

Waggener High School



Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, Spring 1969

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.

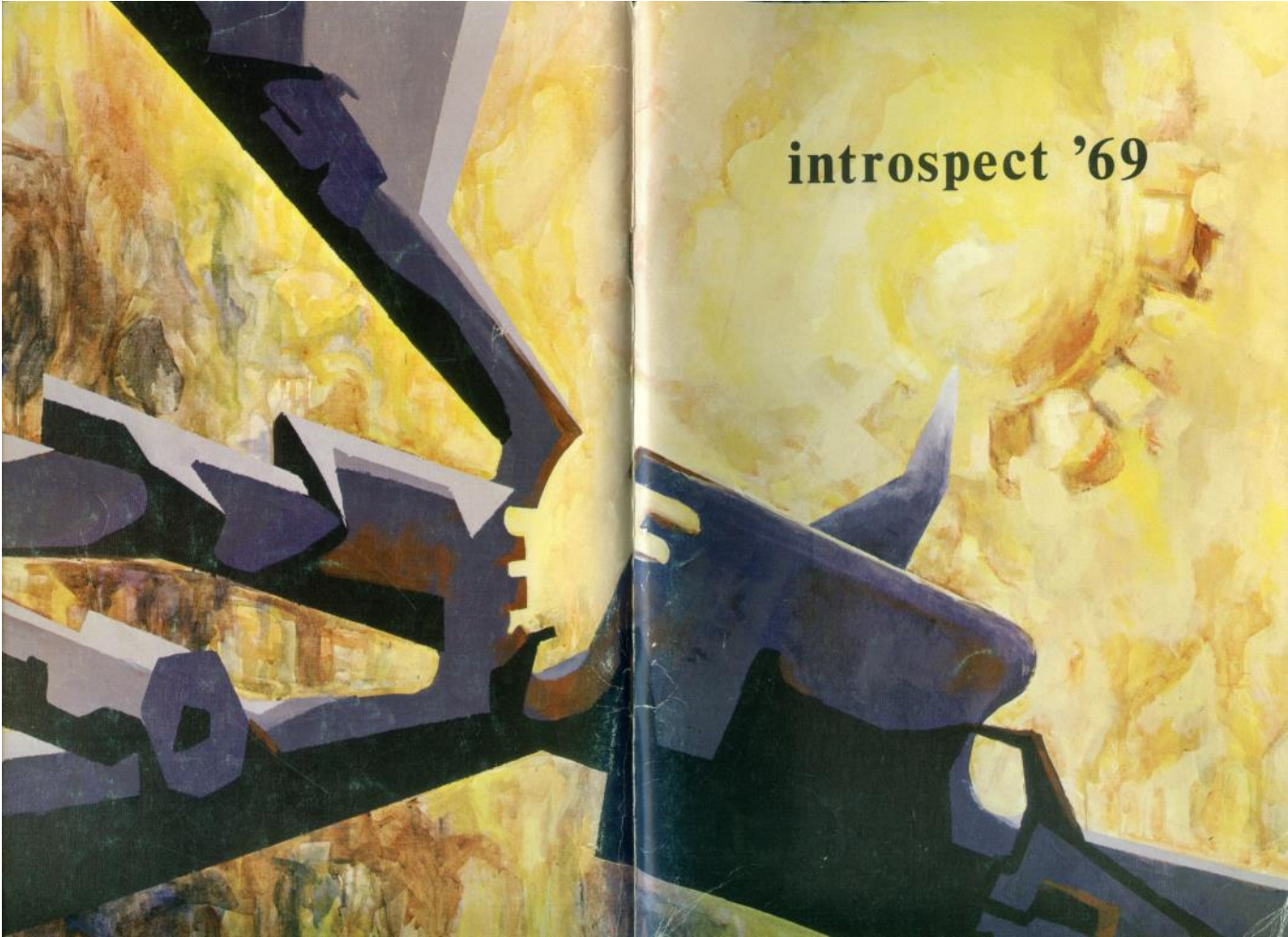
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have 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 1969, Volume Ten, Number One



introspect '69



introspect

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
of
WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL
St. Matthews, Kentucky

Volume 10 Number One Spring 1969 One Dollar

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, Spring 1969, Volume Ten, Number One

introspect

The Art-Literary Magazine of Waggener High School Vol. X, No. 1
Louisville, Kentucky Spring, 1969

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Chris Lee, '69

Gail Lynn, '69
Ray Yoder, '69
Paul Rossman, '71

Awards

Editors Award

This year the award is held jointly by Marcy Pinkstaff and Missy Taccarino for overall contribution.

Quill and Scroll Creative Writing contribution

Essays

Junior High

Craig Bradley
Bruce Tasch
Nancy Wettersten

Intermediate

Jean Wolph
Mark Ash
Debbie David

Senior

Susan Nichols
Sue Neumeyer
Allan Loeb

Poetry

Junior High

David Tachau
Cindy Raker
Rebecca Johnson

Intermediate

Lynn Kohn
Pat Philpot
Jean Wolph

Senior

Jennifer Payton
Jennifer Payton
Nancy Calloway

Short Stories

Junior High

Nancy Wettersten
Tim Harris
Kathy Siegfried

Intermediate

Lynne Johnson
Lee Rosenberg
Lynne Johnson

Senior

Cheryl Neal
Peter Leight
Mary Noland

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What Have We Here?

Every year as we on the *introspect* begin putting our magazine together we vow that we are going to have less death and destruction, less psychological distortion, less heartbreak...But the fact is that ours is an age somewhat prone to thoughts of death, destruction, psychological distortion and heartbreak; it must be represented. But that is not all that is here.

There is humour and love, imagery, opinion, and experimentation; and the expression ranges from haiku to complex literary criticism. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

This year a lot of effort went into the magazine as always. Two people worked so hard and so consistently that they made the rest of us look lazy, so we split the Editor's Award between them: many thanks to Marcy Pinkstaff and Missy Taccarino.

Further fervent thanks must go to Mr. T. L. Shanesy, who made the color separations for our cover again this year; to Mrs. Gayle Royce, who advised and surrendered her house again; to the Quill and Scroll for providing such fine material; to all the cooperative English teachers; to all our contributors; to all the staff.

This magazine is *your* magazine. We hope that you respond to new thoughts and feelings and recognize thoughts and feelings of your own. Most of all, we hope that you enjoy yourself reading it.

Linda Moody
Editor

We spend too much time preparing today for tomorrows which passed yesterday.

The Times I Remember

Susie Churney '70

I remember going to the five-and-ten looking for a birthday present for my sister.

I remember running for president of my first grade class and calling the other candidates' names.

I remember sitting and crying over a boy I thought I'd never see again

*"A tisket, a tasket. A green and yellow basket.
Ashes, ashes All fall down."*

I remember wanting to love you but being so embarrassed I couldn't even look you in the face.

I remember girls with braces and pink lipstick that tried to win you over.

I remember a colored man offering me money.

*"No one here can love and understand me
Oh what hard luck stories they all hand me."*

I remember wishing my sister would hurry up and get home from camp.

I remember eating with all of his relatives on a holiday.

I remember one long-stemmed red rose that I got for my birthday.

*"If I should smile with great surprise
It's just that you've grown before my very eyes."*

I remember ferris wheels getting stuck while I was on top.

Smoked Roycesters

I remember riding my bike and finding a dead dog in the middle of the road.

I remember thinking everything and everybody was fake and insincere.

"What a big, wide, wonderful world we live in."

I remember walking in the rain just for the fun of getting wet.

I remember letting the wind blow my hair till it was impossible to brush.

I remember laughing when my father fell down in the snow.

*"You're darned tootin'
I like fig newtons."*

I remember 1:45 in the morning with a one o'clock curfew.

I remember tracing your face with my fingers.

I remember snow on the street.

*"As the years go by and wave to us their sad farewell
We will shed a tear and think of all there is to tell."*

I remember holding your hand so tightly that I knew how it was possible for God to sweat blood.

I remember finally being able to look into your face only to find that you had gone.

I remember the night when there were no stars.

*"The sun is sinking low behind the hill,
I loved you long ago, I love you still."*

I remember youth.

I remember wind.

And I remember love.

Now I shall cry.



Royce Mary's Babies

Over the Hill

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

Lynne Johnson '71

She walked up the steps of her front porch, still hearing the harsh words ringing in her ears. They hadn't really been harsh. He had been kind, but nevertheless he had made it pretty definite that he was truly in love with the girl who sat two rows across from him.

She remembered all the long walks they had taken, and how he always knew whether to say something funny or whether she wanted to hear something sweet. She remembered their long talks and how their families had picnics in the summer and went swimming together. And would she ever be able to forget those weeks at summer camp when they had vowed their love for each other 'til their dying days?

But she sat on the porch swing and realized that her whole life had shattered around her. After all, how can you compete with the cutest girl in the whole fourth grade class, who has long pigtails besides?

She sighed as she picked up her books and started to go inside. Her life was half over, and whatever would she find to do with herself now that she was over the hill?

Old Mother Hubbard's 6th Period Brats



Chester's Rent-a-Keg

Requiem

Skip Tadlock '69

- I. *Can't you tell, things are going
Very well, nothing showing
Except the little lines
That appear at times
When people are staring
And the little streaks of gray
That just won't fade away
Since no one is caring
At all.*

- II. *Can't you tell, things are going
Very well, nothing showing
Except the time they kill
Taking little yellow pills
When no one is staring
And they say they're doing well
Though no one is caring
At all.*

- III. *Everyone is happy, or that's the way it seems
Now that everyone is living in
Someone else's dreams.
Still there must be some place
We can feel we belong
Here everyone is living but everyone
is gone.
Can't you tell?*

It Only Takes Time

Missy Taccarino '69

His friends told me about her. About how much he had liked her. About how much she had hurt him by moving, by replacing him with something else. So I didn't pursue him. If he wanted attention he would look for it. He did. He called and asked me out. He said that we would have only a physical relationship, nothing emotional. I didn't think he could; but I said alright for you, but not for me. I don't mind being involved. It only takes time to heal.

