



Waggener High School



1957 Dignitas

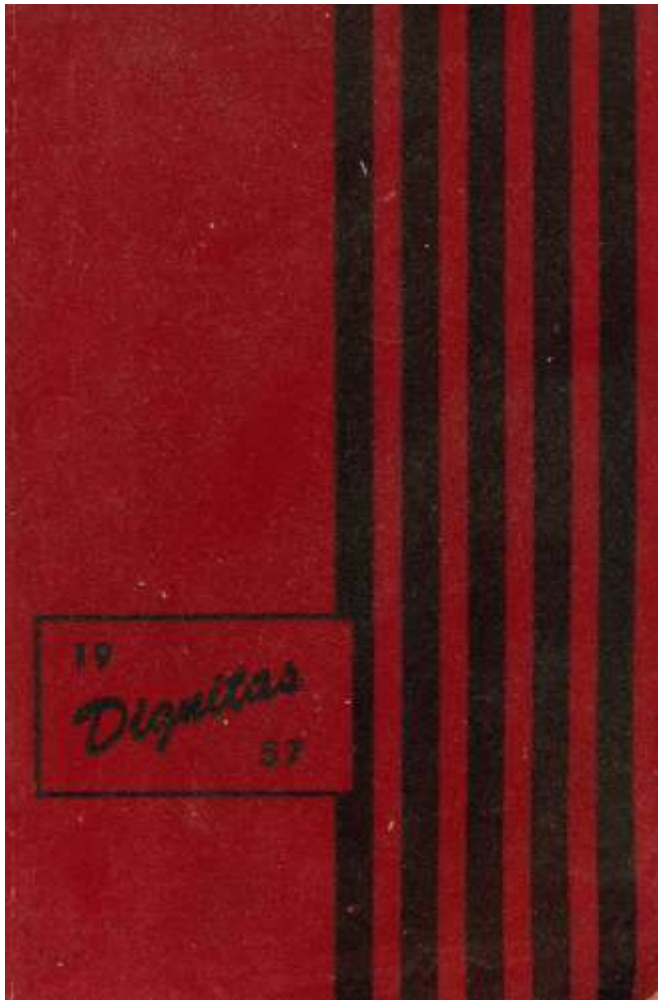
This is one of many sections that contain information, photos, newspaper articles, internet items, etc. of the St. Matthews area and especially of Waggener High School. Many of the items came from Al Ring's personal collections but many people have helped and I have tried to give credit where I can.

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)*.

Please use this information as a reference tool only. If the reader uses any of the information for any purpose other than a reference tool, they should get permission from the source.

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



things we remember . . .

Each spring the seniors of Dignitas come to the end of their high school careers. Three years seem like somewhat a big investment when you're approaching the two-decade mark. In the last hectic days we realize that our short three years have ended and that life will soon take us to different places where new adjustments must be made. High school will be a part of the past. We will never be able to relive or recall the whole of these three years. What we will remember will be fragments of our experiences, and their significance may not be the criteria by which they are recalled.

Education has been our goal, but even what we have learned and all that has stimulated our minds cannot be recalled in full. In the final analysis, it is chiefly people that matter. And so what we take from our respective school will be in part the memory of a few men and women who helped us discover things of

which we were unaware, and the contents of a few great books by men we will never know—men who spoke to us through the written word. A few instructors and a few books may seem a small return on a three year investment, but from men and books come ideas and it is only ideas, coupled with knowledge, that will lead us to action.

Other activities have played a part too, for education has not been our sole endeavor. Perhaps we have



weighed in our minds those "extra" things. In retrospect, we may discover the reason why it was worthwhile to spend long hours helping to get out a school paper, give a senior play, or ponder over a problem with the student council. And then there were the dances, the parties, the run-of-the-mill dates—those weekends when "A" and "E" were pretty much out of the question. Even the good times will be remembered only as fragments. We may recall the people and the



Dedication

The DIGNITAS LITERARY ASSOCIATION is proud to dedicate this, the 7th edition of the Dignitas Magazine, to its founders: Charles Lorenz, David Schoen, Bob Snyder, Ernie Cooper, and John Driskill, who have made possible the spirit, fellowship, and activity enjoyed today.

Editors' Note:

We have maintained throughout the compiling and publishing of this magazine that the reader should hold our foremost consideration. Accordingly, we have strived to offer as much interesting material and as little advertising as is soundly possible, thus benefitting both the reader and the advertiser. We hope you will agree that quality is far more preferable than quantity.

noise, or perhaps only one person and the still of a spring night. During these three years some of us may have met the girl who will seemingly be the Only One for quite a while. Or perhaps she was the Only One for just a few weeks. In any case there was love and laughter.

The mind has struggled, but the muscles have labored also. Possibly we starred, but more than likely we were just another of those who shared the blood and sweat of being on the team. Funny how the practices always seemed much harder than the games. There was tired happiness when we won, and, occasionally, tears when we lost.

Those with whom we have lived and worked have made a community around us, and it is they who matter most. Out of the hundreds of faces, the noisy lunches, the rear buckles, and the hi-fi sets, will remain a large handful of true friends, with whom we hold a cherished bond . . .

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A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE AMERICA

JOE SPEIDEN, '58

In view of the numerous beneficial and progressive achievements of the past 100 years, it is easy to understand why America is today one of the major powers of the world. While the immediate future is fairly certain, the predominant question on every forethinking person's mind is "What will this great land of ours be like 100 years from now? What will the everyday life of a common individual be like in the future? Can America safely cope with the problems of its neighbors as well as the problems it has itself?" With every year the already high population of America grows even bigger. This increase in population naturally increases in every way the needs of this thriving nation. Can America meet these needs?

Of course there is nobody who can even attempt to answer these question fully. America, luckily, is full of many people who think and plan in accordance with her future needs. Science, through research and experimentation, is continually developing new methods and improving old ones. Scientists have already performed uncountable wonders in the fields of atomic energy and are constantly working to combat disease and to unfold the secrets of the universe. The new discoveries are extending the horizons of opportunity, and the ever expanding population is also indirectly providing new jobs. The new generation will surely enjoy an even more modern life, as well as advanced ideas in architecture, locomotion and education.

The outcome of the future can best be predicted by considering the factors which will determine it. The most important of these factors is specifically the young people

of our nation, for what they do with the irlives now will undoubtedly influence the future of America tremendously. In future years if man could combine the advances he is sure to make nidustrially with an equal spiritual advancement, his possibilities and the possibilities of America would be unlimited.

CHEATING AS A STUDENT

DANNY CARRELL, 39

Cheating in school is a serious problem, a problem which is unnecessary and uncalled for. It seems to occur more in the higher grades of school than in the lower elementary grades, probably because school is a new experience to students of the first few grades, most of them try to do their best. Also young children have not lived long enough to develop too many bad habits; they do not have as many other interests outside of school as older children; and the opportunities to cheat are not as great as in the more advanced grades. To make a good survey of the situation, it is necessary to concentrate on four main points, which are: 1) the general types of cheating, 2) the people who cheat, and why they do it, 3) the consequences of cheating, and 4) some possible remedies to the problem.

Let us first consider the types of cheating or ways by which it is accomplished. One main type of cheating is done outside the classroom. Anyone who is even just a little aware of what goes on around him knows that some students who have had tests or quizzes give at least a few of the questions and answers to students who have not yet had the test. This is done during the passing of classes or during lunch, and is very effective as long as the test is not changed. Other cheating is done inside the classroom itself. It does not take long to glance at another student's paper in order to see a certain answer, but this is hard to prove; however, it seems "fishy" when two papers are worded exactly or nearly the same. I have also seen pupils who have notes written on handy little pieces of paper, to which they refer while they are taking a test.

The next thought concerning the problem of cribbing

is of the people that do it and their motives for doing so. The primary persons are those who are too lazy to do a good job of studying and lack the intestinal fortitude to take the consequences of their own faults, and so they cheat so that they can pass. Some people study but are so grade conscious that they will stoop to cheating if they have forgotten what they have studied and do not know an answer; however, these pupils probably did not study enough, because otherwise they would not have forgotten what they had previously labored upon. There are also students who study and yet give answers after the test to others who have not studied and have not taken the test. It does not make sense that one who takes the time to study would give the answers to another who hasn't studied, because this lets the lazy one make as good a grade as the studious pupil; however, this is done. I realize that when a very important test or a final exam comes along, which is the difference between passing and failing, some students think that there is some justification in cheating, but there really isn't, and the consequences that could follow should make everyone think twice before he cheats.

As mentioned above, it is the consequences of cheating that should make all refrain from cheating. Many times students cheat without getting caught by the teacher, and this prompts them to try the stunt again, but even if the teacher does not realize it, other students quite often know when one of their classmates cheats, and no one admires a cheat. However, often a pupil who cribs on a test gets caught and then the real consequences enter into the picture. I have not yet seen nor heard of a teacher who did not give a zero to a student that he or she caught cheating. Cheating can also result in the student being expelled from school as in the case a few years ago at West Point where ninety cadets were expelled for cheating. Another bad outcome of cheating is the possibility that the cheater may see a wrong answer on someone else's paper and write it down on his own paper.

The previous paragraphs have built up the problem of cheating, but remedies do exist and something can be done to prevent this serious problem. An honor system definitely

will not work in schools under college level simply because we high school students are not mature enough to make an honor system effective. It is definitely up to the teachers to cut down on cheating. I know it takes time and work for a teacher to make on five or six separate tests, but this is the only logical thing to do to prevent cheating outside the classroom. To stop cribbing inside the classroom, it is necessary for the teacher to keep an eye on the students while they take a test and to have them sit reasonably far apart.

I doubt if anyone has not cheated in school at least a few times, but it is wrong, and the one who cheats actually cheats himself. Cheating is definitely a serious problem, but if the teachers take the proper steps, cheating can be prevented or at least greatly decreased. In conclusion, I would like to say that in the long run, it is much easier to study for a test and to make your grade than to cheat on a test and to borrow your grade.

A DAY WITH DEATH

TERRY FOSTER, '58

This was the big day, the qualifying laps at Messina, Italy. This was the day that would tell Steve Angelo if his money and his endless hours of practice had been spent in vain. He whipped the big silver Ferrari into a well-controlled power slide around the last turn and pushed his foot to the floor as he screamed across the finish line. The numbers flashed onto the board, the crowd went wild. 168 miles per hour. I was a new record for the tough course at Messina. The only other driver even close was Count Von Obersdorf in his blood-red Monza with 161 mph.

Steve knew now that he could and had to win this race. He and Von Obersdorf had been running neck to neck since the beginning of the season. With a win in this race either one of them could win the title of top driver of Europe.

The day of the race dawned cloudy and damp with a cold drizzle coming out of the East. The spectators, however, were as enthusiastic as ever and were crowding the

barricades for choice seats. Steve hated the crowd, they were vampires waiting for the blood of the drivers. These thoughts crossed his mind as he pressed the starter and the 340 horses under the hood burst into instant, thundering life. The car had been slowing warming up for over an hour, then the warm-up plugs and oil were changed and it was ready to go. The cars circled the track waiting for the starting flag. Sinister Maseratis, beautiful Mercedes Benzs, superb Alfa-Romeos. All the big European racing companies were represented but they all knew who would win . . . Von Obersdorf or Steve Angelo. Both had lighting pit crews trained to perfection, both cars were perfectly tuned. Only the driver could win this one.

The flag flashed down. The fleet of cars took off with a noise more terrifying than a dozen air raid sirens. Steve shifted into second at 40, fourth at 100, and finally into fifth at 135, he leveled off at 150 knowing that he should take it easy if his car was to last for the entire nine hours.

