fear. There was just one last moment of rebellion and then submission to the fate it now endures.

The animal shivers from the tip of its head to the bottom of its feet. It is not a shiver of cold, but a shiver of complete and abject despair. The animal puts on its most courageous facade and decides that anything is better than this present state. There is a cry.

"Daddy?" And after a moment's hesitation, "Daddy?"

"Yes, Son."

"You forgot to turn on my nightlight!"

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Royce's Second Period English Class

A Fire

First Place, Senior Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Bill Wellnitz, '65

The birthplace of the fire was under an old pine tree, but it could have been anywhere. The forest was dry. The dark rain clouds of early autumn had not appeared, and the temperature made it hard to believe that it was really the fall of the year. In any case, the old pine tree had been chosen as the cradle of the fire.

At the beginning the fire was like a baby, slow to take its first steps. Then as this monster found an ally in the wind, it began to roar and speed through the forest. The fire lapped up all that was in its path.

This fire was a dictator; there was nothing big enough to stop it. Nothing escaped the jaws of this monster. All was consumed by an unfeeling power.

As night fell on that first day the sky was bright with the red glow of death. The glow could be seen one hundred miles away. The fire was like a prowler, for it gained confidence under the cover of night. Still faster it raced, up and down hills leaving a trail a mile wide and many miles long. Single trees exploded in front of the fire just from the intense heat.

The sun was blotted out by the smoke of this monster. As far as one could see all was black. Not a living thing moved about in the black field. The fire had now run its course, for all that was in front of it was the river, and this monster could not turn around. It came up to the river like a speeding freight train. Then running out of fuel, it died the violent death characteristic of demons.

The fire had left a story written on the face of the earth. It was not a funny story, but it was one that would remain for all to read. One hundred years would pass before this story was obscured by trees. Still, the fire was dead.



—Cindy Clarke

Page Sponsor—Godin's Dynamic Dreamers IV

Life's Purpose

Third Place, Senior Essay Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Mikey Bestebreurtje, '66

Are there things which become the dominating factors of a person's life? Yes. To each his own, but still, these factors do exist. Money and the striving for it dominate the lives of some and become the only things which must be attained. With others, material goods form the core of life's purpose. And there are those who do not worry about any one thing in particular, but are able to live each day to the fullest, doing as they please and yet not being destructive and hurting fellow members of society. To some, performing a job well is the central theme, no matter whether the task completed be an original creation or a small cog of a production line.

The factors upon which a person centers his goals is irrelevant. The important thing is that there must be something for which to aim; a person must find a central theme—no matter how minute—about which to base his life. A human being must have some reason for living and working, a central goal. Life is far more enriching when there is something higher, something toward which to work. So to each and every man I say, do as you please with your life, but continually shoot for a goal, your goal.

On The Charity Drive

Pam Heydt, '66

Knuckles
knocked upon white doors
and bore away only
a film of whitewash
raindrops from the eaves
and dust.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Spear's Pawn Shop

Wishing Well

Third Place, Intermediate Short Story Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Cindy Cunningham, '67

Trembling slightly in anticipation, I approached the door. It was a typical entrance to a doctor's office; glass panelled transom upon which stood out firmly and practically the words "Martin Curry, Doctor of Psychology." I grasped the knob and went into the room.

The first thing that registered upon my brain was the modern furniture of the office. This I noted with slight disgust; it must have been my childhood and the mid-Victorian house in which I had lived that made me feel this way. "The house," I thought, but no more would come to my mind . . . oh well, that was the doctor's job!

"Won't you come in, Miss Jansen? Dr. Curry is waiting for you," said the nurse gently.

I was led into the doctor's room, and as I entered, he rose to meet me.

"Hello, Miss Jansen, I'm Dr. Curry. Won't you please sit down?"

I took my place in a chair, and the session started. It went along well; I answered his questions smoothly—too smoothly.

Then he came to a word "mother." Inside I felt a curious longing, ridiculous for one at the age of twenty; and all the while a sickening little voice kept shouting, "Don't tell! Don't tell!"

"Do you remember your mother, Miss Jansen?"

"No. She ran away when I was four years old."

"Do you remember your grandparents?"

"Of course. They raised me."

"Do you remember your sister?"

"Yes, the dear. She was my life-long companion, but now they've taken her away from me and put her in some sort of hospital." I felt unwilling, and I faintly hesitated to continue.

But at last the session ended, and nothing had been accomplished. I left. There were to be many more sessions like this, none successful. Dr. Curry determinedly tried to force me to remember—though what it was I didn't know. My brain was being racked, but I couldn't remember.

Then I started having the dream. Just tiny, vague snatches of misty fantasy they were, but I knew that they pertained to my present plight. All the while I carefully kept this factor hidden from Dr. Curry. If only I could dream the whole thing out!

Then one night I lay sleeping, when in my dream I heard a curious sound, a sort of humming. As it grew clearer, I distinguished a sweet lullaby.

A beautiful, golden-haired mother sat with her child—a girl of about four—in her arms. She sang a hauntingly sweet melody to the child:

"Hush my precious, go to sleep

Let thy blue eyes never peep,

Dream thee now of lambs and horses,

And a stream of gold

Which, by bubbling, courses . . ."

The voice was rich and full and lovely, and I was entranced. For I was looking on, a spectator to this wondrous scene.

I remembered faintly the words and sought in vain for the ending.

As I wondered, a horrible child of about ten with the face of a gargoyle stepped from behind the well below which sat the mother and child. I could not see who the stranger was, for the face was terribly distorted.

Then the monster child was asking the mother for water from the well, and the gentle person obeyed and bent over the well, leaving her younger child lying in the grass terrified. Suddenly, with demon strength the hideous child pushed at the woman, who fell screaming into the well . . . the well!

Like a whisper in the night it came to me, the horrible symbolism of the dream, and I knew. I was the child in the grass, and the abhorred face changed into that of my older sister. I wanted to pull out of the terrible dream, but I was upheld in the swirl of horror. My sister bent over me and, evil glinting from her eyes, shouted at me in fiendish rage, "You better not tell, understand? Don't tell! Don't tell!"

I screamed and woke up. I found myself in my own bed, but my heart ached and tears streamed down my face. I grabbed the phone and called Dr. Curry and told him this awful thing I had remembered. My breast heaved with effort to get the dreadful thing out, and I did.



—Julia Breeding

Page Sponsor—Senior High Beta Club

Three Songlets

David Hatton, '65

II

the night's run-away patterns
leave me dark, standin' lonely,
criss-crossin' my own way along.
i stop, maybe
to eat an' talk with some
ancient vagabond traveler
who relays to me the
world scene in a language
i never heard.

then on, maybe in a moment's time,
headin' partly with a reason
but mostly with no time in mind;
i find myself faced with thoughts—
mostly lonely thoughts brought to mind
to blend with memory breezes of hidin' time.
an' forcin' me to move on
with many new visions ahead . . .

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Lorent

V

smoked winds bellowed out their scented touch
of the wild autumn colors that roasted in
burning flames.
the colorful print, as it lay, seemed alive
though it was dyin'.
and the wind asked to repeat the breath
of life
as it danced about where they were silently
lyin'.
soon the trees would prove true
and let loose their colors to the breeze.
... but in this good time all dyin' stood still.

VI

in the night of my sleepy thoughts
an' the dawn of my realities
i pass unknown,
seemin' t' be alone—
cross-eyed an' clumsy;
an' my words may be what they seem
though they are statterin' an' uneasy.

many words have crossed me,
an' in them i found nothing—
what in them or around them.

... an' you, eyes wide as mine,
seem caught up in moment's time,
bound t' chase after yourself.
an' you're easily lost,
but it's not my way t' explain
when i myself seem the same.

The Last Parable

Ricky Julliard, '67

It was in the twilight of that evening when I pondered many things: questions of life and death, of God or no God; visions of a glorious dream never realized, of intellectual and physical passions rising up in their exuberance and being consumed by the void. In my mind's eye a vision came: blue and green mists, constantly combining, recombining, and creating in infinite number of patterns, of hues, of gradations. But all was not well. Soon my eye, in retrospect, perceived a purple luminescence, expanding, indefinite, taking no shape. Even within this mist a yellow form had appeared, ever increasing in brightness and intensity, consuming that around it. Agitated, vibrating, the form exploded, showering its fragments to the outer limits of the universe, only to reappear more awesome in its power. Discord reigned. Dissension dominated the being of this strife-torn universe. But a wonderful beauty was apparent in this rational illogic.

And then . . . maturity began quelling, freezing, distilling the impassioned fires. This continued for a long time until finally, in the grip of apathy and old age, the fires were extinguished. Only vacant shells were left. Thus human destiny is fulfilled.

The sons of earth had left their mother and had gone to all the myriad worlds of the universe. Perhaps in one far distant sphere these men had established a society full of naïveté and youth. And for what? Only to be entwined in the web of my vision.

And the sun, reminiscing of past glories, sank below the horizon, leaving the world in darkness.

A Moveable Feast

A Review

Irene Lawson, '65

A MOVEABLE FEAST by Ernest Hemingway. (Charles Scribner and Son, 211 pages, \$3.75, 1964).

When a person thinks of Paris he envisions a carefree existence, romance, the Seine, and countless other images. These are the scenes among which Ernest Hemingway moved during the twenties, the scenes which he so colorfully relives for the world in *A Moveable Feast*.

Hemingway leads his readers on a delightful tour of the Paris which he knew. Most memorable of the panorama of recollections are those of the picturesque bookstalls along the banks of the Seine, Sylvia Beach's library, discussions with Gertrude Stein, an excursion with F. Scott Fitzgerald, and a skiing trip to the Vorarlberg in Austria. The stark accounts of the poor quarter, illicit love, and drinking lend a sharp authenticity to the narrative; they do not make *A Moveable Feast* a degenerate exposition of debauchery.

Not merely a diary, *A Moveable Feast* is an imaginative expose of the author's observations of Parisian life. Hemingway's hallmark, the informal abrupt style, in his hands is a tool capable of molding a beautifully expressive piece of literature. Incredible are the objectivity and clarity with which Hemingway views events over which a curtain has been drawn for nearly half a century. His love for his first wife Hadley emerges fresh and vibrant, untainted by three subsequent marriages.

Hemingway's ability to transfer his zest for life into words is truly amazing. Immersed in the wonders of Paris, he and Hadley were oblivious to the poor heating system and the absence of hot water in their dirty flat over a sawmill. Long walks gave them a satisfaction greater than that which many derive from world tours. Such simplicity is refreshing. Writes Hemingway:

We thought we were superior people and other people that we looked down on and rightly mistrusted were rich. It only seemed odd to be rich. We ate well and cheaply and slept well and warm together and loved each other.

Page Sponsor—Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Lambert

A Moveable Feast is a work of many values, a feast of many courses. There are the vivid glimpses of the romantic and the literary Paris, as well as those of the squalid Paris; always there is the author's unique expression. Paris satisfies not only one's present appetite, but also his eternal hunger. As Hemingway once remarked to a friend, "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast."

No Hemingway work would be complete, however, without a wealth of universal meaning. "Everything good or bad leaves an emptiness when it stops" . . . "People are the limiters of happiness"—these are lines representative of the pithy observations to be found in *A Moveable Feast*. Perhaps the greatest lesson lies in Hemingway's seemingly paradoxical assertion, "We were always lucky." Poverty and hard work—can these objects of dread constitute luck? The answer furnished by Hemingway is a comforting "yes". The lucky person is he who sees the diamond in life, even when only the blackest carbon is evident.

**There is Nothing Worse than
a Rotting Apple**

Cary Luder, '66

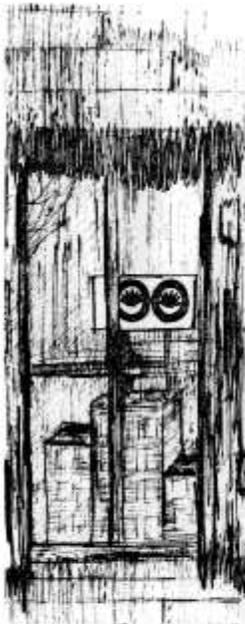
There is nothing worse than a rotting apple,
Unless, of course, it's a rotting plum;
Or an overripe banana,
Or a blighted tomato, ugh;
Or the bomb, or the plague, or the seven year locust,
Or the Japanese beetles, or the English Beetles;
Or dandruff, or perspiration, or athlete's foot;
Or TV commercials, or abstract art;
No, there's nothing worse than a rotting apple,
Unless, of course, it's two rotting apples.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Godwin's Wise Fools IV

Service to Mankind

Second Place, Senior Short Story Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Charles Thurman, '65



—Susanne Bennett

do to know, if there is no one to help? With the knowledge has come no strength, only fear.