Once I asked him about her. But he never replied. He never told me his feelings about her, or me or anything. I never said anything about it to him then. One day it was different. He committed himself to me. He told me he liked me. I can remember it all. It was December 31. I remember how he said it, the two little tears that slid down my cheek, how happy I was. He had feelings. He was human. He did care.

Months later he came to me. "I don't want to go out with you anymore. I'm afraid that I'll get hurt. I guess that I led you on. But I knew, that was what you wanted to hear."

At first I cried because I had lost him. But now I cry for him. It is so sad. Even if he says the words, he isn't really human if he doesn't feel them. It took time, but I found love again, I found happiness. But he won't. He is afraid that he'll be hurt. He is afraid to tell his feelings. He doesn't know that the happiness is worth being hurt. He doesn't know that it only takes time to heal. . .

Interlude

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

Jennifer Payton '69

*Nervous 4th Street gladiator,
In the silence of their eyes,
At the razor of their laughter,
Glances upward, winces inward
"Ingenious," and wonders
"Were they taught
To hurt so well?"*

Happy Childhood

Linda Moody '69

*I want to cry
And in pain I say nothing
Happy childhood taught me gentle restraint . . .
And sarcasm*

ADKBKLHSRDJMDMMSEM RD



Mrs. Hall's 3rd Period English I

To Whom It May Concern

Ellen Shelby '69

This is a letter, written for no express purpose other than it has always fascinated me to watch ink become words; for some reason unknown, the whole uniquely smooth process of writing is intriguing, and besides I just took an English test, which accounts for the abundance of energy which seems to have accumulated in my right hand. I suppose it shall continue to be this way until I stop or my hand falls off, preferably the former because I'd look pretty silly with only one hand, especially with long sleeves on. Which brings us to another point, that being that it is ridiculous to wear white shirts to school, even if they are my favorite, because they invariably get dirty and then are no longer white, which makes sense since dirt is characteristically brown or black or some other ridiculous non-color.

Today is my 6th birthday—a strange fact when one considers that I am 17 years old. It is very odd to be six when you are a senior; it has a tendency to give one a sense of superiority, a feeling in which you are totally at ease in a state of tension. (What?) So today I am six—happy birthday, me—and it is raining and I want to go out and make mud pies and catch raindrops on my tongue and get cold and so wet I can hardly stand it, but all the time I'm loving it just the same. It is a day for taking Teddy Bear to the park—after all, he's never been—and climbing wet trees while wearing cowboy boots.

I want a daisy. . . .

However, all this is impossible as I am trapped in an institution known as school. I am here for what is known as an "education", an asinine idea when we think that in Biology one studies trees and flowers and never once do we go out and look at real flowers and trees. This is a disappointing fact, because it could really be exciting if they would take the chance on ALLOWING STUDENTS OUT OF THE BUILDING WITHOUT A NOTE—punishable by suspension. However, I suppose I should not complain; I am only six and don't take Biology anyway.

I want to ride my bicycle through wet leaves, and run, and skip rope. I want to find tiny little daisies and give them to an old woman I don't know, just to see her eyes light up in a smile once again. I want to take you by the hand, regardless of who you might be that day, and walk for miles and miles and miles. I want you to talk to me and tell me everything and I will listen.

I want to cry. . . .

Miss Mayer's Fifth

It should be night. Nighttime and rain are beautiful together, even if I am afraid of the dark, which is childish but you must remember I am only six. I want to steal into the night, unnoticed like a star—why don't people ever notice stars?—and watch everyone and count their smiles.

I will quit now, fearing that, should I continue, I will fall into the usual pattern of concentrating on how eloquent I can be rather than what I am thinking. This in itself is a sad idea, but true in most cases, so I shall stop.

To be continued, possibly. . . .

The Significance of the *Pueblo*

Barry Master '69

Despite any charges to the contrary, there exists no way for Comdr. Lloyd Bucher to ever be tried for court-martial. It is true that his actions concerning the *Pueblo* contrast with the earlier naval policy of Captain James Lawrence, who cried, "Don't give up the ship!" in the face of heavy British odds. Even so, Bucher is certainly no coward, and he is also no trend-setter. His decision was no reversal of history; indeed, his policy is no more than an extension of the current pattern of thinking. If Bucher were to be placed on trial, millions of Americans would have to be tried with him.

This particular pattern is primarily manifested through two lines of reasoning. First, our nation must be entirely right before ever exercising its power. This, in essence, was one of the lessons of World War II. Nazi Germany, overly and dangerously convinced of its innate superiority, committed atrocious crimes against a more innocent humanity. The judgements of the Nuremberg and Eichmann trials emphasize the present Western conclusion that the individual must at times place his moral convictions above the orders of those who command his country. This is the second line of reasoning, that the individual and his life at times take precedence to the nation and its honor.

The concept of truth over nationalism is evident in the anti-Vietnamese War movement. Critics such as Fulbright and McCarthy

Mrs. Wrigley's 5th Period English Class

have challenged the idea that an American war is a just war. For the first time in our history, an American war is receiving, outside the realm of pro-Government propaganda, excessive public criticism, publicity, and review.

Precedent for this movement lies in the past. America had the right to rebel against King George III. The Germans who resisted the Hitler regime have gained our respect and admiration. Therefore, those who burn draft cards and refuse to serve in the military should not too hastily receive public wrath. They are only following our past heritage and today's teachings.

Of course, there are still those who declare along with Stephen Decatur, "Our country: In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right: but our country right or wrong." The unsuccessful 1964 campaign of Sen. Barry Goldwater hinged greatly on this idea of patriotism over liberalism. But such superpatriots seem to be becoming a minority. In a Harris Survey released on February 10, 1969, most Americans agreed that "it was right for the United States to sign a false statement that the *Pueblo* violated North Korean waters, in order to get the crew back," by 58 to 22 per cent. Furthermore, the public rejected the idea "that the honor and integrity of the United States are more important than the lives of any servicemen," by 65 to 13 per cent.

The point here is not to pass moral judgment upon the views of the majority of Americans today. But this trend must be realized for what it is. It is certainly a departure from the earlier ideas of Lawrence and Decatur, who presumably represented prominent viewpoints of their own time. This departure must be seen objectively both for its new strengths and its new weaknesses.

The heroism of the crew of the *Pueblo* in surrendering is a new, but nevertheless contemporary, brand of heroism. It is individualistic, it is idealistic, and it appears to be both rational and humane. It hopes to remove the false values of a false regime, such as that of Nazi Germany, and to prevent America from ever committing the same mistake. It provides for the dignity of each man, clearly America's prime ideal. Above all, it seeks concrete application of abstract truth, a noble goal enacted only with painstaking difficulty.

But this new philosophy removes the simple faith in one's own country that many people seem to require. It assumes that right conquers might, whereas history too often teaches the opposite. In a world where governments founded on Machiavellian principles continue to exist, the nation which seeks to be right is potentially limited in tactics and is in danger of annihilation. The philosophy based on individual human life must recognize and remember the ephemeral nature of such a basis. Honor at least provides a cause, though perhaps sometimes a false one, but a cause is a possession too many of today's lost souls lack.

Ideals should not be denied; neither should survival. Cmdr. Bucher made his decision. The future choice is America's to decide.

Miss Carpenter's 6th Period English Class



7-E Core Class - 30 Minus 2

The Kill

David Ling '69

The majestic elk slowly scanned the snow-clad countryside, frozen in a regal pose. Only the periodic blast of smoky breath revealed any life. His dusky coat, tinged with charcoal, was heavily scarred, permanent evidence of countless battles with other bulls. Slowly dropping his head, as if burdened by his massive antlers, he nibbled the sparse, shriveled grass.

The man cautiously crept forward, struggling to maintain absolute silence. Oblivious to the blinding glare, his bloodshot eyes focused on the elk. His feet numb for hours, his body tottered at the brink of utter exhaustion. The dull ache in his arm from lugging the cumbersome rifle began to throb.

Jerking his head up, the elk nervously sniffed the crisp, frigid air. The nagging pangs of hunger subdued his wary vigilance. Again, he began to paw the crust of snow.

Deliberately and painfully, the man relaxed his tortured body from its awkward position. Gradually, he raised himself to a firing position. His body trembled from the piercing cold and from excited anticipation. The rifle shook in his hands as he moistened his blistered lips. The deafening roar reverberated among the barren mountain slopes.

The elk instantly crumpled, his stately head twitching in the glistening, crimson snow. His languid eyes stared in shocked disbelief.

The man gratefully collapsed on the snow. He quickly lit a cigarette and slowly drew in the warmed air. With a sigh, he exhaled a steady, smoky breath.

Mayer's Morgue



Carpenter and Her 30 Nails

A Brief Vision

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

David Tachau '73

a figure emerges from the windy night

you can see her

clearly, as she comes now

the wind rustles

her head is lowered for she's nervous,

frightened. and a shadow moves.

and she jumps, so slightly.

but her shape is going, vanishing quickly.

she shivers and then . . .

then she's lost for always.

once again

the street is noiseless . . .

and quiet returns

and I am alone . . . again

Mrs. Royce's 1st Period English Class

Loneliness

Sandy Streck '69

Loneliness is the wind rustling through a long field of yellow grain as you stand there like the ruler of the earth looking over the vast expansion of the field, alone and awed with beauty.

Loneliness is the emptiness felt when a wild, beautiful thing is destroyed. It is a dry river bed, and the sun sinking into the hills as you watch, feeling of very little importance in the enormous universe.

Deva

Barry Master '69

Captain Sanders' men crouched beside him in the darkness. From one to the other, they gazed first at the Captain and then at the ghost town looming in front of them. They were on the outskirts of the town, aware both of the surrounding crickets chirping and of the Sarge working his way somewhere through that town. So this was Deva, the mysterious enemy stronghold buried in the mountains. There seemed to be so little to it. Its sole impressive point was that there appeared to not be a single soul left to defend her. Sanders, however, was sharply worried, for he had never faced such a position before, and the men were after all his prime concern. His subconscious repeated over and over the thought, that death lurks in shadows.