After the first hour the smaller cars had begun to drop back, Steve was ahead, then came a Jaguar, a Pegaso, and Von Obersdorf's Monza.

The race wore on and, coming into the last hour there were two cars laps ahead of everyone . . . Steve and the Count. As the end of the race came nearer Von Obersdorf began to get frantic. Steve was driving like a machine, always holding the lead. The Monza just couldn't find any way around Steve.

It was the second to the last lap and in his rear view mirror Steve could see Von Obersdorf's face twisting into a menacing mask of fury. As the two cars flashed into the tricky "S" curve just before the pits, Von Obersdorf tried a suicidal attempt to pass on the right. Suddenly the Monza went into a skid and slammed into the Ferrari. In a split second they were over the barricade cutting a swath of death through the crowd, leaving almost eighty dead or dying. As the cars hurdled over the wall their fuel tanks were ruptured and the drivers burned to death.

Who won the race? A driver who was almost unknown — Juan Manuel Fangio — destined to become one of the greatest drivers in the history of auto racing.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND DONE IN STONE

FERRY CLARK, '57

I had been told by many friends who had preceded me to England that the high point of my tour would be my visit to the Tower of London. It was with great expectations that I rounded a curve on the Thames River and came in sight of the Tower. The Tower, a square, heavy structure, is on a slight elevation and is completely surrounded by a large battlemented wall and a deep moat, now dry, which I suppose was once full of water. A double line of fortification, flanked by four turrets, protects the inner bail. To me, it looked to be an impregnable fortress. I counted thirteen towers which pierced the sky at intervals from the two lines of fortifications. I was very fortunate to have a special ticket which allowed me to see the inner parts of the keep. My guide immediately began telling me the history of the Tower. He said that according to a tradition, based on the Roman fortification found beneath the present site, Julius Caesar had erected the Tower. However, it was actually built by William the Conqueror immediately following the Norman conquest in 1078. He built it to protect from foreign invasion, to control traffic on the river, and to awe and frighten the conquered Saxon population. The Tower, the first stone castle to be built, covers twelve acres. William's architect was a monk, Gundolf Bishop of Rochester. The architecture is basically Norman but many other types can be found. Of the few changes that have been made, Henry III, known as the masterbuilder, made most.

Our guide was a spectacle himself; he was a member of the Yeoman of the Guard. His sixteenth century uniform was stunning, consisting of a surcoat and kneebreeches of bright red cloth, ornamented with black velvet and gold thread. He also wore starched ruffs, rosetted shoes, and a black velvet Tudor shaped hat. On his tunic was embroidered a badge of England. The guard's uniform certainly showed England's reverence for the past. The guide told us that Henry VII had founded the Yeomen of the Guard as attendants to his royal person. They had obtained their nickname, the beefeaters, from their former duty of serving

meat from the sideboard to the royal table. They were called buffettiers, meaning side-board men, but buffettiers has been modernized to beefeaters. The ceremony of the keys is performed in the portcullis, the only entrance to the inner tower, by these guards. This ceremony has been performed every evening since the middle ages. We were not able to see this ritual, which is said to be one of the most picturesque scenes in England. It is a high honor to be chosen as a beefeater, for only old and valiant soldiers with outstanding service records are eligible. It was from this guard that the opera, *Yeoman of the Guard*, by Gilbert and Sullivan received its color and title.

Our guide then took us to the White Tower, the oldest building of the present Tower, with walls fifteen feet thick at the base. Below the Tower are dungeons and torture chambers. Our guide told us an interesting superstition that has grown up about the Tower. Ravens first flocked to the Tower to eat scraps tossed out of the kitchen. A superstition arose that if the birds ever left, the Tower would topple and the British Empire would collapse. For this reason, one wing of each raven has been clipped to prevent its leaving. In this Tower is St. John's Chapel, the oldest place of worship in London. Its massiveness inspires both confidence and reverence. The best example of Norman architecture can be found in this simple chapel. We also visited the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, where victims of the axe were buried. Macauley, the historian, said, "In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated . . . with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny."

We next visited the Wakefield Tower where the crown jewels or regalia are kept. It was during the reign of Henry VIII that the entire collection was permanently removed to the tower. The jewels have not always been safe. Charles I turned some of them into money, and after he was beheaded, the Commons ordered the jewels to be broken up and melted down. A new regalia was made by the royal goldsmith, Sir Robert Vyner, for the coronation of Charles II. Although the jewels are quite beautiful, they

interest me less than the history and the excitement connected with the Tower.

The Yeoman next told us of the Tower's uses. Its first use was as an armory and a garrison. In the armory almost every kind of weapon can be found, and the evolution of the sword and gun of every country can be traced. The Tower is the oldest building still used for its original purpose. However, it has had many other uses. Royalty has used it as a residence, for pageants, for grand coronations, and for private executions. The royal mint was in the Tower until the nineteenth century. The menagerie was quite an attraction; the term "seeing the lions" became synonymous with the term seeing the sights of London. The menagerie originated when Henry III was sent three leopards as a gift. These three beasts now appear on England's coat of arms. The keep has also been used as a fortress and a barracks for troops, but it was most renowned as a state prison.

The most interesting part of the tour was the befeater's story of the executions and the famous prisoners kept there. I learned that one could be beheaded at Tower Green or on the axe and block in the White Tower. However, one most probably would lose his head outside the walls on Tower Hill. It was an honor to be beheaded, for ordinary prisoners were hang. It was a special honor for one's head to be separated from one's body within the walls, this honor being given to only a privileged few such as Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Catherine Howard. Princess Elizabeth was one of the more interesting prisoners. When she arrived at the Tower she sat down on the steps and refused to move. It took two hours of persuasion by the guard before she would move. Sir Walter Raleigh, while held in the White Tower, wrote his book, *The History of the World*. After many years he was executed. The Countess of Salisbury was one of the few who physically resisted losing her head. She ran around the block protesting that only traitors would bow their head and that she was none. The two young princes, sons of Edward IV, were murdered, by being suffocated with pillows by order of their uncle Richard.

This Tower, cloaked in the adventures, mysteries, and

traditions of people and deeds that helped shape England, can in reality be called a history of England executed in stone.

THE HUNTED

JACK CRUTCHER, '58

As my head cleared I tried to recall the preceding happenings. All I could remember was the coughing of the plane's engine and the sight of the trees rushing toward me as the plane lost altitude. The thought came to me that I was lucky to have lived through the crash, but as I stood up and looked about me I wondered if I had been lucky after all. Thick jungle was all there was to be seen. Other than the wild cry of some birds there were no signs of animal life—there was nothing.

Not knowing exactly what to do, I wandered into the jungle. I thought by exploring the island I could possibly figure out just where I was. I walked all day and found nothing, and now darkness over overtaking the island. Suddenly I saw what appeared to be a house about a hundred yards away. My first thought was that I had gone crazy, but as I made my way through the trees I saw that it was a house, a large and very beautiful house. Figuring I had nothing to lose I went to the door and knocked. The door opened and before me stood a little man. He didn't say one word, but motioned me into the house. I followed him into a large room which contained at least a hundred mounted heads of lions, tigers, and other animals. We stood in silence for a minute and then he turned to me and said, "I am General Bartoff." I introduced myself and we sat down. "This is the finest collection of mounted animals I have ever seen. Did you kill all of these?" I asked. "Yes, these are only a few of my best," was the little man's answer. "Do you like to hunt," he questioned.

I told him I had been on several hunts, but I didn't have the time to hunt as much as I would like to.

"I hunt on the island every night," said Bartoff.

"On this island? I didn't see anything worth hunting while I was wandering through the jungle."

The General laughed. "I have become tired of hunting lions and the like. They are not smart enough. They are too easy. I go after larger game."

This puzzled me, but I was tired so I questioned him no further. He showed me to a room with a large bed in it and as he left the room he said, "We must hunt together tomorrow night if you are feeling better."

When I awoke I saw that the sun was high in the sky. I lay there a few minutes and the door opened, and the General entered.

"Good morning," he said, "how do you feel?"

I told him I had slept well and we went down stairs to eat. When the meal was over, the General disappeared and I didn't see him until late that afternoon. He finally appeared and upon entering the room he smiled and said, "Are you ready for our hunt? You may leave any time you are ready. I will give you a two hour head start."

I looked at him questionably. A smile came over his face and he said, "You mean you don't understand?"

Then I understood. This man was crazy. I was going to be his toy. It was I whom he was going to hunt.

BLISSFUL EXISTENCE

BUZZ MILLER '58

Once upon a time there were two school teachers who, being rather advanced on the road toward middle age and retirement, had mellowed and gracefully aged into the best of friends. One was a math teacher, and the other taught that highly regarded subject which is reverently referred to as English. The math teacher was tall like the slide-rule which he adored; the English teacher was short like Emerson's epigrams, which would fluently emanate from his vast literary reserve. However, these two would intermingle their quadratics and metaphors to perfection. Such was their companionship, two great minds balancing equally on the fulcrum of knowledge; and here we must leave them before one falls off.

DOUBLING

JOE WATERFILL, '59

It is Sunday afternoon and you have just finished asking a friend of yours if he would double with you next Saturday night. He said that he would be glad to, and if you remind him again on Thursday he will tell you when he will pick you up. You feel relieved for the moment but you know that you have only completed half the job of going out on the next week-end. Now you begin the phoning to get a date. After about seven calls a date is arranged, and you think all is well.

Then the phone rings on Thursday afternoon and your friend says that he is very sorry but his date just got sick and he is not going to get another date because it is too late. You say that you don't mind and that you can probably find someone else to double with but you don't know who. Your FRIEND says that he will help you find someone but he doesn't at the moment think of any. You hang up the phone with a sick feeling because you want the date but you just have to have someone to double with.

You pick up the phone and start calling. First you call the boys close to you so that there will be less trouble, then when the supply is exhausted you move to the ones that have dates where you live. They are nice but get you no kinder words than that if you had called earlier something might have been done. You tell them that you understand and will try somebody else.

After you have called most all the boys you try to find someone who is willing to triple. After four or five calls you find another friend who is willing to triple but he is going to pick up his date early because there is an early movie. He says, "How about a little before seven?" You answer that might be all right but you will have to find out from your date, and will call him back in ten minutes.

You call your date, and she says that she doesn't mind going early. You try to call your friend back but his line is busy and it is getting to be quite late.

The next day in school you talk again to the boy and

everything is worked out. You say to yourself that this is not going to happen again but you darn well know it will, and the only way out of such a situation is to get a car yourself. But that is only a dream for the present, for you just turned fifteen and a half. What can you do about this trying thing? Plan ahead? No, that won't work because by the time the day comes around they have forgotten you and are already going with someone else. You want to know how everyone else gets someone to double with? If I knew I wouldn't tell anyone else and wouldn't write this little note because what problem would there be if you had someone to go with?

BORIS THE "BIG SWEDE"

LEE MUMFORD, '59

We had been looking forward to this trip for a long time, not so much for the sheer enjoyment of a trip closer to the sun than any other humans had journeyed but for the great contribution to science and the furtherment of stratospheric knowledge.

The rocket weighed approximately ten thousand pounds and was thirty-four and two-tenths feet high. It had five complete compartments. Up front was the navigation room where all the data, instruments, and controls for the extremely high-speed traveling of which this U-6 was capable were kept. Behind it was the compartment containing the instruments for recording all phases of the trip: atmospheric pressure, radioactivity, etc. The crew's quarters, the storage room, and the kitchen was a room in itself carefully constructed and planned to conserve every inch. At the bottom of the U-6 was the housing of the two most powerful, highly secret rockets in the world. In fact very few of the personnel of Crawford Rockets, Inc. knew anything about them.