Page Sponsor—Waggener High School Choir

Somehow fear has become an integral part of life lately. At work, until he stopped going two days ago to guard against the Horror, someone had been constantly putting in a bad word for him. He hasn't caught anyone yet, but he knows! He knows of the backstabbing, malicious things they must be saying about him in his absence. Yet what good is the knowledge, if he can't fight back? He can only wait and watch as the end of his job comes closer and closer.

Now, though, he has something to fight. He will no longer allow the monster outside to terrorize him or others after him. He feels his strength slipping; now is the time for battle. Yet will anyone be grateful for his service to humanity? No, they will all probably ignore the great threat so narrowly averted and simply forget him. Ingrates!

Grateful or not, he must save them all from the Menace. Shakily rising from his crouch on the bed, he steels himself to the inevitable. Then, with a scream of sudden animal fury, he launches himself across the room through the glass of the window, and encounters—nothing!

* * *

The officer scratched his head again and asked the hotel manager, "You say he never gave you any trouble?"

"That's right," said the portly executive with a shudder as he gazed at the broken body on the sidewalk. "He was always a quiet fellow, till the last week or so. Then he started accusing everyone of trying to spy on him, sneaking up on him. Tried to get a double lock for his door, even. He thought something was after him."

"Hmmm . . . sounds more to me like a nervous breakdown than anything else I know of. But why would he want to jump out of a fourth story window like that?"

"I can't say; but some folks down on the street when he did it said it looked like he'd land on the big sign clear across the street."

And above their heads, the optician's sign—a muddy-orange pair of neon spectacles—flashed on and off. On and off.

Page Sponsor—Jim and Chris Burton

One Wondering

Pam Heydt, '68

The night is cool
and moist; a newborn mist
clings to the leaves in the forest
and darkness has feeling.
The stars of yesterday
echo softly from the roof of heaven.

Autumn is a spirit with
Beauty on her breath.
There is darkness, silence, fragrance,
the inexpressible presence of mind
reaching into its own darkness
exploring

Somewhere in the distance
a dog barks at the moon.
Is he confessing?
And in this today of lights and men, noise and poetry,
—Where still exists this forest—
Does he receive absolution?

Page Sponsor—The Band*Shea*

"If Man Does Not Keep Pace . . ."

First Place, Intermediate Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Sally Siegfriedt, '67

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

—Henry David Thoreau

Only rarely is a man born (or should I say "created"?) who stands out from the legions of his companions, if only because he is different. I ask my fellow man, the drill instructor, not to order him back into step, but to take note of his innovation. It may be a mere peculiarity, but is a peculiarity "mere"? For me the answer is an emphatic "no." All great men, whatever their fields, were peculiar, and it was each man's peculiarities which made him great.

In our so-called "advanced" civilization, there is often a dissonant chord struck in early childhood. A small child may exhibit his individuality by doing something his elders would never consider, but such a tendency is usually well crushed by the time he reaches adolescence. One of the teen-ager's greatest trials is the attempt to conform absolutely to a supposed ideal, or norm, set by his fellows. If he does not conform completely, he is ostracized by the group, the members of which will not accept him unless he changes his ways. His only hope lies in finding a group of people just like himself so that he can assimilate and again be one in a crowd.

But I say, search out the loner, for he is as precious as a rare gem. Encourage his individuality. Give him a freer rein and let him develop his abilities. Guide him in his decisions and in his studies, so that he may begin in the right direction, and then loose him. The young plant, so nurtured, will grow and flourish more beautifully and more bountifully than those who have gone before him. He will become a leader of men, setting the pace for which they must strive, and all men will see him and know that he towers above them as a person apart from all others. Do they respect his uniqueness, praising him for his gifts to mankind? Not often. For the most part he is shamed and ridiculed by the crowd. This is one of the crimes of mankind.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Storer's Best Fourth Period English Class

On the Go

Second Place, Intermediate Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Suzy James, '68

I have to leave the ingle-seat,
Go where fate will lead me.
I have to reach the mountain peaks,
And taste the salty sea.

I have to do what must be right,
By seeing all that's mine.
I have to live all of the life,
Within my precious time.

I have to meet the others,
And ask them how they are.
I have so many brothers,
Spread out so very far.

I have to know the answers,
To what I want to know.
I'm like the gypsy dancers,
I always have to go.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Mowry's Third Period Ninth Grade English Class

Requiem for Courage

John Geiser, '66

The ocean beckoned and I followed. The roar of the waves as they clashed against nature's stronghold gave great tremors to my voice, and my legs gave way under the water's tow.

It was night and the waves threatened my mere existence. But driven to stand by some compulsion from within me, I remained, as the ocean swept at my feet. I answered the crashing waters with somewhat of a cry—meek and yet bold, hidden and yet brandishing. It was a harried cry, often heard by a pleading criminal. As I stepped forth I could feel the sands giving way beneath me. The feeling left me cold, but I was compelled to step again, for I was strong that night. With my final step I felt a surge of water rush at my back. I turned and behind me lay the shoreline's massive row of stone, barring the thought of retreat.

I looked at the water below me; it was calm. As the sea's hand clutched and the tow pulled me under I smiled, for I knew that the waters were mine. My soul sank into darkness in the sight of men, but its triumph only I will know.



—Debbie Brown

Page Sponsor—We'd Rather Fight Than Write (Wrigley's Second Period)

Bargain of Faith

First Place, Senior Short Story Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Leonard Price, '66

On the fire escape landing outside his apartment home, David Wallace dangled his legs and stared moodily over the rumbling, smoking harbor. From his vantage point four stories up he could see all of it, hazy, gray horizon to groaning wharves where sluggish, oil-slicked water lapped.

David shifted his position, scratched his neck irritably, and looked straight down, then straight up. There was the same sky, the same ground. Fuming inwardly, he stood up. Oh, how rotten summer was! He leaned over the rail, squinting at a distant ship. There was nothing—not a thing—to do. And every year the same. All summer long there was no excitement or thrill. Down in the South End they had big gangs, and, oh man, the action really popped there. But that was in the South End. The few gangs on the waterfront were furtive and considerably less daring.

Not that winter was much better. But at least school, lousy as it was, occupied his time.

"Hey, Davey boy!"

Roused from his brooding, David looked down. Below on the narrow street, Benny Kimbal was waving at him.

"Come on down!" shouted Benny.

"Okay," David agreed, glad to forget his discontent for the moment. He turned and swung a leg over the sill of the open window behind him. "Be down in a second!"

He would have descended the fire escape, but Mr. McCallum, the landlord, had threatened to have him fined. So instead he clattered down four flights of stairs between scaling papered walls.

Benny was waiting for him at a corner of the building. "What's up?" David inquired.

Benny grinned. "Oh, boy, have I got somethin' to show you!"

"Whatcha got?"

"Come on. Follow me. I'll show you." Benny led the way into the cluttered alley beside the apartment building. "Just wait'll you see it. Oh boy, your eyes are gonna pop out!" They walked some twenty-five yards into the brick and wooden canyon, then Benny stopped. Holding his hand up sternly for silence, he looked dramatically in all directions.

With a conspiratorial wink at David, he knelt and reached behind a dented garbage can. A moment later he came up with an old shoe box. "Lookie there!" he exulted, removing the top.

Inside lay a revolver, shiny silver, with a black handle. A long low whistle filtered out between David's teeth. "Wouldja look at that," he said. "Where'd you get it, Benny?"

His friend leaned closer. "From Fred Gorman," he confided. "He swiped it from some drunk tramp a coupla weeks ago. Ain't it a beauty? It's a thirty-eight."

"Whew! What I couldn't do with a gun like that!" David ran his fingers reverently along the gleaming barrel. Then, slowly, "You ain't thinkin' of sellin' it, are you, Benny?"

Benny grinned and tilted his head. "Matter of fact, I am. You wouldn't maybe be interested?"

David picked up the revolver and turned it over in his hand. The feel of it! So sleek and deadly. "How much?" he asked.

"Well . . ." said Benny, playing the shrewd businessman, "I got it for six bucks from Fred . . . but I guess I can give it to you for five."

Five dollars. David bit his lip. That was a lot of money. Still, the lure of the shiny pistol was great. But what use would he actually have for it? He might hold up someone . . . Yes, he could do that. Think of it! Arnie Slack had done it before. It wasn't impossible, he knew. Yet —

Noting the indecision on David's face, Benny took the gun from him and said, "Lookie here, Dave. See the way the hammer goes back? Just like that. Ain't that somethin'? And you put the shells in right here."

"Five bucks, eh?" said David. "That's kinda steep."

"It's a mighty fine gun."

The yearning was plain on David's face. "Yeah, it sure is."

"Oh heck, Dave," relented Benny, "I guess I can let you have it for four, but that's as far as I'm goin'."

David's heart gave a thrilled leap. Yes, he could—he would buy it! "Okay, Benny, I'll take it," he agreed, hardly able to control the excitement in his voice. "But why don't you want to keep it?"

"Too risky for me," replied Benny, shaking his head. "I took it down to the waterfront the other night to try it out—you know, at Gifford Street where they ain't hardly nobody and I just about got caught. Held some rags over the barrel, but it still made a pretty loud bang. A coupla guys came rummin' down the wharf, so I lit out and didn't look back."

"Just 'cause of that you're tryin' to get rid of the gun?" asked David, surprised and a little scornful.

"Well you can bet I don't wanna get nabbed by the cops," Benny defended. Then, realizing he was using terrible business tactics, he amended, "Of course, maybe I'm just a chicken. You'll find a lot of things to do with it, I bet."

Smiling the smile of a superior and braver soul, David nodded. "Hey, wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "What am I gonna shoot outa this thing?"

"Oh, almost forgot." Benny pulled something out of his pocket. "There! More 'n half a box of shells. How's that?" he beamed.

"Great," David replied. "Wait here."

A minute or two later the exchange was duly made, and David shivered with pleasure to feel the box under his arm.

"Don't let your parents catch you with that," cautioned Benny.

"I won't. They've gone to work."

Another minute and David was back in his tiny room by the fire escape, breathing heavily, but utterly jubilant. This summer night not prove so boring after all. He removed the pistol from its box and eyed it speculatively from every angle. It was *his* gun now, an opportunity to put a little spice in his life. He cocked the hammer and aimed at a light bulb. *Click!* He liked that. The cold, sharp snap of it! With such a weapon how could he goof? Why, he could even pull a hold-up tonight if he wanted. Sure! He could wait in some dark alley for an unwary passerby. Sure!

Ten minutes later, after loading and unloading and hiding his prized possession, David left the building to scout. Yet scarcely had he gone out the door, when someone called to him.

"Hey, over there! David!" It was Mr. Krauss, the druggist, standing in front of his store across the street. "Come over here a minute, will you."

With a quick glance both ways, David trotted over. Mr. Krauss was okay, not a bad sort at all, so he didn't mind obliging.

"Yeah, Mr. Krauss?"

"David, I need an errand boy I can count on for afternoons and evenings. Want the job?"

An errand boy! David winced inside. Uh-uh. Working at night would spoil all his plans, all his fun and excitement. He couldn't do that. Besides, what thrills are there in running errands?

"Naw, I don't think so, Mr. Krauss. I got other stuff to do."

"Are you sure, David? You wouldn't earn a whole lot, but it'd be steady money."

"No, sir, I don't think I really want a job. Thanks anyway, though."

David left Mr. Krauss looking disappointed and proceeded on his

way. It was pretty decent of the druggist to offer him that job, but how could he want it when he thought of the breath-taking night adventures in store for him?

For the next two hours he rambled along thoroughfares, dingy side streets, and mazes of alleys, searching for a place of ambush. Around noon he found the ideal spot. It was in a long, narrow alley that ran between two moderately busy avenues. The alley was bordered by the brick and corrugated iron walls of warehouses, and, in one place, by about forty feet of solid board fence. There was a gap between one end of this fence and the corner of a brick building. By kicking in a loose board, David widened the opening enough to make a place to hide or a way to retreat. Crouching experimentally, he smiled to himself. *Good-bye, rotten summer*, he thought.

Night had long since settled over the city when David arose, checked the load in his revolver, and slid silently out his window. Leaving his parents sleeping heavily in their beds, he crept swiftly down the fire escape to the first floor landing. There he paused and looked out over the quiet street. Only a few lights burning—nobody watching. Hurriedly he stepped onto the last section. It gave a low groan, but swung slowly down to the sidewalk. He stepped off onto the pavement, and the metal staircase rose.

David hustled toward his destination, avoiding the livelier streets and thus running into only occasional groups of people. Every time he did see people, he quivered a little, acutely aware of the pistol hidden not very well under his shirt.

When David at last reached the alley, his heart was pounding magnificently. Tonight there was suspense in the air. For once he was going to have some real fun, and make a little dough to boot. Errand boy—hooney!

He found his hiding-place as he had left it, and made himself as comfortable as possible. The alley was dark enough. No need to worry about his face being seen. He took out his revolver and hefted its comforting weight, but was annoyed to note his hand shook. Someone ought to come by here. It was a short-cut for movie-goers and night-workers to the bus-line on Seventh Street. He would just have to wait and see.

