



Waggener High School



1956 Dignitas

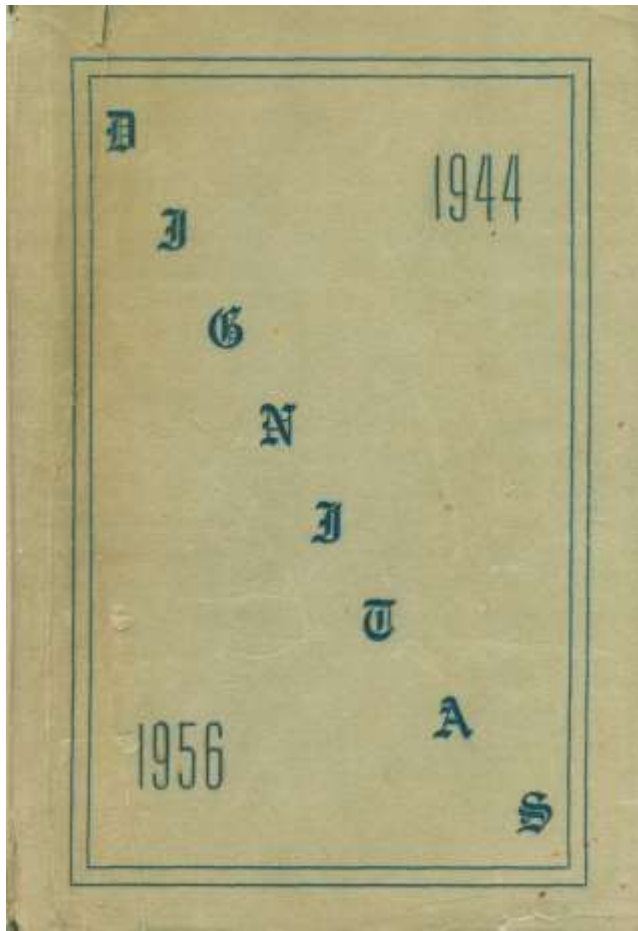
This is one of many sections that contain information, photos, newspaper articles, internet items, etc. of the St. Matthews area and especially of Waggener High School. Many of the items came from Al Ring's personal collections but many people have helped and I have tried to give credit where I can.

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

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

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Special thanks to Patrick E. Morgan (63) for this copy.



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Editor

DON LORCH

Business Manager

DUDLEY HAUPT

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Dedication

The DIGNITAS LITERARY ASSOCIATION takes the greatest pleasure in dedicating this 6th edition of the DIGNITAS MAGAZINE to Dan Millott, the editor of the 1955 DIGNITAS MAGAZINE. As editor of the 1955 magazine he set the high standards for which this magazine and all those following shall strive to attain.

DIGNITAS

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WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

DAVID BROWN, '57



It's cold . . . and dark, although a full moon is trying to rise over the broad horizon of the harbor. The misty atmosphere which nightly pervades the waterfront hangs like a gray curtain, preparing to fall after the final act. And somewhere on that stage is a hunted man. A man who is wanted for murder. A man who, with malicious intent, has killed ruthlessly. This man has murdered me!

Perhaps I should tell you more about myself so that you will not be thoroughly confused. I'm a trouble shooter from New York. You know, the kind you used to listen to on Thursday night over the radio. Well, this is different. I was hired by the Government four and a half weeks ago to locate lost plans which were recorded on microfilm. This microfilm contains top secrets, formulae and designs for the deadliest and most destructive weapon man has ever attempted to assemble, the Cobalt bomb. With this knowledge, the Soviets could wipe out all of North America and in the hands of a country ignorant of its powers of destruction the whole world could be obliterated with one bomb.

My own task was not so impossible as it seemed for this film was enclosed in an envelope in one of the many shops of

the waterfront district. A Government agent, knowing he was being followed by a Soviet worker, gave the envelope to a shopkeeper for safety's sake. Soon afterwards he was attacked and beaten fatally. Before he died he had just enough strength to tell us the general location of the envelope. My big worry was to beat the Communists to the draw, for through their elaborate spy ring they had obtained the same information I had.

So my search began. For days I scanned the streets and shops, interrogating proprietors. Nothing turned up. This is how the procedure went until about a day and a half ago when I questioned a restaurant owner. After much evasion he said that some man had left an envelope at his brother's laundry with instructions to give it to no one without credentials. With high hope that I was near the end of my task, I decided to get a bite to eat before going to the laundry. Breathing a little easier, I went to wash my face and hands. Inside the lavatory there was a man with a pleasing appearance who was dressed well and spoke with a slight foreign accent. After we casually introduced ourselves he suggested that we eat dinner together. At this stage I was in no mood to disagree with anyone and we walked out together. Little did I realize that this was my fatal mistake.

During dinner we were both very congenial, talking about the political status of the country, the weather, and sports. Having eaten all but the last morsel I looked for my cigarettes, but they were gone. When my friend spoke I half expected him to offer me one, but instead he suggested that I might have left them in the lavatory. With a strange feeling of apprehension I went to retrieve them but they were not to be found. I returned bewildered.

He was gone! There wasn't a trace of him—his hat, his coat, his gloves, everything was gone. Quickly walking back to the table, I saw a note. Well, I thought, he did leave something. I picked it up and started to read. I'll never forget those words. "In 36 hours you will be dead. I have given you a slow acting poison which has already started. There is nothing you can do. Thank you for the information. Your cigarettes are on the table".

It's all clear to me now, his pleasant manner, his suggestions for dinner, the cigarettes. He had actually overheard me talking to the proprietor. And then I remembered the envelope. He probably planned for this note to stun me long enough for him to go to the laundry and get the envelope. He was right . . .

Dejectedly I turned away from the little laundry. And as I strode down the littered, shabby street realizing I had approximately one day to live, my mind automatically retraced in swift seconds the memorable days of my life. But soon the sad and blissful reminiscences were behind me. My difficult task was ahead. Within less than thirty six hours I had to find my own murderer and recapture that little envelope that meant so much.

That's my story and here I am. It's hard to believe that in a matter of minutes I'll be dead. Having no luck in my search I have turned as a last resort to the waterfront, figuring he may try to make his escape by sea probably to a waiting submarine outside the harbor. All of a sudden a wave of nausea passes over me and I try to convince myself that it is caused by nervousness. But I know better. The time has almost come. Now I hear the steady cadence of footsteps coming closer. Quickly I slide behind a protruding part of the pier. My heart beats wildly and the pulse in my head throbs from anticipation. Silently, like a cat, the figure of a man steps into the moonlight. My eyes strain to see him. Closer and closer he comes.

It is he! Quickly I unholster my 38 and step into the moonlight blocking his path. At first no sign of recognition comes to his face, but slowly I see the fear and amazement in his eyes. There he is in front of me, helpless as a fish out of water. But as my hand tightens over the cold steel of the pistol, it happens. My strength oozes from me, the cramps in my stomach become too much to bear. I try to pull the trigger . . . can't. Again and for the last time I look into his face and see his look of fear turn into a grim smile of satisfaction. Then as the white-hot redness of death overcomes me I see him turn and run toward a waiting launch.

What will happen now?

RIGHT WRESTS VICTORY FROM WRONG

LEE LORCH, '58

It was a cold, early, winter morning in December of 1954, that Communist leaders all over the world had waited for since June, 1949. It had been five years since they had begun the indoctrination of John Peskowsky, an agent of the F.B.I.

In May, 1949, the F.B.I. had learned of secret Communist activities in Omaha, Nebraska. Posing as a Communist cell mem-

ber, John was sent from Washington to investigate the report.

In 1950, he was elected Senator. After serving as Senator for two years, his Communist leaders started supplying him with plans and parts for a newly developed thermonuclear bomb which some of the Communist agents in other cities had smuggled out of plants.

Having worked at joining the Communist Party in Omaha, although supposedly trying to stop Communist activities, he gladly said he would assemble the bomb and blow up all of Washington, D. C.

Working on the project for two years and making sure that everything had been fitted in exactly the right place, he now could set a mechanism which, after the main timing mechanism was started, would set off a small explosion which would demolish the building in which the main timing mechanism was housed, therefore, stopping the explosion, if the door to the downstairs hall was closed.

Today is December 7, 1954. John has just come out of a nearby restaurant, where he has just finished a refreshing breakfast of two eggs, ham, toast, and piping hot coffee. The weather is cold, and about two inches of snow covers the ground. John walks briskly to a small, run-down cottage surrounded by a small picket fence, which was probably once white. There was a black, four-door sedan in front of it. The automobile was obviously his, because he goes to it and starts its motor before he goes inside the cottage. It is 10:15 a.m. and John is just reaching the room in which the main timing mechanism is set up.

The time is now 10:36. John has just checked all of the parts and has started the timing mechanism. He has only one hour to get at least thirty miles away from the blast.

Having set the mechanism, he runs down the stairs so fast that he trips and falls, breaking both legs.

Not being able to move except painfully to pull himself along with his hands, he lies there thinking about his past and realizing how wrongly he has done. It is now 11:18 a.m. and only 18 minutes are left until the explosion will be detonated by the intricate timing mechanism. He has been lying there, trying to decide whether to shut the door, and realizing that although this would kill him, it would also destroy the mechanism and prevent

the bomb from going off; or to leave it open and let the bomb kill everyone within a thirty mile radius. He shut the door and John Peskowsky, traitor and saboteur, took his secret to the grave. The F.B.I. listed him as a hero killed in the line of duty.

BIG MAN

WARREN CRAWEMEYER, '56

Ned Bales sat next to the Chief and watched the kid shooting pool at the front table. He looked good. Ned guessed he was no more than twenty-five, but from the way he shot, practicing, he looked like a master. He was wearing a cardigan jacket, chartreuse sport shirt, brown-and-white shoes. At one point, he laid his cue aside and lighted a cigarette with an extremely thin, silver lighter. He blew the smoke out of his nose and went on shooting.

Finally the kid made a very difficult shot, and Ned Bales turned to the Chief and said, "So that's the Hot Springs Babe. He looks pretty good."

The Chief laughed, his gold tooth showing. "You said it, Ned Bales. He looks almost as good as you did twenty-five years ago, when you first came to Chicago."

Except for an occasional kid like this character who would try him and lose to Ned's steadiness and experience, all of Ned's games for the last ten years had been with suckers; and now Ned himself wasn't too sure of what his game would be if he had to turn it on again. One of the big troubles with having a reputation was that if they knew how to play and still played him, they were bound to be pretty good.

The Chief stood up and looked toward the Babe. "Babe," he said, "I want you to meet Ned Bales. He's The Best."

Babe shot once more, made the ball, and looked up. "Hello, Babe," he said.

"Hello, Babe," Ned said. He tried to make his voice friendly, tried not to let it show the tenseness he felt.

"Ned Bales is pretty good at straight pool," the Chief said to Babe. "You think you can take him?"

"You putting up the money, Chief?" Babe said, coldly.

"If you think maybe you can take him, I'll put up two hundred."

Babe's face was pale and smooth, but it was hard as he

looked at Ned Bales. "I'll take him," he said.

The Chief grinned again. "Okey, Ned?" he asked. "You play my boy here? Straight pool, hundred twenty-five points for two hundred dollars? Or maybe you'd rather not? He's good.

Ned looked to the back of the room, where the owner of the place was brushing off some tables. "Woody," he said, "come here and rack the balls." Ned nodded to the Chief, who was still grinning but looking really happy now.

Ned lost the toss and Babe clected to let him break. Ned placed the cue ball, aimed carefully and shot. The break was good. He clipped the corner ball of the triangular rack one-third full and brought his cue ball back up the table to freeze on the far end rail. Two balls came out of the triangle, hit two cushions, and went back, not leaving a shot. It was a perfect shot. The only thing for Babe to do was to try to play safe, to repeat the same shot.

But Babe didn't. He walked over to the foot of the table and looked closely at the balls, sighting carefully. One of the corner balls had not returned to exactly the right place, and the triangle was a little out of line.

Ned couldn't see anything that looked open for a combination shot, except maybe the twelve ball, the one next to the misplaced corner ball, but that was a rail-first shot, much too tricky and dangerous for a money game.

But Babe walked back to the head of the table and said, "Twelve ball. Side pocket."

Ned glanced quickly at the Chief. He looked a little worried.

Babe drew his stick back sharply and let fly with a clean, cutting hit. The cue ball went a neat two rails and clipped the corner ball square and firm. The twelve rolled out, across the table, and fell into the side pocket. The rest of the balls spread wide. Babe had made it. Neatly and perfectly.

Ned sat down. There wasn't anything to do now but watch.

Babe was good. He was terrific. He ran the rest of the rack, then another and another. It wasn't until the score was sixty-two to nothing that Babe got a bad roll on his cue ball, dissed off a ball with it and scratched.

As the afternoon passed by, Babe kept right on winning, not every game, but two out of three. Ned shot well too, a calm,

steady game, but by four o'clock his feet and head were aching, and he was twenty-six hundred dollars behind. A crowd had gathered around the table, and Ned could tell Babe was eating it up. When he'd break his silence to make a remark about Ned's age, or about the "old days" of the game. There was something cocky, terribly insulting, about him. But he was beating Ned and beating him badly.

There's only one way, Ned thought, if I keep playing this way, he's got me. There's just one way I might do it.

Ned walked over to the Chief. "How much is that, Chief?" he asked quietly.

Babe spoke before the Chief could answer. "Three thousand, Bales. You've dropped three thousand." He raised his eyebrows. "Wanta quit?"

"No," Ned looked at the Chief. "Want to go it?" he said, keeping his voice level.

For the first time the Chief sounded doubtful. "What do you think, Babe? Can you go for three thousand?"

The corners of Babe's mouth twitched a little. "I can go," he said.

The Chief looked back at Ned. "I don't like it, Ned Bales," he said, "but I'll go with you. And then we quit, win or lose."

"Fair enough," Ned said.

Woody racked the balls, and Babe broke. The break was perfect and there was nothing for Ned to do but play it safe. They jockeyed back and forth for a while, both of them playing safe, carefully, with precision and control.

Then it happened. It was Babe who hit a ball just barely too full, leaving Ned an open shot, a slight chance. It wasn't an easy shot, but it was the kind a good player can cut in and then run the score way up.

Ned chalked his cue and bent down to shoot, taking aim carefully.

Then Babe spoke. He said, softly, "Bales," his voice was slimy with insult and scorn, but with just the slightest trace of fear in it. "Bales. Don't miss that shot. If you do you'll lose three thousand dollars, Bales."

Ned straightened up. He looked at Babe, then he turned to the Chief. The Chief looked abashed.

Then Ned laughed. He threw back his head, leaned against

the table and laughed. "Chief," Ned said, "he's trying to rattle me."

"That doesn't go, Babe," the Chief said. "Ned Bales don't rattle. I tried it once; I know. He's The Best."

Ned went back to the shot, aimed easily and made it. He started running. He made seventy, and then he played it safe.

When Babe came up to shoot he was trying to be calm, and Ned could see that he had him. Babe managed to run thirty-seven before he missed; but when he missed it was an easy shot, and Ned could see his hand shaking. Ned stepped up to shoot.

He did it. He ran the game out, ninety-seven points without missing. When he finished, the Chief took three thousand from his pocket and handed it to him. He didn't look at Ned.

"Chief," Babe said, "let me play him another. I'll take him."

There was mild contempt in the Chief's voice. "No, you won't, Babe," he said. "You shoot good, but you don't play pool, kid. You shoot, but you don't play pool, kid. You shoot, but you don't play. You better go back to Hot Springs. You do a lot better there."

Ned put the money in a roll and stuffed it in his pocket. "Better luck next time, Chief."

"Sure, Ned Bales," the Chief said. "You come back. Someday maybe I'll find somebody who'll beat you."

"Maybe you will," Ned said. "Everybody's got to get beaten sometime."

As Ned walked out the door he could feel the aching in his legs and feet and eyes coming back. The air outside was cool, and it was getting dark. Ned decided he'd better take a cab home. He was too tired to walk.

THE DRIVER'S LICENSE??

STEVE SIMPSON, '58

About the age of sixteen every boys thoughts turn to one subject, his driver's license. If all goes well he receives the "more beautiful than gold" certificate about one week after he reaches the destined age of sixteen. This supposedly means that now the boy is capable of taking the car out by himself without endangering the lives of his fellow drivers or pedestrians. (But of course you and I know that he has had the car by himself at least six times before he reaches fourteen.)