"You know, Captain, the essential importance of this mission," the Colonel had told him last night. "Of course, Deva is no ordinary outpost. As you well know, its geographical position simply prohibits our bombing it beforehand. It just has to be taken by infantry, and

Wrigley's Wromper Wroom Wonderful Word

you're the best I've got left." The Captain remembered how tired he had been last night, when his thoughts themselves had fluctuated between his drowsiness and his irritability at the bright lights of the Colonel's tent. In the Colonel's resonant tone of ordering, he remembered, "I thought that Matthews could do the job, but we're almost certain his squad has been wiped out. We've heard nothing from them, but of course you understand we can't very well let the men in camp know that, can we? In undertaking the strike, as there is such a high degree of danger involved, I assure you, Captain, that suitable recognition awaits your successful return. Perhaps a promotion would be in order. Are there any questions, Captain?"

"No, sir," the Sergeant reported from the darkness, as Sanders quickly awakened to tonight. "I can't even see the first sign where this city is at all defended. I thought I heard voices coming from up the street, but I sure didn't see anything when I went back to check."

"All right," Sanders whispered hoarsely. "Stay low, every one of you. We're moving right down Main Street." But no sooner had Sanders taken two steps than the lights flashed on in a building a block away. Instinctively, he took his pistol out of its holster and momentarily considered firing it. Instead, he decided to investigate his enemy before ordering any attack. Various noises indicated merriment, as of a party, inside the building. Captain Sanders and each of his men seemed to suspect some sort of trap. The mystery of that trap was what caused them to dread it. Taking a deep breath, Sanders was the first to burst through the swinging doors.

A rather pompous bartender waved from behind the soiled counter, and he laughingly shouted, "Come in, Captain, come in. We've been expecting you. Tell me, precisely what delayed your entrance here?" Sanders could feel only bewilderment, and his eyes darted suspiciously around. Every table was well stocked with foods and wines, far more than he had ever seen back home. Music seemed to be coming out of the walls, a gentle harp tune, and the room's bright lights and haze alternately blinded and clouded him. Strangely, the bartender was the only male in the room, for seated at each table was a choir of some of the most beautiful women Sanders had ever seen.

While Sanders stood helplessly by, the women began to rise and mingle well with Sanders' men, who started to drop their guns from too much laughter. As one blonde clumsily brushed into Sanders, he shoved her aside harshly and cried out indignantly.

"You pack of fools! You vice-infested traitors!" His voice rose in anger, then he paused to acknowledge the momentary silence now gripping his men. "Can't you see what they're doing? Don't you understand? This is the enemy! All this is a maneuver, a tactic, a decoy, a plot, a deceit of the lowest and most pernicious order!"

"No, Captain, you are mistaken," assured the bartender. "This is no plot - we are your friends, we are allies. This is but a mere token display of the sincere affection with which we regard you. Do not be so unreasonably upset with trifles, Captain."

As Sanders cocked his arm to aim the pistol he still held, the bartender stopped smiling and warned, "Take care, Captain. I am as unarmed as everyone else here. You wouldn't - you couldn't - murder an unarmed man, now could you? That would be murder, Captain, cold-blooded murder. That wouldn't speak well for your side, would it, Captain? Would it indicate your true immoral nature, Captain? Just what would murdering me constructively accomplish? Don't be an animal, Captain. We have none of that in this town."

Sanders' eyes now narrowed, guilt-ridden, his face reddened, and he weakly stammered, "Your treachery will soon be exposed and . . . I swear, so help me I swear . . . you'll be smashed. By myself alone, if need be. I don't know how, but I intend to see to it that each of you cut-throat traitors be court-martialed and executed!"

"Madman," whispered the Sergeant to his girlfriend.

"Too bad, Captain," commented the bartender sympathetically. "But you can't very well return to your camp with the news that all of your men have chosen to defect. In my opinion, you would be the one they would think to court-martial. Do reconsider; you know, we aren't at all as bad as you believe us to be. As you can see, we have yet to harm any of you although we certainly have had ample opportunity to do so. Why don't you join with us, Captain Sanders?"

Sanders' confused mind had only one recurring thought now, and that was that he hated this man more than he had ever hated anyone before in his entire life. He felt the need to pound the bartender's face with his fist, but the futility of it all weakened him to the point where he just couldn't. His military eyes watered, and he ran frenziedly out the swinging doors into the cool night air. He tripped onto the street and looked back as he rolled over. None of his men followed him, but instead the noise from the saloon became louder, pounding into his head a feeling of deep revulsion and nausea. Orders disobeyed, loyalty and honor vanished, banished for pleasure and a vintage night.

No, he thought, He started to walk, then began running down the street almost as a reflex action disengaged from his now-blurred thought process. His legs were clumsy, and he tripped again. As he sprawled the gun he all night had sheltered so carefully went off, cracking loudly. A voice not three feet away startled him with its discipline, "I'll take the gun now, Captain, before you senselessly hurt someone."

Sanders' heart just pounded in his throat, but he tried to hurriedly swallow his fear of the unknown. He knew he must be brave - quickness was in his hand, not his mind. He fired at the voice, then heard a groan and a gentle thud thereafter. As his mind cleared, the thought finally struck him as he realized. The voice, he recognized the voice. His victim was none other than his precursor. He had just killed Matthews.

Sanders panted, then shook violently from the terror he knew he must be feeling. Yes, he wanted to scream he thought, but he couldn't, he just couldn't scream. The shot, the shot will bring them swarming upon him, showing their true wolf nature. His own men could be the ones to execute him. What irony, he pondered. What bitter, sweet, cynical, but cunning irony. He, destroyed by traitors.

"Halt, murderer," the first voice called out to him.

Then a lower one followed, "There are many of us, Captain. Too many for you to hope to fight off. You are lost, Captain. Realize it! We are everywhere and your only escape lies through us. There can be no other escape for you. Don't you suspect that you are ill, Captain?"

And a third voice responded, "It's true, Captain Sanders. We are indeed your enemy. But then you are ours. Reconcile yourself to us and our . . ."

"Never," choked Sanders, "not as long as I have strength left in me to stop me from ever surrendering. I will not allow myself to be defeated." He acted, acted quickly for he knew soon it would be too late. His finger tightened, then squeezed. Two shots pierced the silent air. Then the body of the late Captain Sanders fell heavily to the ground.



Cry, My Life

Gregory Givan '70

*It's nothing you did . . .
or anyone did.
trials and trepidations must be expected;
when we are fools enough to delude ourselves
into forgetting them . . . THEN we are in true need.
but not me, brother
i exist outside your culture
and your people
and life as you know it
and all i want is to live my life
a life of filth and hate and god knows what
my life
and i will kill anyone who touches me.
Can't you answer me?
oh, god: can't you answer me?*

Miss Carpenter's 3rd Period English Class

Trial

Nancy Calloway, '69

*Pretty Baby-blue eyes,
Vincent is watching you . . .
Waiting for you to stumble
over your mind
and
stump your toe.*

Other . . . Almost

Linda Moody '69

*While I arrange my hair for you tonight
I will be praying for someone else
For his happiness
For the safety of his soul
And the secret sound of his voice
Will gentle my hand on your sleeve*

Departure

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

Peter Leight '69

He was not really of the inconspicuous mold. Rather impressive, unique of appearance. A pillar except that he lacked forward vision and had none of the air of self-assertion about him. He didn't care

Old Mother Hubbard's 3rd Period Hole In the Wall

about anything the others did. It was such a great pain to humor the unfortunate ones who were so enthusiastic about living. Infatuated. On their prompting he had decided, with no great amount of deliberation or compunction, to leave his pleasant niche and adopt a quaint anonymity of sorts. Nothing extra-ordinary, of course. He decided to leave his life. Cast off. Things would be easier.

He awoke on the day of his leave taking and had not the usual quarrel with the assorted pulleys whose duty it was to propel him from his bed. He vaulted gracefully, suspended himself in flight with wonder at his corporal effervescence. Slowly, he drifted to firm ground. He walked to his dresser. Everything was cheerful and the world was clever. He extracted a tattered shirt and crumpled jeans without the usual effort. He dressed and eyed himself in the mirror. He didn't react. But he didn't sneer. He walked out the door.

He walked north along the Country Road. It was resolutely circumscribed by an aura of wilderness. On either side were trees and wild life. Nature presented none of its pugnacious airs to him. Birds floated. Deer ambled. Gnats swarmed. He laughed but didn't let anybody hear. After all, he was clever. Part of what he laughed at was his own cleverness. He looked down at the pavement. It was terribly funny too. They smiled. He laughed. He walked and watched the world walk. It really did not matter. The relative merits didn't interest him.

The road about him was deserted. A blessing it seemed. If a passerby had chanced along he would have noticed a strange intensity about the features of this strange ambulator, a perception or sensitivity or keen interest. Almost feverish. Certainly strange, eccentric. He even seemed a bit nervous and rather started at a minute stimulus. Strange. Nothing really.

He had walked for some time, how much he neither knew nor cared. It wasn't that he was getting tired, not physically anyhow. He could have walked forever. But just tired, languorous rather. It had started to rain and it wasn't pleasant rain. It was icy and green. Not that he minded the rain at all. He could really have walked forever. But he was so dreary, and he began to feel absorbed, amorphous rather. He saw a small house a few yards away on his right. By its look it was abandoned. He couldn't be sure. Pleasant, somehow snug. He walked up the steps and knocked on the name panel, his hand bouncing lightly off the wood. He wanted to rest. The door opened. And behind it the gates of hell politely beckoned him forward. He, a gilded warrior, smiled and floated through to rest.



The Generation Gap

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

Mark Ash '71

Between parent and child there is a chasm which can never be spanned. In common parlance this is referred to as the "Generation Gap." Present day critics affix this label to the existing phenomenon as if it were something which has never before presented itself upon the shifting scenes of history. They err in failing to discern the wisdom of Solomon's statement, "There is nothing new under the sun." The "Generation Gap" is nothing new or unique to our age. Since the beginning of time (whenever that may have been), there has existed this gap within each era, and so long as mankind continues to comply with God's command, "Multiply and replenish the earth," this is inevitable.