Fifteen minutes crept by, and David heard footsteps coming down the alley. His grip tightened on his gun. Two dark figures were approaching. Frowning and relaxing a bit, he let them pass. He was not so foolish as to attempt robbing two people at once. No, sir!

But a bare five minutes later David's opportunity came. Again the clicking of feet on asphalt reached his ears. No . . . Yes! There was only one man this time. He wiped his hands on his shirt and cocked his pistol. The dark figure was almost there. David was licking his lips. Now, now! He sprang from his hiding place.

"Put up your hands, mister!" he commanded.

Startled, the man took a half-step backwards, then slowly raised his hands.

"All right now, don't you move!" He reached cautiously for the man's inside coat pocket.

With a sudden movement, the man struck his gun-arm aside and hit him in the face. David stumbled backwards, trying to aim his gun, but another blow caught him heavily on the chin, and he fell, the gun flying from his grasp and skittering across the asphalt.

Pushing himself up on his elbows, David saw his intended victim pick up the revolver and stride down the alley. His pistol—gone! But he must get out of here quick—the police would be here any minute! Sick with terror, David scrambled to his feet and charged through the gap in the fence.

Without a glance back he streaked through twisting alleys, his heart booming like a drum. The cops!—they could be right behind him! He leapt fences, vaulted over walls, skirted junk heaps and trash cans, all in a fever of fright. Then down long, quiet streets he raced, ignoring one or two people who looked curiously after him.

At last his apartment building loomed in front of him. David sprang high in the air, caught the fire-escape, and hauled himself up. He mounted black metal steps two at a time until he arrived at the fourth floor landing. There he sagged against the railing, breathing immense gulps of air, while sweat dripped from his forehead. For a few minutes he stood there, looking only at the criss-crossed metal beneath his feet. Then, with still-pumping pulse, he crawled through his window.

* * *

In the morning, when sunlight had at last filtered between the tall buildings to the east, a haggard David left the apartment building and crossed the street to Mr. Krauss' drug store. At the moment there was no one inside but Mr. Krauss. David walked up to the counter.

"Why, hello, David," Mr. Krauss smiled. "What can I do for you?"

"Well . . . er . . . I was wonderin' if that job you told me about was still open, Mr. Krauss."

"It certainly is. Do you want it?"

Page Sponsor—Warner E. Oates

"Yessir, I do," replied David.

"Good! Then it's yours. You can start today at two o'clock. I'm glad you changed your mind."

David mumbled his thanks and was about to leave.

"Wait a second, David," said Mr. Krauss, reaching under the counter. "I guess I ought to return this to you. You see, I know your voice." He held out David's revolver.

David's face blanched.

"Go on, take it," said Mr. Krauss, pressing it into David's hand.

David turned away from the counter with the gun, mouth working convulsively. He shuffled toward the door, looking back at Mr. Krauss.

"I—"

"Two o'clock!" Mr. Krauss called after him.

He left the store on weak legs. Then, straightening up, he cut swiftly through a parking lot down to the harbor. He stood on the wharf and threw the pistol as hard as he could out over the water. People could be strange and wonderful, he thought. The gun hit with a splash. Very wonderful indeed.

Impatience

Susan Sobel, '65

Impatience—

What good are you?
You're only here when
I'm anxious to be through
With all the little things
That each of us must do.

Forget you, you say—
I doubt I can
And still survive
The many trials of man.
Not me, I'm helpless in your grasp,
Your fiendish, selfish hand.

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Remembrance

Fam. Heydt, '66

I heard the water far away
thunder faintly on the shore.
I saw the moonlight,
smelled the fragrance of the wind.

I stood in the darkness
and felt the breeze
like a friendly animal
lick my face, and hands, and hair.

I was in love, tingling,
deliciously aware
of the difference
between night and day.

Strange, what I remember most
about that night
is that somewhere in the darkness
a siren wailed
and there was the smell of smoke
in the air.

-Judy Rosenfield



Page Sponsor—Win Some—Lose Some

The American Scapegoat

Third Place, Senior Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Mike Leathers, '66

Prejudice knows no barriers or boundaries. This force can sweep from one part of the world to another without reason or provocation. Bigotry can, and more than likely will, be the factor which destroys our world. Man can defeat it only by a realization that he, too, has some of the prejudices which he sees in others.

In America, however, man is not learning this perspective. This is due to the American scapegoat—the South. The reason the South receives the brunt of criticism is the fact that the rest of America must find a scapegoat under which they may hide their own bigotry. These people are so weak and shallow that they fool themselves and all others like themselves. In a sense, these people are so guilt-ridden they must find a victim to attack so as to defectively strengthen themselves.

It is amazing and odd to see how these people can wallow in their own arrogance and hypocrisy without realization. These hypocrites stand up at meetings and say that they have nothing against demonstrations, as long as they don't take place in their city. These people defend fair housing acts, but if a Negro moves into their neighborhood they are the first to harass and spit upon their new neighbor. These people back the integration of public facilities and accommodations, as long as they're not the places they frequent. Finally, these shallow people demand complete integration of public schools, so long as no one dares to change the school districts which happen, by some chance, to provide for "de facto segregation." It is truly sad that the South receives criticism from these people.

These arrogant people chastise the South for the very reason they themselves are so weak. The average Southerner is completely honest with himself, thus knowing where he stands, while the others fool themselves. For this reason (that the South openly shows its beliefs) it is not at all inconceivable that true understanding between races will come first to the South—the American scapegoat.

Page Sponsor—Compliments of the Paranooids from Mrs. Spear's Third English Class

Poet's Lament

Christie Harvin, '65

If I could but speak —
to tell Aurora's
quiet creeping
To beatify
some dizzy feeling,
in vocal apparatus reeling
To make it real —
if I could tell.
If only I,
in pact with fog,
could brazen whispers overhear
of scarlet roses, smug in morning.
Could not the depths of nature be
Engraven
On a human spirit?

Oh, that every word —
every phrase I utter —
Might a monument be to truth. To deity.
To speak, and never stammer —
The orange tree can speak . . .
in blossoms of the sweetest nature.
Bits of Zeus's kingdom
given Earth.

But I,
Natural being
By nature hidden,
Am as fate
Ordained —

A Spartan helot born to serve Athenian Pindar, or
A mariner doomed to slay the lingual Albatross.

Page Sponsor—Dr. and Mrs. Richard L. Harris

Fifteen Sous

First Place, Intermediate Short Story Division
Quill and Scroll Writing Contest

Cindy Cunningham, '67

The fugitive crouched low in the cold, damp cave. To one side of him stretched the great black oblivion of the tunnel; on his other side a dull grey haze coated the rock wall, the evidence of outside light.

His prison clothes still hung on him, though in rags. They gave little protection from the icy drafts in the cave. His skin had become sallow and worn, and his eyes burned like two glowing embers in that stretched little face. The hollowness of cheeks and eyesockets gave evidence of the bitterness he had lived these last days. Inside, his bowels screamed in the agony of hunger — he had gone three days without a morsel. Pitifully ragged strands of hair draped over his face — hair that had once been fine and soft.

Yes, there was a time, he thought, the feverish mind turning to a happier day. In his childhood his family had been rich, and he was sturdy and healthy, not wretched and thin as he was now. He had found this cave on his father's estate, and he used to spend as much time here as he could, never telling a soul about his find. But then adolescence had come, and with it, the girl. He had shown her the cave, and she had loved the quiet solitude as much as he. He could remember the clear tone of her voice when she would call to him from the hill facing the cave.

Ah well, he thought, no time to think of that now. He would never see her again.

A dry cough racked his aching body, and his eyes dimmed for a moment.

Then a chance beam of light struck the open mouth of the bag which the old fugitive guarded so zealously. A handful of gold coins glinted in the feeble light.

He was a hunted man, racing against crime and the men who sought him. Every minute of his life now was borrowed time. And so he had returned to the beloved place of his childhood, the only sanctuary he knew. The only other person who knew of the cave was the girl — and hadn't she probably forgotten him?

Page Sponsor—Mr. and Mrs. Hazel

Suddenly a cry pierced the thick silence. The fugitive bent his head in wonder. For a moment his heart raced wildly — could it be? But then logic flooded his brain; no, it was impossible.

There it was again. A cracked old voice called his name, but to him it was a glorious tone, the trumpet of his boyhood angel. Again he heard it and shuffled to the mouth of the cave. Light struck his eyes, and he painfully dodged back. But still the clear voice called to him, "Jacques. Jacques."

He looked out into the light. There she stood, shining in all her beauty. And she was waiting for him.

With a joyous cry, "Angelique," he lunged out of the cave and ran to her, his cramped legs moving as best they could. As he reached her feet he crumpled, red oozing from his chest as his heart's blood ran about her feet.

A detective sprang from the bushes, his gun still smoking in his hand. He went into the cave and emerged with the burlap traveling sack full of money, and then strode up to the crooked, bent old woman. He stopped at the fugitive's body.

"He was hard to catch, the old devil," he paused to chuckle softly, then resumed, "Ah well . . . Oh, Madame Angelique," he addressed the old woman, then reached inside the bag and pulled out some *sous*. He counted out fifteen, then finished, "Thank you, as you asked, here is your fee, fifteen *sous*. Come, I'll take you back to town." And with that the two turned and left.



—Debbie Brown

Page Sponsor—Mrs. James P. Thompson

Soneto Para Querido Mio

First Place, Senior Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Gayle Petty, '65

The best of earthly song is that unsung,
So from unspoken word and thought untold,
From silver dream and fantasy of gold,
My dear and deepest sentiments have sprung.
This whispered passion helplessly I've flung
To passing moments unconcerned and cold—
Of thee at last my heart has taken hold,
Blindly, without cause, the world has slung
This delicate emotion to the wind,
And now thy precious love would fain to seize.
Someday I'll catch the world in slumber deep;
Unseen by sleep-filled eyes I shall pretend
That I need not vainly try the world to please—
And I thy treasured love will 'ever keep.

A Riddle

Priscilla Harrison, '65

About this Prometheus knew.
Too close to this Icarus flew.
Despite this thing old Nero played.
In spite of this the Christians stayed.
Because of this Roger Bacon
Died unaware he was mistaken.
This brought the fall of Shakespeare's globe.
Its stage, its stands, each prop and robe.
On history's years it's left its mark;
It darkens white and lightens dark.
Before its warmth you often sit
For bedtime stories. What is it?

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Kirwan's Second and Sixth Period English Classes

The Ballad of Old King Crack

Dick Bay, '66

Shine not the light of man upon the aardvark's ear,
And let us not shake hands at all with dragon flies so dear.

Oh florid prophase from on high!
Shall form an onyx apple pie.

Pursue a fascicle of works, and need you not grow pale,
Over Noskrid's *Etymology of Palabra Farthingale*.

When scarlet stairs to thermostat
Trip a tail of vampire bat,
Flies fluoresce to shade sham shack,
And offer rations to King Crack.

Oh son of Naples! Oh molder of wax!
Oh son of poverty! Oh suitor of faks!
In tallow tower toiled regal muzhie,
Contouring candles in turbid attic.

Oh royal throne: a rocking chair;
Crown and scepter that weren't there.
Bats and filth infest shack palace.
Fallen monarch slaves with malice.
Royal line — mutation prey
To semblance small of yesterday.

A murky madness, Monday, met
A mystic, melting monkey pet.
Images to candles came,
Contort and die in flagrant flame.

Shabby and haggard loomed his queen,
No such corpulent aggregate, to Nova seen.
Lacking love and compassion, contemptible she.

King Crack implored, "Face freedom for me!"
Denials encumber, to ramble incite
To a young, coarsely maiden and romance of night.

Air rifle racks and shaving creams
Shall form opposing nurdy teams.
Oh wopplers wild! Oh borks genteel!

Oh athletes ten—pachyderms nonpareil!

In darkness dawning doom's decrease,
Remorseless plight of life's surcease.
Eagle talons, tearless, taste
Burning blood in nocturnal haste.
Mephistopheles' delight —
Fanatic fingers, claws at night.

Beatles in the bathtub,
Mocking music, man.
Maiden knitting soda straws
In a pink mink garbage can.

King Crack is racing alligators
On blue hoods of jeeps.
All is well within the cell
Which the conscience keeps.

DEFINITIONS OF TERMS

Noskrid — Atmas Noskrid, professional bore and author, available for most social occasions

Palabra — "word," in Spanish

Faks — creatures existing only behind soda fountains in New Rochelle whose diet consists of used soda straws

Nurdy — a game played by two teams, each with two borks, six forwards, and two wopplers, usually elephants because they wobble better than people

all other words are in the dictionary

Her Huge Brown Eyes

First Place, Intermediate Essay Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Susan Porter, '68

Her eyes, her huge brown eyes. They capture your attention, and before you can turn your head you are under her spell. She doesn't do it maliciously. She just sits there, her face forward and her body relaxed. You simply can't break the continuous stare that obsesses you.