The chain of events that will eventually bring him his driver's license begins at Standiford Field where he takes a "difficult" written test. One of the harder questions is as follows:

Why do the Kentucky State Police give you this test?

- (a) To keep the pencils sharp.
- (b) To give the police something to do.
- (c) To make sure he is qualified.
- (d) To earn money for the state government.

Of course it goes without saying that the correct answer is letter (a), because none of those stingy police will spend money for pencils sharpeners.

The next step is practice. All week the hopeful fellow practices and practices. He finally reaches the point where he can get rubber in all three gears without half trying and can hang any corner at forty-five m.p.h.

Now comes the day of the big test. The now confident fellow leaves at seven a.m., with a happy look on his face. At exactly twelve noon, he trudges listlessly back in the door, mumbling to himself, "Nobody else ever stops for stop signs."

THAT EXTRA SOMETHING

JACK CRUTCHER, '58

In a small Texas town an eight-year-old boy was playing ball with his friends as he did every day. In the excitement of the game, the boy was knocked to the ground and was unable to move. From then on for years, it was doctors, hospitals, and special treatments. For this eight-year-old boy had infantile paralysis. After years of struggle the battle against the disease was won. This boy became interested in track, especially high jumping. His ambition was to win the championship. He practiced and trained constantly, trying to build his weak body.

He married the girl next door — a girl with a great deal of wisdom. One day while he and his wife were talking, she said something about another kind of strength even the strongest man needs. It was the strength of belief. Without it a man is nothing.

The day came for the championship event. The bar was raised to 6 feet 11½ inches and was cleared on the first jump. Then it was raised to 6 feet 11¾ inches, a height not previously attained.

Twice he tried and shook the bar loose. He had one more try. He sat in the sand and with thousands of eyes upon him he bowed his head.

In those few seconds he received something beyond physical power. He received that extra quality that makes real champions. Yes, Walt Davis cleared the bar and became the world champion high jumper, and he also found that though his body was strong, he needed that extra something.

"BATTLE SQUAWK"

BILL DAVIS, '57



The guns had reverberated noisily in their ears for eighteen hours. Now the troops gathered on the deck of the military transport, preparing to launch the biggest campaign of the war. The time had come—it was now or never. Each individual had his own personal instructions which had been impounded in his head by his commanding officer. Every contrivance was being used to make their amphibious assault a complete success, under the cover of the darkness of night and a heavy fog. Now, silently and prayerfully, the men waited the command of their superior to board the landing craft and head for shore. Suddenly, the door of the dispatch room swung open, and the captain appeared with a look of expectation on his face. The heart-beats of the men could be heard above the distant clamoring of enemy shore batteries. The time had come.

"Let's go," exclaimed the Chief as he flicked off the projector and turned on the dining hall lights, ending part two of the nightly entertainment flick. "We have to go to bed, and

get our regulation nine hours of sleep before our one hundred and twenty-six mile hike tomorrow. Remember, we must beat the old record of three hours and twenty-seven minutes, and show the rest of this fine outfit of militia men that Duxley's Dames is the best regiment in this great avocation of warfare. Now get to bed before I count ten—one, two three, four. . . ."

Lieutenant Colonel Elwood X. Duxley was considered the roughest, toughest, and the most feared commanding officer in the war game. He ruled with an iron hand, which, incidently, was very hard on his manicurist's emory board. Despite this, he held the respect of his men, and he knew just what made each of them tick. In fact, it isn't a falsehood when it is said that he knew them from the inside out. His mother noticed this admirable trait when he was a baby (explaining his middle name, "X-ray"). This being neither here nor there, I shall go on with the story.

The barracks at 5:20 A.M. were silent. All, with the exception of one, were sound asleep, dreaming of the three dozen buxom young damsels who were back at home reading "A Diet for Every Occasion" and "Johnson & Johnson's Catalogue for Child Care." The one character reposed on his satin-embroidered hammock wide awake was the ever-popular All-Dough. It wasn't that he had insomnia, he was just trying to perfect his speciality of blowing square smoke rings, which was a very difficult feat considering he had no cigarette.

Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the men eagerly arose to commence a propitious new day of army life. After two hours and thirty-six minutes (the delay being attributed to hair combing and a fight over the after-shave lotion), they lined up in rows at attention in the barracks' beer garden for the morning address by Sergeant Bombshell.

Sergeant Bombshell was Duxley's right hand man. He was known as the "little giant" among his men—this derived from the fact that he was only three feet, nine inches tall and weighed three hundred and two pounds. He was a strict disciplinarian, and often threatened to curse at the men if they didn't obey him.

"Fellows, guys," he shrieked at them vehemently in a tone that made them cringe with fear, "as you all know, today is the day for the interminable promenade over the beautiful country-

side. Now run along nicely and grab your sun glasses and portable hi-fi's, for we must be on our way."

Presently, after the vocal chord looseners and the voice pills had been issued, the big hike was begun. Duxley had sent a request to the Pentagon to have Ray Anthony accompany them on the hike, but the only available band was that of Dave Brubeck. Buling out the possibility of marching to the tempo of progressive jazz, the matter was dropped.

It was a wonderful day for a hike. The birds were singing, the squirrels were gathering nuts, the sun was out in all its glory, and the thermometer measured 116 degrees in the shade. After several minutes of marching, and one hundred and ninety-six bars of "Money, Babe?", one of the men, who had had nothing to drink since his bed-time milkpunch the night before, became completely famished and fell face down in the wet mud by the side of the road. The troops were horrified. What would their mothers think if they should happen to drive by and see such a sight? Why, they might think the poor man was drunk! Nevertheless, the stern Duxley let him lie there like a damp Wheatie, and commanded the men to move onward with the added remark, "Tooty-fruity, oh Boody!"

Came lunch time, and Duxley, finding a nice shady spot beneath a moth-eaten Hadacol sign, told his men to take five with the ejaculation, "Goodies! Goodies!" The men could hardly wait. It would only be a moment before the food provisions would arrive by boat from the nearest Howard Johnson's. Of course, there being no water for a radius of fourteen miles, everybody gave up and decided to settle for the stale peanut butter and jelly sandwiches that they had brought along to feed the polar bears. After a while, when the regiment physician had finished putting hot kerosene on all of the men's blisters, the order was given to hit the road. Having done this, the hike was again resumed.

They marched and marched until they thought their legs would fall off, and damned if they didn't. It must have been quite an embarrassment marching through that native village on their stubs.

It wasn't long, though, until they were rounding off their one-hundred and twentieth mile, and as they were doing so, their loud singing interrupted a Japanese poker game high in

the hills above them. Irritated by the fact that he had just lost a valuable pot to a beginner (they always win), a frustrated young dead-eye galloped to the nearest machine gun nest and forthwith completely annihilated the whole cotton picking glob of would-be heroes down below, thus abruptly ending the story.

THIS AD BUSINESS

JACK MILLER, '58

"Would you like to put an ad in the Dignitas Literary Association's Magazine? Full page is twelve dollars and a half page is only . . ."

"No thanks," said an aged man, peering out over his horn-rimmed glasses from behind a worn counter.

Muttering, "Thanks anyway," I entered into a large hardware store.

A man dressed in a snappy sports coat and a smart knit tie, tied to perfection, the Windsor way, addressed me saying, "Could I help you, sir?"

I, feeling very confident, spoke, "I was wondering if you would be interested in buying space for an ad in the Dignitas Literary Association's Magazine, sir?"

"Well," the man replied, "you would have to talk to the owner about that and he's out of town and will be for about two weeks more, so I'm afraid I can't help you. Sorry!"

Outside the store brisk February winds were blowing, so I zipped my coat up tighter around my neck. Also, about that time, the pangs of hunger were beginning to set in, so I dropped in on the friendly White Castle people.

Humm, boy, this tastes good, I thought to myself as I polished off my fourth hamburger. As I was finishing the last of my coke, a thought occurred to me. Why not ask here if they would buy an ad. At least it wouldn't hurt to ask.

The lady at the counter told me the boss was in the rear. I found him sitting on a large wooden box guzzling down a bottle of . . . well, let's call it ginger ale for the time being. I asked him for the ad and he said he was pretty sure I could get one but that I would have to come back in a couple of days and talk to the advertiser.

I left for home with the feeling that maybe, just maybe, this would be the case where the old saying, "Where there's smoke, there's hope" would hold true. Here's hoping.

HISTORIC BULL

BOB GREENE, '57

Well, it seems that one time there was this fellow named Aeneas, who was quite a handsome character and a good fighter to boot. He was having a little trouble with the Greeks, and they were all the time fighting and killing one another. The squabble arose when Helen, whose face was said to have launched a thousand ships (whether by fear or by love, it is not stated), ran off with a Trojan prince and settled in Troy. This didn't set too well with the Greeks, because Helen was married to one of their kings, and so they put to sea. For ten years they had a rollicking good time, fighting, killing, and running off with one another's women. Along about this time the Greeks began to tire of the game, and they decided to put a slick one over on the Trojans. So they whopped up this huge horse, but they added a kangaroo special. A whole bunch of men climbed in this horse's stomach and sat down like they were enjoying it. This was strange in that most people sat on horses instead of lying down in them. But so it was (great Jupiter willed it). The Greeks then put to sea.

Well, after the Trojans had dragged the horse into their city and were heered up for the night, the sneaking Greeks returned and burned the city. Aeneas fought for awhile, but when the situation got hot, he decided he best take to the woods. Trees being in the woods, he built a fleet, or rather he had his men build it, for he was a lazy sort. So Aeneas took off on the pretext of founding Rome. History treats it sort of light, but Aeneas had it bad for the feminine gender and played around quite a bit on the way. He was almost had once when he ran up with a giant named Scylla. At a distance, all he could see was from her waist up, and that looked good, especially because of the way they dressed in those days (they didn't). Her size only enhanced the prospect, so Aeneas took off for a closer look.

Well, history records it as so, but it sounds like the largest hunk ever invented: anyway, this Scylla babe had wolves around her waist and the tail of a bigfish. This news rather upset Aeneas, just as it does me, because previously I had faith in history. But who knows, maybe George Washington was a baby elephant.

From there Aeneas went to Africa, where he met another merry maiden. Being from the North, Aeneas didn't care what

country they were from. And so it continued until Aeneas settled down and founded the Roman race, which ended in corruption-undoubtedly because of our hero.

The moral of this story is: Sinners, repent! or, history is a bunch of bull.

THE FOUNDATION

BILL DAVIS, '57

The temperature one hundred and five miles from the North Pole was 80 degrees below zero. A blizzard had been raging for eight days without ceasing, and the ever-increasing amount of snow was being packed hard as concrete. The earth's surface was not distinguishable from the hoary sky, which was a whirling, blinding mass of crystalline flakes. The lashing wind blew unobstructed, for there was certainly nothing to block its path. This was the region that men thought God had no motive for putting on this earth, save to give geographers something to write about. This was, and still is, considered the most isolated, barren, and desolate segment of earth, yet defended by an army of untold strength—an army so perplexing that it has gone unchecked throughout the entire history of man. Yet, for over a century, man has made expeditions, some fatal, to penetrate this vast nothingness just because it bore the name "unexplored" on their maps. Surely it was created for some purpose other than to lure men into its unreleasing grasp, and then show them its indignancy to the fact that it was trying to be conquered by calling out its biting militia to sometimes subdue them. Yes, this is the last reminiscence of half the North American continent two million years ago. This is the Arctic, March 10, 1956.

"Shut that door!" yelled Lieutenant Collingsworth at an unsuspecting young radio technician. "What in the hell do you think I am, a snowman?"

"Yes sir," snapped Sgt. Nelson as he slammed the barricade shut. "I was only. . ."

"I don't care about excuses. C'mon, you got work to do. Hop on that radio and send these reports down to Pvt. Barrow."

"Same as usual, eh, sir?"

"What do you think? Have you seen anything on that little screen in the eleven months we've been sitting on this overgrown

ice cube? Of course you haven't, so go tell 'em that, and tell 'em you probably never will, too. Wait a minute. Better go check with Henry and make sure.

Lt. Collingsworth, two radar technicians, and a radio man made up U.S.A.F. temporary radar frontier outpost No. 1, the northernmost station of its kind, situated on the Polar ice cap. It was set up experimentally, to learn whether or not it was possible for humans to operate a radar station in the extremely low temperatures, driving winds, and perpetual snow of the Arctic. It had been established for almost a year, and naturally the morale of the men and their commander (he most of all) was low, due to the monotony and confinement of their work. On top of this, they felt that the whole idea was a waste, for they had yet to detect any one thing on their radar apparatus. Then, all at once, it happened.

"Sir," asserted Nelson upon consulting the radar room, "Henry's on the wagon now, and I'm sure he's reliable, so . . ."

"Well, go on."

"Well, sir, he says that several minutes ago he found a blip on the screen, but he lost it. He's been trying to find it ever since, but he says he can't."

"Don't believe it."

"That's what he said, sir. Maybe you'd better go talk to him."

Collingsworth set down his glass of freshly thawed yogurt and proceeded into the next room. "Henry," he said, "what's this Nelson's been telling me about you finding something out there?"

"Well, sir, it wasn't over seven or eight minutes ago, but whatever it was, I can't find it now, I'll sure keep tryin', sir."

"Yeah, you do that. Come with me, Nelson." They went back into the other room. "Go on and send Pvt. Barrow the usual negative report."

"But what about what Henry told us?" quizzed Nelson.

"Gotta have something a little more than that to go on. Now hurry up, you're running late now."

The Arctic night, which was now five months old, went on, and Henry, now needing some sleep, called Boyd in to take his place. Boyd, the fourth member of the party who also had Korean War experience, was not to be doubted when he ran into

the sleeping lieutenant's room and exclaimed that something had popped onto his radar screen for a few seconds, but that he lost contact with it. He estimated it as being around ninety miles away, almost over the pole, but the apparatus couldn't hold it due to the turbulence of the weather outside.

"Go tell Nelson to call Pvt. Barrow," exclaimed Collingsworth, "and tell 'em not to get excited, but we think we may possibly have something. We'll keep checking on it."

The two radar technicians, along with the lieutenant, gathered around the screen and control board, using every device they could think of to bring the mysterious object into focus on the screen. They watched intently, their anticipation growing. What was this elusive thing? Certainly it was not a meteor, for instead of falling toward the ground, the two quick glimpses of its radar image showed that it was moving parallel to the ground. Pvt. Barrow had reported that there were no allied aircraft in that area. The seconds became minutes.

Collingsworth turned to light his cigarette. Suddenly he was grabbed on the arm by Boyd. "Here it is," cried Boyd, "plain as day. Looks like it's only eighty miles north and headed this way. Looks like it came right out of Siberia, although I couldn't say for sure."

"At least it ain't from outer space," mused Henry, acting somewhat relieved.

"Yeah, but no aircraft could fly in this weather," Boyd went on. "Must be some sort of guided missile. Damned if the thing ain't makin a bee-line for us, too."

"Henry, snapped Lt. Collingsworth, "go tell Nelson not to release contact with Pvt. Barrow, and give 'em a quick full report. Tell 'em to get up here and destroy this thing P.D.Q. It may be a runaway, or it may be the real thing."

Nelson made quick work of this, and seconds later Henry came dashing back to the lieutenant, pondering over the radar screen. "Pvt. Barrow says that it would be murder for them to crash this storm with their planes, sir. They said they'd have to wait until the thing gets further south. Told us to keep in touch and let them know when it goes by, then they'll pick it up and hit it."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," murmured Collingsworth.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"It may not go by. It looks as if it may be heading straight for us."

"Sir, maybe Pvt. Barrow could risk just a few planes. . . ."

"No use. That thing's too close for any help now. Guess we'll just have to sweat it out."

"Only seven minutes away, now, keeping on a straight course for us," said Boyd. "Loosing altitude, too. It's definitely coming down."

"And I was scared to come up here because of the weather," muttered Henry.

"Get Nelson in here after he sends that report," Collingsworth solemnly ordered. "I want to talk to all of you together." Upon Nelson's swift arrival, he continued, "Men, it looks like they've pinpointed us. You and I, and everybody else knows where this is coming from, but nobody will ever be able to prove it. I didn't know the Commies had anything this good, but it looks as if they do. At least you got a choice of your way to die, though. You can bundle up, take all the equipment and supplies you can, and try the thousand to one odds of getting through to safety in this blizzard, or you can stay here and hope that this thing'll be a dud. Make your decision fast, because there's not much time left."