The gap does not refer to a lapse of time alone. In actuality, it exists in the minds of men who happen to be separated by more than the mere number of years between their chronological ages. There are legitimate reasons for this separation, because each era provides each generation with a distinctive and different environment. Each generation is characterized by the specific culture which spawns it; consequently, the mind of one cannot enter into the mind of the other.

Ours is the first generation within this country to experience the onslaught of TV, Sputnik, LSD, the GNP, and the "pill." We can utilize all of our computerized "know-how" to cull the best from the past; at the same time, the older generation can contribute its best advice and knowledge, based upon experience, in an effort to span the chasm. But no matter how great the effort exerted by each generation, the gap is too wide for a true meeting of the minds ever to occur. The best that one can hope for is a mutual respect for one another which allows for peaceful co-existence.

Far From Me

Roberta Hilt '69

*they have erased you from my
closest memories, but when they look
away, my agony is for you and you alone*

*and when the time comes that I can no
longer bend to touch your shadow
and a thousand miles separate us
you shall not be any more distant
then you are now, my love, but not a
thousand miles or a thousand years
will ever teach me that*

Of Man and his God

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

Jean Wolph '71

One of the most important relationships that man develops during his lifetime is that between God and himself. This relationship is found necessary by many because man can answer to his peers with a straight face when questioned about his activities, but God can see through man and cannot be fooled. Therefore, this system of communication or understanding is ideally one with confession and submission passing to God and advice and enlightenment passing from God.

Man's relationship to God can take many forms. It can assume a father-son relationship. Here, man ideally looks to his God as a guiding personage, steering him toward the right and good ways. God is honored as a father might be, with the son working to gain Him glory.

Another relationship between man and God is on a less personal basis, with man applying the boss-employee relationship. The boss must be pleased at all costs, with the reward being a pleasant afterlife. This type is more paganistic than the father-son relationship.

Man can also disregard God on a play now-pay later basis. Man chooses not to give up pleasure in his life, thinking that if he is only going to live once, he might as well live to the fullest. In this case, God is distant and vague, giving no personal comfort, but only scorn and punishment. Man doesn't want to realize there are other things that can give pleasure in a manner acceptable to God.

A similar type of relationship that can be established is also a distant one. For some men God doesn't exist, because they chose not to believe in Him or were forced not to do so. Non-believers by choice think God has nothing for them or else they don't want to believe He does, not caring to effect a change in their lives. Those who don't believe by force still have chance to know Him in their hearts and actions, without publicly acknowledging their faith.

Still another relationship between man and God can be that of friendship. Here, man feels close to God, being able to share his deepest and most secret thoughts with Him, and having the feeling God also confides in man.

Man can feel that God is his protector, as shown in the Biblical phrase, "a shepherd watches his flocks." Man places God in his mind as a hero. God protects man from evil and from doing wrong. In the Bible, God is the champion of His chosen people.

Mrs. Copley's 4th Period English Class

An additional way God can be interpreted is as an object of one's confessions; He brings mental relief to the guilty conscience.

Man can also give God the position of a fairy godmother. Man expects his requests to be fulfilled by God. Denial of a wish or desire causes man's faith to be shaken. This is putting God in the position of a slave, and man becomes his master.

An ideal relation is that of man to a loving, forgiving, and demanding God. Here man doesn't give God a status, but God does the demanding. Man answers to God and doesn't expect God to answer to him. God is wise, but gentle, in this relationship, but doesn't serve man.

An example of two contrasting types of gods (those who serve man and those who are served by man) might be found in early Greece and Persia. Greek gods served and protected the Greek, as shown when Persian ships were blown off course when coming to invade Greece. The Athenians felt their gods caused this act of providence. The Persians, however, through their evil god, Ahriman, had interfered with the religious war they were waging for their god of good, Ahura-Mazda. The Persians were serving Ahura-Mazda, and the Greeks were being served by Zeus.

For the most part, man creates God to his own liking and only a true dedication to God allows the opposite to be true. Any belief of an afterlife makes some working relationship between God and man necessary. Their relationship develops and influences man in many ways and determines the type of life he leads.

Until, Until . . .

Missy Taccarino, '69

You have done well, mouse, so far do not ruin it go to bed forget it tomorrow I will wear my blue tweed skirt and my blue sweater and the blue and green beads; no no I will not cry. I am above crying it doesn't bother me mememe I am you are he is but. . . .oh it doesn't mean anything. What is important is that I am and he is too too too, also, besides, do you see? that is important: I am and He is, besides my being he is. . . not beside but also, in addition to my being He is. I am but He is that is important. One day we will be we perhaps we are but not now not until — until is so long I won't cry NONONO I AM HAPPY happy . . . tomorrow I will go swinging with someone lonely . . . maybe buy some flowers I will be without him alone without him without without without without i am I AM I AM without him I still am without I still am, he is without me . . . soon we will be I know we will soon it will happen . . . we will be we . . . but not too soon . . . don't rush, it is life too i am i am I AM ME HE IS together we might be but but separately i am and he is that's all there is to it: I AM HE IS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Norris Barringer

Shakespearian Haircut

Dean Carpenter '69

*Oh, 'tis done!
The horrid, hairy deed, 'tis done!
The soft, fluffy covering
(That once protected my fair head)
Has been rashly assailed.*

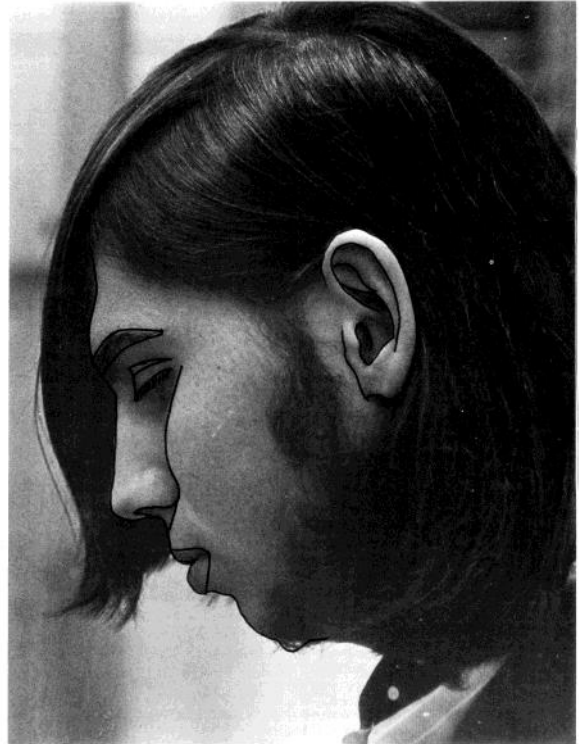
*No more doth the awning of silken strands
Shade an unwrinkled brow.
Quite the opposite. The brow stands
Naked
and Stark
In the brilliant light of day.*

*The perpetrator of the deed,
Feels no regret,
Is not shamed by the tufts,
Red
and Brown,
Taken from so noble a head.*

*Yet, I feel no pain.
Only temporary grief at the loss.
Oh! What can I say, but to ask you my
Pretty
And Petite,
If you will forgive me for my weakness.*

*Forgive me that I did not fight
The flabby arm,
The whirring clipper,
Which sought to devoid me of that
Which you loved so dearly.*

Mr. and Mrs. James Pope Jr.



Miss Mayer's 2nd Period Gerund Junkers

The Misconception of Doctor Stockmann
in *Enemy of the People*

A. Loeb, '69

Ibsen presents a vicious diatribe and indictment of the motives and motivations of the "liberal" press. This theme was probably induced by the recent attack on *Ghosts*. He presents the petty bourgeoisie in a light that must have shocked the Victorians of the time. Instead of being the foundations of society, the solid citizens are anti-liberal, and grossly hypocritical.

In Act Two Hovstad says, "When I took over the *People's Monitor*, it was with the thought of breaking up this ring of obstinate old reactionaries who now have full control." Although Stockmann sounds a note of caution at this point, Aslaksen soon promises the support of the majority of the town. At the curtain of the second act, Stockmann is exuberant and confident that the right will prevail.

However, the scene in Act Three is quite different. Aslaksen's qualms are beginning to manifest themselves. The reason for these qualms is that he, as the representative of the petty bourgeoisie, has everything to lose should the doctor's campaign be successful. By the continuance in office of the present reactionary officials, the class Aslaksen represents continues to make money. More specifically, Aslaksen and his cohorts do not want to share in the financial responsibility of improving the waterworks. The motive of the solid majority is more to protect its pocketbook than to enact Stockmann's glorious reforms.

Preservation of the status quo and preservation of the *People's Monitor* are strong conservative influences on Hovstad; however, he has the ulterior motive of wanting to build a closer relationship with Petra. Nor can Hovstad afford to anger Aslaksen, the money behind the paper. Suddenly his revolutionary spirit disappears as he realizes that the first duty of a newspaper is "to serve indefatigably and tenaciously the rights of the majority." (Act IV)

After the revelations of the true motives, Stockmann has a far clearer view of the subject. The "liberal" press and the solid citizens are interested primarily in their money and also in following the easier path. They prefer the security of established leadership, albeit corrupt, to Stockmann's revolutionary ideas.

Although Dr. Stockmann's specific misconception is believing that the solid majority and the "liberal" press are behind him, he basically errs in assuming that other's motives are as idealistic and genuine as his. The theme that Ibsen seems to be examining is the hypocrisy, conservatism, and apathy of the "liberal" press and the solid citizens.

Mrs. Lykins' 8-L Loudmouths

Sleep

Mary Westbrook '70

He sat alone, one neglected figure on a paint-peeling bench in the bus depot. The gray hair scattered so sparsely on his head, and the deeply furrowed lines in his face revealed the declination of his years. A colorless, buttonless overcoat hung limply over his shallow frame, offering scanty protection from the bitter draft seeping through the gaping depot door. His left elbow leaned heavily upon the battered brown suitcase beside him; his gnarled hands clutched feebly at a yellowed newspaper. The man nodded unobserved behind it, fending off sleep. His chin finally dropped wearily to his chest and rested there. The paper fell from his hands to the floor, scattering in all directions.