Your eyes move now to her clean, short hair, lying smoothly against her cheeks with a slight curl toward her face. The color is a warm brown, that of a new camel hair coat.

Her cheeks are rosy. There is always a hint of a smile on her lips as if she knows what you are thinking. She is always well-dressed according to the latest fad.

You cast your eyes to the other side of the room, or to your work, trying to break the spell, but they still wander back.

And she writes. Her letters are big and bold. They have their own characteristics. They fascinate you. Her movements are slow and graceful.

Suddenly, you realize your dilemma. You twist uneasily in your desk.

The bell rings. You watch her. She rises and leaves the room, the spell with her. It happens every day. Why? How does she do it? It begins with her eyes, her huge brown eyes.



-Suzanne Bennett

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Lorenz's Second Period English I Class

Alone

Second Place, Intermediate Poetry Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Katherine Tachau, '68

Walking alone,
alone and not caring,
I stumbled upon him,
dying,
grieving,
in pain,
I walked on.

Walking alone,
alone and not caring,
I found my way barred;
I stumbled,
and fell,
I tried to rise,
yet could not,
I tried to see,
to hear,
in vain, all in vain.

So I lay,
I struggled upward,
yet each time I fell,
I yearned to walk,
to hear, to see,
as before—
and fell each time,
alone, fighting.

And so I lay,
alone, so alone,
when someone stumbled on me,
alone, not caring.
So I lay dying,
grieving,
in pain;
and my heart cried out for him.

Page Sponsor—David Littrell and the Rest of Mrs. Doyle's TV Class

IV

Third Place, Senior Poetry Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Ellen Meese, '66

del marcos del tiempo
del movimiento eterno
del mundo oscuro
y noche con los aspectos del tiempo

out of the wastes of time
the mark of eternal longing
salt of the sea
granite of earth
farmer, philosopher
one lonely traveler in the wastes of time
to judge of
spirit and mind
past and present
the scent of the lotus
the purity of self
marred by the violent stains of self-protection
the heart of one dreamer
the aspiration of ego
the aspiration of hope
produced by longing

from the shore of time
one dreamer
erased, lost
fleeing from the ravages of time
the hatred of here and now
the jealousy of eternity
the guarded secrecy of forever
the hinted at . . .
forgotten
dismissed

In Memory of Mrs. Margaret J. Fletcher

into oblivion
flies one dreamer
one heart
one scent
one flickering ideal

the omniscient nothing
the dealer
in pseudo-solidities
in non-realities
in lost dreamers
in forgotten nows
the teller of time
the master clock-work
of a nothing world
the destructive tic-tac
of two weights and a pendulum
the raucous cry of one cuckoo
calling the hours
to the distant haze
to the past times
and the future
into oblivion
flies one dreamer

Rotting Apples

Third Place, Intermediate Essay Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Sue Wallace, '67

Large masses of an indefinite material, strewn at random through the dry, brittle blades of grass. Masses of rotting life, held by a soft, yet tough hide. An odor reminiscent of a home-made brew permeated the air, sweet, yet bitterly repugnant. Insects swarmed around, filling the air with the sound of their activity, intent upon the fruit as bears upon honey. A beaten and bitter tree dominated the scene, its rough and barren bark showing the mute scars of its existence. Dried and broken bits of the tree lay among the discarded fruit. The whole scene was death—dried grass, barren tree, rotting apples—decaying life.

Page Sponsor—Mr. and Mrs. John Sandidge

The Looking Glass

Second Place, Intermediate Essay Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Karen Speer, '67

Quietly, silently, steadily; watching, waiting by the mirror. She never moves, she ponders virtue, hate, piety. Alienation, aloneness surround her.

What can she see in that dark mirror of separateness, that misty half-light? I do not understand.

"Can you speak?" I ask.

"Yes, but I will remain quiet," she answers.

"Why? Have you found your peace?"

"I am weary of the search. I am weary of your peace."

"Walk on, fly on, seek on!" I cried.

She did not turn, nor did I approach her.

"I would rather be a spectator; watching, waiting for the inevitable."

She spoke slowly, overcome by the dark melancholy around her.

"I know you are youth," she said. "I know what you want. I fear you. I do not seek your peace, but I seek my own Fulfillment. Walk on, youth."

"Dreams are your bed, pleasure your food; you love not, nor do you hate. You are not real, youth. I am weary of your unreality. Virtue is an effort to you. You seek the tempest. Your piety stifles Truth. Seek on, youth, leave me. You are not my Fulfillment."

All was dark and quiet; I could not respond. She was incomprehensible. I turned to leave her, her dark mirror, her misty world. Yet from behind me a voice came.

"Beauty is of soft whisperings . . . Her voice yields to our silences like a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow . . ."

She turned to listen. Her face was bright. It shone like a myriad of stars. I walked on.

Page Sponsor—Chew along with Mrs. Wrigley's skillfully "skilled" scholars

Mood Study

Kathy Staley, '67

Dancers pirouette slowly on a misty stage. Snow falls on a deserted plain. The quietness and beauty before a storm reverberate into magnificence and wonderment. A spring day dawns with the newness of life. The starry heights are found after dark depression. A nymph flits from sparkling star to star. "God's in his heaven and all's right with the world." Greatness breaks through the quiet depths of drifting snow. The storm lies beneath tranquility—drifting slowly through time, space, and a nonstatic universe filled with obscenities, through vileness and the beauty of God's creations. Down, down—falling quickly, now slowly, and rising again to an infinite light. Heavy thoughts lift from a burdened mind. Sadness penetrates the hidden recesses of a cave, a heart, a sea—alone, but not lonely, for thoughts are better company than many people.

After Death . . . Bittersweet

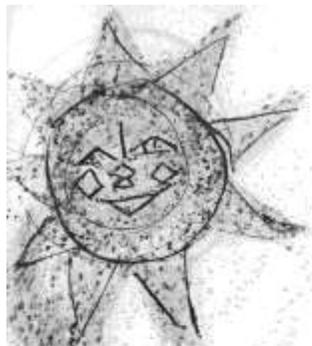
First Place, Intermediate Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Suzy James, '68

A snowflake,
Given little precious time,
A gift of nature, good and kind,
Full of beauty, very real,
No time left, none to steal,
After death it's bittersweet.

A first love,
Only happens once to each,
Of those who try so hard to reach
For life's warmth and tenderness,
That's rare in the world's bitterness,
After death it's bittersweet.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Luzzini's First Period English Class



Summer

Lynn Staley, '65

this dusk the sky is lime
the air is golden
pregnant with
honey.

wrath
will fall on the
black cricket
for
breaking silence.

Falling Leaves

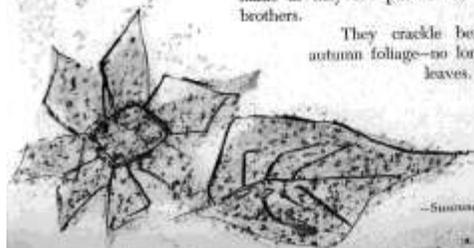
Second Place, Intermediate Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Suzy James, '68

After the harshness of winter, the blooming of spring and the sweet life of summer, the leaves begin to fall. The rosy red leaves resemble old women blushing at youthful memories. The radiant orange ones look as though they were old soldiers, angrily fighting the battle of death. The pale yellow leaves seem to be weak fools afraid of death, and the wrinkled brown ones are similar to old slaves scarred and aged by the severity of life. Gracefully all of their shadows dance a death waltz on the dewy ground, and a swishy, rustling sound is made as they are put in their grave of decayed brothers.

They crackle beneath our feet as
autumn foliage—no longer falling, autumn
leaves.

—Susanne Bennett



A Winter's Day

Suzy James, '68

Boldly winter's harsh cry is shouted through the desolate city, telling the truth of winter. Nature has deserted all life and has put a curse on what is left. The cold barren ground is as hard as a rock. Above it the naked tree limbs protrude as a devil's horns. The savage wind slaps the monuments of life, tearing the links between man and his faith in nature's love. The vast grey emptiness of the heavens above sheds soft, sympathetic tears upon the ground, to weave a protective blanket for the undefended. The crude whip of winter continues to beat upon the earth, leaving the tears of a noble knight, until a mysterious calling is heard from a distant place. The fruits of life bloom once more, and when winter bears their last petals fall to the ground, the war of nature commences again.

Spring Song

Lynn Staley, '65

Now in this spring of mine
mine
white dreams
go riding
a gold-ribbed line
to where they merge
in unknown heart.

And part
of me's always wanting
those nine proud thoughts,
always listening
with lifted chin
for hoofbeats on tattooed shore.

So my spring flies on:
heedless of the chrysalis
that waits for
metamorphosis,
that forgets to feel
the thin, sad ruin.



With a Bang or a Whimper?

Third place, Senior Short Story Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Deborah Huffman, '65

The townspeople angrily crowded the sidewalks of the small mid-western city. Their numbers increased, and, as a result, their noise increased. Since their ire was extreme and bedlam ruled, nothing short of a miracle could calm them.

A stranger to the community stood on the sidelines, smoking his pipe and stroking his beard — a typical innocent bystander. He was calm and said nothing; he simply watched. The harried citizens, paying no attention to this apparently apathetic man, wisked by him. Yet apathetic he was not, for he was keenly interested in the behavior of the local citizenry. A large, burly man quite accidentally ran into him. He said nothing, just growled. Another grabbed him and shouted, "Come on. Let's get him." He merely turned the other cheek.

Who were they going "to get"? As of yet the stranger had been unable to find out. At last, his curiosity getting the better of him, he stopped a middle-aged matron. "Where are we going? Whom are we getting?"

"Why, where have you been? Have you no sense of religious or patriotic duty? That teacher, or so he claims to be—that's who we're going to take care of." He was really not sure. He asked an elderly citizen the same question and his reply was, "Who? That Mr. Cameron. John Cameron. He came in here preaching all kinds of nonsense about the world, God, and sin—you know. Then this fall he starts to teach down at the elementary, and first thing you know he's telling that junk to the kids. Junk, trash, that's what it is. Mind ye, that's what it is."

He questioned the old man, "If it's junk, why are you so worried?"

His answer was, "I ain't gonna let my kids or nobody else's listen to that junk 'cause he's all wrong. He's also talking down the rich folks in this town, saying they's all wrong."

"He's probably right. The meek shall inherit the earth."

Page Sponsor—Mr. and Mrs. Rex Kurtz

"No don't quote the Bible to me, young man. Everyone knows that ain't true now. Now you're beginning to sound like Brother Jones. Come on. Ain't you gonna help us?"

"No, I . . ." but the man had scurried on. He halted a young boy, a student, and asked him the same questions. The student was more pensive than the others had been and answered slowly, "Well, this Mr. Cameron came to town last year. He used to preach up in the mountain towns. Well, then he came down here and started talking about some stuff that grown-ups didn't like. For instance, he tried to say that God wasn't real, that he didn't live in a white palace with beautiful angels in heaven. And he also said that perhaps he knew certain truths, you see, that he could tell the people because he claimed he had been in contact with heaven (he giggled). Well, now, you and I know that's just plumb ridiculous, but he went right on saying it. Then this fall he came to the school, and he taught the children those same stories. The parents complained a lot, but not so much as when he told his story about the world. He says the world came from nothing and yet something. He claimed it is too great for you and me to understand. He also says the world is going to return to this something or nothing at its end. You know that ain't true because the Bible says it will be destroyed by fire and if the Bible says it, well . . . anyway he goes on to say that our sins are going to cause this destruction. Well, that's when they got so riled up—when he said the end of the world. So they had him put in jail. He don't seem to mind it none; he just goes right on talking. So the thirty days are up now and if he comes out, they figure he'll start over again. They say it's not fair to keep Mr. Barnabus in there sixty days for one night when he was only drunk. They say if you let out Cameron, Barnabus goes too. Now, don't you agree?"

"Well, no," the stranger replied, "I don't. But did this man do anything else?"

"Yeah, he was odd—kind of different. He didn't teach like the other teachers. Like he tried to take his pay, ain't much, and give it to the old folks' home. Said he didn't need it."

"And what's wrong with that, young man. It's better to give than to receive."

"Yeah, but still he shouldn't be teaching. I hear he really didn't graduate from college, and he's so young, how would he know about those things."

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Derry's Fifth Period English Class

"I don't know . . ." but the boy, too, moseyed on. During the conversation he had failed to notice that the excitement had grown. He walked on, and he observed that the crowd had gathered in front of the jail and that now on the second floor the sheriff had come out. He was a well-dressed political figure who kept raising his hand in the scout sign of peace.

After much shooting, the noise subsided long enough for Mr. Patrick Pyle, the sheriff to say, "Now listen folks. What do you want? His time is up, and I've got to let him go, but I can't turn him loose to you all."