We of the crew had no special qualifications except that we knew something about flying and were in excellent physical condition. Preceding today we had been getting

daily drills on how to fly the U-6 and barring no given situation each of us could perform each intricate task with automatic exacting precision. There was Jack Martin, who had been a geographical pilot for some small company. Vincent Lopez had his master's degree in science and had spent the last eleven years vacationing, but at the same time keeping in good physical condition. There was one of the other three men that interested me the most and that was the "big Swede," Boris Ruskoff. In being associated with him over the months I just couldn't pin down the reason that he had been selected a crew-member. He was far from a genius, although he looked to be in excellent physical condition.

Now, as the zero hour approached, thoughts of the past days, months, and years spent in preparation raced through my mind. It was then I realized the tremendous responsibility entrusted in me and my companions. As the minutes, then seconds, ticked by I didn't have time to think, as we were all too busy making last minute checks and readying the instruments.

As close as the expert scientists could figure, it would take the U-6 twenty-six hours to get within the distance that a human body and machine alike could stand. That was about 23,224,250 miles out, even then the temperature would be 2,517 degrees.

Then we heard the tower, "sixty seconds," then "thirty seconds," then "five, four, three, two, one, zero." That is all I remembered for two minutes until I woke up dazed and saw the "big Swede" leaning over me. I told him I was all right and to get back to his post.

What we had planned to do once we got within 20,000,000 miles was to get into the specially constructed and conditioned storage room and to leave the flying to the automatic pilot until we had passed the 3,000,000 radius, which would take about two hours. This would be the most crucial part of the whole trip, and I might add we all knew it.

All through the trip I kept turning over in my mind

how much better it would be to have a meteorologist or scientist or anybody that would be more useful in an emergency. But there was little I could do, so I tried to repel the thought.

As we approached the 20,000,000 mile mark I heard the loudspeaker boom out the order for the crew to enter the storage compartment. Boris and I were there when Jack and Vince entered, and we noticed the intense strain on each of their faces. When we entered the "radius" there was a big difference even to me. The heat was indescribable in this special compartment, to say nothing of what it must have been in the rest of the ship.

Suddenly Jack looked at his chronometer and turned to us in a terrified look and exclaimed, "Ye Gods, we're heading into the sun."

At first I didn't get the significance. Then he explained that there must be something wrong with the automatic pilot and if we didn't change our course in a couple of minutes it would be too late. Without a word Boris began putting on his "sweat suit." All of us had been too stunned to try to stop him, volunteer ourselves, or even yell in fear. Yet Boris, the one man I thought had no business on this trip, had walked into that 250 degree oven to fly us out of the "radius." As the minutes ticked by I was hardly strong enough to even stand up, and to think of the terrible physical punishment that man must have been going through. When the crucial two hours had passed we were almost afraid to leave the compartment; then we heard a tremendous bang on the hatch. Quickly I opened it and there was the most miserable example of that previously fine physical specimen anyone could imagine. As he fell through the door we all had mixed feelings of admiration, love, and pity, for this "big Swede" had gone through more than any human, probably, in the world.

The rest of the trip was routine until we came into the earth's atmosphere, there we encountered a number of meteorites. It would have been relatively easy to thread in and out among them except that we were all in such a poor condition. Jack Martin made one mistake on that trip. There was no pain. It was all over in a matter of one second. I

can think of but one real reason why I wish the trip had succeeded, and that was the "big Swede." I also wish I had mortal hands to write this story myself, for the whole world should know of and be proud of the "big Swede," Boris Ruskoff.

GIRLS

OLIN COX, '39

Often in our minds, or in most people minds, girls are little, fragile, meek looking angels; but behind that feminine look there is enough "TNT" to get things jumping.

These feline creatures usually have a half-dozen tricks up their sleeves when they go on a date, but the lousiest of all their tricks is to go on a date with a boy just to meet people who can push them higher up in the social world. Boys often spend a great deal of hard earned money and go to a great deal of trouble to take a girl on a date, and when a girl pulls this type of trick, there is usually a great dip in the boy's morale.

The second type is the "sorry-I-have-already-been-taken" type. This type usually tries to act like they are having fun, but really aren't. I give credit to the girl who can master this art without showing her emotions. A girl like that usually shows the boy that she has a great deal of respect for him, and a boy will probably find this type more fun than the third type.

The third type is the girl who is going steady. This girl is probably the most "persnickerty" of the three types of girls. Not only does she want you to call her every night of the week, but during parties she is less seen than the other two types. (You can usually find her talking to other girls or you will probably notice that they will spend fifteen minutes combing their hair.)

It is too bad that we usually have to break down and like these creatures, but they probably have a better story to tell about boys than my theme about girls.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSERVATION

JOE CREASON, '39

When the first settlers penetrated the wilderness that later was to become Kentucky, the area was one of the greatest hardwood forest regions of the world. At that time, approximately 95 per cent of the region was covered with dense forests.

The settlers arrived and were amazed at the vast supply of timber that was theirs for the taking. They cut the trees for logs with which to make their crude cabins and the forts which were their protection from Indians. Actually, the early settlers considered the forests their enemy since they covered the ground they needed for their crops and also provided protection for the lurking Indians.

So the settlers slashed away at the forests. Often they were ruthless in the way they cleared the land. They many times would set fire to vast forest areas to speed up the clearing process.

But the early settlers barely made a dent in the tremendous forests of Kentucky. It was not until years after it had become a separate state that the forests began to disappear at an alarming rate. That was when the rest of the world learned of the vast hardwood reserves of Kentucky. Once that was known, buyers of wood flocked from all over the world, particularly Europe.

Farmers began to cash in on their forests, the same forests they once had regarded as an enemy. They would cut trees during the long fall and winter months and roll them into creek beds which then were dry. Once the spring rains came and the creeks were swollen with water, the logs would be tied into rafts and floated down the creeks, into the small rivers and finally into the Ohio River and on to mills in Cincinnati, Louisville and elsewhere.

Kentucky soon became famous for its hardwood. Boom towns, built around lumber mills, sprang up. Catlettsburg, at the point where the Big Sandy River joins the Ohio, became known as the greatest market of hardwood in the world.

There was a great evil beneath all this sudden wealth and industry, however. These Kentuckians of another century were stripping the forests bare and not replacing the trees they were harvesting. Instead of replacing the fallen trees with seedlings, they simply left the hillsides bare. In Eastern Kentucky especially, the mountains are bare and covered with at most usually scrubby second-growth trees and brush.

A direct, recent result of this failure to conserve the forests is the floods early this year along the upper Big Sandy and Kentucky Rivers. Had the timbermen replaced the fallen trees with seedlings, there would have been vegetation of size to hold the precious soil on the slopes of the hills and retard the flow of rain water down the hillsides. But, since the soil can be washed away easily and consequently fills up creek and river beds, a heavy rain today can cause much more damage than it otherwise would do.

As a result, belated steps have been taken to conserve our forests. The management of forests as a perpetual resource is called forestry. Only in about the last half-century have Americans changed their attitude about forests from liquidation to conservation. National forests have been set aside in most states to preserve forests. In Kentucky, Cumberland National Forest in southeastern Kentucky covers an area of more than 600,000 acres. Besides that, there are three state forest preserves of smaller size, covering a total of some 35,000 acres in all. Good timber practices are demonstrated in these areas.

But forestry as it is today came almost too late. Now in America only about one-eighth of our virgin, or first growth, forests remain. There now is only 630,000,000 acres of forest land in the nation, about two-thirds of which is capable or potentially capable of producing lumber.

A big factor in forest conservation is the change in the lumber industry. The forest industry is changing from the old way of moving from forest to forest, cutting all the timber standing and then moving on. Today the industry farms forests.

The new order of lumbermen are the type that not only cuts trees, but also grows trees as well. They figure by the scientific methods they now know that they can make money and also preserve America's forests. For example, in New England the woods have been cut over three or four times by as many generations of loggers. This was made possible by careful forest farming. A forest of old trees is almost static because all it does is maintain itself. Usually, it creates little new wood for growth is offset by decay and death.

When the forest is cut under the proper conditions and is not exposed to repeated fires, it reproduces itself and starts to increase the amount of wood. The rapid reproduction of forests is one of the most significant thing about them. This was not understood in the early days of the lumber industry, when the harvesting of a forest usually meant the end of that forest. But there is a vast difference between forest use and forest destruction. Forest use is the cutting of only those trees that are absolutely needed and are ready for harvesting and replacing these by seedlings or letting the trees reproduce themselves. Forest destruction is simply what the word implies—the stripping of all timber from the forests.

Modern forestry methods also have taken another step towards forest conservation. That is in using every bit of the tree that it is possible to use. This therefore means a better America since many products besides just lumber can be obtained from our forests.

The branch of government that takes care of our forest reserves is the Forest Service. It became a branch of government in 1905 after many many small divisions that had attempted to do the work before were combined into the service. The United States Forest Service is a department of the Department of Agriculture and has its offices in Washington, D.C. The work of the Forest Service is in three main fields.

The first of its activities is the administration and protection of the national forests. On these forests timber is grown and the cutting is carefully regulated. The ripe tim-

ber is sold at a fair price to the highest bidder. Livestock also is allowed to graze on this land.

The second activity is the close work with the states and large forests that are privately owned for the use of new forest methods. That is, the supplementing of forest lands that have been cut by the planting of seedlings. Also fire fighting is an important phase of work.

The third activity of the Service is the scientific investigations from which we hope to obtain still more products from our timberlands.

Without forestry, America might today be lacking for lumber and other forest products. But, because of the work of conscientious lumbermen and the activities of the U.S. Forest Service, America is building for the future and substantial improvement is being made.

OUR SHRINKING WORLD

JOHN INMAN, 37

In early civilization men were divided into countries a great distance apart. Some of these countries built great walls which cut them off from the rest of the world. These countries began communicating with each other, first by walking which took a great deal of time. Then horseback, carts, camels came about and the time was cut somewhat. This was the beginning of the shrinking world. Columbus discovered a new world in 1492, and Magellan sailed around the world in 1519. Ships such as the ones these two men used began to travel from country to country, and the new world was becoming colonized. These new 'Americans' began traveling West in another means of transportation, the covered wagon. Then came the railroad which in 1860 had been built across the whole country. The world was shrinking fast. The telegraph in 1947, the telephone in 1876, Nelly Bly's trip around the world in 79 days, the airplane in 1903, brought countries closer together. The world was still shrinking. In 1924 when a fleet of army planes went around

the world in 14 days, and in 1945 when regularly-scheduled flights around the world in less than a week, meant one could travel from one continent to another in no time at all. Now modern transportation is carrying friendship and understanding from nation to nation. With the world still shrinking and many problems as yet not solved, the United Nations was formed to help countries learn to live together peaceably.

Perhaps one day harmony among nations can be obtained, and then the shrinking world will move into the frontiers of the universe.

THE BLACK DEATH

BILL DAVIS, 57

The English people can well be proud of their boast that their native island has for nine hundred years been an impregnable fortress in itself, resisting all manner and means of attack since the Norman conquest. Great wars have brought serious threats of invasion, but the staunch English determination to defend the cherished island at any cost has never failed. Of course, England has seen its darker days, days when invasion seemed inevitable. The Hundred Years War of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries brought a never constant threat of a crushing French invasion, but the British staved off blow after blow at their island and, because of their offensive maneuvers, made France quite wary of attempting a truly serious attack. Centuries later it was the swift, maneuverable British ships which routed the Spanish Armada and not only saved the mother land, but gained British supremacy of the sea as well. Still later it was the conquests of Napoleon which brought fears anew of a French invasion, but the British managed to put out the fire before the flames spread too far, and England remained untouched. In this century England survived two of its most serious crises during the two great world wars. The most trying times were during World War II, with the powerful Nazi forces only a few dozen miles away across the channel.