A large modern bus swooshed into the station bringing the sickly smell of gasoline along with it. Passengers shuffled on and settled into seats. "Welcome everybody! Make yourselves at home. Take a nap if you want to." The bus driver smiled, not realizing that one passenger was missing.

Angel Anonymous

Haiku

Ann Stiglitz '69

*The floating notes
of light-caught dust shift slowly
sparkling, shifting, gone.*



Haiku

Mark Howell '70

*When my canary
flew away, that was the end
of spring in my house.*

Rosmersholm: Tragic Futility

Barry Master '69

Although it has many elements of the tragedy within it, *Rosmersholm* seems to more adequately represent Ibsen's view on the tragic futility of life than to serve as an example of pure tragedy. The characters are moderately good but caught within a seemingly tragic dilemma. They are willing to compromise their missionary zeal, but they never compromise their belief in themselves, retaining their noble elements in this sense. Good and evil are the center of the struggle, remaining true to modern thought in that they fight on many fronts, not just on one. But the outcome of this struggle, the suicides of Rosmer and Rebecca, result more from the natural tragedy of a dark world void of idealism, than from the more common tragedy of an artificial, but logical, sequence of events.

Both Rebecca and Rosmer, however, fit the traditional tragic mold when considered as characters. Both are in love and full of high ideals, definitely positive aspects of anyone's character. Qualities such as love and frustration rather endear characters with these attributes to the reader, as love and frustration present dilemmas which tend to overwhelm well-meaning persons. Even so, the individual characters are not portrayed in *Rosmersholm* as totally good and the elements of nature and society as totally conspiratorial. Both Rosmer and Rebecca are basically good, but they have their faults. Rebecca is ambitious and cunning in her initial attitude towards Rosmer of converting him for the purpose of the cause. Rosmer, although able to formulate ideas, never has the initiative to take action for those ideas. Furthermore, he seems to lack confidence, for he converts from both religion to atheism and then later from his new liberalism back to his old conservatism.

The conflict and catastrophe of *Rosmersholm* are also able to fit into the tragic mold, with minor alterations on the modern elements. Good and evil fight, but on many battlefields and with many weapons. There is the obvious political struggle between liberals and conservatives, which has been extended into the community to a generational struggle. Rosmer must struggle with his aspirations, with old and new beliefs, with his inability to act on them. Rebecca must struggle first at trying to convert Rosmer, then with her passionate love for him, finally with her own fighting spirit deadened by the effects of Rosmersholm. Throughout the play, both must struggle

Sock It To 'Em 7-K

with the memory of Beata, the White Horses which remind them of the psychological murder that has been committed. With both their power to convert and their feelings of innocence stymied for their entire existence in Rosmersholm, Rosmer and Rebecca are finally both driven to uniting into the suicidal end which Beata has already faced.

Yet the logic and inevitability of this final action do not seem to be presented fully enough to convince the reader of the event's tragedy. Rebecca claims Rosmersholm has defeated her crusading ideals, and that her suicide will be her proof to Rosmer that she can still change people and that her ideals still stand. But if she has lost her crusading spirit, why is she still concerned with influencing the others or even influencing Rosmer? Through her confession of guilt and love to Rosmer, she has proven her ability to take a stand and hold by it. If she truly loved Rosmer, then her crusading spirit and her proof of it should seem secondary towards establishing their own island of free-thinking within Rosmersholm. Rosmer claims his reason to be that no victory was ever truly won by "guilty man," and he too is proving his ability to act. But his guilt has been lessened, for Rebecca has confessed to driving Beata to her death. Likewise, Rosmer has proven his strength in confessing his love to Rebecca. To have Rebecca and Rosmer commit suicide rather than choose isolation clearly does not meet the situation presented. The suicide may be overemotional, but that is not the point here.

The point here is that Ibsen is reflecting on the tragedy of life, and that the only escape from tragic life is found in death. It is not this particular series of events that has overwhelmed Rebecca and Rosmer, but life itself which has removed any hope for salvation. Thus the reader, unless he assumes with Ibsen that life is tragic, will probably not feel either the catharsis or the universality which accompany true tragedy. Ibsen is not as clearly tragic as Shakespeare, for example, because one can recognize the tragedy within Shakespeare without having to adopt any philosophy or view of life. In Shakespeare it is the particular events themselves which promote the tragedy.

Though both Rosmer and Rebecca compromise their missionary fervor, the suicides prove that these compromises were not truly representative of their noble characters. The reasons for suicide are complex; more often than not, they are internal rather than external forces. Yet they are both internally strong characters. The reader may indeed wonder how they can kill themselves yet not kill the evil of society. The reason seems to be that their entire struggles are futile. *Rosmersholm*, though replete with tragic elements, seems a far more effective representative of tragic futility than of pure tragedy.

Have an Urge for an Erg

Broken . . . Light Bulb

Linda Raker '71

That light bulb is broken. Hopes, like light bulbs, break easily. Light bulbs are fragile and must be handled carefully. Hopes are built of delicate things. Faith is what keeps them shining. You never know when your light bulb will go out. A light bulb shines and gives comfort: a lost hope may be depressing. If you drop your hopes, you can't pick up the pieces. The light bulb can never be repaired. You may see yourself in your hopes, but a broken light bulb reflects nothing. That one is shattered, lost forever.

Grey Fall Day

Roberta Hilt '69

*early morning
his blank stare looks into her
damning pleading eyes*

*seek not further
I am for you
Let me love you with my eyes
my love has grown so great
that all the world
oh god how absolutely superbeautiful
grey fall day
seeing greeting in the morning
how can sad be any time
when I feel so like laughing
Let me love you with my eyes
and we can together, love*

*grey fall day
meeting the morning
what happened when,
who happened, what
the day will never
be so fine again as then*

An now they only make love in their hearts

We'd Rather Talk Than Walk

Chrome

Chris Lee '69

I. A Question

*There's this bum I can't quite remember - madman leech in wart
shodrags, thinking in his crustacean wasted shell to shame away my
money. Tramp, what you could tell me of greasy deals, hardtimes
sharp and feral, a Lifetime's glass necklace of lusts and sins and
stripteases and groping, of odd meals and evil friends-except that you
pieced off your mind and smothered all of your quaint and once true
pain. I think you used to be a human being - in which case I should
like to poison your Thunderbird, on the stark principle that a man
who becomes a cockroach should be killed.*

*Not that you don't cling to life, but so does an insect of filthiest
estate and I find that of no importance . . .*

*You started talking about my fine coat, shriveled before the soup
kitchen like bug thought, toadie, weasle, with a smutty claim on me
because I had.*

*Did you hope to touch me? If a roach should touch me I would
kill it without a thought.*

*Why do you cling to life ... you don't feel anything, touch
anything. You are not anything. Why should I allow atrocities ...
much less feed them ...*

II. Hard Poem

*In the silences of hatred they refuse my peace
You pigs I shall shout when
You have no hand on me I
Extremist expect too much of people -
That they consider my few desires
After all
I can kill every one of you*

III. Marvelous To See

*American Brilliantine Hero
softly beginning to drool
muscles erect with intensity
solitary and eremite fool
his body liquid melting into a limpid pool
eyes so dead white fish-like*

Reynold's Super Cool Cats

46 | Waggener

*he will not understand
why is my flesh suffusing
into cool cool sand
(a soft male pastry cake
soft sucked snake)
absorbs the foulness
which dies*

IV. Alien

*Lacquer Crusted Rusting Blooming
Soft Symmetric Waspshell
Draped in Pearl Pastel and Onyx
Horny Hard and Scaling Shimmer
Hard Upon Upon Sandyielding
Rank Red Drooling Vegation
Growing Creeping Asymmetric*

V. Equation

*let me tell you this
The world exists in a clarity of symbols
That mean nothing
Random vicious operations lead to
Love
Which is as a victimization
Which is as a pain and a need and has no goodness
Because
There is no goodness
and when lovers eat each others flesh
and are cold
there is sordidness
cold yellow wastescape of the soul
(green myd lizard sunset, alien images)
and when lovers eat each others souls in need
and bleed love
and plead mercy with their eyes
and trembling drink blood
it is worse
& to live apart is hard
And love is death.*

VI.

*come here
i am the swollen organ of solitude*

Royce's Choice 5th Period

introspect | 47

*i am Scorpio
i am the cold King
i sang unknowing it was myself
i am my own
i appall myself*

VII. Second Equation

*The greatest desire
Is death
My lust for it
Could be understood and understood
And yet would remain a savage privacy
I shall not expose it
It cannot be raped from me
it is most expensive
it will cost me a long and ugly life
And
I love you, you are wise to feel nothing
For I should ask you inside this greatest lust
And
Kill each other with the pain*



Miss Carpenter's 6th Period English

They

Ann Lowich '74

“Class dismissed.”

The teacher’s words rang out sharp and crisp against the slow humdrum of the classroom. Immediately the class was alive with pushing and shoving and all the sounds that fill a room with excitement.

Jonnie was among these crowds. He knew it was Friday and that he should be filled with joy at the prospect of the oncoming weekend, but he also knew that before anything so glorious as freedom from school could happen to him, he must pass Them. They were waiting for him. He couldn’t just pass Them; he had tried that last week but they wouldn’t let him.

As he walked out the front entrance of the school into the warm sunlight of afternoon, some older boys snickered at him. He turned his face away. He walked toward home, each step cautious with fear, knowing that soon he must face his obstacle. The boys who had laughed at him had had no idea of what lay beyond for him.

He stood in surprise. It couldn’t be he thought; they were not there. They who had made him walk with fear and anxiety in each step; whom he had dreaded this past week and who made him restless in his sleep, They were not there.

It made his head light and carefree; he had won! He was filled with joy and giddiness and the feeling that the world was his. He laughed out loud and proudly continued homeward bound.

“The” Laugh-In Weigley’s 6th



Lorenz’s 5th Period Lunatics

Vibrations

Linda Kanzinger '69

*Eggshellthin, still we can come close
And peer through the gauze into you and you
Until the flute sound of our understanding
vibrates . . .*



In Honor of William Evans Lane's 6th Period

Murky Day

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

Cheryl Neal '69

It was a murky day, if you understand what I mean. This kind of day people with sinus trouble hate. Little kids are always quarrelsome on such days as it was.