"What are you going to do, sir?" asked one of the men.

The lieutenant replied in his outspoken manner, "I'm going to stay here and pray. If my number is really up, at least I'll know I haven't died in vain. Fellows, for the first time I realize something. Y'know, there's gotta be pioneers in just about everything big; that's us. And some of 'em even die carrying out their damned-fool project; I guess that's us, too."

Silence prevailed. The men were frozen, but the clock ticked on. Suddenly it hit. They were taken swiftly, without pain.

The temperature is still 80 degrees below zero, and a horrible blizzard is entering its ninth day. The snow is still packed hard as concrete, and the long Arctic night gives a ghostly appearance to the ruins of a man-built structure scattered all about the surface. Although her enemy has been subdued, the Arctic militia for once was not the conqueror. She, herself, could not decimate her enemy, but had to call upon the help of ambitious garroters to perform the death-blow. These garroters, by the grace of God, will be dealt with, and the now-failing army of the Arctic will soon be overcome by man.

ECONOMY

LEE LORCH, '58

There is a man in our little Texas town who was too stingy to buy a newspaper of his own until one day when he sent his little boy next door to borrow his neighbor's paper, the little boy tripped over a four-gallon pail of milk, got up, fell on a barbed wire fence, broke it down, ripped his new \$5 pants and broke his arm. After calling the doctor, which cost \$45, his mother ran out and left his baby brother who played in the upset milk and then tracked milk all over a new \$25 rug and ruined it. In the disturbance the man's daughter ran away with the hired man and the three cows went through the broken fence and ate so much green corn they died, and the dog tore up the new \$20 cover on a chair. All this to borrow a newspaper, now the man has his OWN paper delivery.

THE MIGHTY

BOB GREENE, '57

The sea with its billows rolls on and on,
Restless, untiring, long after we're gone,
While we, who work and sweat by day
And rest by night that tomorrow we may
Sweat again, strive until we wan.

Still no matter how we work or sow,
To reap from our labors surcease of woe,
Not one whit statue or magnitude,
Can be added or lent to solitude,
As we hasten along to that dark world below.

But the shroud rolls on, far vaster than we,
Without grind or travail to infinity,
Bearing in its wake the debris of mankind,
Who tried to gain its immortal time,
Yet failed and perished in despair in the sea.

All powerful since ever time began,
God made the sea, as He made mortal man.
So reverence not the mighty sea,
But to God ever send your fainting plea,
And worship Him that guides your hand.

TRY IT SOMETIME

Don Lorch, '56



"Alright, if you want asylum in the U.S., just tell us what it was like when you broke through 'the Iron Curtain'."

"Can't you explain to me why you want me to tell you again?"

"Yes, it's because most people in the U.S. think that 'The Iron Curtain' is merely a figure of speech. But, if we had your story on tape for the people of the U.S., maybe they would realize it couldn't be more real."

"O.K., I'll do it."

"After spending about two months planning the escape, I had to wait for a night when there was no moon in the sky, but still enough light to see where I was walking."

"About 10:30 that night I set out walking toward Czechoslovakia. At first, it seemed like a pleasure walk, but soon I began to see the tank traps and clusters of barbed wire which I was going to have to avoid. Soon, off to the left, I could see the first check point for the motorists. Steel barricades narrowed the roadway to the width of one-car. I had to scale the steel barricades so that the policemen at the end of the stretch wouldn't see me."

"From that point on, the area was so deserted that there wasn't enough vegetation to conceal me. To get over this stretch would be a miracle, because out in the fields were policemen and soldiers armed with tommy guns and automatic rifles and holding leashed dogs. Next, I had to dig under two electrified fences each carrying voltage high enough to kill a man on contact. Between these fences was a great snarled mass of barbed-wire through which I had to cut my way."

"Just then, dogs began howling and men began shouting. I was terrified and began to run as fast and as quietly as I could. Soon I got a strange feeling that there was nothing around me. It was then that I stopped and looked back to see what I had run through. First, there was a plowed strip about a hundred yards wide. Whenever anyone walks on this ground, very distinct footprints are left. Then there was a row of towers about one hundred and fifty yards apart."

"Of course, I'm very happy to have made it and a little surprised. If anyone thinks that 'the Iron Curtain' isn't a deadly reality, then he ought to try to break through."

ON PEACE OF MIND

JIM TICHENOR, '56

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

This is the topic of my theme, and I believe this to be thoroughly true. I believe, with a fair amount of certainty, that both Heaven and Hell are states of mind as well as places. It might be assumed then, that either can be interchanged with the other, as states of mind are not always constant. If a person wishes to be happy, his surroundings take a second billing. God has given man a mind, that is in most cases, strong to overcome the surroundings in which it is placed. The man who is constantly helping and treating others kindly will be less apt to find his mind in a state of Hell than a man who is forever looking out only for himself. This selfish man doesn't have the internal satisfaction of the kind and charitable man; hence his mind is more apt to be in a Hell. I believe the most important way of gaining peace of mind is through God. I feel that a man should worship in the way which best fits his needs, for it isn't the way he worships, it's his faith, his internal feeling of security which gives him peace of mind. On the other hand, I have found

very few people who have no religion with great peace of mind.
In conclusion and further reviewing all the facts, I believe that these three words, PEACE OF MIND, are the keystone and the building blocks of a full and happy life, both in this world and in the world to come.

THE LIFE OF BENCH BLISTERS AND SPLINTERS

TOM BROOKS, '57

Have you ever had splinter-fever or blister trouble? I have. It all started this way.

One day somebody came up to me and said, "Why don't you go out for basketball, you could easily make it." So I took this joker up and he was right you can make it but he didn't say that it takes a human robot to play, well that's where the splinters and blisters come in. I run more laps, shoot more balls and take more backings, and what does this bring, glory? fame? widom? No! All it brings is blisters. I get more blisters on my feet than a bird has feathers. But does this stop me? No, it takes more than that to get me down, but considering that I have three inches of tape around my feet, six pounds of athlete's foot powder, at times it gets a little rough walking on your knees; still, you get use to it. But the worst part of the story is splinters especially in games. I have sat on the bench so long that I look like a porcupine, and the bench looks worse.

So all you fellow strong men that have feet of steel and a reinforced rear come out and get the thrill of playing basketball, which every young meathead should enjoy.

MOODS

RONNIE CURRY, '57

Rain . . . thousands of tiny needles
darting earthward in sharp, stinging
patterns, piercing the very Soul of
Man . . . penetrates his innermost
being, dark as the night outside. . . .

For he is alone

Yet rain, splattering cheerily against
pavements and shop windows, touching
all things with its watery magic, somehow
brings him transition and peace. . . .

For man hath Love.

A SONNET OF REMORSE

Terry Foster, '58

My gentle words of love were
scarcely true,
And, having proved that I am
a cad
And made you and myself feel
so sad,
Our once-so-sweet adoring days
are through.
We parted then to let new loves
occur
But rumors from our friends
were more than glad
To take the chance to say we
had been mad
In our caresses, which were
really few,
The evidence they used to make
some buy



Their story was enough to force me to
Support the shame of what I did not do,
Although the crime is not so very high,
I suffered for the thing friends thought they knew.
And now I glumly think: Why didn't I?

DREAM SEQUENCE

JOE SPEIDEN, '58

It comes at the end of a long, hard day,
Like a soft floating cloud of white,
It drifts over countryside hither and yon,
With the slow creeping darkness of night.

It eases the tiredness, the suffering and pain,
And brings with it's soothing caress,
A new world of peacefulness open to all
An answer to everyone's quest

What is this thing that can do so much,
That can be so mysterious and deep?
That is wanted and need by men everywhere:
What is it? Ah yes, it is Sleep.

unsuccessful attempts. The commander of the prison had always told us after these tries that he would bring back anyone who escaped, but this made us all the more determined to get out.

It was later learned that Dean had been imprisoned on spy charges, and this caused quite a stir at the time here in Berlin, but as with most front page stories, it was soon forgotten and with it, Jim Dean.

My story begins on June 6, 1955, in the late afternoon. The sky was full of clouds, the air of smoke, and it was hot. I was in my office, which together with my room in a cheap hotel, constituted my living and working area, typing several paragraphs of a book that I was writing, when a tall, dark, thin man walked in. He looked as if he had not had any sleep or anything to eat in several days. He took off his hat, shut the door, and stood as though ready to say something.

Finally, he said in a low voice, "Can you be trusted with secret information, Mr. Dunn?"

"Well, yes sir. What is on your mind?"

"My name is Steven Jennings. Have you ever heard of James Dean?", he said.

Without thinking very deeply on the name, I said, "No, I don't believe I have. Who is he?"

In a slightly higher voice than before, he said, "James Dean was captured by the Russians in 1945, and was sent to prison for being a spy."

"Oh yes, Mr. Jennings, now I recall the name. It was a big story here and I read his confession some years ago," I said, trying to think back.

"Well, last year," he went on to say, "some of his friends found out that his sentence was up this year. On his way across the State line he killed a guard and got wounded himself. Now the Red Police are looking for him here in Berlin and I know where he is. If they find him, they will kill him. He wants me to bring you to him so he can tell his story."

I said that I would go and we went on talking for a few minutes. Then he said that he would take me to Dean. I picked up my hat and followed him out of the building onto the hot sidewalks and we got into his car parked around the corner. We did not drive very long before we pulled up on a side street near the Russian lines and got out. It was dark now and no

lights on the side street. We walked down the street and turned off into an alley at the end of which was a light so that we could see anyone coming, but there was no one in sight. We walked a little way and went down some stairs into a basement which was pitch dark, had no windows and was damp.

"Who is there?", a weak voice sounded from a corner.

Mr. Jennings answered and lighted a candle and then I saw a man about fifty lying on a bed with a gun in his hand which he put down when he saw us. Introducing myself, I went over to his bed, pulled up a chair and sat down. He was sick, weak and pale and I could tell that he did not have much longer to live.

He said in his weak voice, "My name is James Dean and most people call me Jim. I want to tell you my story now because an infection has set in and I don't have much time to live."

"Don't worry," I said, "everything will be all right."

"I'm going to die," he said, "but before I do I want to tell you what happened after I was captured by the Reds in Moscow. While in Moscow, a policeman asked me for my papers and, remembering that I had left them at the hotel, I began to run, for I knew what it meant to be without them. But I was caught and arrested. I was then taken to one commander's office where I was charged with being a spy."

I knew how he felt because I was sent to prison for the very same thing.

I pleaded not guilty and on November 14, 1955, I was put in jail to wait for my trial four days later. Two days later I was taken to some one's office, where I was questioned over and over and was told it would be much easier on me if I confessed now, but I said no. Two days later I was put in the courtroom where I saw a judge, jury, a prosecutor and several state witnesses I had never seen before, and then I knew that I was my own defense. I was made to stand and the court was called to order."

He coughed and tried to start again and finally he obtained enough strength to go on. His time was getting short.

The judge asked me if I had anything to say and I said I would later. The first thing the prosecutor did was bring two policemen to the stand and asked them about my arrest.

"One of them said, 'We were approaching this man and,

seeing us, he began running from us. It was several blocks before we caught him, and even then he gave us a fight, but we held him down.'

"I was then asked if I ran from these policemen. I said, 'yes, but—', and I was told just to answer the question yes or no, and they went on with the trial. A farmer said that he saw me the night before I was arrested, in some fields taking pictures of a radar station with a camera that could take pictures at night without the use of flashbulbs. Of course I knew I didn't do it but I couldn't prove it. Time after time people got up and said many lies. There was nothing I could do. After a long time of hearing all these lies, I screamed out that I would confess."

He took a deep breath and with every passing minute his time was growing short. Now his breathing was quick and gasping.

"They told me that by confessing, my statement would not be published but later I found out that it was. I was then sent to work in the salt mines where I saw dead human beings pushed over to the side of the wall to stay and also saw men who had fallen on the tracks run over by small trains. The way they treated human life is unbelievable.

"Later I was sent to a prison outside Moscow where I stayed for eight years. I was released just two months ago. It took me seven weeks to get to Berlin but while trying to come into the free part of Berlin I was shot after I killed a guard. Then I found myself with Mr. Jennings, who has taken care of me. I want you to tell . . . this story about Russia to the . . . whole world . . . and . . ."

He wanted to say more but he was dead. It was late now and much time had passed.

Just then Jennings who was standing by the door started talking in Russian. My heart skipped a beat and shot to my throat and I knew then something was wrong; it must be a trap and I was sure of it when he opened the door and in stepped a Russian officer who bowed as they both smiled. The Russian officer I knew instinctively as the one who had always said that he would get any man who escaped from his prison.

THE CURSE OF LEISURE

JIM EDWARDS, '57

"The curse of leisure! What is that?" some people may exclaim after first reading the title of this essay. But have they thought about it? No, they haven't!

Some people try to impose the idea on others that an idle mind is the devil's workshop. Isn't that the same thing?

When people have nothing to do, you usually just wander around trying to find something to occupy your time. Now, about seventy-five per cent of the people in this position would find themselves in some small amount of trouble. Then, all of a sudden, as you have more leisure time, the trouble grows like a ——— when it has plenty of water and sunshine. The trouble keeps on getting more serious until, before you know it, you're really in hot water!

This particular case may sound a bit over exaggerated, but it can happen to people who have an abundance of leisure time! So don't be one of those people who never have a thing to do! Always have something constructive you can do, not destructive!

BASKETBALL

JOHN INMAN, '57

Basketball is a strange game;
It's played with a little round ball,
Ten tall boys just chase it around,
In the middle of a great big hall,
Sixteen minutes of run, shoot, run,
And half of the game is in the books,
Then some well chosen words from the coach are heard
And also a few dirty looks,
Then back to the floor; sixteen minutes more—
Of the same tiring run, shoot, run,
And you give all you've got
Whether you've got it or not,
From the tip to the final gun,
Yes, basketball is a strange game;
It keeps the boys on the run,
But they wouldn't be there at all,
If it wasn't also fun.

SPRING IN THE WOODS

GARY GERST, 57

The sun shown bright and clear,
 On a beautiful day of the year;
 And as we walked through woodland green,
 You could see in the soft breeze the trees lean.
 The stream was blue and cool,
 And it appeared to us like a beautiful jewel,
 The smell of flowers was everywhere,
 And their bright colors as rich as a millionaire.

WHAT A WOMAN

Jim Robertson, 57



The night was young and all was silent in the jungle, as I was sitting by my camp fire. When I was startled by the moving of brush in the distance, the first movement I made was to go for my rifle. Having gotten my rifle, I fixed the sight on the place the noise was coming from. Not long afterwards, I could see what was causing the noise. There were two men fighting their way through the jungle to my camp site. I did not lower my gun, because I could not figure out why two men would be wandering through the jungle unarmed and unguided.

When they reached my camp, I saw that one of them carried a pistol. From the looks of their clothes, I would say that they had been in the jungle for weeks. I asked them what they were doing alone in the jungle and what had happened to them. They told me that they had been flying to Cobangie to arrest a man for murder. Wanting to hear more of their story, I asked them to sit down and have some coffee. They accepted. Being familiar with Cobangie, I knew there was no place to land an airplane so, I asked them to continue their story. They said that, last night, on their way to Cobangie, the right motor had stopped and had caught fire. It had crashed into some swampy land, and they had been walking ever since. Having

been familiar with all of Africa, I knew that no one could come from the swamp lands to here over night. They told me that the man they were looking for had murdered a diamond king and had stolen his fortune. This made me more interested than ever for I was an insurance agent stationed in Africa and was investigating the murder. I had my office in the Congo. I didn't let them know who I was because I didn't accept their story for, I had heard no sound of an airplane. Noise travels very fast over the African jungle. What had made me more doubtful of their story was that three men had been blamed for the murder, not one. They later told me that they were traveling with another man, but that he was killed in the crash.