A voice called out, "If you let him go, let Barnabus go." Pyle, exhausted with the whole problem, bickered several minutes with the rioting crowd. Finally he yelled, "All right. Have them both. Do what you want. I'm quitting and I wash my hands of the whole affair," and he turned and left.

The crowd barged inside the jail and promptly received the two free men, John Cameron and Barnabus. The stranger watched them exit. Cameron was haggard and sad. His clothes were already torn. A person in the crowd jeered and gave him a heavy placard to carry, reading "The end of the world is far away." Bravely he bore it.

The crowd, chanting and jeering, pushed the two along until they reached a sizeable hill in the middle of Gaulbert Park, whereupon they pushed Cameron to the top. The sky had darkened and rain was threatening as he stood silhouetted against the sky. When the rain started the crowds began to leave.

A cry came from the back of the crowd, "Stop." Its commanding tone caused them to come to a halt. "Stop!" He spoke loud and clear. "What you are doing here is wretched. I pity you, my children. What he has done is not wrong, and what you have done is wrong." The crowd was amazed and they stared. The few who knew the stranger could not believe this kind, gentle, soft-spoken man was declaring these words. Still, he maintained his usual calm. "You will live to regret your action." He grabbed the banner and tossed it aside. The people, stunned, said nothing.

"Come," he said, and they went.

Which man carried his message more effectively—the quiet persuasive man, or the man of action? Only the future would tell.

Page Sponsor—Ricky Julliard

On The Proper Place For Ancestor-Worship

Second Place, Senior Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest
introspect Editor's Award

Marcus Burke, '65

A silhouette, alone on craggy peak,
The old and rough-hewn figure views the sands
Beneath, whose spanse, so desolate, so bleak,
The far horizon grasps with yellowed hands.
No purpose serves this brooding, granite hulk;
No traveler seeks it as a certain guide,
No haven offers it from raging storm,
No quenching stream springs from its barren side.

They serve no purpose but to be, to rise
Above, where all may view them,
none may touch;
Below, their pitted pedestals despise
The climbing search of student-youths
and such.
"How useless that," the travelers
all concur,
How useless predecessors who
just "were."



—Cindy Clark

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Kirwon's First Period English Class

Impressions of Markings

A Review

Mitch Ash, '66

MARKINGS by Dag Hammerskjöld, (Knopf, 221 pp., \$4.95, 1964).

Life: a reproach unless truly lived, yet an approach to true living. The man Hammerskjöld desired *the* life, and to this highest of purposes he dedicated an existence. He desired, but he sought not. His goal — "to be prepared" — ready for

"The ultimate surrender to the creative act—" the wielding of a soul to the flame which is love and life and God. The Way of the Cross of surrender selected, it could not be merely chosen; so Hammerskjöld waited *actively*, not in fear, but with hope.

Smiling, sincere, incorruptible—
His body disciplined and limber.
A man who had been what he could,
And was what he was—
Ready at any moment to gather everything
Into one simple sacrifice.

Death: an always-approaching reality—evident, observable, but fascinating because it is incomprehensible. The soft-spoken Swede wrote of death-forms, inquiring "is death fulfillment?" He spoke of "dreams of doom," described suicides almost longingly, alluded to a self-destroying Narcissus; but these came before his moment, before he said *yes* to the fate which for him was life. Subsequently, a conclusion:

"As an element in the sacrifice, death is a fulfillment, but more often it is a degradation, and it is never an elevation."

Finally, a credo:

"Do not seek death. Death will find you. But seek the road which makes death fulfillment."

Page Sponsor—Dr. and Mrs. Warren H. Ash

Even so, Hammerskjöld retained the fascination life has for its unknowable relative. Conscious he was throughout that

"Night is drawing nigh—"

The man: a simplicity wrought from complexities.

Hammerskjöld: a mountaineer who exuberantly declaimed poetry from the summits. He wrote: "Never measure the height of a mountain, until you have reached the top. Then you will see how low it was." He was the son of a Swedish Prime Minister, and he expected greatness of himself. With unparalleled success in the world of governments, he wrote of "this 'self,' the creation of irresponsible and ignorant persons, meaningless honors and catalogued acts." Hammerskjöld spent the whole of his existence in becoming worthy of accepting God's life. He asks himself, "Is your disgust at your emptiness to be the only life with which you fill it?" A boyish exuberant man, sick with loneliness; a successfully many-talented man, calling himself "empty"; a deeply beautiful soul, whom self-doubt drives almost to despair. A *living* man, always conscious of impending death. These complexities—and the "simple sacrifice" of surrender.

What these *Markings* reveal is Hammerskjöld, the unique man of this century—a professional civil servant, implanted squarely in the center of the physical world, yet dedicated to the spiritual glory of God. Once, the man with such a spirit wrote from "withdrawal," at a distance from masses. Now,

"In our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action."

So Hammerskjöld revealed to his future the journey he would not reveal to his present. Read of his chosen path and wonder at the existence of such a man.

"He broke fresh ground—because, and only because, he had the courage to go ahead without asking whether others were following . . ."

Page Sponsor—Waggener Senior High Orchestra

A Time to be Young In

Third Place, Senior Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Lynn Staley, '65

I

rainbows . . .
green-gloves
after spring rains . . .
young swains walking to meet their ladies fair . . .
ladies waiting with
 bright, bound-up hair . . .
hair that tumbles free . . .
hands that touch and sighs of
 "me and thee" . . .
men and maids walking 'neath the sky . . .
man and maid: you and I . . .
love sounds and night sounds
 blending into one breeze:
timeless ripple of air
 blowing from sun-drenched seas . . .
dappled, liquid life
 bottled in this evening joy . . .

II

There is such joy in being young:
 such joy that I should like to prolong
 its bitter-sweet savor forever.
Let this be enough for me:
I have tasted of youth;
have run freely, out of breath,
into your arms;
have loved the fragrance
of rain-washed earth;
have known life to be worth
more than I can ever pay.

Page Sponsor—Mr. and Mrs. James M. Staley

Let this suffice,
and let me always say
of earth
that I have loved it
differently each day.

III

Tonight
there is moon on the grass-
tiny trembling drops of weeping lute.
All lies bare
but crowned earth.
My hushed, young world
wears sky's shy praise
like strand of tears.

John J. Normal

First Place, Senior Essay Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Gary Lutz, '66

John J. Normal wakes up in the morning, yawns, stretches, shaves, showers, dresses, and comes down to breakfast. He drinks his orange juice, eats his corn flakes, dunks his doughnuts, and sips his coffee before leaving for the office. He drives to the station, parks the car, buys a newspaper, and catches the 8:04. He arrives at the office, greets his co-horts, and settles himself at his desk. During the day he reads his mail, visits the water cooler, answers the phone, takes time for lunch, dictates some letters, has his coffee-break, goes to the washroom, and checks out at five. He leaves the office, goes to the station, catches his train, and relaxes in the club car. He drives home, eats dinner, watches television, and then waits until everyone else has gone to bed before he recharges his battery.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Mowry's Second Period English Class

Poet's Death

First Place, Intermediate Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Marda Messick, '68

The cold face of thy death
rises with the moon—
the distant quiet tower
awaits thee,
longing.
How heard you the whisper
of wind that carried
Death's scented
rain?
The empty miles sought
to betray thee, yet
a flame soared through
the night of
your fears,
And
you reaped
a final harvest
and left it
Golden,
in pearls
of words.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Wrigley's Sixth Period, Pkg II

Rotting Apples

First Place, Intermediate Short Story Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

McGee Spencer, '67

I was walking through the fields to school back home when I noticed the old apple tree, branches bent low with the weight of fruit. For a minute, I saw my chance and I thought:

"The biggest an' juiciest apple . . . I'll shine it up pretty an' put it on my teacher's desk, makin' right sure she knows who put it there. Aw . . . I ain't got much brains anyhow, and I ain't never gonna get nowhere. I'm just sick of them books and maps and 'rithmetic problems. Ain't nothin' in this here world says I got to go to school. Ma would've wanted me to — but she ain't here no more an' Pa don't much care; he's got the rest of the kids to be lookin' after. Best I be gettin' on an' makin' a place for myself in this here world. Yessir, I'll jest pack up my belongin's and head for the city."

I thought maybe that was the thing for me—to go to the city and find some kind old man that would just take me in and teach me everything I'd need to know to become a blacksmith or a telegraph man—like I'd read in them story books. I could see a great list of professions just waiting for me to come along and jump in. It didn't much matter that I couldn't read very well and that I didn't know my multiplication tables past five.

And so I set out to make a man out of myself. I packed up the few things I had, cleaned out the old tin can I kept my pennies in, and started on my way.

It was just a day's walk, but I started early so I could take my time and not be so tired when I got there. The spring air was fresh. I couldn't help thinkin' about all the things I wanted to do and see, and all the money I was gonna make for myself.

When I got to town, my legs were pretty darn worn out, and I was sure that the pack on my back weighed a ton. I was dusty and dirty and ready for my dinner, a hot bath, and a soft bed. It wasn't until then that I started to wonder where I might find these things. My dollar and ten cents sure wasn't gonna pay my board and keep for long.

Page Sponsor—Mr. Minton's TV American History Class

I slowly climbed the steps to Grant's General Store and bought two slices of cheese and an overripe banana. It sure wasn't much of a dinner, but it tasted good all the same to me, sittin' there on the porch as the sun went down. I suddenly realized that I'd better find a place to spend the night, so I started for the stable, hopin' to find a pile of hay to sleep in. There was no doubt in my mind that I would find some nice old groom that would welcome me at the stable gate.

I approached the run-down building and knocked on the door frame. An old man shouted gruffly, "Come in! But mind ya don't scare them horses!"

I told him what I'd come for and asked if I might sleep there that night before looking for work the next day. He looked at me like I was too little a kid to find work, but he told me if I was lookin' for work, I could sure do some in the stable before usin' it as a hotel.

For three hours I rubbed down sweaty horses, polished scummy bridles, and pitched hay. I could hardly stand up straight, my back hurt so. Where was the genteel old man I'd heard about? Where was my kindly old lady to take me into her kitchen and fill me full of freshly-baked cookies and cold milk?

I curled up in some scratchy straw; I was covered with sweat and dirt. My clothing was thin and the night brought with it a cold, damp wind. My heart cried for a home, the sight of familiar faces, but I was even too tired to cry.

The morning came much too soon, but I was ready to find a job. First I went back to the General Store, but there wasn't much use for a clerk who couldn't add. There wasn't a place for a boy my age in a blacksmith shop or plowin' fields or carryin' feed bags. The day was a failure and so was I.



—Debbie Brown

I turned to go to the stable, but I couldn't face another night like the one I'd just spent. I knew I should be at home where I could at least help my father — so I headed toward home.

As I neared our house, I passed that apple tree that I had seen only a few days before. There was the apple I had picked, lying rotting in the road.

Wisp

Gayle Petty, '65

I

Slowly
Cautiously—
just afraid—
The bitterness has turned
Into soft glow.
A candle shines
Merely,
Where once flames
raged.
The skies are a
Different kind
of blue
now.

II

Love words
Spoken so softly —
Simple words
Whispered.
Shadows
Of passion —
My darling
Is
So very,
very
gentle.

The Little Prince

A Review

Deborah Huffman, '65

THE LITTLE PRINCE by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. (Harcourt, Brace, and World, 91 pages, \$3.75, 1943).

If you are an adult or believe you have a grown-up essence, please don't read this (you won't understand it). However, if you are a child or comprehend the minds of children, please go on (you will discern what I am trying to say).

I wish to tell you about a story, but not the entire narrative, for that would not be fair to the Little Prince.

I don't know where your little prince lives, mine dwells in a castle hundreds of feet high, and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's lives on a planet no larger than a house. His prince owns three volcanoes (two inactive and one active) and a beautiful flower whose fickle nature causes him to travel to Earth. Here on Earth he meets Saint-Exupéry stranded on a desert.

I've often thought Mr. Antoine was very fortunate indeed to be able to meet his little prince, for I've never seen mine. (Have you seen yours?) He apparently thought so too, for he chose to tell you all about it. His lovely story is accompanied by beautiful watercolors of the little man so that you may fully construe the details of the hero (you see, it's very difficult even to see, much less to comprehend, someone else's little prince.) However, we must not dwell on his physical attributes but rather on what he had to say (M. Antoine tells us that too.)

When you listen to the story, you must put away all earthly "matters of consequence," for the Little Prince will be offended if you don't. Instead you must feel for the truly important things in our lives such as the rationalization for the thorns of flowers. If you don't, you will become like the foolish monarch, or the conceited man, or the tippler, or the busy businessman, or the geographer. (These are the dwellers of faraway asteroids 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, and 330.) Are you struck with the similarity between these men and the adults you know?

The most important thing the little boy tells us is the secret of life. No, you're wrong! It's not a weighty idea for a small prince to know; he's

really the only one who would be able to grasp it. He hasn't always known it though. You see he had a friendship with a fox. The fox told him the secret, and I'll tell you.