I like murky days. I always receive well then. I'm fourteen and an epileptic. And I've got long black hair that falls over my eyes when I want to hide. It's pure black. Most people have brown in their black hair, but not me. It wasn't meant for me to be anything but pure. My eyes are brown, the brown of muddy puddles. They are never clear, and nobody can read my thoughts through my eyes. My nose is long and pointed, but it's smooth and doesn't have any bumps. I always wear white dresses—white or pure stormy-sky-gray that looks almost like blue but isn't.

I say I'm an epileptic, but it doesn't matter what it's called. I don't get gross or anything when I have an attack. My eyes only glue themselves open and my mouth goes shut and I am stiff outside, but limp and beautiful inside. I don't mind. It's a small enough price to pay for what I've got.

If I lived in Scotland, they'd call it the "second sight". But I am not at all Scotch. I'm American Indian and Italian and who knows what else – I suppose French. The people here on the island where I live just now (for there is a war going on and we have to stay here with a "friendly enemy" until the wars end) laugh and point at my round eyes. But even they admire my death-black hair.

I receive from above and below. I hear the angels quarrel and the devils make love. I know when someone dies if he goes to Heaven or Hell or to Shulahm, the place in-between with forty nights of Hell and forty nights of Heaven and nothing in-between or after that. It almost is worse that Hell, except Hell has no hope, and Shulahm at least has Heaven before nothing.

Only I've never heard God. He doesn't speak, you see. He is, the angels and the devils and I know this, and nothing else!

It was a murky day, as I said. And I sat under a tree in the far-away end of the woods next door. And I heard a bird whisper secrets as he picked up a straw for his nest.

And the devils made love and the angels screamed horrors and the dead woke from Shulahm to beg God to interfere.

And Hiroshima was no more. I watched my death-hair curl and darken and gray and glisten with red fire. I saw the light reflected in

3rd Period Excedrin Headache No. 235

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my muddy puddles and the water cleared and was blue crystally and I saw no more. And my nose hunched and screamed aloud. I was stiff inside but limp and burned outside.

Tell your fathers not to fight.

Please.

For the devils make love and the angels scream with horror and beg God to interfere and the devils make love and the angels scream . . . ?



Coopers Clockwatchers Are in a Class Alone

introspect | 53

Peace

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

Cindy Raker '73

Peace

is something

you think about

only

when you have lost a loved one at war

when you are racked by anguish or pain

when the lights are out and the guns are loud

Peace

is something

you see

in a child's face when he is sleeping

in a body that is cold with death

in a gentle rain that washes away sins

Peace

is something

you feel

when you are lying in green pastures

when you are a child and the world is new

when you are in the presence of God

Peace

is something

all seek

but

few find.

Mrs. Copley's 2nd Period English Class of '69

Sight and Sound

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

Susan Nichols '69

Petty holiday chatter saturated the silvered room. Fruitless, giddy conversation skittered among the celebrators who were busily exhibiting an exaggerated Yuletide spirit. Even as I fought a desperate mental battle to cling to directionless words, my mind imperceptibly slipped from the garish reality to a hazy dream of sights and sounds. People were brilliant faces and dazzling, gaudy colors. The air was thick and close. A roaring fire blazed noisily and brightly behind a blackened grate and lent its particular acrid aroma to the confusing, senseless commotion. Light twinkled off chandeliers and cut-glass punch bowls. A stereo shouted Christmas tunes at the crowd only to misplace them somewhere in the general clamour. Amid so much vivid life, I was strangely numbed. Snatching my foggy dream-state, might return my awareness.

The silence was an ear-splitting crash. It rang in my mind with a special clarity and sensibility. My visions of the silly party dispelled, I was free to breathe in the deep freshness around me. A fragile sliver of moon hung in a gray sky and, despite its size, illuminated the whole of the earth. My smoky breath formed a silver cloud before me. The wind pressed my back and flung tangled hair at my face.

Then the snow came.

First, on large, prophetic flake that bumped my cheek. Several more danced in a downward flurry. More and more followed until the air was dizzy with the tiny ice-stars. They tumbled gracefully, falling gently on my coat, whitening my hair. I stood in the midst of the silent storm and tilted my face upwards to watch the drifting ballet and to feel the tender flakes rest briefly on my skin. Not lonely but alone, I wandered through the streets touched by the soft glow of colored lights and the velvet branches of silent pines.

And I could see the people in the crowded room moving, but they made no sound.



IV

Allan Loeb, '69

*I stand overwhelmed by the putrid stench
of emotional excrement.*

*I stand mired in a morass
of maudlin sentiment.*

*I am strangled by a vacuum
of genuine feeling.*

*I am forced by the tenacious tentacles
of easy acquiescence*

*To rejoice, to revel in the ingredients
of my own destruction.*

Monologue

Jennifer Payton '69

*You fear to speak to me
And fear most of all that gossiping silence,
So you string pretty word chains
With the gloves you call hands.
You warp your face to pretend it's not real,
Warp it earnest and righteous,
And blame me loudly for my apathy.
But I cannot wear these necklaces:
String me a sentence of tears.
I would hold your ungloved soul in mine.*

Friendship

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

Nancy Wettersten '73

What is friendship, really in this time of ours?
Long, long ago, a friend would come over and help you build your barn.
Not quite that long ago, a friend would help you crank up your brand-new horseless carriage.

But now, in 1968, what does friendship really mean? Is a friend someone who can get you a date? Is she one who can get you into a club? Is she someone who can get you "in good" with a teacher? Or is she one who makes you look "cool" to other people?

Does this sound a little far-fetched? Maybe it is a little, but it's something to think about.

More and more today, friendship is being used. Would we ever be the ones to admit we are guilty?

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying this is always the case or even is most of the time. But I do feel that if you honestly think about all the friends you've ever had, you may be surprised that you, too, have had "convenient" friends.

What should a friend be?

In my opinion, a friend is someone you can tell anything to, and one who can tell anything to you. There should be an unspoken agreement that all secrets are strictly between you two, and no one else.

A friend should be someone you would do anything for.

A friend should be glad to see you, no matter who she's with, and vice-versa. Do you have friends you are hesitant to talk to in public for fear others would think you aren't "cool?"

A friend should mean anything and everything to you. Life would be nothing without companionship.

Next time you are alone and have time to decide and think things over, think about your friends. You may come to the same conclusion I came to. That is that the word "friend" is distorted by many people in today's society. Let's all try to be a little more sincere.

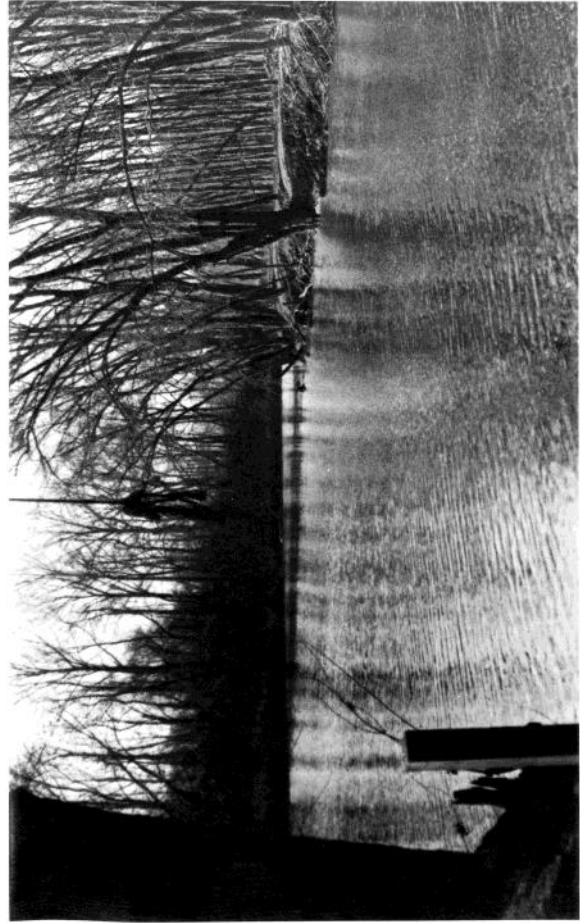
River Watch

Roberta Hilt '69

*I have revisited
the cold, damp place by the river
in my mind
I did not know where
you were standing
gentle, lastingly
touch, the night*

*Gentlest gone
when light is coming
your gentle shadow walks
where suns and moons will shine
the sorrow of the dawn may come not much
before morning*

Mrs. Kays' 7-H Core Class



Chips Off The 'Ol' Chester

Heartbreak

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

Lynn Kohn '72

*Heartbreak is getting your best dress torn.
Heartbreak is being teased for where you were born.
The first is sad; the second is cruel,
But cruelty is often a human rule.*

*Heartbreak is seeing a girlfriend wearing your old steady's pin.
Heartbreak is being discriminated against because of your skin.
The first is sad; the second is cruel,
But cruelty is often a human rule.*

*Heartbreak is before the homecoming dance, spraining your knee.
Heartbreak is destruction of your dreams, because of poverty.
The first is sad, the second is cruel,
But cruelty is often a human rule.*

*You will learn in later years,
Life is full of cruelty and tears.*

Beware of 8-A



KELLY
1968

Look Out Drout, Here We Come!

Time

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

Craig Bradley '73

Part of a recent popular song goes something like this: "Life is very short and there's no time. . ." Here the composer of these wise words of wisdom expresses the common fact that the most elusive element in modern civilization is time. Despite its abbreviated length, this excerpt is quite indicative of man's struggle against contemporary society. People are constantly scurrying about, reciting such well-known cliches as, "I just don't have enough time" or, "If I don't hurry, I'll be late."

Because of man's contrary reactions to time, life today is a real rat race. The fearful reality of time is in everybody's minds and is completely changing the physical aspects of our environment. But the more people try to beat it, the harder it becomes to live with. The fruits of our life have been subordinated so we can deal with time as we deem fit. And nearly everybody deems it proper to try and conquer and overcome it.