The next morning I sent one of my two guides back to the town of Alamba. He led the two men back, but he also carried a message from me to the proper authorities to have the story of these men checked and to keep an eye on them. I decided that something must be wrong, for my guide should have been back a week ago. I gave him a day or so after the first week, because I thought that the authorities had had some trouble checking their story. The next day a native from town told me that my guide had been found dead with a bullet in his back. With this news, I decided to find the two men, and discontinue my journey to Cobangie. We broke camp immediately and went to town. After arriving, the first thing I did was to ask some of the villagers if they had seen the two men I described to them. Finally the day came. I came upon a villager who had heard of the men I was looking for. After many days of hard journeying, I came upon places where they had been. Sometime after the two weeks, I caught up with them, but I didn't have any proof that they were the murderers of my guide. All I had was the bullet found in my guide's back. I couldn't ask for their pistol without letting them know what I was doing. I sent my other guide to get the pistol while the men were asleep. Undoubtedly, this wasn't a good plan for my guide was killed. The men said that this native was breaking into their quarters. At this moment, I thought all was lost, for I could not think of any way to get that pistol. I waited for days, but nothing happened, no plans came to my mind. All of a sudden, luck came my way. One night the men went to a saloon. It seems as though they got a little high. The one with the pistol started shooting up the saloon. This cinched the case. As soon as they had left, I hurried into the saloon and dug out the bullets in the ceiling. I compared them with the one from the dead native. They matched. With this evidence, I had them

arrested. The next day, I went through their room and found the diamonds of the diamond king.

With this evidence, their cause was lost and they confessed to the murder of my guide and the diamond king. I then asked what had happened to the third man. They said that, after the murder of the diamond king, he tried to make off with the diamonds; so, they shot him. I asked where, and then sent a man to find the body to verify the story. The same day the arrest was made, a messenger came to me saying that the story about the plane wreck was false. The messenger said he had been looking for me for weeks. After seeing that the men were properly punished, I went to Cobangie to get the remaining facts of the murder. With the necessary information, I wired my company and told them every thing was ok. They wired back and asked what took so long, but the story was too long and would have been too expensive to tell in a wire. So I said I met a beautiful woman.

STRICTLY FOR SOPHOMORES!

HARRY BRUDER, '58

This article contains some personal opinions of a sophomore, which might be strongly disapproved of by other ages. But to get down to work—almost everyone's life has contained or is containing **some** education; which discloses my subject as "School."

The attitudes toward school vary greatly with different age groups. The young children of pre-school age feel that they will be "grown up" and be "big boys and girls" when they reach school age. On the other hand, the older person thinks of his school days as "the happiest days of his life," and "would do anything to recapture them." (Grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.)

The first years of school are a "breeze," with rest periods, recesses, games, short hours, more like minutes, and no homework. As you progress teachers get tricky and start sneaking in harder spelling words, longer days, homework, fractions and the like. As Dennis the Menace said to a younger friend who was just starting school, "Don't let that simple stuff trick ya, it gets harder as you go along."

As you climb (crawl?) on into junior high, you find out the meaning of such terms as "cramping for a test" and "surprise

quizzes," which can go under various titles. You also find out what **real** homework is.

I shall now turn to the benefits of education. Imagine yourself being interviewed for your first big job and your prospective employer asks you, "How tall is a flagpole which casts a shadow thirty feet long if the angle of elevation of the sun is sixty degrees?" Aren't you glad now you took plane geometry? After you answer correctly he asks, "How many school children in Italy made low grades because they were wine drinkers?" Thank Heaven for ninth grade Health! His last question is, "What should you do to correct a dangling participle?" No, your answer, "Scotch tape it" was evidently not right, because you didn't get the job. You should have paid more attention in English class.

Seriously, it is needless to list the true values of education, and when the summer becomes a bit dull you realize that school isn't **too** bad!

A PLEASURE

BILL HOOVER, '57

One of a man's very few pleasures is taking a shower. Every man looks forward to the time he can stand under that nice hot water and enjoy life. Most men usually test their vocal cords during this operation to see how loud they can sing. Sometimes they don't realize what loud bellows come out, but their irritated neighbors soon inform them. He usually thinks nothing of it and sings the last chorus of "Davy Crockett" anyway.

The shower is about the only place a man can get away from his screaming wife or his little brats. He can calmly think of that fishing trip he plans to take; of the new Cadillac he plans to buy; of the beautiful dame he saw in the grocery store the night before, or lying on the beach in sunny Florida. He also dreams up many inventions that will make him a millionaire. Here a man forgots all his worries. He forgets the broken and unpainted fence in the back yard; he forgets the grass that looks like a field in Texas; he forgets the horrible glare the boss gave him as he left the office two minutes early the night before; he forgets sideswiping the mayor's limousine as he was in a hurry to get to work. Then all of a sudden when cold water strikes the man's back, he realizes that he has used all the hot water and his pleasure for the day has come to an end—a shower.

THE PERFECT CRIME

David O'Brien, '58



My name is Cornelius Weston. My occupation is stocks and bonds broker. I commute regularly from a suburban city outside of New York to New York. One day as I got off the train, called the brokers special, and went to my car, I saw my wife riding with some man whom I had never seen before. This didn't look like a casual acquaintance because he had his arm around her and she had a look of happiness on her face that I had never seen in our ten years of marriage. At that moment I knew I had to kill the man she was with. I must first select the weapon. I thought about a gun, but it could be

traced, then I thought about a car which could be used as a weapon without any suspicion being placed on the driver. I decided that if it could be perfectly timed, I could run down this man and no charge could be placed against me.

The next six months I spent following him everywhere he went, learning his every move from the time he left his apartment to the time he went home. Since he lived alone he was his own chef and he bought his food once a week, on Thursday, at the super market located on the corner of a residential section of town where there wasn't much traffic. I knew that he always parked his car across the street from the store so he would be a perfect target while he was crossing the street. I could park in the side street beside the store and if I timed it correctly I could run him down and commit the perfect crime.

The day I had decided to kill him I left my office early and took the early train home. I went immediately to the store

where I knew he would be. I pulled into the side street and parked. After a few minutes I saw him come out of the store loaded down with groceries. As he stepped between two cars to cross the street I pressed hard on the accelerator and pulled out into the street. By this time he was almost halfway across the street. I had timed it perfectly. He was directly in front of me as I hit him and he didn't see me coming. I stopped the car and ran back to the place where he lay. Several spectators had gathered there and I heard one say, "He didn't even look to see if a car was coming." The others agreed and I knew I had an iron clad case. I asked one of the policemen who had just arrived to call my wife and ask her to come and drive me home. When she arrived and we were about to leave I asked one of the policemen if he knew who the man was. He replied that his name was Richard Walters. As I looked at my wife a look of horror came over her face and as she drove off she was pale as a ghost. "You knew" she said. "You did it on purpose." "Yes" I replied.

As she neared the railroad tracks I heard the clanging of the bell and saw the gates go down.

"What are you doing," I exclaimed.

When she pressed harder on the accelerator and I heard the shrill whistle of the Brokers Special, I knew what she was doing.

INTEGRATION AND THE SOUTH

TERRY FOSTER, '58

Having recently spent a weekend in Atlanta, Georgia, I came upon a much discussed and many sided problem. This problem is integration, the mixing of white and negro students in public schools. This problem was brought on by the decision of the Supreme Court that segregation is unlawful and unjust. However, despite this law, the consensus of opinion in the south is that integration is not possible under existing conditions.

After talking with some of the teenagers and adults who live in Atlanta, I could plainly see that the ratio of negro to white is just too great for integration to be accomplished smoothly.

In a state where, for generations, negroes have been chiefly used for common labor, I cannot imagine the effect that integration would have on the whites. The Civil War was fought over just such a cause as this.

All with whom I talked said that they would not go to

school with negroes or associate with them at all.

The present governor of Georgia is violently opposed to integration and he is considering a plan to convert all public schools into private schools. This move would completely cut off all federal aid to the Georgia schools and it won't be used except as a last resort against integration.

With all the prejudices and traditions of the white southerners, I cannot see how their pride will allow them to conform to this new law.

DO MALES OR FEMALES GET THE BREAKS?

PERRY CLARK, '57

This is a very easy question for anyone with normal intelligence to answer. Everyone knows that the females get all the breaks. One place where it is most evident is in the class room. The women teachers know that those sweet little females just wouldn't think of doing anything wrong. The male teachers might know the girls are doing something wrong, but it seems they forget it when they smile coyly and wink their big blue eyes. If a poor boy even breathes hard, the teacher (man or woman) is down his neck.

On the bus there is that poor fellow enjoying the first rest he has had all day, and look who's getting on the bus. It's that tired woman who has been playing bridge all day. Who has to offer her his seat? Yes, you're right, that poor man. Next, who has to pay for the entertainment, provide the transportation, open and shut the doors, pay for the flowers, check the coats, and buy the food? Yes, you are right again, it's the male.

Males, why don't we do something about them? Yes, I guess that is the reason. We like them the way they are.

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST

WARREN CRAWMEYER, '56

On May 29, 1953, two men, both endowed with outstanding stamina and skill, inspired by an unflinching resolve, reached the top of Everest and came back unscratched to rejoin their comrades.

It is now more than thirty five years since an expedition was first sent to explore the mountain with the serious intention of making an attempt to climb it. Since that date, 1921, no less than eleven major expeditions have followed one another. Failure has met with all of them, but no less than three of them

got within 1,000 feet of the summit.

A new expedition would have little choice in its route to the summit and still less of a choice in the all important weather conditions. These and many others were the problems which faced Sir John Hunt in the autumn of 1953. But problems had been the rule and not the exception to Sir John. Many years of experience and training with Everest and many smaller peaks made up his brilliant climbing record.

Organizing a major expedition is a large order. The success of such an expedition depends primarily on the joint efforts of every man on the team. The party must be suitably clothed and equipped to carry out its job, and that all of the tools likely to be used for the job are taken. Some of this equipment is highly specialized, and difficult questions of design and quantities had to be decided. All of these problems were overcome by the swift and accurate cooperation of all concerned.

Arrangements were made for the highly specialized party of twelve to sail for India on February 13th. Upon their arrival in India they went directly to Nepal and Mount Everest. To anyone else the sight of such a huge peak might have been awe-inspiring, but not to these men whose only dream was the conquest of this, Mount Everest, the father of all mountains. Rehearsals were in order as soon as everyone had become used to the climate. Rehearsals included the use of the all important oxygen masks on some short but demanding tests.

The carrying of all the huge amount of supplies up to and across the icefalls to the first base was performed by some three hundred and sixty porters. The icefalls are huge crags of ice which have fallen lowly from the upper regions of the mountains. These icefalls proposed many and varied problems for the mountaineers because of the strange formations they had fallen in. This is where the native guides or Shepas came into their own by showing their skill in breaking a path through and up these icefalls.

A period of over three weeks was spent here at the base camp stockpiling supplies into position for the fateful climb to the top of the world. This stockpiling was the last step. The plan for the final assault depended on the result of as many as three parties if necessary. The first party was to find and break the best route possible. After this had been accomplished the

other parties would try for the ascent to the top of the mountain.

After many hard days of climbing at last the party was within some two thousand feet of their destination. Tenzing Norway, the little Shepa, who had more experience on Everest than any other man, and Sir Edmund Hillary, capable New Zealand climber, now had the job of reaching the summit leading their party of experienced climbers.

On the morning of May 27, 1953, Tenzing Norway and Edmund Hillary climbed the greatest and highest peak in the world. While sitting on top of the world, some 29,002 feet above sea level, the two men rejoiced and took a few pictures before ascending in their hour of glory.

The climb home was taken at a slow pace so that the men could enjoy their taste of triumph. The world soon knew of the magnificent feat and was quick to reward the weary climbers. The fact that an English expedition had conquered Everest was quite a fitting gift for Queen Elizabeth on her Coronation. But I think that Sir John Hunt summed up the opinions of all concerned when he said, "It is better to die trying to conquer nature or Mount Everest, than be killed by a bomb blast in a political war. Man hasn't much left on earth now to conquer but himself."

★
A Friend
★

D stands for dances which we present

I for intelligence on which we're intent

G is for good times in which we excell

N is for nobleness which we impell

I is for interest we have in our club

T is for teamwork for which there's no sub

A is for ambition we highly promote

S is for studies of which we denote

MEN OF THE D.L.A.

COTY WAYNE, '51

Gather 'round the table of time,
You men of the D.L.A.
Drink ye full of the ageless spirit
That grows from day to day.

Sing your song and shout your praise
Till it echoes to the sky.
Make the world to know your name
And creed of "Do or Die."

Field your team of stalwart men,
Then win the game today.
Fight for War and Home and School
And conquer in the fray.

Honor and hold on high your name;
Let never a cloud dismay,
And always remember, my fellows brave,
You're men of D.L.A.

DIGNITAS SONG

We are the Dignitas forever,
We are the best of friends together,
We sing our song to bring bright weather,
All of our fun denotes we are as one
For, we carry grey and red to show us;
All people like to get to know us;
We never let temptation tow us;
When you define us you'll never decline us;
No other interest can dis sever
Any of us from our club ever;
We are the Dignitas and never
Can troubles ground us
As friendship has bound us,
Yes, we are the Dignitas!

1956 Dignitas

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Dudley Haupt	Secretary
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DIGNITAS

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'56
Eastern

1956 Dignitas



Stuart Bruder

'56
Eastern

Ed Deters

'56
Male



Dudley Haupt

'56
Eastern



Witty Howard

'56
Atherton

Don Lorch

'56
Country Day



Courtney Noe

'56
Atherton

1956 Dignitas



Vernon Rothenburger

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John Stites

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Atherton



Bob Schnur

'56
Atherton



Dick Young

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Atherton

Tom Brooks

'57
Eastern



David Brown

'57
Atherton



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Ronnie Curry

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Bill Davis

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Jim Edwards

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Steve Hager

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Bill Hoover

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John Inman

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Buzz Miller

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Jack Miller

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Carl Recke

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Bill Shaver

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Atherton



Steve Simpson

'58
Eastern



Joe Speiden

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Atherton

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Best Wishes to

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Beverly Tatum

Courtney Noe
Florence Kaiser

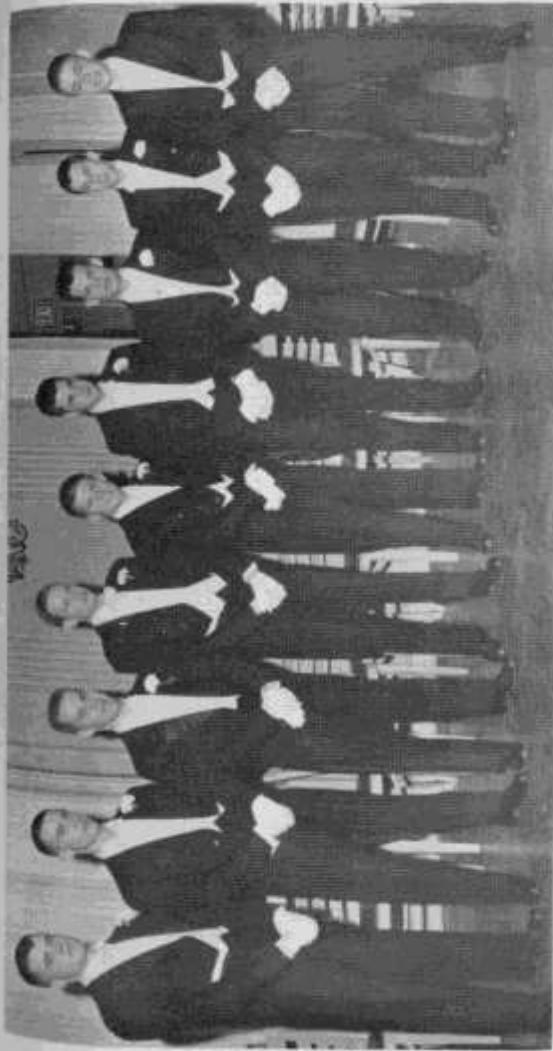
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Marjoria Gross

Warren Grawemeyer
Nancy Holtzclaw



Willy Howard
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DIGNITAS

71



Dignitas

Dance

Guess what's at the other end

Whee!

Already?

Then you'll miss it, Lee!

It feels so good.

Dig that crazy fared!

Go, man, Go!

Shady Dings

Oh! Oh! Damn!

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Robin Hood



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Please Jump



My! My!



Go Ahead! Try me!



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Jeamy



Duhh...



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Wyatt Earp



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Please, Bob.



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Always 2 full glasses in the king-size bottle!



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Which?



Auto Mechanics?



That's my woman!



Escaping?



Aint it cute?



Sexy



It's not that bad.



Is it?

Better since he quit



He didn't fit!