Do you know what "tame" means? The fox tells the prince that it means "to establish ties," and when you tame someone, he becomes unique in all the world (Oh, but I didn't need to tell you that. As a child you knew it.) Then the beautiful, red animal relates to the prince the familiar method of taming. Mr. Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince learns quickly. He doesn't write down the rules for they are not anything he can see or put into words—and there you have the secret. The fox is able to explain it more simply than I can. I believe he says, "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."

Mr. Saint-Exupéry tells you many other things about his Little Prince for, you remember, he is stranded in the desert and must somehow fix his engine before his water supply runs out. So while he tinkers with the machine and tries to draw the boy a sheep, the child keeps him company by telling him about the planet dwellers I mentioned above. He is extremely perceptive and, therefore, makes those men seem very foolish indeed. The Little Prince also tells Mr. Antoine all about this planet, his love for the most unusual flower, and the flower's reciprocal feeling. Oh please don't laugh; it's not the least bit funny.

In fact, there is nothing amusing in the entire story; moreover, it's rather sad, particularly when it is necessary for the Little Prince to take his sheep, leave the desert, and return to his asteroid. He helps Saint-Exupéry find water, fixes his plane, and then prepares to say good-bye. His friend is so unhappy!—how he will miss the prince's laughter (just as the prince misses his flower). They go walking on the desert; the Little Prince lies down and soon disappears, but Mr. Saint-Exupéry isn't sad. Do you know why? Just as the Little Prince thinks all the stars are beautiful because his flower is on one of them, so Mr. Antoine laughs at the heavens because his prince is laughing there. (If you have time look at the stars—do you see a beautiful flower or hear happy laughter?)

Now I've told you the story of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince; however, I truly feel you should read it for yourself. I think you'll find that all of you who are something of children when you begin *The Little Prince* will be something of adults when you finish.

NOTE: If you ever see a very little boy with lovely blond curls, a flying yellow scarf, and floating laughter, ask him how his flower is. (This will make him very happy for he is the Little Prince.)

Young

Lynn Staley, '65

Laden, the sky glooms above the earth—
a hint of agony yet to come—
boy and girl walking 'neath
fear not approaching doom.

Loving life with unquenched fire,
youth weeps not the hours away:
madly plucking on time-worn lyre,
forgetting to weep, to fear, to pray.

Death advances, steps uncaring, eyes *sans* glow;
child cries not, drops without sound or tears—
for nothing falls from heavenly blow,
naught 'cept leaves and grass and wine-light years.

Rest sweetly, gentle child,
go your ways in world of gray;
forget the laugh you shouted wild;
forget the dawn before the day.

Symbols of Success

Gary Lahr, '66

Success is not having to hail more than six taxis on a rainy day.

Success is being bitten by a dog who's had all his shots.

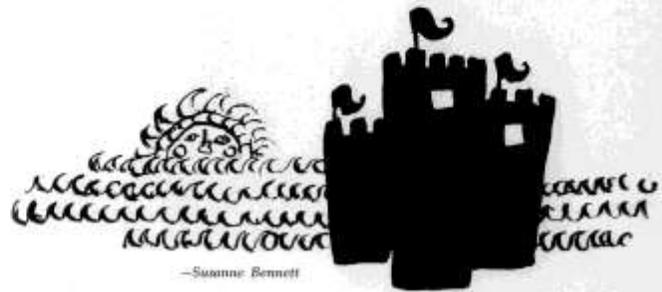
Success is making the best bunk at the Lake Takalachi summer camp.

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The Plight of Sculptors

Susanne Bennett, '65

The sun shone brightly on the waves, and the water mockingly dared me to play. The golden sand yearned for hands to couple it and mold its grains into magnitude. I answered their cries—the sand's and the water's—and eagerly dug my hands into the shore. First came a carefully built castle, complete with a moat and a drawbridge. As I eyed my handiwork, I became intent on constructing a bigger and a better castle out of the golden sand. I worked diligently, building more castles, until a great city arose. How beautiful, thought I, and how great a builder I am! I resolved to build the greatest city ever made by childish hands. All afternoon I worked, never noticing that the sun was sinking low and the wind was growing chill. Then one wave mightier than the rest washed away my castles and my walls. Terrified and alarmed, I fled from the foamy sea of destruction. I now had learned—as everyone in every walk of life must learn—that time and tide wait for no man.



—Susanne Bennett

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III

First Place, Senior Poetry Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Ellen Mease, '66

Voice I: I desire
Voice II: I need

the light of shadows to come
the harsh reality of
 I desire
 I need
the hidden breathings
the secret intimations

Voice III: To desire
to need
and the cravings go unfed
endless in procession
illusionary forces

the living is there
in some future dusk-flow

to desire
an infinite love
lasting in the luminescence of evening
to desire
a definite self-verification
original walkings
to become self-god
deity-incarnate
sufficient unto self
alone in self-created world

the wealth is there
the self here
the ever-present mental state
the potentiality of mind

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to need
sustenance
the mental state of starvation
the ending of process
the expiration of self
to need
emotion
a priestess of love
tendrils of cucumber in just evening
the blue light of emotion

Voice I: For full expression of potential
one desires
attaches some vague significance
seeks some non-existent ghost of hope
dispells the human angel despair
finding reason
 in the oneness of self-desire

Voice II: I only need
I crave no eventual salvation
no eventual up-lifting of my dying soul
no spiritual relief in hope
no forced immortality
I only need
here and now
no time in eternity
no unreal fixation on a nothing of obscurity
I only need

Voice III: To desire
to need
find expression in
desire and need
 the inconsequential satisfactions of thought
find expression
only when
have is 'the reality

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April is the Cruellest Month

First Place, Senior Short Story Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Leonard Price, '66

It was April, when the bluster of March began to fade, and a few buds ventured into the warming uncertainty of the world. Some buds would die, snapped up by a vengeful and retreating winter. Green would return to the world, but at a cost. There would always be those buds betrayed by April, and not allowed to bloom.

Thomas Caulfield walked through the April weather to the tottering house that was his home. He mounted the steps to his porch, then surveyed his fields in a slow turn, hands stuck in back pockets. When the weather levelled off he would plant, and soon there would be corn and beans and peas to nurse to maturity for the autumn harvest. Then there would be another winter, and after that, April would come again. Life ran in cycles, but Thomas never tired of it. Always in the spring he felt the thrill of awakening of new growth, of new hope, and it was enough to satisfy him.

Yet when Thomas entered his house his mood darkened. A broom that had leaned against the wall when he left rested on the floor. Thomas bent down instantly. His fingers scabbled at the bare floor, and in a moment he had pried up a board. Gone! All of it! He rocked back in dismay, crushed, but a minute later he was on his feet. Who had taken his money? When?

He was out the door with his rifle and running down the dirt road in front of his house in ten seconds. Not bothering to think, he charged on. He went over a creek, through a wooded acre, and over a ridge, and then he spied the thief. A heavy man in a jacket trotted ahead of him with a paper bag in his hand.

Thomas paused for an instant, then yelled and swooped down. The thief heard and turned. He raised a revolver and pointed it at Thomas. Thomas' gun roared first, and the thief pitched over backwards.

The farmer approached the dead man, bent and took the paper bag from his fingers, then stood up shaking violently. The money was in there, all right. He swayed, then sat down heavily. Drained emotionally

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and physically, he just sat and stared alternately at his money and the dead man.

There was a crashing in the nearby bushes, an indistinguishable call, then two men broke into view.

"What's going on here?!" cried one. "What—Ephraim! Oh, my God, it's Ephraim! He's dead!"

The man dropped down by the body, sobbing hysterically. "Oh, God! He's dead! He's dead!" Then he looked up and saw Thomas. "You killed him!" he screamed. He wrenched the revolver from the dead man's hand and aimed it at Thomas. The gun roared and Thomas toppled over, feeling the life drain out of him.

It was April, and some buds died. It was that way and always would be, yet it was a cruel thing. So sad to die when the rest of the world is coming to life.



—Judy Rosenfield

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Rotting Apples

Lynn Berman, '66

There, in the corner of the cellar, is a bushel of rotting apples. What a pity; what senseless waste. Good apples, rotting, useless; good apples that could have fed a hungry child, been made into a tempting pie, nourished a feeble animal.

Such is life. There is so much needless waste, so much inane loss. Humanity has lost brilliant minds and ideas through this process of "rot."

We ourselves, the students of today, are guilty of this contemptible crime. We allow much within ourselves to rot, to die, never to be brought forth into the light, to thrive.

Every time that we do anything but the very best of which we are capable, we are guilty. When we are satisfied with a "C," all the while knowing that we could make an "A," we have allowed ourselves to waste a part of something good and useful.

When we lack the initiative to carry through ideas in which we believe, we perhaps have deprived the world of some small degree of betterment. If we cannot stand up for our own beliefs, how can we expect others to do so? A wealth of ideas is cruelly wasted thusly.

When we become lazy and "take the easy way out," we are wasting our God-given ability to think, to reason, to understand. There is nothing worse than a brilliant mind idle, stagnant, wasted.

Only when the stench of "rotting apples" is gone from the earth will man have accomplished his purpose. At that time, when waste is non-existent, will this world be a truly beautiful place.

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Song of the Earth

Second Place, Senior Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Olivia Day, '65

Running water is a song — a lovely, lute-like, clear, melodic soprano melody that liltily trips over jagged rocks, caressing them 'til they are quite smooth from the tender touch. Water is the running, silvery liquid that refreshes Life's grand thirst and cools the Earth's hot brow. The running brook is the female chorus, flowing cool and sweet.

The surging tide and swelling sea, the crashing storm—a song, but this time strong, *forte*, martial. The *staccato* patterns of rain form drum beats, the swelling rivers are an almost-shouting tenor and bass, while the tide provides a steady slow rhythm. This is surging water, black and blue like a bruise, a bruise so necessary to sustain the Earth.

Running, surging, moving water is a song that ranges from the highest note to the lowest and from shattering loudness to hardly perceptible softness. It is a necessary song; its metre is the Earth's pulse.



—Penny Collier

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Discovery

Mitchell Ash, '68

The Lord God has brought light from the darkness, earth and heaven from the nothingness. He has wrought man from a void. He has made His earth a gift to His man, and He has placed His light so that man may see His gift more clearly. And He has placed in man a link with Himself, a soul.

God has also given to man the power to determine, and man has realized that his accomplishments would increase if his labors were shared. Man has determined further that within him lies an identity beyond the physical. So, from a hunger for greater physical achievement and from a thirst for deeper insight into this metaphysical identity, man has created his society.

God always reveals His power to create, but men have occasionally shown a "Touch"—an ability to communicate with their God-linked souls. A Michelangelo can take paint and deposit it upon plaster, and the result will be far greater than paint or plaster, greater even than the artist himself. A Beethoven can continue to transfer the power of a tempestuous soul to music, even after he has become stone deaf. Men such as these possess the tremendous urge to discover—to discover a self and thus to realize a soul; to realize a soul and so to glimpse the Infinity.

The Book of Genesis speaks clearly of discovery. Jacob has lain down to rest, and he has seen in a dream the gorgeous ladder which leads to the heaven. He has heard the voice of the host and the voice of the Lord of hosts. "And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and he said 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'" Jacob has discovered a portion of the deepest existence. His first reaction? "He was afraid," (says the Bible); but he has had the will to realize, and now speaks the Lord to him: "Behold, I am with thee, whithersoever thou goest." Now Jacob can overcome his inner conflicts and become Israel, Jacob who is the son of a common shepherd.

Isaiah, in chapter six of his book, speaks of his vision, and of the time he saw God and the seraphim. Isaiah's response to his awareness? "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips!" A protest of conscience. Yet Isaiah has glimpsed the wonder and the majesty; and God expiates his sin, and commands him to "Go and tell this people . . ." So Isaiah becomes one of the great prophets of Israel. He is not one of superior intelligence, but one of superior insight.

Now speaks Jeremiah: "And the word of the Lord came unto me saying 'before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee; I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations.'" Jeremiah, too, has discovered. He answers, saying, "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child!"; but the Lord says "Say not, 'I am a child'; be not afraid; for I am with thee to deliver thee." Thus Jeremiah, the immature child of an exiled priest, prophesies for the Lord in words forever beautiful and ringing.

These men are not removed from the stream of life, and their experiences may thus aid all to become better swimmers; for history's stream is the universal one. Moderns find others from the ancients helpful: Moses was a fugitive when he saw the burning bush; Amos the prophet was a herdsman and a dresser of sycamore trees; Michelangelo and Beethoven were sons of poverty. Many such have been.

The flame of the past burns brightly, but the future must provide more sparks of revelation. Any man may reach an immortality, but man must urge himself to discover his being, so that he may attempt to know Him who created that being.

And if you would know God be not therefore a solver
of riddles.
Rather look about you and you shall see Him playing with
your children.