Despite these and innumerable other wartime hardships, the English nation has remained untouched by the foot of the enemy for these nine hundred years. Her soldiers have died valiantly on foreign battlefields to shape and defend the vast British Empire, while at home these wars have brought about economic and social changes which have been quite necessary to keep pace with, or set the pace for, a progressing world.

There was, however, one successful invader of the English people's island which they fail to consider and which they disregard completely in their chauvinistic boast. Few seem to realize that England's most terrible enemy managed quite successfully to strike directly at the homeland with frightful results. The enemy originally came from China and moved steadily westward through India and the Near East, ravaging everything in its path. It reached Europe via Constantinople in 1347 A.D., and continued its fatal march through the trade-routes until it had engulfed most of Western Europe, including remote parts of Russia. On July 7, 1348 this indescribable enemy launched its attack on the island of England. The attack was a success; the enemy got its foothold. It was a silent, unseen, and unknown aggressor against whom war could not be waged. There was no means of fighting it, for it was not a human force, and ignorance concerning the assailant's identity left no hope for a counterattack. This invisible aggressor brought more human destruction and social degeneration to England than any human aggressor could, yet its results in the long run added so vitally to English progress that it is doubtful that any other source of progressive generation could have been nearly as successful. In the fourteenth century this omnipresent but unseen enemy was known as the Black Death; today we know it as bubonic plague.

A dark cloud was hanging ominously low over the island of England that summer day in 1348, when a merchant ship from the continent docked at Weymouth. No one noticed the flea-ridden rats scampering ashore, for in those days the presence of the filthy rodents was only a trivial matter. But the fleas of these particular fleeing

rats were carrying the germ of the deadly bubonic plague, a germ which spread like wildfire throughout all England in a period of weeks. The plague passed rapidly from Weymouth to Southampton, Devon, and Somerset, then to Bristol, Gloucester, and Oxford. In Bristol almost the whole population died, leaving the rest of the country awed at the power of the enemy they were facing. When the plague reached London, the people were at a standstill, for they were completely ignorant of what to do. Some people attributed the pestilence to the wrath of God, who was punishing them for their sins and lack of faith. Some put the blame on the planets, whose constant formation changes were supposedly affecting the earth. The University of Paris had earlier produced a theory that the plague was caused by earthquakes in the East, and consequently poisonous gases from beneath the surface of the earth had been released to the atmosphere. They had recommended purifying the air with fire.

Nevertheless, the plague made its invasion of London, and those who lay in its path were helpless. It was passed by fleas, rats, contact with clothing which had been exposed to the germ or some other similar means of direct and indirect contact. It struck suddenly and painfully, and for those who contracted the disease there was no cure. Some people died immediately, some in twelve hours, and almost all of those afflicted died within three days. The symptoms, of which there were many, were very apparent. First signs of the Black Death were swollen lymph nodes or tumors in the arm pits or groin, followed by surface black spots caused by bleeding under the skin. The tongue generally became suffused with blood and turned black. The plague was also accompanied by high fever, burning chest pains, shivering, dizziness, and bad headaches. The suffering often led to delirium, and sometimes the victim was in a coma. The already unsanitary streets of London became a pitiful and agonizing sight.

The plague hit all classes, but the death toll was especially high among the lower classes, owing to lower standards of living conditions. The increased influx of peo-

ple to the churches, coupled with the priests' constant visitations to the sick, contaminated a great number of clergymen; therefore, the death rate of the clergy was also high. As for medical attention, only the rich could afford it, but the doctors' abortive attempts did them no good. (The fourteenth century doctors were practically moronic on medical knowledge as we know it today.) Their uses of drugs and spices from the East were flagrantly futile.

Merry old London soon became the most dismal place on the face of the earth. No longer did the barking guildsmen crowd the streets to display and sell their respective products. No longer did the men of the day meet at Carfax to do some trading and a little fraternizing on the side. No longer was it safe to hold the seasonal feasts and the festivities that went along with them. The sanitation of the faithful Walbrook, one of London's chief water supplies, even began to be doubted. The bakers of Bread Street and the tailors of Threadneedle Street were taking down their gay signs and closing up the shops simply because there was no business. Entire families were broken up and dispersed, for close contact with a diseased member of the family was fatal. The malnutrition rate was extremely high, for the stricken farmers were not able to provide food in sufficient amounts for the cities. Reports of a few cases of cannibalism showed how desperate the situation was. Looting became quite common and the moral degeneration of the people increased rapidly. Their faith dwindled, and the taverns filled.

The pestilence continued to ravage the population of London, causing fear, agony, and death. Deaths in London reached well up in the thousands daily, and the disposal of the contaminated bodies was a major worry. It was imperative that all bodies be removed from their house as soon after death as possible, for the mental effect of a decomposing bubonic-stricken corpse was as horrible as the contagion itself. On land blessed by the Church Londoners dug huge trenches where the plague victims, some not yet dead, were piled. It was estimated that fifty thousand corpses were thrown onto the biggest of these trenches.

Almost two years after it began, the Black Death had

run its course. It ceased almost as suddenly as it began. It left behind a terribly depressing toll of lives, from one-third to one-half the entire population of England, or approximately one and a half million lives. In London the estimated number of lives lost was one hundred thousand; in Norwich it was sixty-thousand. It left the hearts and faiths of the English in a pitious state. Life-long friends were forever lost; the people started all over. They were stern and extremely skeptical of the future, for they realized how trite and insignificant a human life was against the great unknown force of nature.

However, to view the truly significant effects of the plague, we must observe the result at long-range. Because of deaths of many aristocrats during the plague, many palatial homes, estates, and even manors were wantonly seized by peasants. Consequently, there arose a new non-feudal class, a first big step forward in the abolition of medieval feudalism. Since the plague killed a frightful number of peasants, the labor shortage was in itself a crisis. The relatively small number of peasants left after the plague had learned to do their particular work efficiently, but they were so inhumanly burdened with an increasing amount of labor that even before the plague terminated there were defiant outbursts from them. All demands for higher wages were rejected, and finally, in 1381, the over-worked peasants revolted in what was known as the Peasants' Rebellion. This rebellion proved to be one of the most significant actions of history, for it was another big step toward recognition of the rights of the lower classes. Thus, the Black Death was responsible for precipitating a great movement of the democratic spirit. Naturally, the Black Death was responsible for many changes in the English way of life. A deeper interest in mankind was born. Improvements in agriculture were discovered. There was a revival of learning and interest in art. It can truly be said that the seeds of the Renaissance were planted during Black Death.

No invader has ever succeeded in waging such a successful war as this sadistic, yet auspicious enemy waged against England. The wars with France and Spain and Ger-

many will continue to hold the foremost places in English history, but the dark invader of the fourteenth century can laugh, and, turning its head, look with a deep sense of pride on the land which it played a larger part in molding than any human war could.

JAM SESSION

CARL BECKE, '58

Peterson bends his big fat torso over the keys, concentrating like a child on a jigsaw puzzle. Alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, Drummer Buddy Rich, and Bass Player Ray Brown go to work. Desmond's tones are plaintive and pure, the rhythm of drum and bass is as rich and firm as a deep-pile carpet. They lay down the tune "Let's Fall in Love" as a kind of groundwork. Desmond's eyes close, his long fingers glide over his alto's mother of pearl keys, and he is off on a flight that may take him into an old English folk tune or an Army song.

While Desmond's horn sighs, Peterson punctuates with syncopated figures, listening intently, now smiling and then ticking off the tempo with one brown swede shoe. When Desmond finishes Peterson picks up. Peterson toys with the lead idea and then is off on new improvisation. The listeners lose all contact with the original tune, but absorb the new music.

Then Peterson feels the crowd with him and the rhythm takes hold of everybody in the room. Drummer Rich feels it and starts to bang on his twenty-two inch wide cymbals and his bass drum whops out an unpredictable beat. Brown hunches closer to his bass. Desmond moves away from the piano. Peterson is really off now. His fingers seem to take on a new life. Now everybody wonders if Peterson will be able to get back to the original tune. He plays frantically and seems to be in a whirl-wind.

Suddenly the rhythm shifts gears. Bit of the original tune seem to reappear. In a few minutes it's all over. The audience sits back, then applauds.

GOLF'S ANCIENT HISTORY

DANNY CARRELL, 59

The origin of golf is lost in antiquity. Most historians credit the game as we know it today to Scotland, although there is evidence that the basic principle of the game was brought there by the Dutch, who played a game on ice employing a club and a ball. The Dutch term for the club—*kolf*—seems to have given rise to the present-day name. The Scots appear to have first taken the idea of playing cross-country, and Scotland is the source from which the game of golf as it is known today spread to all the world. As early as 1457, the Scottish Parliament ordained that golf not be played by the people, because it was distracting their attention from the practice of archery, deemed essential to the defense of the realm. Forty years after Scottish solons announced a ban on playing the game, another edict was issued. But this and others failed to prevent a spread of the popularity of the game. The appeal of the game affected both high and low alike.

Golf has been known as the "royal and ancient" game. This nickname has been derived because golf is an ancient game and many members of the royal family have enjoyed it through the years. James IV and Charles I were among the strong enthusiasts of golf.

No official number of holes was adopted as a standard until 1858, when eighteen holes were designated. Generally speaking before that, courses contained less than eighteen holes.

For all of its early popularity in Scotland, not until the last third of the nineteenth century did golf begin to win favor in the rest of the world, even in the British Isles. Yet starting in 1860, Scots migrated to other lands carrying along clubs and balls, and so became widespread missionaries of the game.

The first British Open was held in 1860, but the only participants were from Scotland. It was not until 1894 that a British Open was held on English soil, and during that same year the first golf championship in the United States was held.

Golf clubs began to be founded in Scotland in the eighteenth century. The Royal Blackheath Club is said to have existed in 1608, but searchers among golf records set the date as 1787. Other clubs with a long history behind the name: Edinburg Burgess Golfing Society, Aberdeen Golf Club, Glasgow Golf Club, and the most famous of them all, the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, which was founded in 1754.

The very early clubs were merely associations of individuals banded together for benefit of mutual participation in the game. They had no courses or club houses. Most of those early courses were stretches of land that **linked** the water line of the seashore with the tillable lands further inland; hence, the nickname for a golf course—*links*.

Historic documents tell of the organization of golf clubs in the United States in the closing years of the eighteenth century, but the game as it is known today had its start in the United States in 1884 when three Scots and a Bostonian built a golf course in the West Virginia mountains near the town of Green Brier. Four years later the St. Andrews Golf Club was organized in New York and today is the oldest organized and continuous club in the United States. Within the next five years more than twenty clubs were organized, and more and more people became interested in the game.

Around 1930 the structure of club organization had grown more complex. Emphasis was starting to be placed on the social side of club life. A golf club was not complete without a swimming pool, riding horses, and tennis courts. The depression hit golf in 1932, but fewer than five hundred of the nation's golf clubs were abandoned during this period. By 1935 golf had its financial house in order once again, but the percentage of private clubs gradually dropped, and it became no longer necessary to be wealthy to afford golf. The game has become so popular in the United States that now there are: over 5,000 golf clubs, 3,000 courses for private membership, and municipal courses and courses proprietarily owned each numbering over a thousand. Today some two and three quarter million golfers play at least ten rounds a season.