Looks delicious don't it?



Must be nice

History of D.L.A.

On October 22, 1944 the Dignitas Club was formed by young men of equal rank, mind, and spirit for the purpose of improving their mental, physical, and social condition, so that they would be more capable of being good citizens in later life.

This club was formed by David Schoen, its first president, Charlie Lorenz, Bob Snyder, Ernie Cooper, and John Driskill. The membership was then enlarged with boys from various high schools in the city.

The original Dignitas Club planned programs dealing with literature, sports, and civics. The literary programs included book reports, biographies of poets and authors, and discussing of literature in general. The sports programs were composed of the discussion of rules, standard equipment and team organization pertaining to many sports. The civics programs contained lectures on government, both federal and local, and discussion of current civic affairs.

Early in 1946 the Dignitas Club became the Dignitas Social Club. It then actively participated in many social affairs in addition to keeping up its literary work. Then, in October, 1947 it became known as the Dignitas Literary Association of Male High School with Mr. L. C. Gardner as its faculty advisor.

When we became affiliated with Male High we had to drop from our membership all boys who studied at other schools. This somewhat depleted our ranks and, hence, we came to High School with a smaller membership than any of the other literary organizations. This handicap was immediately corrected, however, by the pledging of several excellent gentlemen.

Since the founding of Dignitas we have taken in boys not only because of the good we think the boy can do for the club, but also for the good that we think we can do for the boy. Our primary objective is to help each individual to become a better boy and therefore, in later life, a better man through the fellowship offered in our organization.

THE LINEUP

NAME	REMINISCE OF	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION	FUTURE OCCUPATION
TOMMY BROOKS	Will "Red" Barry	"Aw slacks"	Be's a boy, ain't he?	You guessed it!
DAVID BROWN	Gabriel	He just agrees	Tell a joke	Louisville Philharmonic
HARRY BRUDER	"Bubbles"	"It's against her will"	Date	Easter's Varsity
STUART BRUDER	Ben Brummel	"I decline"	Orest Chandler	Haberdasher
PERRY CLARK	"Oodles"	Just one big noise	To die his shoes	Megaphone
JACK CRUTCHER	Frank Stranahan	"See you"	Help in one	Manufacturing golf balls
ROSSIE CUBBY	The boy with the biggest line	"Well now, Suzie say..."	Holy Roller	Senior Math Prof. in College
BILL DAVIS	Scoutmaster Eastland	"Is it twelve yet?"	Food the party	Money Shark
EDWARD DETERS	Burt Hubber	"I'm in Anchorage, Mom"	Distill a new flavor	Minuteman
JIM DONOGHUE	Missy-crut	"Mighty line"	To hit 50 lbs.	Chemistry Teacher
JIM EDWARDS	Winnie the Pooh	He just chuckles	Beat a Chevy	Win with a Ford
TERRY FOSTER	Grinning Glenn	"I'll see 'em"	Place in meet	Pro wulf
GARY GERST	Gary Gerst	"Somebody goofed"	Finish Mechanical Drawing course	Be first once

THE LINEUP

NAME	REMINDS US OF	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION	FUTURE OCCUPATION
W. GRAWEMEYER	King Kelly	"Domine?"	To have a numerical average	Athletic supporter
BOB GREENE	Hajoub Bobba	"Goin' down the hill"	To drive a Ford	Holds Boyer Subliman
STEVE HAGER	Nothing in particular	"Now you all"	Replacer Arthur Godfrey	Pretzel weaver
DUBLEY HAUPT	The man in the gray flannel suit	"Oh, sure"	Sometimes no wonder	Ambrozage cop
BILL HOOVER	Greasy	"Rabou you a wickle?"	Figure out the wheel	Pro dealer
WITTY HOWARD	Sgt. Bilko	"Well, Mobby..."	For horizon	Garage greaser
JOHN ISMAN	Man with the golden arms	"She's not nider..."	Have winning season	Sunday School teacher
HON LORCH	Country gentleman	"44"	Praxda stuff	Tax evader
LEE LORCH	Little John	"Out of my way!"	Beach bookknob	model bikes
BUZZY MILLER	Bubba's Bean	"I need a date"	All star	Play ball
JACK MILLER	Ply sweater	"Get off my blue sweater please"	Win at Daytona	dragging for beer
BILL MOWRY	Marlon Brando	"Not my Nancy?"	Motorcycle stunt man	Sell second hand bottle caps
COURTNEY NOE	Fats Domino	Anything originated by jels	Too dumb to have one	Same
DAVID O'BRIEN	Greek god	"Bust"	Fullback for Rams	Water boy

THE LINEUP

NAME	REMINDS US OF	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION	FUTURE OCCUPATION
GARY FAXTON	Hog farmer	"Somebody come out and pick me up"	Win first prize in a J.R. hog contest	Cotton picker
CARL BECKE	Gene Krupa	"Puff Puff"	Drive at Salem	Brain beater
BEAT ROBERTSON	Anything but Jim	"Huhuu... Bedy Lynn"	To be stranded on a deserted island	Model Howdy Doody
JIM ROBERTSON	Penny pincher	"Who pays?"	Make Cincinnati	buttons
V. ROTHENBURGER	Sincerity	"Sincer"	Make tea	Champion breaststroke
BOB SCHUR	Elastidin	"Lening in there, comk..."	Get in there	Do it again
BILL SHAVEL	Yale Professor	"Whaddya say"	Wave	Minute man
STEVE SIMPSON	"Flatop's boy"	"Maybe I can get the rap"	Shave points	Dishwasher at covered bridge
JOE SPEIDEN	Ladies man	"Who with?"	Father	Professional thumb screwder
JOHN STITES	Joe Perot	"How's about a little 32?"	Have the boys over again	Prince of Monaco
JIM TICHENOR	Beetle Bailey	"Now you guys..."	3-star general	Croupier at Monte Carlo
JOHN WILSON	God's gift to woman	"Burpp!"	To make a date	Sex editor
BILL YOUNG	The steady type	"Well, buice..."	To letter	Olympic chess team
DUCK YOUNG	A Darwin Protégé	"Shut up"	Sell tent locks	Is there any

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Tichenor reporting



Chug-a-lug?

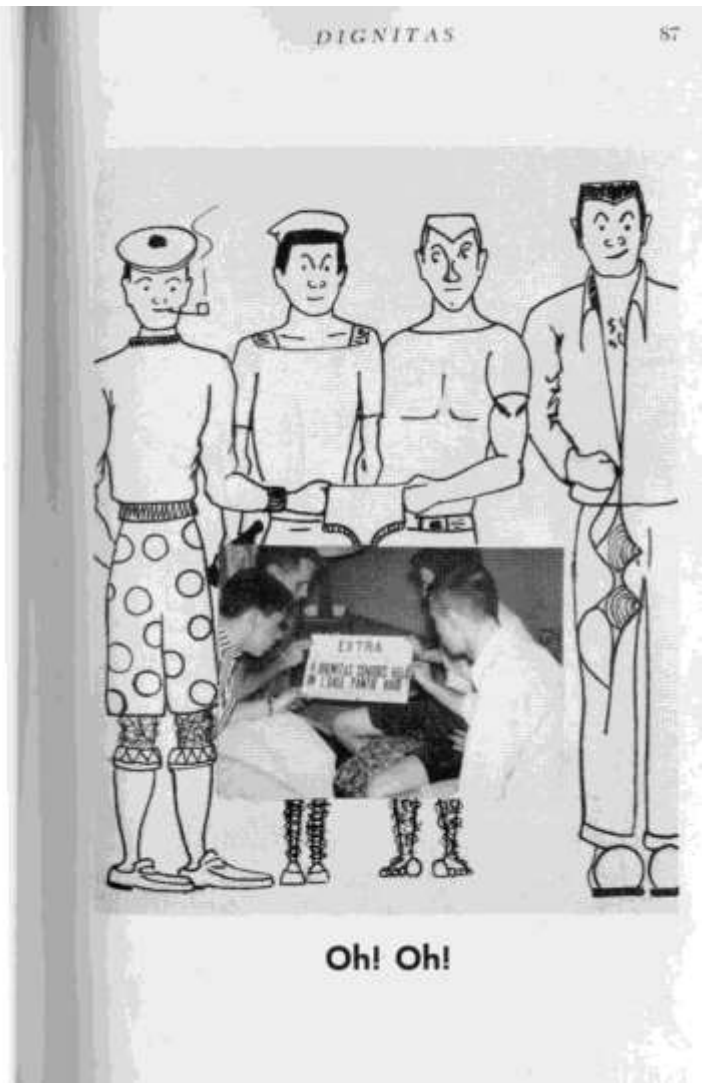


Lorch tries for another date

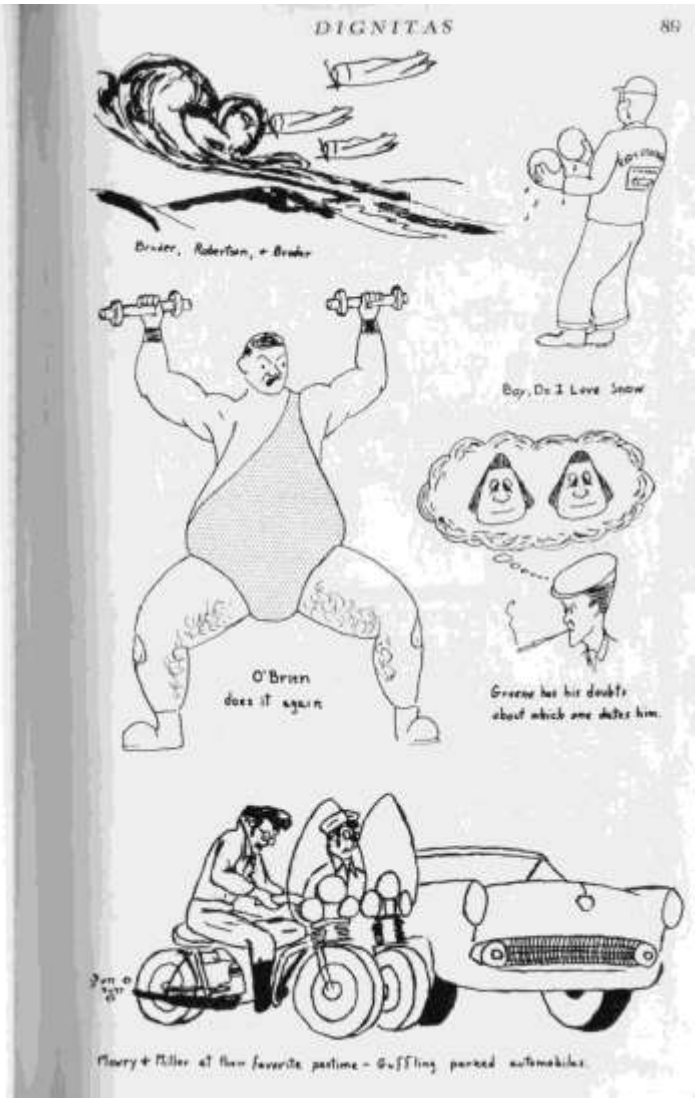


"Straight Stix" Howard

1956 Dignitas



1956 Dignitas



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DIGNITAS 91

Greetings from

Jack - Smitty - Claude

at

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A CHAIN IS ONLY AS STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST LINK

Every nation is only as good as its citizens. Since the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow, the citizens of each nation should make every effort to prevent juvenile delinquency. The standards of a nation which permits juvenile delinquency will naturally be lower than those of a nation which does not permit it.

Before one can begin to prevent it, one must understand what is meant by juvenile delinquency. Juvenile means young or youthful. Delinquency, however, means the following: failure in or neglect of duty or obligation; fault; guilt; and, a misdeed or offense. So, one can see, the best way to prevent delinquency is to stop it at its source.

The general consensus of social workers, parents, and sociologists is that the source of juvenile delinquency is the home and parents. Usually, however, juvenile delinquency is considered to be an urban disease. The reason for this is that country children and adolescents have far less time on their hands than do the urban adolescents. If juveniles are not taught the difference between right and wrong and the proper utilization of their time and energy, the chances are that they may become delinquents, since young people must keep busy. This delinquency reflects to the boy's parents, for it was their responsibility and duty to teach him what is right and what is wrong and how to keep busy and happy. Due to industrialization and mechanization, many parents do not have or take the time to teach their children these things. A survey recently conducted in one of our high schools showed that over a period of time, a group of three hundred fathers averaged only seven and one half minutes per week with his son.

In the country, a working relation develops between the

father and son, and the father's authority becomes manifest. He must teach the boy how to handle an ax or saw, how to guide and turn a tractor, how to lift a bale of hay with as little strain as possible to him, and why, in unstable weather, he must harvest at exactly the right time, even if the whole family must go out into the fields for sixteen consecutive hours. Hence, he learns respect for earned property. On the other hand, a city child usually has only a vague idea of what his father does to earn a family living and he never has a chance to participate.

Unstable parents produce or create unstable children. Dorothy Thompson, an authority on the causes of juvenile delinquency, said, "Without exception social agencies and law-enforcement officials in all the countries where I made inquiries put as the prime cause of juvenile delinquency broken homes and parental neglect." Another main cause of juvenile delinquency, according to social workers here and abroad, is just boredom—not having anything interesting or necessary to do.

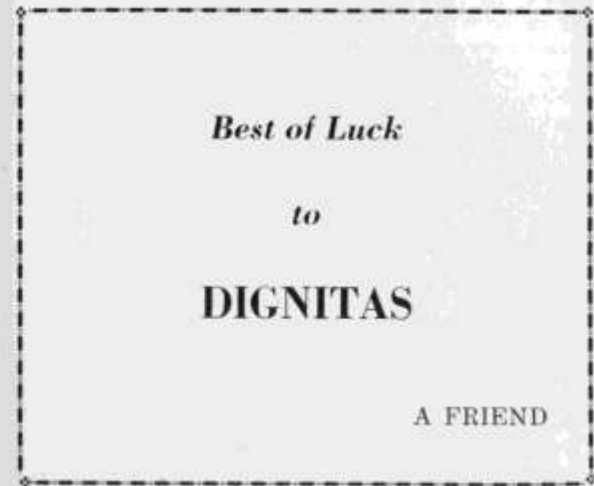
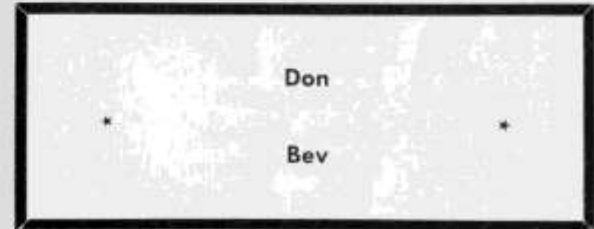
In Sangamon County, Illinois, the county Family Court adopted a new policy which states that the parents of juvenile delinquents who are repeated offenders will be held equally responsible with their children for violations of the law. Parents of the offenders are required to report weekly to the Family Court along with their children. The purpose of this report is to acquaint the court with the pattern of the offender's background. Where possible, youngsters will be encouraged to join youth organizations or a church or both.

It has been proven that clubs and organizations such as the Red Shield Boy's Club and the Boy's Club of America do help prevent juvenile delinquency. For instance, in the Portland area of Louisville, the juvenile delinquency rate has decreased seventy per cent since the organization of the Red Shield Boy's Club there in 1944.

Juvenile delinquency appears to most social workers to be a product of the more highly civilized countries. In Scandinavia, for instance, Norway and Finland have less juvenile crime than Sweden and Denmark. Although it cannot be proved, the probable reason Finland's low rate of juvenile delinquency is that the Finns read more than the people of any other country and, as yet, have no television. And, although Sweden has a rather high rate of juvenile delinquency, crimes of violence are rare. The movies

juveniles are permitted to see are strictly against depicting violence. However, one cannot return civilization to rural conditions, or advocate a low standard of living as a cure for juvenile delinquency. But what this fact seems to show is the truth of the adage that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

The best way, according to many authorities, to help prevent juvenile delinquency is an old one. "The most valuable contribution, which can be made by any man, is love."



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Humor Section

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DIGNITAS

Diggie



Presents

DIGNITAS

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Served in only two styles—

Before birth and after death.