And look into space; you shall see Him walking in
the cloud, outstretching His arms in lightning and
descending in rain.

You shall see Him smiling in flowers, then rising and
waving His hands in trees.

—Kahlil Gibran

My Heart Cries Out

Second Place, Senior Poetry Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Dick Bay, '66

My heart cries out
within the crowd.
I hear it shout
Its cry aloud.

Afraid to hear,
Afraid to see,
Afraid that others
Might not agree,

Afraid to break loose
From social chains,
Afraid to use
My own heart's strains,

Afraid to stray
From accepted thought,
Afraid to say
What others had not.

My heart was stopped
In the midst of the throng.
Its cry was dropped
Though far from wrong.

Its plea was for truth
And a righteous way,
But I ignored it completely
And wandered astray.

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I followed the group
On its twisted trail.
I followed its word
In every detail.

My heartbeat was stopped;
I had lost all my pride.
No more an individual,
I should have just died.

Mood Study

Third Place, Intermediate Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Sally Siegfriedt, '67

I must consider my worries. They are continuous. I am pulling up-stream. Just as I surpass one problem, the next appears a few yards farther up the river. I must keep pulling, while the river, who has no cares of his own, flows downward, tranquilly for the most part, to the sea. Rain picks at his surface. While I tremble, wet and miserable, the river is unbothered, for he is ALL. He takes the rain to his bosom, just as he takes the silt and minerals dissolved in his very marrow. If I do not pull ever harder he will take me, too, or I will have lost the struggle—life.

But I will not be beaten; I won't give up. The course looks so easy and peaceful, but it is deceptive. The only way I can take life is by the oar. I must pull for all I am worth. I must spend all my days pulling. What do I gain for my toil? Is it only sweat, toil, sadness in the rain? No. I believe there is something more—a deeper theme. There is satisfaction in fighting the current, but I must keep myself strong. The battle goes not to the weak. Will it always be this way? Is there no Easter?

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JUNIOR
HIGH



—Peggy Collier

A Smile and a Tear

First Place, Junior High Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Linda Moody, 70

My sister has surrendered possessions that I hold precious—youth and freedom. Someone who has always been a part of my life has stepped, an entirely different person, into a world about which I know little. But I do know that for her life knocks harder, the world rushes faster, the tears come from a deep, secret place that hasn't opened yet in me.

She is more nervous than she has even been before. Her laugh is a little too loud. Her eyes are a little too bright. She likes to be by herself more than she ever did before.

On Valentine's Day my sister will become a bride, and she is nervous and afraid. But in a secret little smile that occasionally lights her face, and in the almost reverent glow that transforms it as she gazes dreaming into space, I can see something else.

My sister is now a woman, and she is very much in love. With the tantrum I hear a grateful prayer breathed softly into the night when she thinks no one sees but the God responsible for her happiness. With the tears I see a glowing face. I see it radiant, as it will be on the day when life, for her, will begin again. I see her face as it will be when she becomes a mother. I can look ahead and envision the wise and lovely look that is to be seen only on the faces of those women who know what it is like to bring a child into the world.

She is gone. She has ascended to a world above my own where I cannot touch her. But someday, I know, the smile and the tear will be mine, and the love that changed my sister will transform me.

As the Night Follows the Day

First Place, Junior High Short Story Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Sharon Stokley, 69

Linda was sitting in the chair by the window thinking. She was thinking of her husband and her big white house on a big hill, with lush carpets, steak, ice cream, parties and . . .

"Hey, Linda." A small boy of about ten stood down in the alley amid the hanging clothes and garbage cans. "Can ya come out?" He was staring up at her waiting for an answer. He was dirty, his clothes were ragged, he wore no shoes, and his hair wasn't combed, but to Linda he was a friend. "Ya comin'?"

"No, cain't. Gotta wait fo' Momma to git home."

"Oh. Bye."

"See ya later."

"Sure."

Linda watched him walk down the alley, his hands in what was left of his pockets. She watched him turn the corner and listened until she could no longer hear the beer can he was kicking hit on the stones.

Linda realized she had been a little critical of Billy, and she began to study the room. The sofa was patched and lop-sided. There was no rug; the curtains were ragged and faded with their many years of use. The table and the three chairs completed the furniture except for the cabinet. No, it wasn't much to be proud of.

The door opened, interrupting Linda's thoughts. A middle-sized lady of about forty-five walked in.

"Momma, yo're home early."

"Yes, Linda. I have to leave again so ya kin fix the things in the cabinet fo' suppa." The woman rose, walked into the bedroom, and changed into her "Sunday clothes." She hurried through the room not looking at Linda and slammed the door behind her, leaving her precious brown hat on the table.

Linda began to wonder what was going on. She thought her mother was acting awfully strange, but she did as she was told.

As she put the hot dogs in the pan she was thinking of Billy. She sliced the bread and sat down to eat. She could hear the children out in the alley playing and she longed to be with them, but she remembered her mother and continued to eat.

When she had finished her small meal, she went to the living room to read. From the yellow pages of *Huck Finn*, a new world was before her, a carefree world of fun and . . .

The door opened. The woman just stood there. Linda knew by her tear-stained face that something was terribly wrong. The lady walked over to the chair and dropped down. Linda sensed now what was wrong.

"Oh, Linda." Linda ran into her mother's outstretched arms. Something happened that day that Linda would never forget.

Linda realized that as long as her skin was black, and even as long as the night follows the day, it would always be the same.

Twenty-four

Sandra Guth, '69

Lonely is this hired gun. From town to town he wanders on his horse to the beat of his jingling, glittering gold spurs. Dressed in black he rides short in the saddle, but he has a fast gun in his holster. If you could look into his soulful eyes, you would find that they are the bluest on earth.

His pay is high and his tastes expensive. He loves beautiful women, liquor, and gambling. He has killed twenty-four men in self-defense and is wanted for murder in five states. Bounty hunters are always on his trail.

On this day he approaches just another saloon. As he enters everyone scatters. Something is in the air. He is challenged by another fast gun slinger, but as he draws his gun it catches in the holster. The gun slinger is a slow draw—but not slow enough. A shot rings out. It comes from behind.

A bounty hunter has shot him in the back. He falls to his knees and finally lies down on the grimy saloon floor with his life running out. No one moves to help him.

He now lies buried on Boot Hill with nothing to mark his grave but the drifting tumbleweed.

The Coffee House

Third Place, Junior High Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Gail Lynn, '69

The coffee house, overcrowded and smoke-filled, was in the heart of Liverpool's slums. The walls were gray with age, and the ceiling had lost some of its plaster.

It was filled with young people who hadn't decided what to be in life. Some people were worried, others were there just because they lacked something to do or somewhere to go.

The atmosphere of the coffee house was drowsy because of the lack of interest. The people in it were talking softly to one another or discussing their ideas, each trying to prove his way of thinking.

The person on the stage was reading his poetry. He was expressing how he felt about the world, people, and the ways of the world.

Altogether, the coffee house was without spirit, warmth, or gladness.

Some people will always return to the coffee house, others will seek their way in the world and leave the coffee house, but no one will forget the house in the middle of Liverpool's slums.



—Judy Rosenfield

Black Stallion

First Place, Junior High Short Story Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Teresa Worthy, 70

As the sun rose over the hill, a stallion stood motionless, looking down at his mares; his tail was up and gently brushing his hip, his nostrils were flared and a thin stream of steam flowed from them. His mares were scattered out grazing. The foals ran nipping and kicking around their mothers. The stallion watched his sons and daughters with interest.

He stood there a minute, hesitant to leave the hill, the morning sun was so warm to his dark coat. But he had a job to do. He whirled down the hill, his muscles working under his black satin coat, his mane rippling and one white foot working in rhythm with the rest of his body.

The mares heard him coming, and their heads went up in his direction. The foals stood still and watched as the gallant stallion rushed through the mares. As he trotted through his stolen harem with brands ranging from Wyoming to Arizona, he checked each one carefully. He lifted his head and checked the mares again and everything seemed all right.

His sensitive ears picked up the sound of pounding hoofs. His tail arched and his mares became restless as they looked from the sound of the hooves to the stallion. Suddenly a mare panicked and broke out of the herd, and the others tried to follow. The stallion sent a shrill whistle down the canyon that made the spine tingle, ordering them back. They paid no heed but kept running. The stallion ran after them and drove them back into the herd.

The pounding of hoofs and shouting men grew louder. He rammed into the nearest mare and started the run. The men were too close for comfort, so the stallion wheeled to the laggards and nipped at their thighs until the herd was in full speed. This speed could only last a couple of miles. The foals were getting tired and began to slow down. The long gap between the men and horses lessened. The stallion tried to push them on, but soon he was forced to leave them behind. The thing the stallion couldn't understand was how the men would disappear but others would take up the chase on new and fresh horses. He could not know of relay, used to tire down the band so they could be caught easily enough.

The mares that were still running were lathered in white foam, as was the stallion. Soon he was running with only five mares out of the

fifty. These did not have foals. The men did not want the mares. All they wanted was the stallion, that had a \$500 reward over his head, dead or alive. The man who could catch the black stallion would get the \$500 and the horse.

Suddenly two men burst one of the underbrush, yelling and twirling ropes, which whizzed over his head and tightened around his neck and he was jerked off his feet. He lay there, stunned. When he tried to get up and go after his mares, he was suddenly aware of a man sitting on his neck! The grand fight now started. There were two ropes around his neck, attached to pieces of leather and these were fastened to the horses. The horses stood so that the ropes were tight. One man said, "Well, boss looks like you caught the king."

"Yeah, it looks like I did, and he sure is a handsome critter."

The stallion's eyes were ringed with angry hate and fear. He bared his teeth at his tormentors, but all he got was a hard slap across the side of the head.

"Hey boys, should we kill him or try to break him? I guess we can try to break him, and if he's too tough put a bullet through his head!"

They put hobbles on his ankles, a rope muzzle over his head, and dragged him toward the ranch. The sun now setting in a hue of orange gold, normally so beautiful to the black stallion, was now a death sentence. He was now going to man's domain, away from his kingdom.

When the sun rose it looked upon a poor black horse standing in a corral tied by rope to the fence in three places; one around his neck, one around each front leg. He had a tight halter on so he could not bite. He had lost his battle with man and stood with head drooped, tail no longer in a proud arch, but hanging lifeless between his legs.

From around the side of the barn came a man carrying a saddle and bridle. As soon as the man reached the corral, life returned to the stallion as his head jerked and fire leaped into his eyes. He tried to rear but the ropes brought him down fast. That was what the man had been waiting for. He jumped up and caught his jaw and then his ears. He forced the bit into his mouth. The cold steel bar and leather straps made him more angry, and he shook his head fiercely. But before he could do more, the weight of the saddle hit his back. The ropes had been removed, but five men held him down. He reared, taking all five men up with him. The jaw strap was tightened until his bottom lip bled profusely. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the man on his back, and he could not know that that man was the best bronco rider in the state. His body arched high and came down twisted. The rider lasted for a minute and a half, then went sailing through the air and landed on the other side of the fence.

Now the horse had to figure out how to get the bridle off. The blood was running from his mouth down his neck. He rammed against the fence and broke the cinch. The saddle fell to the ground. Two more ropes whizzed over his head, but he remembered the other two and ducked. He raced around the corral, dodging ropes until one went around his forefeet, jerking him off the ground. He came down hard, knocking the breath out of himself. Before he could rise, men were upon him grabbing the bridle. When he struggled to his feet there was another saddle on his back, and another bronco-buster. This time something jabbed into his flanks and the men jumped back. The stallion had just felt a pair of cruel Spanish spurs.

He stopped and then spun around and around as the dust flew over the corral. He stopped again and this time started bucking. The bronco-buster lost his balance, the stallion felt it and did a sunfish, which sent the rider to the ground. The stallion headed for him, teeth bared and eyes flashing madness. As the stallion reared above him, a rifle spat a fiery bullet into his croup. He went down on his knees and rolled over on his side. He lay there with the bullet burning in his back, and the men crowding around him looking at the wound from which the blood was slowly oozing.

"Jack, go get me some hot water, some rags, and a pair of pliers. And Jack, get me a board too," a man shouted orders.

The stallion lay there with pain stunned eyes. When the man brought the equipment, the boss took the board and brought it down on the stallion's head. The stallion lay still, unconscious. This was done so the horse would not feel the pain and would not be so hard to keep down. The bullet was unprofessionally removed and a scar would remain. That night the men sat in the bunk house talking about the stallion.

Jack commented to the boss, "I guess if that hoss don't settle down, and get broken, the next bullet ain't gonna be in his croup but between the eyes."

The next morning the stallion awoke to sharp pain. He did not remember what had happened the day before, but he did remember where he was. He tried to stand by rolling over and found it very painful, but he managed. The men had put food and water in the corral with him. He was terribly thirsty but not hungry. He walked over to the water and stood inhaling the coolness of it, then drank in long gulps.