All across the globe people are constantly moving about like nomads on an endless desert. With no real destination or end in sight, the world's populus is breaking its neck to try to get everything done and to do it right, in the face of the time element in our lives. All around us clocks, watches and other timepieces are a ceaseless reminder that things still need to be done and we have very little time left or are already late in doing them. As a result, the endless cycle of hurry and mass confusion is continued because of one four-letter word.

Even though the general consensus and the cold, hard facts of reality are against me, I fail to realize and see what is gained by all this bustle due to the enemy of civilized man - time. Man was not put on this earth to try to beat the inevitable. Eventually we're all going to die anyway, and when we go, we can't take any of our efforts with us. So all of our rushing about can only contribute to a premature death. And during our earthly mortality, people are becoming exhausted just because of this time rush.

Bull Durham's Slow Smokers

But what for? One doesn't necessarily gain anything hurrying because if you beat time on one account, the second account is staring right back down your neck. The odd thing about this whole mess is that if people would only stop rushing and hurrying and let fate take its own course, they could enjoy life as much as they possibly could. But to most of us this has never occurred. These people take the other way out by which life passes you by as you race time to the wire. Think about it for a minute. Which way would you want to fly?

So the next time you're driving down the street and you come to a little red sign with a four-letter word on it, contemplate a minute. It bears more of a meaning than its face value really indicates.

A Streetlight in the Rain

Nancy Combs, '70

A spider web of light, intermingling itself with the shadows, is cast upon the dark wall of Harper's Pharmacy. The store's neon lights, flashing on and off in the piercing brightness of commercialism, contrast sharply with the softly luminous reflection. It is raining. As I watch out my bedroom window, I see large pearls seemingly hurled at the sidewalk. As they hit, they break into a thousand diamonds of light. There is one special drop that intrigues me. It collides with my window and slowly begins to weave its path between the other circles of brightness on the glass, like a snake. I feel as if I am in a different place, a place quite different than I have ever been in before, until the brightest light of all wakes me to reality. A streetlight, across the street, is the god of all this beauty. As the rain ceases, the aura of loveliness ends, and the lamp, no longer having purpose, becomes a lonely sun in a dark world.

Durham's Delight

Leave-taking

Linda Moody '69

"Shall we ever meet again?

And who shall meet again? Meeting is for strangers.

Meeting is for those who do not know each other."

-T. S. Eliot

I have no pride

Pride is for moments that require it

I touch the memory of an honest time

I touch the debt for all I have created

I touch the gentle, open hand

Of him whom you taught me to value

Could I bring you proud farewells?

Who have given me so much

Wordless is the speech I bring

As I humbly take my parting.

Notes On a Career of TV Viewing

Anne Payne '69

I am a member of the first generation nurtured, and, no doubt largely influenced by that strange foster parent, the television set. Whether massive daily doses of bad comedy, seemingly harmless violence, instant and unending happy endings, and brainwashings from the sponsor have had any great effect on us remains to be seen, but television has undoubtedly provided us with many of our fond (?) memories of childhood.

One of my earliest memories is of Our Miss Frances, broadcasting from her great institution of lower learning, the Ding Dong School. Miss Frances probably taught me quite a bit, but the only thing I remember clearly is How to Make a Sock Doll. I dutifully made one (out of a worn out sock, of course), but I didn't particularly enjoy it. A sock doll is very nice, but obviously it is not in a class with Tiny Tears. Those commercials that came with the Saturday morning cartoons had turned a three-year-old child into a hard and jaded materialist.

Still stranger were the effects of the cartoons themselves. I believed for a while that the mouse is a noble and entertaining creature cruelly persecuted by the blood-thirsty cat. Of course, I eventually found out differently, probably from Mister Green Jeans, but the thought of a mouse trap still appalls me.

I graduated from Miss Frances, Mighty Mouse, Howdy Doody and Captain Kangaroo to more adult fare--the family situation comedy. These programs taught me something I never could have learned at home--the life style of the typical American family. The people were rather stupid to be sure, but they were undeniably clean.

The Cleavers (of "Beaver" fame) represented a certain low point in the whole picture. They were really fascinating. A dialogue between concerned parents might go:

"Ward, dear. . . ."

"Yes, dear. . . ."

"You don't suppose our Wally has been SMOKING do you, dear?"

"Of course not, dear, our Wally wouldn't do a thing like that."

"I didn't think so, dear."

Notice the genuine affection shown in this passage. I'm sure we all learned a lot from that.

Along with sweet suburban families, we saw not-so-sweet cops and

robbers, private eyes, and cowboys. Nearly every episode in the lives of these people was climaxed by a fantastic shoot-out in which the villain(s) was killed, but the hero never sustained anything more than a flesh wound, which felt, to judge from his grinning, shrugging reaction, about like a polio booster shot.

Over the years we have grown less vulnerable to the subtle and blatant brainwashing techniques of the television industry, but those years may well have taken their toll. So if we'd walk a mile for a Camel, side with the mice in the household war for food, expect our problems to be neatly resolved within a half-hour, and sometimes don't sound too intelligent, well, gee whiz Beaver, it's obvious whose fault that is.

Finally

Marcy Pinkstaff '69

*It happened once before
and I know it will happen again.*

*That time when he began to talk
When he began to make me feel as he felt.*

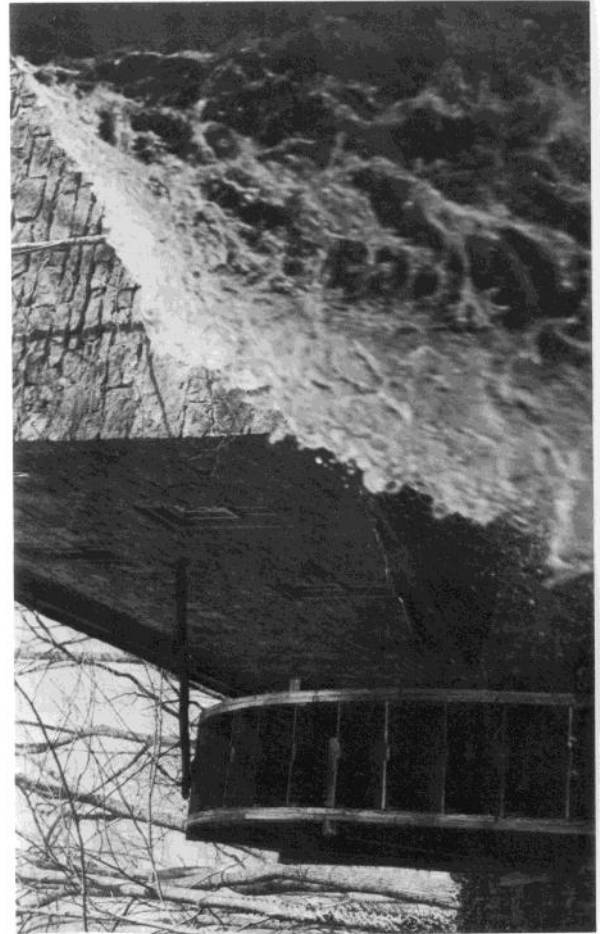
*And when he began to talk,
he began to smile and nod as though he understood.*

And I smiled and nodded too.

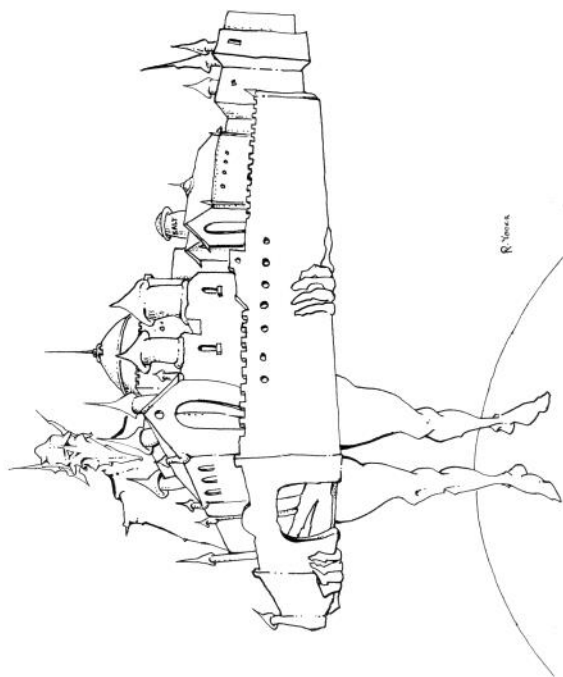
*We held hands and were happy then.
just the two of us.*

*Was it because he understood –
Or was it that I had finally learned?*

Bye-Bye Baxter



Minor's Monkeys



Minor's 69ers

Hypocrisy

Rouland D. Miller III '70

I crawled out of bed and lethargically ambled into the bathroom. While vigorously struggling to get back under the covers it hit me, oh God; it's Christmas day. It was 7:20, the clock was grinning at me hard as hell, and it was Christmas day.

About thirty seconds later, or at least it seemed so, a flash cube went off about an inch away from my left eye. The day had started. "I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean to wake you. I just wanted a picture of you sleeping so nicely."

"That's okay, Mom."

"Why don't you come down an' have some breakfast with Daddy and me."

"That's okay, Mom."

"Come on, honey."

"Why, Mom?"

"Because I want you to, now come on."

I was sort of hungry so I got out of bed and grabbed my bathrobe off my desk and almost knocked to the floor the only decent thing I own. That's my sterling silver monogrammed beer mug. Mom was always telling me to put some pencils in it or something; what a fool. I opened the doors to the big picture window in my room. There were about three feet of snow out on the ground, at least I could count on one thing in this day being good.

I went down to the breakfast table and was greeted by grits and my father, who was smiling so hard I thought his teeth would break. I hate grits.

"Oh, let's eat breakfast later. Come on an' open your presents now, honey."