FRYOR'S RESTAURANT AND DRIVE-IN

My Recent Merger Gave Me The Willys

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HIS POETRY COLLECTION

A pretty little wench
 Sat upon a bench
 Looking very coy
 At every passing boy.
 Rosy red lips,
 Beautiful hips.
 Darn shame she was bald.

To kill halitosis,
 Try chlorophyll gum.
 It turns teeth green,
 But tastes better than mum.

There was once a young girl named Harris,
 Whom nothing could ever embarrass,
 Til bath salts one day
 In the tub where she lay,
 Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

The moon was yellow,
 The lune was bright;
 She turned to me
 In the Autumn night,
 And gave a hint with every glance
 That what she craved
 Was real romance.
 I stammered, sputtered,
 And time went by:
 The moon was yellow,
 And so was I.

A bather whose clothing was strewed
 By winds that left her quite nude,
 Saw a man come along
 And unless I am wrong,
 You expect this line to be lewd.

Mary had an aeroplane.
 In it she loved to frisk
 Wasn't she a silly girl
 Her little *

Dong, dong, dong, dong,
 Dong, dong, dong, dong,
 Dong, dong, dong, dong,
 Twelve o'clock.

He read the text-book,
 He studied his notes,
 He outlined both,
 Then summarized his summary on 3x5 cards,
 Then reduced the card outline to one,
 single card,
 Boiled the card down to a sentence,
 Boiled the sentence down to a phrase,
 Boiled the phrase down to a word,
 Entered the exam;
 Analyzed the question;
 And then,
 Forgot
 The
 Word

An old army general named Keating,
 Saw a WAC wearing slacks at a meeting,
 Said the man with a glance,
 "It looks fine in advance,
 But her forces deploy when retreating."

Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings naught but sorrow,
The girls that are so cold today
Are chaperones tomorrow.

Mary had a little skirt
She stood against the light,
Who gives a damn
For Mary's lamb,
When Mary's knee's in sight?

FOR THOSE WHO AREN'T POETS

Just because my eyes are red is no reason to think I'm drunk.
For all you know I may be a little white rabbit.

Leta: "Call me a taxi."
Brown: "O.K. You're a taxi."

Brooks: "Who's your tight-lipped friend over there?"
Wilson: "He ain't tight-lipped. Just waiting for the janitor
to come back with the spittoon."



Diggie, you're awful!

Haupt: "When I go to bed at night, I always see yellow
lights and green lights in front of my eyes."
Lorch: "Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"
Haupt: "No. Only yellow lights and green lights."

If you have a faculty for making love, you'll soon find a
student body.

Greene: "Wait a minute. I thought I heard something
break."
: "Never mind. That was just my promise to mother."

A car pulled up alongside a stranded couple. (No names
mentioned.)
"What's the matter," asked the good samaritan. "Out of
gas?"
"Nope," came the answer from inside the car.
"Engine trouble?"
"Nope."
"Tire down?"
"Didn't have to."

"You've read the passage wrong, Young—it's: 'All men are
created equal,' not 'All men are made the same way.'"

What did Adam say as his wife fell out of a tree?
Evesdropping again.

The romantic pair were in the throes of silence as they rolled
smoothly along an enchanted woodland path, when the girl
broke the spell:
"Witty, darling," she asked softly, "can you drive with one
hand?"
"Yes, my sweet," he cooed in anticipation.
"Then," said the lovely one, "you'd better wipe your nose
because it's running."

A swarm of bees was flying over the desert when the queen bee found out that she was almost out of fuel. Gathering her clan, she led them all down to a Gulf station to gas up, and they all followed her; all that is, except one little bee. For, you see, he was an Esso bee.

Foster: "I had a rotten date last night."

Shaver: "What did you do about it?"

Foster: "I spit it out."

Mother (putting Perry to bed: "Sh . . . the sandman is coming."

Perry: "For fifty cents I won't tell Daddy."

"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a milk bottle."

Margie: "Just when do you intend to drive back to town and take me home?"

Jimmy: "As soon as you say the word."

Margie: "Then let's go home."

Jimmy: "That's not the word."



Let's keep Louisville clean

...

Heads.
On Their
While Standing
Like To Read
Those Who
Designed For
Printed And
Especially
Has Been
This Space

...

CONFOOSHUS SAY CONTEST

Do you know any CONFOOSHUS SAY sayings? Foo will pay \$2.00 cash and a year's subscription to Foo for each of the best twenty CONFOOSHUS SAY sayings received.

Send your CONFOOSHUS SAY sayings to CONTEST EDITOR, MONARCH PUBLISHING CO., 95 King St. East, Toronto 1, Ont., Canada.

The twenty winning CONFOOSHUS SAYINGS will be published in next issues of Dignitas Magazine with names of contributors.

Contest Rules:

1. All entries to be postmarked not later than May 10, 1956.
2. No entries will be acknowledged other than those published as winners.
3. In the event of duplicate entries, entry first received will be awarded prize.
4. The decision of the judges will be final.

Examples—Confooshus Say:

"When wolf at door love fly out window and when husband at door wolf fly out window."

"When stenographer marry she stop taking dictation—start giving it."

"Drunk driver of red convertible is driving hearse of different color."

FATHER-IN-LAWS CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that Mr. is a member in stern standing of the D.F.L.L.A. (Deprecating Father-in-Laws of America).

The qualifications admitting Mr. to this Association are hereinafter set forth and be it known that the aforesaid member has passed all tests and examinaions entitling him to admittance in this association by successful completion of the following:

(A) Pronounced sneers and Bronx cheers loudly portrayed and exhibited when any person or thing has ever commended his son-in-law.

(B) Consistent refusal to believe that the person or thing his daughter married is other than a drivelling idiot.

(C) Successful implication toward the person or thing married to his daughter that any night out is spent with loose women.

(D) Dropping in unexpectedly at son-in-law's at least twenty times a year.

(E) Voluminous shedding of tears over the loss incurred when his daughter did not marry the 'other man.'

The President and Directors of the DEPRECATING FATHER-IN-LAWS OF AMERICA do thereby, by virtue of the aforementioned attainments, elect and admit to fully qualified membership, subject to cancellation without notice if such member is found guilty of any exhibition of human feeling.

Signed and Sealed this day of in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty six.

MR. S. U. SPICIOUS
President

MR. I. WILL KNAGG
Vice-President

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

This issue, kiddies, we're going to go over some of your favorite nursery rhymes and try to discover why they were written in the first place, what sense they make and the message that they bring you.

1. THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice
See how they run
They all run after the farmer's wife
She cuts off their tails with a carving knife
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?

If these mice were blind, why did they run after the farmer's wife? If she was good looking, then they weren't blind but, on the other hand, if she was an old bag, maybe that's why the mice ran after her. Because they couldn't see. Furthermore, I wonder why she cut off their tails? Why not their heads? I think, kiddies, that the author of this poem got the situation reversed. It was probably the old bag who was blind and not the mice.

2. JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came after.

It seems to me that Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of Oertels '92 for the old man from the local tavern. They were probably dabbling into the brew and got plastered because of the fact that it takes a terrific fall to bust your crown and the fact that Jack's girl came tumbling after, proves that they were both filled up to the ears. This poem probably originally read: "Went up the hill to fetch a pail of Lager" and has been distorted through the years.

3. ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree-top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
Down will come baby, cradle, and all!

Oh, for the good old days when you could shove a baby up in a tree top when it was bawling and spare yourself all

that nerve wracking noise. Here, kiddies, is a good idea for your next baby sitting assignment. If the offspring emits cacophonous atrocities that upset the equilibrium, select a good tall tree with a weak bough and string it up.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

In those days apparently it was simple and inexpensive, after all, pumpkin shells hardly cost anything. Today's version, kiddies, of that same rhyme, would read something like this:

Rock-a-Fellow, rich old geezer
Had a young wife and couldn't please her
Bobo saw her barrister Maloney
And now he's paying alimony.

THE STOOPERS

As surely as there are horses at race tracks, there will be stoopers. Right now, the stoopers are out in force at Churchill Downs' spring meeting — perhaps in more force than usual, following the announcement by George M. Bragalini, president of the New York State Tax Commission, that horse players neglected to cash \$263,835 in winning pari-mutuel tickets at the harness and flat tracks during 1955.

That is what stooping is all about. A stooper figures that a profitable percentage of those holding winning tickets will discard them in error, in absent-mindedness or perhaps even because of eyesight blurred by too long a time at the clubhouse bar. Acting on this judgement, the stooper turns his back on the racing and darts through the crowd head down, looking for gold in the pasteboards.

Although stoopers, to a man, refuse to discuss their art (or anything else), their techniques may be observed by anyone who will take the trouble to follow one through the crowd. The first thing to be learned is that the last thing a stooper does is stoop. What he does first of all is to memorize (or write on a card) the winning numbers of races already run. Then he lopes along, flipping over upside down tickets with his shoe tips, swiftly

reading these right side up, sometimes using both feet to buckle and flip the stubborn ones. Only when a winning number is clearly spotted does the stooper, with the swiftness of a chicken hawk, stoop.

How much will an average day's stooping pay? No stooper will say. But there is a legendary Kentuckian, for example, said to have stooped to the tune of \$1,500 in a single afternoon at the Downs.

Not only does the stooper refuse to discuss his art with strangers, he will not even pass the time of day with another stooper. Stooping is rugged individualism at full flowering. At the Downs, however, one stooper was cornered and forced to listen to detailed questions as to how he got into stooping, what tracks he worked, how much he averaged over a year, was it a full-time affair with him or did he spend the winter trying to fish coins through the grating of subway ventilators or what? The stooper looked his questioner in the eye, said, "I'm bothering you, Mac?" and was off at a dogtrot, half crouching like Groucho Marx, ready on a split seconds notice to STOOP.

EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN HOW TO ? YOUNG!

It is very important that every male should learn how to ? before he exceeds the age of twenty. In some cases twenty-five may be all right. But the younger you learn, the better you will be at ? in your later life. Although you don't ? much when you are young, it is essential after you are married. The more you ? the better your wife will love you. Now days they even offer courses on how to ?. A wife doesn't expect her husband to ? every night but if you don't ? at least once a month you might come home from work one night and discover that you are wifeless. ? is the only thing that can keep human life on this earth of ours. Not many people think that ? is that important, but if you just think about it awhile you will realize how mistaken you were. Also compliment how well your wife ? sometimes. This makes her feel very confident.

So as the title suggests, every boy should learn how to cook young! You aren't disappointed are you?

The younger generation still has respect for old age, provided it's bottled.

**Kindly
Move
Well Down
To The
Front Of
The
Magazine**

THE CASE OF THE STOLEN DRAWERS

Foo Loo walk stleet. Passey bye big mansion belong Bill Bulgebelly (Plesident Bulgebelly Beer Barrel Works). Slanty eye catchem pair drawers lie on groud. Pot belly man come up take drawers and lun away. Man who take plair drawers lay on groud Foo Loo know to be Big Bulgebelly hisself, owner and big boss of mansion.

Chop chop home velly quick, honourable blain work fast to figure solution of case BEFLOOR CASE START. Alive home pick up telephone call Mr. Bulgebelly wife.

"Hello please," Foo Loo say "Velly delicate subject but you missing plair of drawers please."

"Am I missing WHAT?" said honourable Mrs. Shout. "Why you despicable creature. You must be one of those telephone sex fiends I've been reading about in the paper" she say as she pprepare to hang up telephone.

"Is Foo Lo!" I say quickly. "More greater deflective than Slam Slade or Shlerlock Lomes. Please to not be hasty, examine to see if drawers missing please."

Foo Loo have great winning perslonality by personal meeting or telephone. It is gfeat telephone perslonality of Foo Loo which persuade Mrs. Bulgebelly not to hang up telephone on Foo Loo.

"Heavenly day" Mrs. Bulgebelly say when she again pick up phone. "But you are right. My drawers are missing. I'd give the world to get them back. Sentimental value, you know."

"Oh, sooo, velly good," I answer. "How muchy vlahue sentiment Mrs. Budgebely?"

"No question of mony, Mr. Loo" she say. "Those drawers belonged to my great aunt Cicerone. I'd gladly give \$5,000 for their safe return."

"I think over whether work on case" I tell Mrs. Bulgebelly, but when I hang up phone I smile all over to myself, do double back flip of joy, take out bottle rice wine, call up No. 1 girl friend and have blig night thinking of flantastic amount of \$five thousand flec he paid Foo Loo for case which Foo Loo have already solve.

Next Foo Loo call all members household in drawing room. Foo Loo sit down and make drawings of all. Then Foo Loo sit down and study drawing of all Foo Loo make drawing of.

Next Foo Loo question all people in drawing room. Maid Matida, deny ever having seen Mistresses drawers. Butler Cecil, likewise deny having ever seen drawers in Mrs. Bulgebelly's chest.

Foo Loo get new clue.

"Fung Dung, Chinese cook," I tell Mrs. Bulgebelly, "tell Foo Loo you carry drawers in chest. Unusual place for woman dally drawers, explain please?"

"Fung Dung is absolutely right," Mrs. B. says. "I've had those drawers in my favourite chest for years."

"Ohh Hlooo." I cly, as solution to case which I have allready solve come to me. "Foo Loo is now prepare to make allest. Case is shut and open to gfeat Detective like Foo Loo."

Foo Loo turn quickly and point fickle flinger of fate at V. V. Bulgebelly. "I accluse you, Mr. Bulgebelly," Foo Loo say, "of having stolen wife's drawers."

This accusation take Mr. Bulgebelly by slupise. He jump to feet and holler at Foo Loo. "You dirty little chink," he say. "What do you mean I stole my wife's drawers? I'll have you behind bars."

"Oh so, no no" I leply. "Please to contain honolable temper. Foo Loo see you this morning pulling wife's drawers through grounds. Foo Loo now challenge you. Unless you dlig up wife's drawers, Foo Loo dig up wife's drawers for you."

"Stop it, stop it!" Mr. Bulgebelly confess. "I'll admit I stole my wife's drawers. I was so tired of seeing those same old drawers in the bedroom I would have done anything to get rid of them. They were practically mothbeaten. Those things! They were almost falling apart and yet the Mrs. kept insisting that they never be thrown out."

"The drawers belonged to my Aunt Cicerone," Mrs. B. clierd. "I was very proud of them."

After drawers had been exclavated and returned to Mrs. B. Foo collect \$5,000 flec. As gfeat detective Foo Loo pocket \$5,000. Mrs. Bulgebelly ask Foo Loo how come Foo Loo solve case so quickly.

"Is velly simple" Foo Loo tell Mrs. B. Evelyn ulla Plivate Eye Glumshoe catchem case, not know solution till case OVER-FOO LOO KNOW SOLUTION befloor case START. This make Foo Loo Clevely plivate eye glumshoe moreso Slam Spade, Shlerlock Lomes, Sick Lacy, or even Kling of Loyal Cadanian Grounded Police."

THE SOUP STONE

The time was one late summer afternoon when a tramp came riding into this small town. As soon as he left the train he stumbled over a stone. Looking back at the rock he remarked, "I have found it, yes, I have found the great soup stone." This, of course, drew a crowd of curious onlookers. The tramp then asked if someone would build a fire and if someone else could bring a large kettle filled with water. Two curious men in the crowd did this, then the tramp said "This soup will be much better if someone will get salt, someone else meat and still another some carrots, peas, and other vegetables to add flavor to the soup. This was done; a nice old lady brought salt, the town's store owner brought the finest meat he had, and a happy looking old man who was a horticulturist by hobby brought a large basket of fresh vegetables. After the salt, meat, and vegetables had been added to the soup for flavor and everyone was waiting for the soupstone to cook, a man in the crowd said, "This man has fooled us, he has made us furnish all the ingredients and stands by and tells us what to do." Here the tramp stepped up to explain himself, as all were expecting of him, by saying "It is true I have not furnished any of the ingredients, but I have done this — by adding the soup stone I have done something none of you were able to; I furnished the incentive to make the soup, all the vegetables and meat you brought would have been worthless had someone not furnished the incentive.

INFORMAL ESSAY ON HUM-M-M-S

Have you ever looked at people's hum-m-m's? Hum-m-m gives one of the clearest insights into human character. It is amazing how many things can be found out about a person merely by studying his hum-m-m. Hum-m-m is probably the most important of all the outward appearances, next to clothes, as it is one of the first things noticed about a person. Hum-m-m can be his difference in getting or not getting a job, getting or not getting a date, and impressing or not impressing an important person.