The development of golf playing clubs in recent years has been largely a matter of refinement of the rather crude implements of earlier years. In the 1920's an American firm introduced the use of the tubular steel shafts to replace the shafts made of hickory; graduated sets of irons were also an American invention.

Although the playing club had only gradual changes, the present-day golf ball is the third of three general types which the game has known. The first golf ball consisted of a heavy leather cover stuffed with feathers. After the stuffing process had been completed and the cover securely sewed, the ball was boiled in oil. The original "feathery" ball was supplanted in 1848 by one made of solidly molded guttapercha, but this type of ball dipped after it had traveled about a hundred yards from the point it was hit. This cut down on the distance and straightness of the shot; however, it was noticed that the dip was eliminated in balls that had suffered dents in the surface from use. In this way it came about that balls today carry definite surface markings. Around 1900 an American introduced a ball made by winding rubber thread around a center and covering the whole thing with a tough composition cover. This ball was very satisfactory, and it is still used today.

In the 1920's an American dentist introduced the wooden peg tee. Until this came into general use, sand and earth mounds were used. American influence also is recognizable in the vocabulary of the game. And so, as some facts in the preceding paragraphs show, Americans have done much to make the game of golf what it is today.

The Royal and Ancient is the governing club in golf. It frames the rules of the game and, in response to questions and disputes of the rules gives decisions which are accepted by golf clubs throughout the world, with the exception of the United States where the United States Golf Association is the ruling body. The U.S.G.A. was founded in 1894 by representatives of five clubs to assume orderly control of the game. The U.S.G.A. is the "watchdog" of golf. It promotes the best interests of the game, preserves its

traditions, adopts and enforces rules, and conducts each year the National Amateur, National Open, Women's and Public Links championships. It also maintains a turf research bureau which advises member clubs on course maintenance problems.

And so we have the history of a popular game which is hard to give up once one starts playing it—golf.

GRADES

FERRY CLARK, '37

I believe that too much emphasis is placed on grades. The emphasis that is placed on grades is not caused by the teachers and students themselves. The people who cause this emphasis are the outsiders who are judging the student. This group is composed largely of parents, future employers, and higher educators. These groups try to evaluate a student just by looking at his grades. No grade, in my opinion, can accurately evaluate a student's ability or knowledge.

Let me explain why grades cannot fully show a student's knowledge or ability. A student can go home a night before a test, cram for two or three hours, learn a bunch of facts and make an A on the test. But in the next two or three days he will have forgotten all he knew. This student doesn't actually know as much as the student who had a clear understanding of the subject and made a B or C on the test. Another time a student may have good knowledge of the subject, but on the day of the test he may not be feeling well. He takes the test and makes a bad grade. This grade certainly doesn't show his understanding of the subject yet the teacher forced to use it in his evaluation. Also most of us realize it is not hard to get good grades by cheating.

The real harm that is done is not that the parents or the employers get a false evaluation but that the student begins to work only for grades. It is going to be up to us

as students to forget our grades and learn because we want to gain knowledge.

'TWAS THE NIGHT OF INITIATION

HAM COOKE

'Twas the night of initiation, and not hard to remember,
 For many things happened that night last September,
 The D.L.A. members planned the evening with care
 And had told all us pledges we'd better be there;
 Besides me, there were Bockhorst, Baker, and Long,
 And ten or eleven others, equally strong,
 We had lived through "Hell Week" without loss of life,
 Though we'd done things we wouldn't even do for a wife;
 They had done all they could to make us a wreck,
 But we bowed and we "scraped" with proper respect;
 We had polished their cars and shined all their shoes
 While they lay around and soaked up the news;
 We had dressed up like crazy, and run errands galore,
 But we never were finished—there always was more.
 We had heard various warnings about what "Hell Night"
 would be,
 And none of them sounded too good to me,
 But I knew I could take it if other boys had,
 For they had survived—it couldn't be too bad.
 So I put on an old shirt and some faded-out jeans,
 For they had told us to wear wornout clothes, by all means.
 We brought along the mugs and the paddles of wood,
 Which we'd made as they had ordered the best that we
 could.
 The night went along more or less as expected,
 And not one of us pledges was ever neglected;
 Then we went for a ride, down this road and that—
 The members enjoyed it, but we pledges just sat.
 At last, the car stopped, and we were on "terra firma."
 But we weren't sure whether at Fern Creek or Burma.
 They gave us a "douzin" or sorghum, so brown,

They must have had all there was in this town,
 Then, the last of their plans to us were revealed,
 As they searched us to see that no coins were concealed,
 They said that from now on, it was all up to us
 To get home by ourselves, without taxi or bus,
 The night was a long one, but we made it O.K.
 And we trudged into home near the break of the day;
 If you heard there was hazing at this initiation,
 Take it from me—it was pure exaggeration.

THE BIG STORY

HARRY BRUDER, '58

Levity Corp. Meeting Ends in (Heh-Heh) Riot

Police riot trucks and squad cars gathered at 1944 S. Fourth St. today when the annual meeting of the Levity Corporation was held in the firm's offices. Guided to the scene by Miss J. Frances Muggs, a 64-year-old employee who hung by her knees from an eighteenth story window and whistled shrilly through her teeth, the police found what was described by Sgt. Wyatt Burpp as "one of them orgies."

Police officials, however, believe a clue to the scene may lie in a speech made by the corporation's president, George W. Mousepuss, quoted from a tape recording found in the room:

"Gentlemen, the future of Levity Corp., the world's largest manufacturers of nitrous oxide, commonly known as laughing gas, lies heavily on our shoulders.

"I have here in my hand a flask of nitrous oxide, manufactured in our faithful, sincere factory, by our faithful, sincere workers. Looking at this flask one would hardly suspect the hard work and sincerity that went into its making.

"Look again at the sturdy steel body, the perfectly machined valve that opens so easily, the . . . oops . . . just a minute . . . the perfectly machined valve that . . . Philpots

help me close this darn thing . . . this smoothly designed valve that . . . hee-hee . . . no, no Philpots, the other way . . . heh-heh-heh . . . just set it down.

Anyhow this company was founded on sincerity . . . hee-hee-hee . . . honesty and hard work . . . hee-hee-ho-ho . . . We all know the seriousness of the task we are faced with . . . ho-ho-ha-ha . . . in laying a solid, dependable foundation for the future . . . ho-ho-hee-ha-ha . . . Philpots! Don't make airplanes out of my notes . . . ho-ho-ho-hee-hee.

"We all know that our primary duty is not to ourselves but to our stockholders . . . ha-ha-ha-whoops-haaa-ha-ho . . . it is our responsibility to see that we never sacrifice integrity for profit . . . whooooooo-heeeee-heeheehee . . .

"We must continue to face with grim seriousness . . . ha-hee-hee-ho . . . with sleeves rolled up for work . . . Philpots get off the floor . . . with sincerity, honest, and integ . . . hooooo-heee-whooh-ha-haa-heee-hoowoo-ha"

SAILING

GEORGE RYAN, 39

During this age of big horsepower engines there is still a desire in man to sail. Why? After all, he is completely dependent upon the wind, and can never tell what will happen next. Perhaps these are some reasons.

The very first thing in the spring to a boat enthusiast is uncovering the boat and beginning that long job of getting it ready for the water. Finally that triumph day comes when the boat is ready to be launched. From then on the sailor will want to spend more time sailing than he really should.

There is cruising and plenty of racing in prospect. In racing all the sailboats have a common course, and try to outwit each other by taking a better advantage of the wind, using such aids as maps, charts, and superior sails. Personal skill, particularly the ability to get around a buoy closely and quickly, is by far the most important element in racing.

Because so much depends on personal skill, one finds it quite rewarding to win or place in a race. Even if he doesn't do well there is always the hope that he will do better next time.

When not racing the sailor often finds cruising very relaxing. While doing this there will be time to fish, take life easy, and enjoy the sounds of the waves, unspoiled by the persistent drone of a motor.

Whether the boat is large or small millions of Americans are making sailing one of our nation's favorite sports.

SELF-RELIANCE

TERRY FOSTER, 38

In modern society there is one quality which is sought above all others; this quality is conformity. A conformist is one who will go along with established patterns of action and thought as though he were on a railroad track, and never asks the reasons behind these actions and thoughts. The leaders of the people love this, for with it they control the masses. The one quality which they all abhor is self-reliance, for a self-reliant person can undermine the grip these leaders have on the people by making the people think independently.

A self-reliant person says what he thinks and feels today; but he will also say, with just as much conviction, what he thinks and feels tomorrow. The two opinions may directly contradict each other, but a truly self-reliant person will not object. He will also be misunderstood, but so were Jesus, Columbus and Galileo. Almost all of the great minds of history have been misunderstood to some extent. They were, however, also self-reliant so they could surmount this barrier and go on to great heights.

Modern man has developed a tool capable of undreamed accomplishments. This tool is his mind. His society, however, has caused him to lose the use of his mind's great capabilities by making him conform to its accepted ways.

A brave man, however, can hurdle the barriers imposed by society and regain the use of this wonderful tool. He will then be self-reliant.

It can be said that to be self-reliant is to be truly great.

OH, THOSE R. C.'S

DANNY CARRELL, '59

Back in November of last year, we the members of the D.L.A. undertook the biggest project in the history of the club. We were hired by the Royal Crown Bottling Company of Louisville to distribute nearly 60,000 sample cans of Royal Crown Cola, along with R.C. calendars and coupons, throughout the city. This was an experience that I shall never forget.

It was hard work, and without the co-operation of every member of Dignitas the work would not have been completed. During the time I often wished that I would never again see another R.C., but the job was definitely a worthwhile one. It would take many pages to write a good detailed account of the details and experiences of the task, but the paragraphs below will concern only some of the most important ones.

Twenty teams of workers were formed with each member that could drive, working with one that couldn't. A few outside people were paid to fill in one some of the teams. Each team was assigned a special area in which to deliver 120 cases or 2880 samples. Some teams finished early and then helped other teams that had not finished.

We had the whole month of November in which to work, but usually only Saturdays could be used for delivery because of school. Luckily two holidays also came in November, and we used them to our advantage. However, delivery was only part of the job. The cans, calendars, and coupons came separately, and each can had to be rolled within a calendar and a coupon, all of which was held together by a

rubber band. Some workers wrapped as they delivered, but the most popular idea was to wrap and prepare for delivery at home. Most carried their cans in boxes during actual delivery.

While distributing, our experiences were many. Several dogs attempted attacks, but as far as I know, no one was bitten. Duplexes presented confusion, and it was not unusual to find yourself in someone's living room instead of an expected alcove. When they found out we were giving out free samples, many people, being typically American, asked for extras, which we were not allowed to give them. The elements had their affect also. Delivering during the snow and cold was no pleasure, but fortunately most of the weekends in November were fairly mild. Delivering after darkness had set in was not a wise thing to do—I remember having collisions with several unseen wire fences, but no permanent injuries resulted.

Yes, this was a most unusual experience worth remembering. It was difficult and tiresome work, but actually we enjoyed doing it. Many thanks go to Bill Mowry's father, who because of his position with the Royal Crown people, made it possible for Dignitas to get the job; and to Bill himself, who led us in this undertaking.

I LOVE PARIS

HO-HO HASSMAN, '59

I'm Alan Hayes. I'm a guard at the women's reformatory, U.S.A. My job: shoot on sight any women in the act of escape. My partner, Hank Morgun, dark, stumpy, poorly dressed, and a deadeye with his tommy gun walks the walls of the prison all night with me.