I looked at them and then looked at the grits. I got up and started to walk down the hall to the living room. I was thinking on the way, "Alright, now this year I'm not going to put on that same old phony act. When I open a present to find the grossest tie ever made I'm not going to say, 'Neato! Thanks a lot Mom and Dad, you're the greatest!' You see, when I open a box of five hundred metallic green pencils with extra large erasers and 'Rowlie Miller' printed on the side of each one, I'm just going to say, 'Sure! I can't believe you all gave me these. I don't even want 'em'."

About halfway down the hall Mom sprinted past me with her new Instamatic to catch my expressions of glee as I entered the living room and saw my presents. Almost before I got into the room Dad shoved a present into my face and said, "Open this, it's from your Mother."

8-1 Idiots

Some how I managed to control myself from ripping the paper off in a frenzy of desire. I pulled off the lid of the box and there they were, five hundred metallic green pencils with extra large erasers and "Rowlie Miller" printed on the side of each one. I looked at Mom and Dad and I looked at the pencils, then I looked back at them, who were jumping up and down in childish anticipation. I couldn't stand it so I blurted out, "Neato! Thanks a lot Mom and Dad; you're the greatest!" At that they burst into laughter jumping up and down like frivolous idiots congratulating each other on their perfect choice. I just couldn't take it. I heaved the pencils at them and screamed, "You all are so God Damn stupid!"

I ran upstairs to my room, grabbed the beer mug and threw it at the window as hard as I could.

Content

Cynthia Agres '74

*I feel contentment
As I sit here
Knowing things are all right.
It is not joy
But it is something happy.
Contentment means a lot to me
As I settle down with my favorite book
And feel the happiness of the people in the story.
I feel contentment
But it is not only that
It is knowing that I am safe from harm
And knowing that someone will always protect me.
That is the feeling of contentment.*

Epic Haiku

Chris Lee '69

*Chrysanthemum pie
Delicate elegant bite
Of sumptuous taste*

Number One

Linda Kanzinger '69

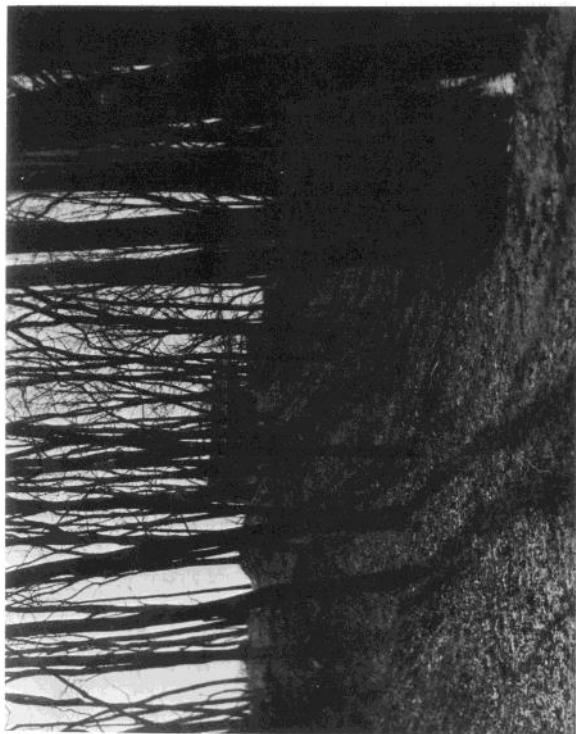
One, like the rest, had many forms and shapes, yet they were all similar, all conformed with specializations. Yet these tiny differences showed the paths of their formation. One, in its simplest form, was a straight line; one, stripped naked, showed its complexity by its simplicity. It needed no cover ups. Yet, like all other peoples, we felt the need of costumes, the pretending to be some one else, for, at least, a little while in space.

One began to cover up, and used deceptive devices of scrolls and lines to cover up the honesty which could have stood the exposure. Yet, society applauded; and, as decivilization became more evident, more complex, one was lengthened to two and three . . . you know the endless rest. There was more to be seen, yet no more to be said; only the neverending repetition of what was already.

Haiku

Allan Loeb, '69

*Yellow-white glare of
mirrored sunlight echoes through
the concrete canyon*



8 - F, The All - American Class

To Ski: A Lucy Poem

Second Place, Senior High Poetry Division
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Jennifer Payton '69

*I used to live for Sundays because
Sundays were you and living was no one and
You knew different secrets,
had a different kind of sad,
walked a different kind of happy.
I couldn't keep pace but liked to watch you.
And you knew my name.
Things to look for, smile for, hurt for:
Orange trees in a brown wood.
Six are the days I fought for you
To wash my bloody hands and give me why's

The weeks that were longer when Sundays left
Are shorter now.
It seems the battles are over.
But I look at the summering wood and know
I will never hurt for green trees.*

8-F Tries Harder

Talk . . . of Peace

Nancy Calloway, '69

Talk of Peace, you intelligent
being -- or are you
preoccupied
with that
man you found undone by
self-destruction?

A Dialogue

Tom Getman '69

Two men talking at a bus stop.

"Don't you think th..."
"No, I don't."
"What?"
"Think."
"What do you do?"
"For a living?"
"No!"
"Oh."
"Why do you have a mind if you don't use it?"
"I never said I didn't."
"You said you didn't."
"What?"
"Think."
"Yes."
"So."
"So?"
"I mean that's what the mind's for, isn't it?"
"No."
"Well I think yo..."
"No you don't."
"What?"
"Think."
"Jesus Christ, Man, you're not making sound sense!..
"It doesn't matter."
"What do you mean, it doesn't matter?"
"Think about it."

The bus comes.

Chester's Sixth Pack

The Cat

Jeff Garber '69

He stares motionless at his unsuspecting foe, a look of study set upon his face. Slowly he tenses, readying for the pounce, his eyes alert, yet stationary. His attack is lightning fast, yet unsure, as he stops and sniffs his prey. He slaps at his sluggish quarry, it rolls away. Once again, he approaches and touches it; once more it rolls away. The excitement of the motion spurs the cat into action. With unsheathed claws he attacks, leaping and dodging to evade his foe. As the fight heightens, he uses every offensive move he knows in order to win. Finally, his jaws close in a grip of death about his victim. He relaxes his grip, waiting for a response, once again he tightens his grip. He rises to stalk off, then turns and looks over his shoulder to assure himself of the kill. The ball of yarn is dead. The cat searches for yet another victim.

The Subject

Linda Moody, '69

What altar do you worship?
I don't mean
God . . .
What altar?
What big fakery do you go in for
You see,
I know you believe in something
Wait -- I don't mean
God --
Understand me
I don't mean God.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Loch

Journey

Chris Lee '69

Before the sunrise he was waiting.

He was not a patient man, not in the least. Frustrations swelled and collapsed within him, his bones quivered, he paced the room with a disjointed urgency as he waited for it to begin.

"Grab an axe to hand, clutch it where it is; if you really want it; it must be begun," he chanted. He snortingly sang:

"If you really want it done

It must begin

To be begun!"

And so it did! Hairy amuck, clad in bloody dust, the down morning erupted in soft uncton. He felt it and felt it more and then more and so much yet. . .

He sat down in absorption, sucking on his visions, the universal orgasm; polypetaled morning, affectionately reaching like a tender pubescent squid; incomprehensible motions in ebon ooze, light rose with a melted palpate sun quite an armoured within as gelatinous to see; a wrought iron baroque skeleton in molten slime, pure and dirty as is nothing else. Sexual sun, rapist inflaming blue sand wastes; slow heavy implacable ravagings and cold hard dark impotences. Under such sunlight, darling, I am roused to passion;

"Swine, swine" in fantasy he screamed, "A meat cleaver in your succulent brain! I shall sunder the honeycomb of your mind!" And so he did, in his own head, albeit lovingly with a smile of aching sweetness. . .

Mad

Morbid

Oh stop it. This poor person is chronic weary with such insanities (A wan and delicate medieval courtesy within there) He thought:

Take your assorted hideous distortions and perversions of mind, precious line of points, cloud of jewels, a tyger burning grown rotten leperous-How foul! Ugly! Arranged now; arrange these with genius, fail to do this and you are quite simply mad.

You must form a myth

A myth to live (Live?)

He drifted into one slowly. . .

I am a dope addict. Let me show you my pretty blue punctures hundreds of craters, line of points, cloud of jewels. Look now at my

translucent skin my soft bones a system purged of purity and pure dirty life, white as a moonplant, mushroom pale. I am a junkie and yes indeed he says it with pride shooting up his veins with obsessive concentration. Oh the lush candy of rank sweet suicide, slow and edible opulence says he licking the blood off the needle.

Do you have the opium? Please, the opium? Is there no relief? Opium.

And then another-Get up sweetheart, walk out with me he said. Get up sweetheart, I have no more compunctions against my violences-arise or see the flowering of my threatenings and pain. Under such a sun am I aroused to passion, and there is no relief. . .

Now arise sweetheart of my heart. . .

Random visions followed, weird mental slag, sharp and fast and violent, faster and harder. . .

The flesh of the shadow is frozen to the raw wall and screams as it struggles to tear apart from the frost of the surface; in a misted desert, one walks the horizon and finds it a drawn line on the damp blankness; under a false lime sun, the axe-encrusted elegant crept in sinister pastels, stunned, one eye caught in a baroque wrought iron hook, a perverted metal stylus; a dream of black and steel; an interlude:

If you are a saint why won't you sleep with me? He said. Because I an spread-eagled in my skull, a contracting crucifixion, I can do nothing she said. Each talking into wastes until they burdened each other into their grave.

Then a landscape; hunks of viscera, world of tripe, the gut of perception, anus mundi; an emblazonment of finery, an erotic repose of softness; a death of haughty cranes in monumental quantities; a flaming tentacle and rapt victim in the night blueness.

Morning had come to noon when he slowed and ending overcame him. He came down from a down yet and with intense love watched the starkness of the wall. He felt in wonder his conflicts fall and lock into place as he watches the wall, the heavy delicate and fine blank wall. All his quaverings and fantasies and horrors and freshly non-realizations remote and alien and finally separate. He watched the wall. The wall and the wall and the wall onto eternity which the wall was itself. He knew what it was-it was catatonia, the catatonic state.

It was good to be over.

And finished, finished.



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