Hum-m-m, as you know it, comes in many varied shades and colors. These varied and assorted colors are sometimes used

to distinguish different nationalities. The Chinese hum-m-m is straight and black; the Scandinavian hum-m-m is very blonde, and Italian hum-m-m is usually black and curly. Just as many of the various nationalities can be told from the color of their hum-m-m. There are equally as many who have no definite type of hum-m-m.

Take Americans for example. Look around, if you are in a crowd, and count the number of different colors of hum-m-m you see. There are at least ten different colors around you at the present time; therefore it stands to reason that Americans can't be told by the color or texture of their hum-m-m, but there is something more important than nationality to be told from hum-m-m. Notice again the people around you. Some of their hum-m-m is neat, ruly, and well managed. Some is fairly neat and will pass, but some is messy, unruly, gaudy, and ugly to look at. Now compare these people, if you know them. Doesn't their hum-m-m fit their character? If his hum-m-m is neat, he is usually a person who cares about himself and cares what others think of him. This type of person is on his way to reaching a goal of high character and is usually admired by others.

The next type is the fairly neat type. This person cares for himself and what others think of him, but he is busy. He's just too busy to worry about his hum-m-m, as he has more important things to do. This type of person is hard to judge. The third type is the messy, unruly type. This person doesn't care how his hum-m-m looks, and he had better look out, because his character is showing. Hum-m-m may also be an outlet for an inferior character.

A person's hair may be neat and gaudy at the same time. This is usually done because the person feels that he lacks something and feels that he can attract attention in such a way. All in all, hair seems to be a pretty important part of a person's appearance. Don't you think so?

Robertson: "Where do I turn, Courtney?"

Courtney: "Right up here."

Robertson: "Where?"

Courtney: "Right up here."

Robertson: "Well make up your damn mind."



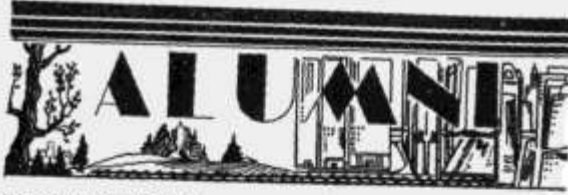
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| Bennett, Sam, '49 | Nuckols, Howard, '49 |
| Blackburn, Doug, '54 | Neurath, Alton, '53 |
| Bouse George, '53 | Osborne, John, '46 |
| Breitenstein John, '46 | Owens, Bruce, '47½ |
| Brooker, Ray, '54 | Paxton, Jay, '53 |
| Burnett, Dick, '54 | Perry, Ben, '47½ |
| Camentz, Ernst, '49 | Perry, Edwin, '48 |
| Chenault, Ted, '51 | Prentiss, Bill, '50 |
| Collins, Matt, '46 | Price, Willis, '49 |
| Cooke, Don, '54 | Price, Gordon, '50 |
| Cooper, Ernest, '46 | Pritchett, Hoyt, '51 |
| Corso, Frank, '50 | Pritchett, Hugh, '50 |
| Crippen, Roy, '51 | Rankin, John, '48 |
| Cross, David, '52 | Reiter, George, '52 |
| Dalton, Roger, '54 | Russell, Fritz, '54 |
| Davis, Mark, '52 | Schlundt, Jack, '46 |
| Davis, Mike, '49 | Schnur, Ray, '53 |
| Deters, Lee, '53 | Schoen, Tom, '50 |
| Dishman, Charles, '48 | Schoen, David, '47 |
| Dohrman, Howard, '53 | Scobee, Marvin, '52 |
| Drescher, David '47½ | Snyder, Bob, '46 |
| Driskill, John, '47 | Taylor, Bo, '47 |
| Duncan, Stuart, '55 | Taylor, Bill, '46 |
| Eldre, Dempsey, '46 | Terrano, Sal, '50 |
| Everback, Eric, '54 | Thomas, Speed, '55 |
| Groves, Coleman, '51 | Thomas, William, '49 |
| Gruen, Earl, '46½ | Travis, Robert, '53 |
| Haldeman, Bruce, '54 | Tobe, Lawrence, '48 |
| Heatt, Witten, '48 | Townes, Dwight, Jr., '46 |
| Jefferson, Doug, '48 | Ward, Shely, '51 |
| Jones, Scoggan, '47 | Wayne, Coty, '51 |
| Joyner, Nelson, '55 | Wiggington, Bill, '51½ |
| Kaiser, Bill, '53 | Wilbern, Tom, '48 |
| Keeling, Bruce, '54 | Wilhoite, Evans, '52 |
| Layne, Robert, '51 | Williams, Connie, '47 |
| Lehman, E. O., '48 | Williams, Kenny, '55 |
| Lorenz, Charles, '46½ | Williamson, Don, '49 |
| Martin, Boyce, '53 | Young, Ed, '53 |
| Millott, Dan, '55 | Zeigler, Paul, '46 |



ERIC EVERBACH '54-

Eric, an ex D.L.A. Historian, is studying at Princeton University.

DON COOKE '54-

Don is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Sewanee.

BRUCE HALDEMAN '54-

"Chico," our 1954 secretary, is studying at Virginia Military Institute.

FRITZ RUSSELL '54-

Our former president during the 1953½ term is doing well at Davidson where he is playing football. Fritz is a member of the S.A.E. order.

DOUG BLACKBURN '54-

Doug, our 1954 president, was married to Miss Nancy Wisehart on April 15, 1955. Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn will live in Murray, Ky., where Doug is attending Murray State College.

BRUCE KEELING '54-

Dignitas's Vice-President during the 1953½ term, Bruce, is a student at Washington & Lee where he is a member of Delta Tau Delta.

RAY BOOKER '54-

Former secretary and editor of the 1954 DIGNITAS MAGAZINE, Ray is also a member of Delta Tau Delta. He is studying at the University of Pennsylvania.

DICK BURNETT '54-

Dick is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Georgia Tech.

ROGER DALTON '54-

Our Vice President for the 1954 term, Roger is on a scholarship at Yale University.

NELSON JOYNER '55-

Nelson, our president in 1954½, is a Freshman at Cornell where he plays squash and tennis, is a cheerleader, and is a member of Sigma Phi.

SPEED THOMAS '55-

Speed is a very active freshman at Kenyon this year. He participates in such things as the choir and group singing, Air Force R. O. T. C., and plays on the swimming and lacrosse teams. Speed was our Vice-President in 1954½.

STUART DUNCAN '55-

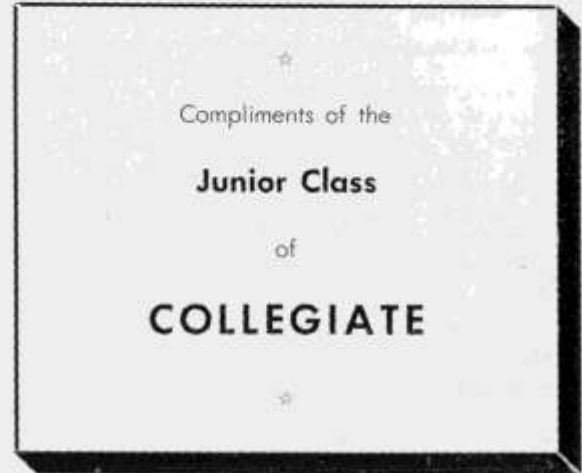
Stuart, a member of Kappa Sigma at William and Mary, plays on the tennis and basketball teams. He was our Secretary in 1954½.

DAN MILLOT '55-

Dan, the editor of last year's excellent magazine, is a Freshman at the University of Kentucky where he is majoring in Journalism. He pledged Delta Tau Delta and was initiated March 3.

KENNY WILLIAMS '55-

Kenny is a Freshman at Dartmouth this year and lives in Lord Hall. He is a member of the tennis team.



1956 Dignitas

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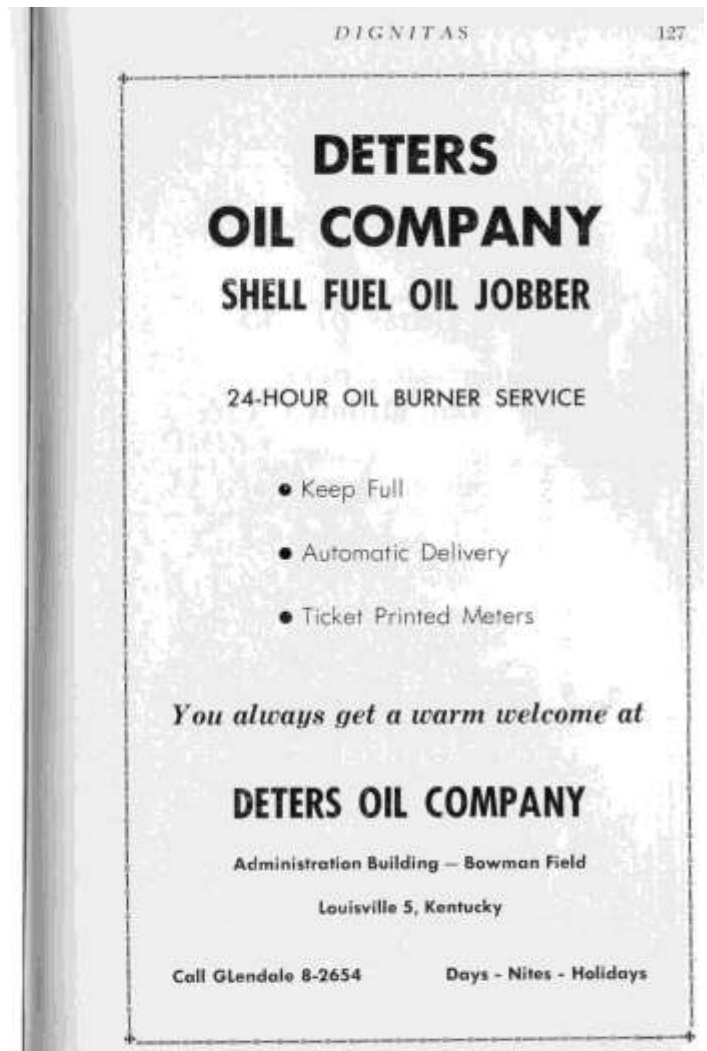
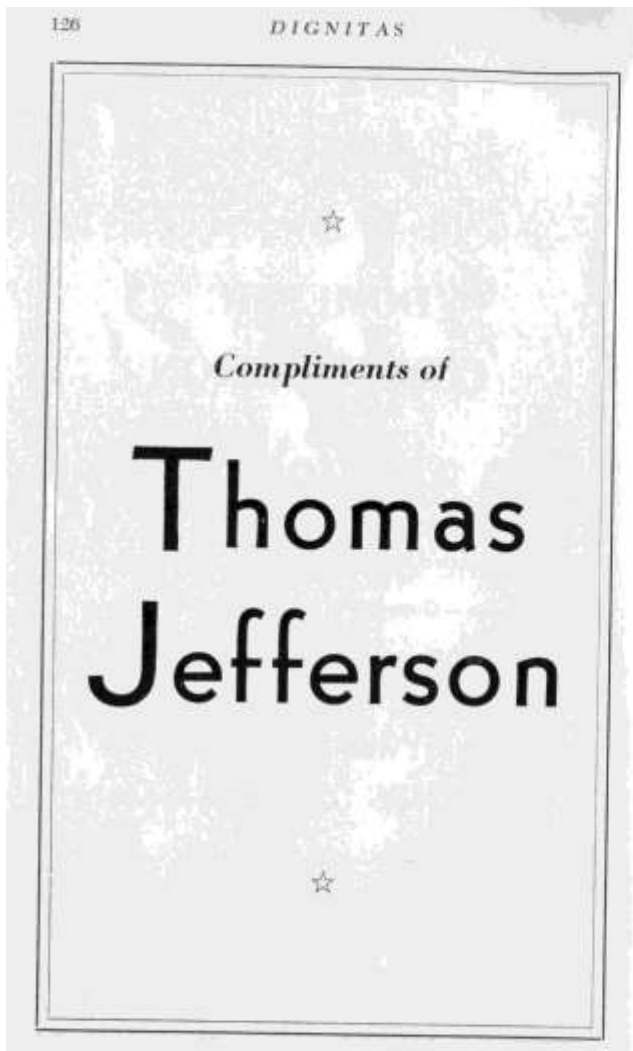
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1956 Dignitas



1956 Dignitas

The Class of '55

Dan Millott

Nelson Joyner

Speed Thomas

Stuart Duncan

Hugh Pritchett

Kenny Williams

President's Page

David Schoen – 1944½

William Taylor – 1945

Robert Snyder – 1945½

Paul Zeigler – 1946

Charles Lorenz – 1946½

David Schoen – 1947

Thomas Wilborn – 1947½

John Rankin – 1948

William Thomas – 1948½

Don Williamson – 1949

Thomas Schoen – 1949½

Robert Bouse – 1950

Hugh Morgan – 1950½

Ted Chenault – 1951

Mark Davis – 1951½

Evans Wilhoite – 1952

Howard Dohrman – 1952½

Robert Travis – 1953

Fritz Russell – 1953½

Douglas Blackburn – 1954

Nelson Joyner – 1954½

Hugh Pritchett – 1955


Bill Young – 1955½

Warren Crawemeyer – 1956

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Give to the



RED CROSS

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DIGNITAS 131



Dignitas takes great pride and pleasure in presenting the sixth edition of its magazine. The members have worked very hard on the magazine and feel that it lives up to the high standards of our previous editions.

The Dignitas Literary Association has elected the following officers for its spring term:

President	Warren Crawmeyer
Vice President	Jim Tichenor
Secretary	Perry Clark
Treasurer	Vernon Rothenburger
Corresponding Secretary	Bill Davis
Critic	Ronnie Curry
Sergeant-at-Arms	David Brown
Historian	Bob Greene

The following boys are now active members and are participating in all Dignitas activities: Harry Bruder, Jack Miller, Carl Becke, Lee Lorch, Bill Mowry, Gary Paxton and Steve Simpson of Eastern; Terry Foster, Jack Crutcher, Buzz Miller, David O'Brien, Bill Shaver, and Joe Speiden of Atherton.

At our annual Invitational Christmas Dance, held at the Brown Hotel on December 23, we presented our fourteen seniors and their dates. We are very happy that every one enjoyed it.

In this edition of our magazine, we are endeavoring to present the results of our literary efforts on which we have worked during the past year. We hope that everyone enjoys the '56 DIGNITAS MAGAZINE.

— ● —

**CHEVALIER
LITERARY
SOCIETY**

— ● —



The following officers have helped to make Chevalier's 1956 term a successful one:

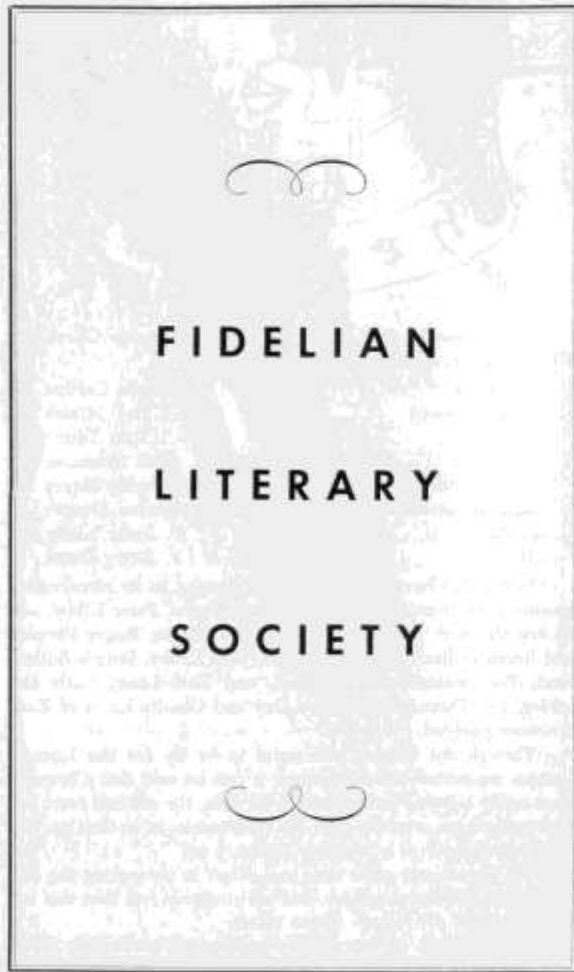
President	Charlie Carden
Vice-President	Tad Minish
Secretary	Tom Young
Treasurer	Bill Shumann
Corresponding Secretary	Buddy Hayes
Sergeant-at-Arms	Walter Draper
Critic	Peter Libby
Historian	Doug Owen

Last fall, Chevalier added the following to its membership by plodging: from Country Day, Doug Owen, Peter Libby, and Morry Sheehan; from Atherton, Brooks Brown, Roger Peoples, and Bruce Miller; and from Eastern, John Libby, Boonie Sutherland, Tom Easterly, Bill Cornell, and Earl Long. Early this spring, Jim Thomas of Country Day and Charlie Lutes of Eastern were pledged.