On the night of October 6, it was raining. Hank and I split up. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, Hank's tommy gun sputtered. I looked over the wall. A woman screamed and slumped lifelessly over the wall. Four more convicts slid down the wall and started for freedom. With

quick and exact thinking, I leaped for one. My jump was short another woman slipped by my reach. Hank's tommy broke the sound of the steady beating of the rain again . . . two women crumpled.

Meanwhile floodlights were shined from the prison. The escapers became panic stricken. I quickly overtook one of the two, slashed her face, and pushed her to the ground. She screamed and caught my pant's leg. I lost my balance and fell. I was lucky. Hank had followed me up and grabbed the almost crazy woman, beating her unconscious.

Another guard circling around the prison caught up with the remaining woman. He shot her once, twice, and again. She kept staggering and finally fell. We can't think twice in this business. We shoot to kill.

Compliments of

WILLIAM J. CONLIFFE

INVESTMENTS

231 So. Fifth Street

M
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57

19

1957 Dignitas

52

DIGNITAS



Jack Crutcher
Ronnie Curry
Bill Davis
Terry Foster
Bob Greene
Jim Hammer
Gary Hassman
Bill Hoover
John Inman
Charlie Long

John Baker
Tom Brooks
Gary Bockhoarst
David Brown
Harry Bruder
Danny Carrell
Perry Clark
Hamilton Cooke
Olin Cox
Joe Creason



DIGNITAS

53



George Ryan
Stanley Schultz
Bill Shaver
Steve Simpson
Joe Speiden
Emil Stark
Edgar Straeffer
Joe Waterfill
John Wilson

Lee Lorch
Buzz Miller
Jack Miller
Kent Mitchell
Bill Mowry
Lee Mumford
David O'Brien
Gary Paxton
Carl Recke
Jim Robertson



DIGNITAS OFFICERS

1956½

Perry Clark President
 Bill Davis Secretary
 Bob Greene Treasurer
 Tom Brooks Corresponding Secretary
 Bill Mowry Critic
 John Wilson Historian
 Jack Miller Sergeant-at-Arms

1957

Bob Greene President
 Bill Davis Vice-President
 David Brown Secretary
 Bill Mowry Treasurer
 Bill Hoover Corresponding Secretary
 Harry Bruder Critic
 Bill Shaver Sergeant-at-Arms

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 dissever
 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!

DIGNITAS - ORNITH

1957

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.

Les trois



Classes . . .

1957 Dignitas

... les



SENIORS . . .



PERRY CLARK

'57
Atherton



BOB GREENE

'57
Atherton




BILL DAVIS


'57
Atherton

1957 Dignitas


60 DIGNITAS



TOM BROOKS
'57
Eastern




DAVID BROWN
'57
Atherton




RONNIE CURRY
'57
Eastern


DIGNITAS 61




BILL HOOVER
'57
Atherton



JOHN INMAN
'57
Atherton



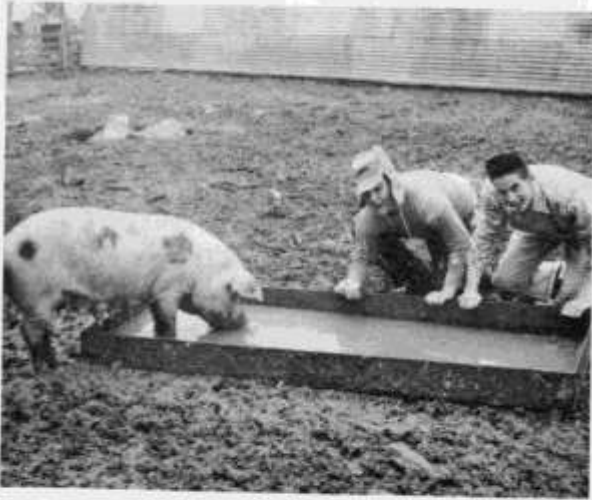
JIM ROBERTSON
'57
Atherton



JOHN WILSON
'57
Eastern

1957 Dignitas

... les



JUNIORS ...



HARRY BRUDER

'58
Eastern



JACK CRUTCHER

'58
Atherton



TERRY FOSTER

'58
Atherton

1957 Dignitas

64

DIGNITAS



LEE LORCH

'58
Eastern



BUZZ MILLER

'58
Atherton



JACK MILLER

'58
Eastern

DIGNITAS

65



BILL MOWRY

'58
Eastern



DAVID O'BRIEN

'58
Atherton



GARY PAXTON

'58
Eastern

1957 Dignitas



CARL RECKE
'58
Eastern



BILL SHAVER
'58
Atherton



STEVE SIMPSON
'58
Eastern



JOE SPEIDEN
'58
Atherton

... et les



SOPHOMORES ...

1957 Dignitas



JOHN BAKER

'59
Eastern

GARY BOCKHOARST

'59
Eastern



DANNY CARRELL

'59
Atherton



HAMILTON COOKE

'59
Eastern

OLIN COX

'59
Eastern



JOE CREASON

'59
Eastern



1957 Dignitas



JIM HAMMER

'59
Atherton

GARY HASSMAN

'59
Eastern



CHARLIE LONG

'59
Eastern



KENT MITCHELL

'59
Eastern

LEE MUMFORD

'59
Atherton



GEORGE RYAN

'59
Atherton





STANLEY SCHULTZE

'59

Atherton



EMIL STARK

'59

Eastern



EDGAR STRAEFFER

'59

Atherton



JOE WATERFILL

'59

Eastern

Family Page

- Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Baker
- Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Boekhoorst, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Brooks
- Mr. and Mrs. Everett Brown
- Mr. and Mrs. G. Stuart Bruder
- Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Carrell
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Clark
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 est, friskiest cola that ever
 passed your lips. Fresher taste
 in every lively little bubble.

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Brooks Brothers



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IN
THE
HELL



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To This
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Rubber?



HAY Wessel Turb of



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Me Gone!!



Jeff



"You are fine"



"What, Me Worry?"



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JUniper 4-5764



John Fies + Billy Leez
 Picture?



"HAVEN'T SEEN THEM"



Where 'is' Wee!...



Mail Box



wee Wee!?



9:17 We're through

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Touche!



The Squad



Shoes



Dignitas



HOT MEN IN TOWN

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. The 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 the discussing of literature in general. The sports programs were composed of the discussion of the 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.

A constitution was drawn up temporarily so that the necessary changes could be made in the following years.

In October of 1946 the club's name was changed to the Dignitas Social Club. A second anniversary was celebrated by Dignitas at the Pendennis Club.

A year later the name changed to 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 so we became a high school literary fraternity with a smaller membership than any of the other literary organizations. This deficiency was immediately corrected, however, by the pledging of several excellent young men.

For the next three years Dignitas grew in name and reputation for having and carrying out its high standards.

In 1949 the President of Dignitas, Tom Schoen, was entrusted with the position of editor of the Brook'N'Breck, Male High School's paper. This marked the fourth consecutive year that Dignitas had controlled the paper. Also in that year Dignitas' vice president, Lewis Beard, was named editor of the Male High School Annual.

On February 22, 1950, Dignitas' first magazine was brought out. It was called the "Spectator," as were all of the other literary clubs' magazine. It consisted of only 63 pages, but it forwarded one of Dignitas' great prides; that of publishing a magazine. Also this year, Ted Chenault, President of the D.L.A., was named editor of the Brook'N'Breck.

In 1951 Dignitas accepted into membership boys from schools other than Male. They also published their second magazine, the first to be independently published, which appeared on May 23 and consisted of 95 pages. The annual Christmas dance was held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. In December of 1951, Dignitas' first old grad passed away. He was Howard Nuckols, who was attending Furman University at the time of his death.

In '53 the third magazine appeared consisting of 122 pages. The Christmas dance was given at the Brown Hotel and a breakfast followed, given by Merle Robertson.

In 1954, the fourth magazine contained 175 pages and a cache of literary work produced by members of the D.L.A. A fabulous Christmas dance was presented with a background of snow scenes for its winter theme. The large white tree with blue lights has become a symbol of the Dignitas Christmas dance.

Since the founding of the Dignitas Club, to the present day, Dignitas Literary Association has taken in boys not only because of the good we think the boy can do the club, but also for the good we think the club can do for the boy. Our primary objective is to help each individual to become a better boy and in later life a better man through the fellowship offered in the Dignitas Literary Association.

JACK MILLER '58 - Historian

* * *

"Why the black shroud on your brother's bed? Did he die?"

"Black shroud, hell—that's his sheet."

Class Rings — Club Pins

Commerciement Announcements

Wedding Invitations and Announcements

Personal Cards

DANCE BIDS AND NO-BREAKS

Kentucky Balfour Company

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Louisville 2, Kentucky



BROWN HAS GOTTEN BIGGER



OBEE



LONG!



WHO'S SHAVING, BROOKS?





CARL CONTEMPLATES



SIMPSON EFFERVESCES



'Cinderella' Kettie arrives at Y.M.C.



Elvis Backhoast



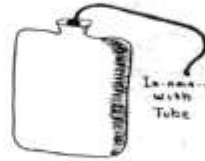
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Greene leaves F.L. Lindbergh



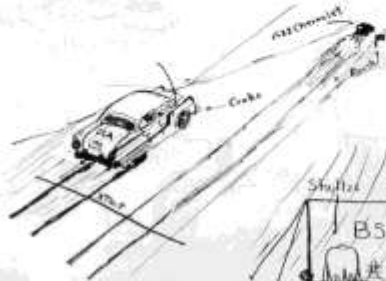
Speiden + Weham



Hassmann says Goodnight



BAKER IN THE EMB - MALE GAME



By gosh, I know no Squawking!

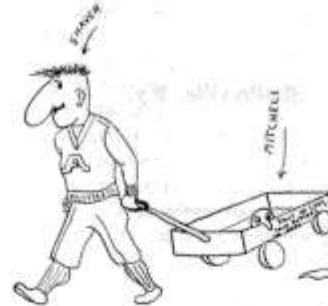
CHEAT



OR IS IT B. MILLER?



"SOUP'S ON"



Lorch



PAXTON

WATERPOLL



L'L ABNERTZ "FEARLESS COX" IDEEL

"WHAT, US WORRY?"

except to win the world with kindness if you are not even able to keep peace with your fellow Americans. All too rarely is evil repaid with kindness. But try it sometime. Courtesy is contagious, kindness is more so.

Have you ever seen pictures of refugees and displaced persons arriving in the New York harbor? The tears stream down their tired faces when they see that great Lady "lifting her lamp beside the golden door." We seem unable to understand these tears for the freedom of America. We live here, know nothing else, and cannot see the forest for the trees. America is a precious thing, Americans, treat her as such. Treat your fellow countrymen as such, too, for they are as much America as you. America is no longer a nation, but an ideal, and one which can be easily destroyed, in spite of her size. If we remove this ideal by domination and haughtiness, the free world will have lost its greatest leader in its fight toward world brotherhood. Therefore let each one work for freedom through brotherhood and individual kindness. Each person's small part added one to another can and will make America truly great and truly free. In the words of Emerson:

"For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?"