He was left in the corral for the next few days, but as soon as he could trot around he was tied. He learned to eat the food the men gave, but he learned to hate them more and more.

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One day a saddle and bridle were again brought to the corral. He let them put the bit in his tender mouth. He did not object when the saddle was put on his back. But when a man got into the saddle, all his anger and burning desire for freedom coursed through his body. He was still weak from his first fight, but the force of his anger gave him courage as he tried to ram the rider against the fence. He fell and rolled and as he did the rider dismounted, only to be on him again as he came to his feet. The stallion was quick to sense this and on the next roll, he whirled and kicked, catching the man solidly in the stomach, which threw him into the dust of the corral, and he lay still. The stallion reared up over the bronco-buster and came down hard on top of him. One hoof hit his chest, and the other his stomach. His head jerked down and he grabbed viciously at his tormentor's skin. Men descended upon the scene, shouting and waving ropes. The stallion wheeled away and trotted to the other side of the corral. Many hands were now dragging the crumpled man from the corral, cursing as they did so.

In a few seconds he was alone. He ran against the fence, trying to break the cinch, but it held. His sixth sense told him he must either free himself or die. He started rolling and crushing the saddle beneath him. The cinch loosened. He stood up and it slipped back on his haunches. Throwing out his hind quarters in a mighty kick it went flying through the air. Walking over to the fence, he found a sharp post and began rubbing it behind his ears. The rough fence caught the head strap, and backing up he slipped it easily over his ears and it hung suspended on the fence post.

Whirling around he made a flying leap over the fence and landed lightly on the other side. Neighing triumphantly, he sped away: neck and tail again arched in a wild spirit of freedom.

The stallion's name was now *Black Death!*



—Julie Breeding

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Our Love

Third Place, Junior High Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest | *Dianne Dale, '69*

When the shadows of evening have lengthened,
And the fire in our hearts is aglow;
When my peace with the world has been strengthened
It is then, dear heart, I know.

When the cares of the day are receding
And we watch as the flames ebb and flow,
Or we quietly glance from our reading
It is then, dear heart, I know.

It's a love that belies all expression;
It's a richness that comes with the years,
And your life so devoted to giving,
Even without the tears.

When the shadows of evening have lengthened,
And the fire in our hearts is aglow;
Though my voice may be still, yet I'm strengthened,
And your love, dear heart, I know.

Matches

First Place, Junior High Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest | *Roberta Hill, '69*

Matches are like people—
Life is started with a fiery burst
Of energy, so bright you can hardly
Bear to look at it, and like living,
It burns so well but it burns too fast
And it has to be blown out before
It does any damage.

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The Battle of Lexington

| *Sam Fritschner, '70*

My cat is a very small one. His only real value is that his eyes glow like lanterns in the dark. Let me tell you what happened a couple of weeks ago—uh, April 18, 1775.

I am only 14. My name is William Dawes, Jr. My dad and Mr. Revere, the silversmith who lives in Boston, are good friends. When trouble built up between us and George (the King), we found that the British were planning to take a stockade full of ammunition. Mr. Revere and some other men were to ride and tell every farmer between here and Concord. He (my dad) would signal with one light from the Old North Church bellry if the British were going to march. He would shine two lanterns across the Charles River if they were going to sail.

Everything was going just fine when two guards saw Dad. They started to question him. With cat in hand, I wheeled around. Down the Charles were some British ships loaded with troops. I yelled, "Dad, the ships!" But he was being led away, struggling.

I was desperate. I brought Cat (for that's his name) up in the church tower and signaled Cat's eyes to Mr. Revere and the others. They galloped off, as if everything were fine.

If there's one thing those Britons like, it's tea. They despise coffee. Take it from me, they can't stand the sight of a coffee ground.

The troops marched into Concord the next day and started to cross the bridge, where they were met by a volley of shots. The sun was so hot the creek was actually boiling.

Now my Dad is a trader. He just traded a cargo of coffee in from Brazil—ground coffee.

There was no time to lose. I hauled (I don't know how, but I hauled) thirty pounds of coffee up a tree hanging over the creek.

The battle was fiercely raging. Without a moment's hesitation I dumped the coffee in the boiling creek. They could smell it in Boston! The soldiers fled for more than their lives. That's how the battle was *really* won. Now are you the kind who can keep a secret? I like the history books the way they are.

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This is the Way the World Ends

Second Place, Junior High Short Story Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

John Barnstead, '70



—Julia Breeding

The evening was calm, silent. The last rosy rays of the sun's dying splendor faded into a placid purple. Wisps of clouds could be seen in the east, slowly covering the sky with a blanket of softness.

A quietly chirping robin fluttered to her nest. Carefully she folded her wings over three blue eggs. Her eyelids drooped, and she dropped into slumber.

The wind mournfully wailed through the green boughs. The grass quivered at its touch. The breeze kissed the magnolia blossoms and went quietly on its way.

A rabbit, twitching his nose, crept silently to the center of the meadow. He scratched in the dirt for a minute and then scampered away, a turnip in his jaws.

Now noise interrupted the scene. A low rumbling sound echoed from tree to tree. Several sharp, stabbing bursts and then quiet again.

The moon, shining softly on the meadow became intensely bright. But in a moment it died to a soft glimmer. Evidently it had decided that nothing had happened after all.

The stars seemed to be clearer and more colorful. The steel-blue and fiery-red ones seemed to dominate the sky.

The rabbit again appeared. This time, however, he was running. Then he gave a sighing gasp, stumbled, and fell over.

The bird fell from her precarious perch like a stone. And the leaves fell, withered and brown, with her.

The grass had dried until only a little bit of parched dust remained. The clouds had vanished. No wind at all.

Abruptly the edge of the sun peered over the trees. There was no warning glow. Rising in the south, it now covered half of the sky.

Pine Cones

Susan Johnson, '70

I had discovered a new path in the forest. Its floor crackled as the others had. It was dark and cool as other paths. Something pulled me onward, though. Finally there came a clearing as if the trees were spreading out and bowing before a king. One tree stood majestically in the center of this path.

When I looked up, I saw the tree's bent branches, sturdy twigs, and pine cones. The tall straight tree had many extraordinary features, but the cones were what had caught my attention and made the spot beautiful. Each magnificent cone was resting in a soft bed of pine needles. The greens of the needles and the browns of the cones made the woodland landscape softer and more blurred. My eyes feasted on the hues of every cone. The light falling on these cones made blues, browns, oranges, and even yellows. A touch of dew was sparkling on many of the diamond-shaped parts of the cones.

With this beauty, though, were the sturdy trunk and branches to hold up the majestic loveliness. Yet, the most magnificent feature of this tree was that it represented life. Where there is beauty or accomplishment in the world, there must be a good, strong base to support it.

A Smile and a Tear

Third Place, Junior High Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Roberta Hilt, '69

A smile is all you need to go another day
And at night all you have is a tear
When you think about the time when two
were one
You could touch it; it seems so near.

The Littlest Thief

Third Place, Junior High Short Story Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Debbie Goldstein, '69

"Now, if I can only get through these dry leaves without making any noise," Marty was thinking. "I've got it made." Little nine-year-old Marty knew he shouldn't take the toy airplane, which his neighbor Bradley Paine had so carelessly left outside. He felt, though that he must have it. He crept through the leaves and over the fence, to his yard, silently. He didn't have to worry about sneaking into his house, because no one was home. It seemed to Marty as if no one was ever home.

His mother was always gone, Marty didn't know just where she went, but he knew it was always the same place. Marty lived alone with his mother. His father had died when he was a baby. Marty had no one to look to for love and protection; he hardly knew his mother because she was gone in afternoon and worked nights. Not even a month had passed since "Dukie," his dog and best friend, had been run over and killed by a car.

After playing with his newly acquired airplane for about an hour, he poured himself a bowl of cereal. Then he watched television until 10:30. This was late for a nine-year-old, he knew, but he could stay up as late as he wanted, because no one was there to tell him to go to bed. Finally, after hiding the airplane in his desk drawer, he went to bed. Marty had few toys, so this airplane was really a treasure.

The next day, as Marty got out of bed, the phone rang. "Marty, this is Bradley, can you come over?"

Marty knew at once he had been suspected, so he replied to Bradley, "No, I've got a sore throat and have to stay in the house all day, and you can't come over because you might catch it." This ended the conversation.

His mother was not up yet. Marty felt relieved as he went to play with the airplane. But, somehow, he felt sorry for Bradley. He thought how terrible he would feel if he had had the airplane stolen from him.

Then his mother awoke. Before long she had left. Marty spent the day playing with the airplane, but the more he played with this toy, the sorer he felt for Bradley.

Marty awoke early the next morning. It was July 15, his birthday. He knew from experience not to expect much from his mother, yet he was still anxious. Before he knew it, his mother was gone as usual. She had given him only a coloring book. He hardly appreciated it.

Two hours later the doorbell rang. It was Bradley, carrying a beautifully decorated box.

"This is for you, for your birthday," said Bradley, handing the box to Marty. Marty said nothing, but quickly opened it. Inside was a toy plane like the one he had stolen earlier.

"I knew how much you used to like mine, so Mom got you one. I hope you'll let me play with it. I lost mine," said Bradley sadly.

Marty didn't know what to say. Finally words came. "You keep it," he said, "I never really liked it. You keep it, because you lost yours."

"That's okay," was Bradley's reply. "Mom says I don't deserve another one, because I was so careless with my first one."

"You keep it. I stole your first one. You keep it," sobbed Marty, remorsefully. "Here!" he almost screamed as he handed the new plane back to the surprised donor.

But, strangely enough, Bradley seemed to understand. "That's okay," he said, taking back the plane. "I'll tell Mom I found mine, and you can still have the first one as your birthday present."

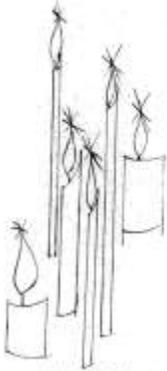
It was the day that Marty realized the meaning of love.



—Peggy Collier

Candles

Margaret Levy, '69



—Susanne Bennett

The candles burned brightly on the table. Hot wax dripped down their sides. Somewhere a door opened, and the flames flickered but bravely sprang to life. Many people walked by, but they didn't notice. After all, they were just ordinary candles. But not as ordinary as they seemed, for inside each one nestled a secret, the secret of Hope, or Desire, or even Life itself. No one knew, and not many cared. The candles went on burning and giving off light, but candles, like everything else, cannot last forever. Neither can their secret.

Spring

Second Place, Junior High Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

John Barnstead, '70

The seas of sand moved restlessly. The wintry sun glazed the tiers of red dust. A new mournful gale of wind brought another torrent of sand upon a small withered piece of gray lichen. Wearily it curled. A sharp rock glanced off of it. It shivered and disintegrated into dust, to be hurled aloft by the gust of wind.

Then every motion ceased. For a moment all was still. A tiny streak of brown was slowly creeping along. At first it only darkened the dust, but then a little trickle of water ran down the ridge. The flowerings of lichen became green, and as the wind began to howl, the sand to shift again, spring came to the desert.

Twilight

First Place, Junior High Essay Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

John Barnstead, '70

The last rays of the dying sun tinted the wisps of clouds with gold and auburn. The sun glowered at the stark, sagged peaks as it slowly dulled. The rosy gleam subsided into a grayish purple.

The river became sluggishly tired. A silvery sheet of hardness was gradually spreading over the surface. In it were reflected the fiery reds and steel blues of the stars.

A wind sprang up, beating wildly against the rocky crags. It screamed with frustration before it died away.

The bare forms of the trees were sharply outlined against the now dimly-lit skyline.

The moon was slowly rising over a large city. Its light softened the jagged edges of the buildings.

Slowly, majestically, solemnly the last skyscraper toppled into the ruins of New York city. Then the wailing wind was the only sound heard on into the night.

You Never Stay

Second Place, Junior High Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Ann Stiglitz, '69

I wait
You never stay.
Time is long.
Eternity longer.
Come back.

The Flame — To John F. Kennedy

First Place, Junior High Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Barbara Jarrell, '69

Genial, courageous, and young,
Yet many hardships he had borne,
Filled with ambition and desire
He long ago kindled the fire — to a
Flame that will burn evermore.

Handsome, brilliant, and brave,
Yet to his country he gave
Proof of devotion and skill
In leadership which evermore will — be a
Flame that will burn evermore.

Tireless, unselfish, in pain,
May his efforts not have been in vain
For the whole world's causes just,
May we pick up and carry the torch — from the
Flame that will burn evermore.



—Peggy Culler

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—Judy Rosenfield

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*And a poet said, Speak to us of
Beauty.*

And he answered,

Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you find her

Unless she herself be your way and your guide?

And how shall you speak of her except she be

The answer of your speech? . . .

People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unveils her holy face

But you are life and you are the veil.

Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror.

But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

— Kahlil Gibran

*"Alas, that Spring should conch with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flows again, who knows?"*

—Omar Kayyām, The Rubdīyat