Though not entirely successful in its try for the Literary League Basketball Championship, it can be said that Chevalier thoroughly enjoyed participating. To date, the softball team has had better luck, winning over the Athenaeum in its first go. We have high hopes of a winning season.

We have spent great time and effort in presenting the second edition of our magazine, and we sincerely feel that this one surpassed last year's superlative effort.

Our sincerest congratulations to Dignitas on another excellent edition of their magazine.



The Fidelian Literary Society has chosen the following outstanding young men to guide it through this semester:

Bill Harris	President
Ray Lovelace	Vice President
Dan Talbott	Secretary
Bill Falkenburg	Treasurer
Bob Moore	Critic
Sam Whittaker	Sergeant-at-Arms
John McBride	Historian

Since the Fall term the following boys have pledged Fidelian: Dennis Holland, Bill Long, John McBride, Norman Morton, Larry Sprowles, Dan Talbott and Louis Westfield.

Fidelian held its first dance on November 19th, an Autumn Formal at which Cliff Butler provided the rhythm.

For the first time Fidelian competed in the Sunday afternoon literary basketball league and compiled an admirable record. We are eagerly awaiting the softball league this Spring and feel confident of fielding an excellent team.

During the past term we have devoted a good deal of our time to the publication of the Scriptor. We have had many pertinent, bi-monthly literary reports and discussions on political, social, and economic developments.

Fidelian wishes to extend their congratulations to Dignitas on another superb edition of its magazine.

And always remember that a car's speedometer doesn't always tell how far a couple has gone.

●

SIGMA SOCIAL CLUB

●



The following boys were elected to lead Sigma through the year of 1956.

President	Raleigh Lane
Vice-President	Dan Carmichael
Secretary	Alex Becker
Treasurer	Lane McCroskey
Corresponding Secretary	James Simerall
Sergeant-at-Arms	Frank Simon
Critic	Peter Schroeder
Historian	Charlie McLaughlin
Chaplain	Tommy Endicott

Eighteen boys have completed their pledgship and are now taking an active part in Sigma's activities. They are as follows: Chris Bent, George Bogard, Wally Booth, Bill Ebbly, Tommy Endicott, Mike Edson, Jack Gant, Mike Maguffy, Charles McLaughlin, Brooks Penny, Richard Pieffer, Robert Pieffer, Bob Rapp, Peter Schroeder, Freddy Sheehan, James Simerall, and Frank Simon.

Sigma's Annual Winter Formal was held November 26 and we hope everyone enjoyed it.

Sigma recently rented the Louisville Armory for an Ice Skating Party. We hope everyone there enjoyed it.

Congratulations to Dignitas on another excellent magazine.

*

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Athenaeum

Literary

Association

•



The Athenaeum, now in its ninety-fourth successful year, has elected the following officers to lead them through the spring term:

President	Marshall Eldred
Vice-President	Neville Blakemore
Critic	Gerald Tyrrell
Secretary	Richard Bibb
Treasurer	Bob Moore
Censor	Stewart Smythe
Sergeant-at-Arms	Bill Smith
Assistant Secretary	Frank Wood

The following boys have recently joined our ranks: Juniors, Robin Bleakley and Toddy Hollenback; Sophomores, Billy Brown, Brit Bryant, Buzzy Dobbins, Bob Ewald, Fairly Lussky, Grier Martin, George Petro, Ed Reed, Davidson Thompson, Glen Ulferts, and Frank Wood.

The A.L.A. basketball squad, led by top scoring Bob Moore, has captured its second straight championship in the Literary League. We also recaptured the barrel which is used as a trophy in the League.

The Athenaeum wishes to express its congratulations to Dignitas on an excellent edition of their magazine.

Familiarity breeds atempt.

• • •

Compliments of

**DELPHIC
LITERARY
SOCIETY**

• • •



The following boys will lead the Delphic Literary Society through the 1955½ term:

Dick Whitty	President
Vic DiOrio	Vice-President
Tom Stroud	Secretary
John George	Treasurer
Francis Payne	Critic
Mike Flanagan	Corresponding Secretary
Tom Marshall	Clerk
Jim McDonald	Sergeant-at-Arms

We are looking forward to a very successful term under these fine officers.

The following boys have been initiated and received into the club: Henry Dein, Ed Caldeimeir, Bill Veeneman, Pete Jackson, Johnny Karem, Lloyd Merrilatt, Tom Grisson, Steve McDonald, Doug Howard, Mae DeHart, Tom Holtz.

Our annual Christmas Dance was held December 22nd at the Henry Clay with the music under the direction of Ralph Marterie and his band.

Delphic extends its heartiest congratulations to Dignitas on an exceptionally fine magazine.

Best Wishes From

DASMINE SOPHOMORES

☆

Halleck Literary Society

☆



Halleck will be led during the rest of this school year by the following officers:

President	Norbert DeCamillis
Vice President	Scott Gibbs
Secretary	Joe Polio
Treasurer	Bill O'Dea
Critic	Eddie Bailey
Sergeant-at-Arms	Kenny Bailey
Historian	Bruce Whitty
Corresponding Secretary	Dave O'Dea

The Halleck Literary Society, after a slow winter term with many things creeping upon us and taking most of our time, are more than glad to let all know that we expect to have a busy spring. There are good possibilities of Halleck having another one of its spring dances and putting out another edition of its magazine, the Spectator.

We members of Halleck Literary Society are extremely happy to congratulate the Dignitas Literary Association on another fine edition of their magazine.

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**PIRETTE
SOCIAL
CLUB**

●

PIRETTES

The Pirette Social Club elected the following officers to lead them through the remainder of the year.

President	Donna Troutman
Vice-President	Lawrence Lussky
Recording Secretary	Pam Reed
Treasurer	Betsy Dohrman
Corresponding Secretary	Terrie Price
Social Chairman	Fanny Manning
Sergeant-at-Arms	Sue Carlson
Council Representative	Marlene Pitzer
Pledge Chairman	Susie Petrie
Historian	Susan Faurest
Business Manager	Carmelia Leachman
Assistant Treasurer	Myrna Vanetti

Pirettes is proud to announce that at mid-term we initiated Ann Warren, of Eastern, who will be an attractive addition to our club.

Each member is looking forward to May 30th, the date set aside to be celebrated as our birthday. Pirettes will go to Spring Mill State Park, as is our tradition. We will be heralding our seventeenth year.

We are also making plans for our annual "Pirette Night," which is always lots of fun and contributes so much to our Pirette spirit.

As is the custom, a banquet is planned for June in honor of the incoming officers and graduating seniors.

The entire club will go to camp in June for one week. We are all looking forward to more fun there.

The Pirette Social Club congratulates Dignitas on another fine publication of their fine magazine.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for sure that all children are going to the dogs.



Dasmine Club



Dasmine Club

The Dasmine Club has elected the following girls as officers for the new term of 1956:

President	Judy Gaillard
Vice President	Bobbie Neubauer
Social Chairman	Monaei Fruits
Secretary	Nancy Crawley
Sergeant-at-Arms	Miriam Bautio
Treasurer	Dodie Osborne
Pledge Chairman	Sue Price
Historian	Prissy Buckaway
Alumnae Chairman	Peggy Hargadon
Publicity Chairman	Donna Ballard
Council Representative	Mary Parker

Dasmine wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all to attend our style show which will be held at the Crescent Hill Woman's Club on the 28th of April at 2:00 P.M.

We wish to thank everyone for supporting our Christmas dance. Since the proceeds went to the California Boys' Club, we will not have our usual invitational dance in the summer, but are looking forward to seeing all of you again next December.

Dasmine is looking forward to the inter-club softball games which are coming up in the late Spring. We hope to win again this year the cup which was presented to us by Pirettes last year.

Dasmine wishes to congratulate Dignitas on another very fine edition of their magazine.

Beau & Betty Lynne

1956 Dignitas

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STRATHMOOR ATHLETIC CLUB

OFFICERS

President	JIM HAMMER
Vice-President	GEORGE RYAN
Rec. Secretary	DANNY CARRELL
Corr. Secretary	WALLY WOOD
Treasurer	KENT MITCHELL
Sgt.-at-Arms	WATSON ALLGIER
Historian	JOHN LYFORD

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●

MAJOR CLUBS

Pirettes - KTG - DC

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Congratulations from
**THE LAMBDA CHI SOCIAL
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-
- Bonnie Bauer
- Marla Brandon
- Barbara Carfield
- Judy Farmer
- Sharon Guenther
- Jo Ann Haberstroh
- Caryl Jean Johnson
- Margie Mattox
- Penny Mitchell
- Shirley Nibbelin
- Karen Olson
- Linda Patterson
- Martha Rodahaffer
- Ruth Rose
- Margaret Swann
- Judy Terry



ATHERTON

At the close of the school year, Atherton has prospered greatly under the following Senior class officers:

Glenn Johnson	President
Bill Young	Vice-President
Molly Mitchell	Secretary
Dick Young	Treasurer

The officers of the Student Council have also done an excellent job in the maintenance of Atherton's high ranking. They are the following:

Bob Lowen	President
David Burbans	Vice-President
Terrie Price	Secretary
John Stites	Treasurer

Atherton has almost finished another sports season. They have turned out a very fine football team, and a young basketball team which showed a lot of improvement during the last of the season. Also, the track, golf, tennis, baseball, and swimming teams have made an excellent showing during the past school year.

The 1956 edition of the "Torch," Atherton's year book, will be circulated sometime during the last few weeks of school. Under the careful eye of Miss Lucy Dieck, this year's "Torch" will meet and surpass the standards previously set by past editions.

All in all, Atherton has just completed another outstanding year in its life as a co-educational school, and is looking forward to many more.

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 With girls who take dope.

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EASTERN

This year has been one of the finest in our school's history. We started out the year with a bang by being host to the annual convention of the Kentucky Association of Student Councils. Eastern, president of the K. A. S. C. during 1955-1956 season, was highly complimented on the manner in which the convention was held. In December, a senior student at Eastern won the Fischer Craftsman's Guild prize, a high honor indeed.

Our football team enjoyed (?) a fair season, recording two wins, four losses, and three ties. The basketball team of E.H.S. fared better, however, as the Big Blue won a total of fifteen games during season and post-season play. We also had two boys selected to the All-District team.

In Spring sports, the golf and tennis teams, both State Champions, are doing magnificently. The golfers record is 9-1 and the tennis team, to date, is undefeated. In track, E.H.S. possesses one of the finest athletes in Kentucky in David Haycraft, who has won 24 of the 27 events he has entered, and is a definite threat to two State records. Eastern's baseball team, with 8 of the 9 starters sophomores, is looking forward to next year.

Eastern was also honored recently by having Kenneth Harbison elected president of the Kentucky Science Society. Our band, under the capable leadership of Mr. Karrick, has had another fine year, and we are all proud of our Marching Eagles.

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A little girl on her way to kindergarten slipped and fell on the sidewalk. A kindly old lady moved over to help her. "Now, now, little girl," she said. "You must try to be brave and not cry."

"Cry, hell," the girl shrieked. "I'm going to sue somebody for this."

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COUNTRY DAY

This year has probably been Country Day's most successful one to date. The student body has been led most ably by the officers of the respective classes and by a newly organized Student Council.

The Student Council officers are:

President	Jim Sams
Vice-President	Bill Street
Secretary	John Wood
Treasurer	Peter Libby

We completed the football season with two wins, one tie, and two losses. However, even with this record, we still tied for first place in the Tri-State Conference league championship.

We had much better success in basketball. Winning eleven games, we finished the season undefeated, and became champions of the Tri-State Conference.

So far this season in baseball, we have lost no games and have high hopes of finishing the season undefeated.

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1856 – LOUISVILLE MALE HIGH SCHOOL – 1956

Louisville Male High School has now finished its first hundred years of service to Louisville and is now going on to serve its second. During those first hundred years part of her 12,661 graduates have spread to the far corners of the earth carrying in their hearts remembrances of the spirit and tradition prevailing under the color of royal purple and old gold at Male.

The Brook 'n' Breck, Male's newspaper, came out with a sixteen-page edition summarizing Male's first hundred years.

Male's Centennial Banquet held at the Kentucky Hotel April 6th, was packed with over a thousand people rejoicing in a century of progress. There were such speakers as The Honorable Thurston B. Morton, former Mayor Wilson Wyatt, and County Judge Bert Van Arsdale who presided at the Banquet.

Another dedication to Male was the book "The First Hundred Years" written by Sam Adkins and M. R. Holtzman giving the history of Male from 1856 to 1956.

Academically Male has received more than its share of awards and recognition both nationally and locally this year. From Freedoms Foundation Male students won a first for the best book of essays on the Bill of Rights, and for the second straight year a Male student captured the George Washington Honor Medal. A Male student captured first place in an essay contest on "What the Bill of Rights Means to Me," and another in the contest on "Employment of the Physically Handicapped."

In extracurricular activities the Brook 'n' Breck was voted by the National Tuberculosis Association to have had the best articles of Tuberculosis in a nation wide school paper contest, for which they will be given a two-page spread in one of the nation's leading magazines. The football team captured fourth place in the State, while the basketball team had a good but not unusual season. Two boys from the Glee Club were accepted in a national singing group, and our drama club did exceptionally well.

An average school can't compile a record of such magnitude in different categories as has been done by Male. One of the main reasons for Male's outstanding qualities is its faculty. Such men as Principal W. S. Milburn who has headed the school for 25 years; Dean of boys, Mr. A. E. Kalmer, who has served the

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school for 30 years and the teaching staff composed of outstanding professors have guided the students through another successful year.

These few things and many others are the reason Male's motto is "FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, FOR MALE."

COLLEGIATE

This has been a very profitable year for Collegiate.

The Transcript's fair in the fall was exceptionally successful as was Pandemonium's style show in the spring.

Sally Farnsley, president of the Student Government, and Gray Freidburg, Vice President, have done remarkably well in guiding the student body.

Beverly Tway is President of the Athletic Association, Peggy Brooks is the Blue captain and Eleanor Miller is captain of the Golds. All three have done a wonderful job.

The Amazons were again undefeated this year, and we also recaptured the Little Brown Jug.

We are all looking forward to another fine edition of our yearbook, the Transcript, which the students will receive the day before graduation. Jamie Haldeman, the editor, has been working hard to make it the best yet.

Collegiate extends their congratulations to Dignitas for another outstanding edition of their magazine.

KENTUCKY HOME SCHOOL

Under the excellent guidance of Bette Tague as president and Barbara Fetter as secretary, the eighth year of the honor system has proved to be quite a successful one.

Mary Sue Kinsman was elected Captain of our hockey team, which had a successful year, losing only two games, thus placing us third in the hockey league.

The juniors gave a sparkling performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream," on the thirteenth of April. The profits went to the Seniors to help with the publication of our yearbook, the Pandasia.

Our Commencement dance will be held on the June seventh in our new gymnasium. We hope everyone will attend.

Kentucky Home extends their congratulations to Dignitas for another very fine edition of their magazine.

1956 Dignitas

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DIGNITAS

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DIGNITAS

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SACRED HEART ACADEMY

Another year at Sacred Heart is almost over and the seniors are looking forward to graduation, June 6.

During the football season, Joan Foltz was elected St. X. Sweetheart and Mary Louis Hollenbach reigned as Princess of Flaget.

We ended the hockey season holding second place and elected Kate Gerst and Coleen Wickam, co-captains for 1956. Now the basketball team is bringing us victory with Sue Lankswert as captain.

The seniors have chosen "Ladies Lounge" for their class play which will be in April.

We are happy to see another outstanding issue of the DIGNITAS Magazine.

W. M. DOHRMAN

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Mother: "Do you like your new nurse, Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "No, I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her neck like Daddy does."

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