Bob Greene, '57

PHOTOGRAPHS

by

Gordon Baer

Groups - Informals - Candid

HI 0035

1871 Trevilian Way

Patrons

- Doug Fowley
- Nancy Miller
- Bill Miller
- Sue Clements
- Sharie, Karen and Julia
- Lynn Zumwalt
- Mary Clyde Calloway
- Ruth Cook
- Teddy Scott
- Mickey Dooley
- Eva Griffith
- Martha Kuhn
- Joy Dixon
- Bob Rapp
- Jack Hardwick
- Bruce Miller
- Pat McGuffy
- John Marcum
- Bonnie Brooks
- Dean Elkins
- Jack Kiesel
- Ann Kurrie
- Nancy and Vernon
- Art Schell
- "Frosty"
- Jean Kraft
- Gowdy and Hill
- A Friend
- A Friend
- A Friend

Patrons

A. Friend
Arvil Reeb
Judy Reeder
Judy Lawrence
Pat Cardwell
Judy Brandt
Martin Wheeler
Melinda Semonin
Diana Boylan
Linda Scherer
Marla Sue Crutcher
Suzanne Pitzer
Linda Davis
Butch Farlee
Ann Goben
David Robbins
Jackie Demaree and Jill Wolfford
Earleen Dean
Wanda Faye Laibeny
Diana Duer
Aunt Lucy
Hugh Peterson
Nick Mueller
Janet Mitchen
Susan Wakefield
Lynne Broecker
Linda Heinlein
Mike Brown
Dowdfinberger

Patrons

Syd Wright
Bobbye Brammer
Leslie Taleott
Houchen's Pharmacy
Martha Chance
Carl & Harriet
Carl England
Alice Miller & Barbara Jean Smith
Congratulations to D.L.A.
Clarice Zelda Heller
Donald Gary Linker
Eddie Berman
Jacquie Jones
Harriet Jones
Nancy Opper and Jane Levy
Cricket & Katydid
Jerry Allen Rose
Eugene & Virginia Ray
Dick Monroe
Wally Wood
Philip Dowd
Stew Conner
Fred Karem
Cheese, Fox, Stephe & Lei
Rosalie Robinson
Barby
Molly
Mary Findley
Martha Findley
Mr. H. B. Miller
Barbara Weldnitz
Jerry Troutman
Carolyn D. Bailey

**GIVE TO
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RELIEF
FUND**



NOW!

HUMAH!

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Dignitas

At The News Front

No. 2 of a series

"THE PHOTOGRAPH THE OTHERS REFUSED TO PRINT"

Due to the President's recent battle with members of Congress over cutting the newly increased federal budget, we feel it only fair to present our defense of the President by showing him in the first uncensored photograph with his intimate, behind-the-scenes budget advisors. Here, they are shown leaving the Pennsylvania Ave. White Castle after persuading the President that money talks and the average American doesn't deserve a bank account. Names were withheld by the Secret Service and Teamster's Union.

The President and Friends,

"What can you expect for twelve cents?"



• • •

A Gem –

The drunk was telling of his days as a salesman. "Yesh," he said, "I sold a bottle of my miracle rub to a cripple. He rubbed some on his right leg and threw away his right crutch. Then he rubbed some on his left leg and threw away his left crutch."

"Well what happened then?" asked his listener.

"Hell, he fell flat on his face. He couldn't walk without his crutches."

• • •

"What're you

staring at?



I said I'd be back."

A divorce case was being heard in court. The aggrieved husband told the judge. "I came home and there was my wife in the arms of a strange man."

"And what did she say when you surprised her?" asked the judge.

"That's what hurt me the most," said the indignant husband. "She turns and says, 'Well, look who's here. Old Blabbermouth! Now the whole damned neighborhood will know!'"

Miller: "Please."

She: "No!"

Miller: "Just once."

She: "No, I said."

Miller: "Aw shucks, Ma, all the other kids are going barefoot."

In a kick, it's the distance.

In a cigarette, it's the taste.

In a rumble seat, it's impossible.

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an "ouch!" and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said the boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and—well I'll be damned, their goes another one."

A student and a teacher were sharing a seat on a train. Tiring of conversation, the teacher suggested a game of riddles to pass the time. "A riddle you can't guess, you give me a dollar and vice versa," said the teacher.

"OK," agreed the student, but you are better educated than I am. I'll only give you fifty cents."

"All right," consented the professor. "You go first."

"What uses four legs swimming and two legs flying?"

"I don't know. Here's a dollar. What's the answer?"

"I don't know either. Here's your fifty cents."

"What a sap to let a man sell you a dead horse for \$20!"

"Yeah? Well, I sold the horse for \$100."

"How?"

"I raffled him off. I sold a hundred tickets for a dollar apiece."

"What did the fellow say who won?"

"Well, he made an awful fuss about it, so I gave him his dollar back."

It was good of you to ask me,
But no, I must stay here and
Make sure no one steps on the
Ants — they are so small and helpless.
—Shelley

Straeffler watching a milkman's horse: "Mister, I bet you don't get home with your wagon."

Milkman: "Why?"

Straeffler: "Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline."

Clark: "Where are the monkeys?"

Keeper: "They're in the back making love."

Clark: "Would they come out for some peanuts?"

Keeper: "Would you?"

"I know a man who has been married for thirty years and he spends every evening at home."

"That's what I call love."

"The doctor calls it paralysis."

A divorcee has one advantage over other women. She can give references.

I don't know why I go out with her. In the first place, she's too skinny . . . and in the second place, too.

"My girl says she's going to leave me if I don't quit running around."

"That's too bad."

"Yeah, I'll miss her."

SCHMITT'S TEXACO SERVICE

Norris & Speed
Louisville, Kentucky

An Englishman who stuttered very badly went to a specialist and after ten weeks, he learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him on his achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "b-but it's s-s-such a d-d-difficult remark to w-w-work into an ordinary c-c-conversation, y-y-you k-k-know."

Confucius say—Man who lose key to girl's apartment get no new key.

"Goodness, George, this isn't our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Shaver: "What is the name of those tablets the ancient Gauls used to write on?"

Foster: "Gaul stones."

Waterfill: "Doing anything Saturday night?"

Cox: "Nope."

Waterfill: "Can I use your soap?"

Atherton chemistry student (leaving lab): "What's the strange odor?"

Passer-by: "Fresh air."

"I'm so happy I could . . ."
—Keats

A despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Drive off a cliff, James, I'm committing suicide."

"Carry on!" cried the vulture as he spied the dying horse on the desert.

Compliments of

A.K.H. SOCIAL CLUB

Rooster: "I'm getting tired of chicken everyday."

"Porter, get me another glass of water."

"Sorry, suh, but if I take any more ice that corpse in the baggage car ain't gonna keep."

She: I've lost so much weight you can feel my ribs.

Pies: Gee, thanks.

An elderly man approached the little boy and asked: "Tell me, young man, do you have a fairy godfather?"

"No," replied the little boy, "but I have an uncle we're a little suspicious of."

They marked the exams so strictly, they flunked him for having a period upside down. Ahem!

She: "Don't you wish you were a barefoot boy again?"

Speiden: "Not me, lady, I work on a turkey farm."

●

**What ever
happened to
Saud's
lame kid?**

—*—

Huh?

●

Robertson: "What's that bug crawling on the wall?"
 Hoover: "That is a ladybug."
 Robertson: "Gad! what an eyesight."

* * *

Woman's voice on phone: "Hello! Are you Harry?"
 Hassman: "Not especially lady. But I'm a long way
 from bald."

* * *

Then there was the young men who started on a shoe-
 string and worked his way up until he gets slapped.

NEVER HEARD AT A — — — — — !

By the administration:
 "Let's consult the students and see how they feel
 about the issue."

I serve a purpose in this school
 On which no man can frown.
 I gently enter into class
 And keep the average down.

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YO ATTENTION!!

Eets the DIGGY-WIG PHOTO QUIZZERENO! Let's see how much you have retained. If you can pass the following strictly objective braincrusher, you will be awarded an "I LIKE ME" bütton and a 10c scholarship to Charlie's Valve Shop ("We install anything"). All you have to do is check one of the three statements relating to its corresponding picture, tear the answers out (rip, snip, clip!), and send them in with a stolen non-registered license plate, a war-head from a sour chapstick, four neat spinners (are you-huh?-with me, man?), and a draft card with a 1936 birth-date, and . . . cool it man! cool it! Now, drown you^r Miltowns and . . .

★ ★ ★

COMMENCEZ!!



1. We are Wyatt Earp's gung ho deputies.
2. We are Wyatt Earp's illegitimate children.
3. We push opium.



1. I am looking for my stolen peanut butter bun. Yummy!
2. I am Enis Preslev.
3. I am making an ass out of myself.



1. I am sitting down.
2. Cheating builds character.
3. I am not standing up.



1. We are sophomores trying to play cards.
2. We hate father.
3. We are discouraged victims of the Eisenhower economy.



1. I am a cook in the A.H.S. cafeteria.
2. I eat decomposing spleens.
3. Where we are there's daggers in men's smiles.*

1. This is an Eastern School bus.
2. This is a Cherokee Park outhouse.
3. Hay Wessel turb of



* Compliments of Mickey Spillane

Mary Jo Downs	Peggy Boston
La Verne Combest	Pat Kiesler
Deanna Chase	

Rupture?

Varicose Veins?

Arthritis?

Kidney Trouble?

Constipated?

sorry

.....
Compliments

**SHELL
OIL
COMPANY**

.....

.....
ALUMNI

.....

DIGNITAS OLD GRADS

Ackerson, Ribert, '51	Morgan, Hugh, '51
Akins, Dick, '52	Nieman, Jan, '53
Bennett, Sam, '49	Noe, Courtney, '56
Blackburn, Doug, '54	Nuckols, Howard, '46
Buse, George, '53	Neurath, Alton, '53
Breitesstein, Jihn, '46	Osborne, John, '46
Brooker, Ray, '54	Owens, Bruce, '47½
Bruder, Stuart, '56	Paxton, Jay, '53
Burnett, Dick, '54	Perry, Ben, '47½
Camentz Ernest, '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, '55
Crippen, Roy, '51	Rankin, ohn, '48
Cross, David, '52	Reiter, George, '52
Dalton Roger, '54	Rothenburger, Vernon, '56
Davis, Mark, '52	Russell, Fritz, '54
Davis, Mike, '49	Schlundt, Jack, '46
Deters, Ed, '56	Schnur, Bob, '56
Deters, Lee, '53	Schnur, Ray, '53
Dishman, Charles, '48	Schoen, Tom, '50
Dohrman, Howard, '53	Schoen, David, '47
Drescher, David, '47½	Scobee, Marvin, '52
Driskill, John, '47	Snyder, Bob, '46
Duncan, Stuart, '55	Stites John, '56
Eldre, Dempsey, '46	Taylor, Bo, '47
Everback, Eric, '54	Taylor, Bill, '46
Grawemeyer, Warren, '56	Terrano, Sal, '50
Groves, Coleman, '51	Thomas, Speed, '55
Gruen, Earl, '46½	Thomas, William, '49
Haldenman, Bruce, '54	Tichenor, Jim, '56
Haupt, Dudley, '56	Travis, Robert, '53
Heatt, Witten, '48	Tobe, Lawrence, '48
Howard, Witty, '56	Townus, Dwight, '46
Jefferson, Doug, '48	Ward, Shely, '51
Jones, Scoggan, '47	Wayne, Coty, '51
Joyner, Nelson, '55	Wiggington, Bill, '51½
Kaiser, Bill, '53	Wilborn, Tom, '48
Keeling, Bruce, '54	Wilhoite, Evans, '52
Layne, Robert, '51	Williams, Connie, '47
Lehman, E. O., '48	Williams Kenny, '55
Lorch, Don, '56	Williamson, Don, '49
Lorenz, Charles, '46½	Young, Bill, '56
Martin, Boyce, '53	Young, Dick, '56
Mihott, Dan, '55	Young, Ed, '53
Zeigler, Paul, '46	

The Last Few Years . . .

STUART DUNCAN, '55—Stuart, our secretary in 1954½, is a sophomore at William and Mary College this year. He is a member of Sigma Kappa.

NELSON JOYNER, '55—Nelson, our president in 1954½, is a sophomore at Cornell, where is is studying chemical engineering. He is a member of Sigma Chi.

DAN MILLOT, '55—Dan, the editor of our 1955 Magazine, is a sophomore at the University of Kentucky. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta.

SPEED THOMAS, '55—Speed, our vice-president in 1954½, is a sophomore in the Speed School of Louisville. He has been initiated into Beta Theta Pi.

KENNY WILLIAMS, '55—Kenny, our correspondng secretary in 1954½, is a sophomore at Dartmouth, where he is a member of the tennis team.

HUGH PRITCHETT, '55—Hugh, our president in 1955, is a sophomore at the University of North Carolina, where he is a member of Kappa Sigma.

WARREN GRAWEMEYER, '56—Warren, our 1956 president, is now studying at Centre College, where he plays tennis. He is a member of Beta Theta Pi.

BILL YOUNG, '56—Bill, our president in 1955½, is at Washington and Lee, where he plays football and volleyball. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta.

JIM TICHENOR, '56—Jim is now a cadet at West Point, where he has made the dean's list and is in the upper 30%. He was our vice-president in 1955½ and 1956.

STUART BRUDER, '56—Stuart is at the University of Pennsylvania. There he is a member of the crew team, and is a member of Delta Tau Delta.

- ED DETERS, '56**—Ed, our 1955½ historian, works at Citizens Fidelity Bank and will soon become a member of the United States Army.
- DUDLEY HAUP, '56**—Dudley, our secretary in 1955½, is at Beloit College where he is a member of the swimming team. He is a member of Sigma Chi.
- WITTY HOWARD, '56**—Witty is now at the University of Kentucky where he is actively participating in campus life. He is a member of Phi Delta Theta.
- DON LORCH, '56**—Don, treasurer 1955½ and editor of the 1956 Dignitas Magazine, goes to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute where he is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.
- COURTNEY NOE, '56**—Court is now attending Washington and Lee College. He is a member of the football team there and is a member of Delta Tau Delta.
- VERNON ROTHENBURGER, '56**—Vernon is studying engineering at Speed Scientific School. He plays on the baseball team and is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha. He was treasurer in 1956.
- JOHN STITES, '56**—John, our 1955½ critic, is at Vanderbilt, where he won the Naval Scholarship. He is a member of Beta Theta Pi.
- BOB SCHNUR, '56**—Bob is now studying at Hanover College. He is a member of Sigma Chi.
- DICK YOUNG, '56**—Dick is now a freshman at Washington and Lee. He is a member of the football team, and has joined Delta Tau Delta.

Zeta Omega

A WORD FROM AN OLD GRAD

The title of this work is self-explanatory, but I believe that it should be emphasized more fully that these thoughts are entirely mine. The subject which I will dwell on is one which I personally expressed in the lead article of the 1954 DIGNITAS MAGAZINE—"What Dignitas Means to Me." I must admit that since writing that theme my thoughts on the subject of Dignitas have undergone several deep significant changes. These changes have taken place not only because of my assuming the status of "old grad," but also because a closer relationship developed between myself and the association.

The average member of Dignitas tends to take for granted many of the things which make the D.L.A. what it is today. I know this is true because I too was guilty of the same assumptions. We never really formulate in our minds the true meaning of the club until we have left it—and then many times it is too late to do much about it.

The most important quality that the average member loses sight of are the many friendships which he has acquired during his high school days. Perhaps the only way to grasp this fact is upon returning to the Christmas Dance and singing once again the great moving strains of . . . "We are the Dignitas forever . . ." Only then can one get a true picture of a most important part of his high school life. Across from you in that great circle are many men you have never seen, but there are many whom you know and will be your life long friends. These friendships are what make the association great, for only through an organization such as ours can an easy opportunity be afforded where by we procure for ourselves so many easily made friendships. It has been said time and time again that our school days are the happiest days of our lives, and I too am a firm believer in those convictions. It is with this thought that I offer for the consideration of the sophomores and juniors one little hint . . . enjoy it while you can. For upon graduation your carefree days will be gone. You will then be forced to assume increasing amounts of

responsibility which is all part of growing up. Don't take these words as something from which you should be disheartened, but rather take them as something from which you receive an inducement to make Dignitas grow with great quality. Never be discouraged by your comparative youth but rather think of yourself as a young nation attempting to make its mark on the face of the world. If you take these things to heart the association will experience an intangible growth of which you as an individual will be proud. Because of these efforts you put forth for Dignitas, each of you as an individual will also be instilled with a healthy type of ambition which will spell sure success in later life.

Above all, what ever you do, wherever you go, remember that short but important line in our song, "We are the Dignitas forever . . ."

DAN MILLOTT '35

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Van's Men's Shop

Presidents' 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 Wilhoyte—1952
 Howard Dohrman—1952½
 Robert Travis—1953
 Fritz Russell—1953½
 Douglas Blackburn—1954
 Nelson Joyner—1954½
 Hugh Pritchett—1955
 Bill Young—1955½
 Warren Grawemeyer—1956
 Perry Clark—1956½
 Bob Greene—1957

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if it's*

**SOUTHERN STAR
MEATS**



**CLUB
NOTES**



★ ★ ★
**BEST WISHES
 TO
 DIGNITAS**

★
**FROM A
 CLOSE
 FRIEND**

★ ★ ★



With great pride the Dignitas Literary Association presents the seventh annual edition of its magazine. We feel that the work and quality of this magazine justifies our saying that we are offering you a truly fine magazine.

The following officers have been elected to serve the spring term:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| President | Bob Greene |
| Vice-President | Bill Davis |
| Secretary | David Brown |
| Treasurer | Bill Mowry |
| Corresponding Secretary | Bill Hoover |
| Critic | Harry Bruder |
| Sergeant-at-Arms | Bill Shaver |
| Historian | Jack Miller |

The following boys have been received into membership and are now participating in all Dignitas activities: Danny Carrell, Jim Hammer, Kent Mitchell, Lee Mumford, George Ryan, Stanley Schultze, and Edgar Straeffer of Atherton; John Baker, Gary Bockhoarst, Ham Cooke, Olin Cox, Joe Creason, Gary Hassman, Charlie Long, Emil Stark, and Joe Waterfill of Eastern.

Dignitas' Invitational Christmas Dance was held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel last December 22. We feel that the many people who attended enjoyed it very much.

Having completed the basketball season, we are looking forward to another winning softball season.

In this edition we have published some of the results of our work in the field of literature during the past year. We snicerely hope that everyone enjoys this seventh edition of the Dignitas Magazine.

★ ★ ★

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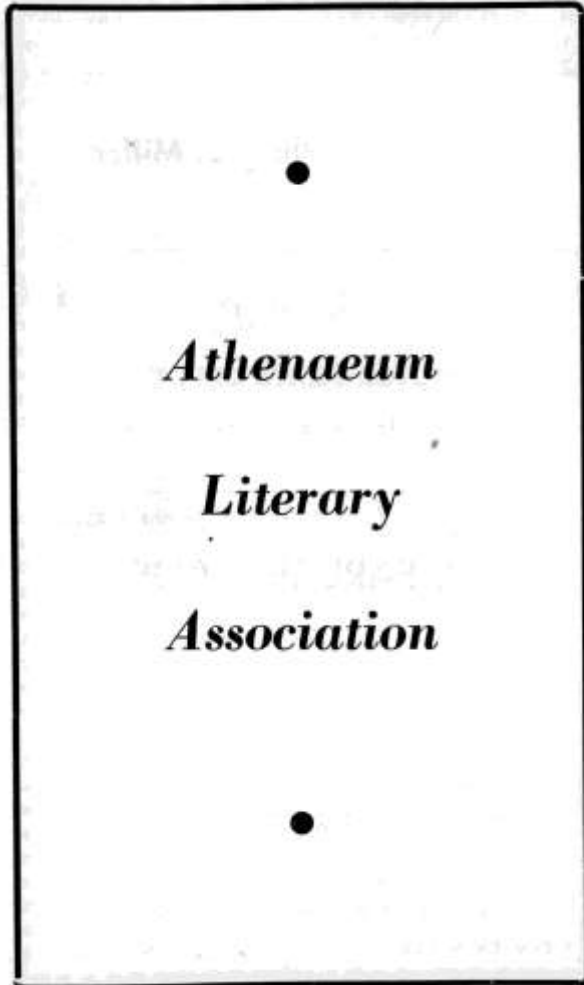
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The Athenaeum Literary Association chose the following officers for the spring term:

President	June Prince
Vice-President	Alex Forrester
Critic	Robert Colgan
Secretary	George Gans
Treasurer	Wick Gains
Sergeant-at-Arms	Cooper Lily
Censor	Robert Walker
Corresponding Secretary	Frank Gay

The following boys were initiated into the Athenaeum during this year: Keith Craddock from Atherton; Bill Noonan, Eddie Quest, Scot Halenberg, Frank Gay, and Buzzy Cooke from Eastern; and Bill Lucas, Allen Northcutt, Hoyte Blakeley, and Eli Brown from Country Day.

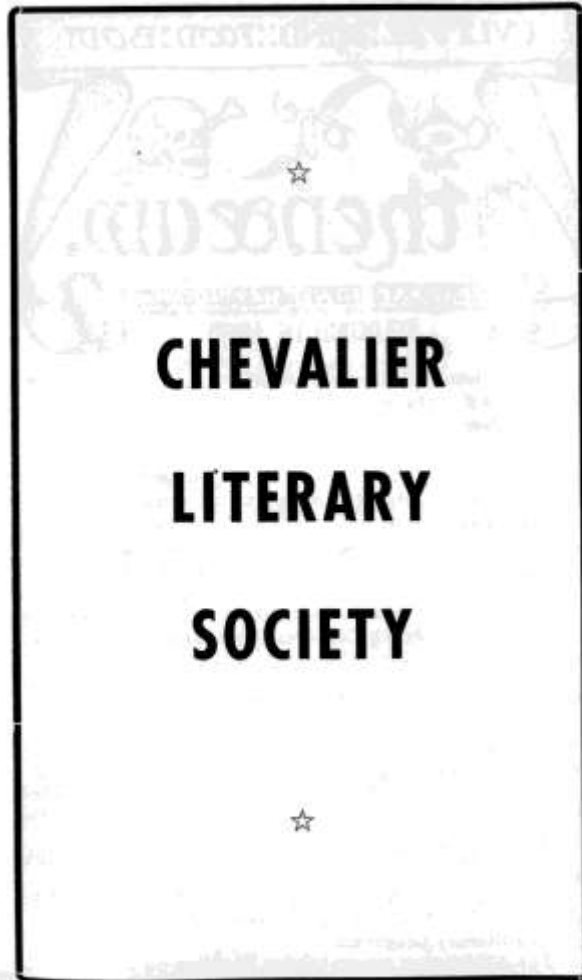
The Athenaeum athletic teams are having a very successful season. They won the football championship and lost the basketball league in a playoff game.

Our annual Christmas Dance was again highlighted by the presentation of sponsors and the beautiful decorations.

Our magazine, "The Spectator," co-edited by Bob Colgan and Alex Forrester will soon be published.

This year the Athenaeum meetings have been highlighted by the attendance of numerous old grads and outstanding literary programs.

The Athenaeum congratulates Dignitas on another edition of its outstanding magazine.



The following members faithfully served Chevalier as officers during the '56½ term:

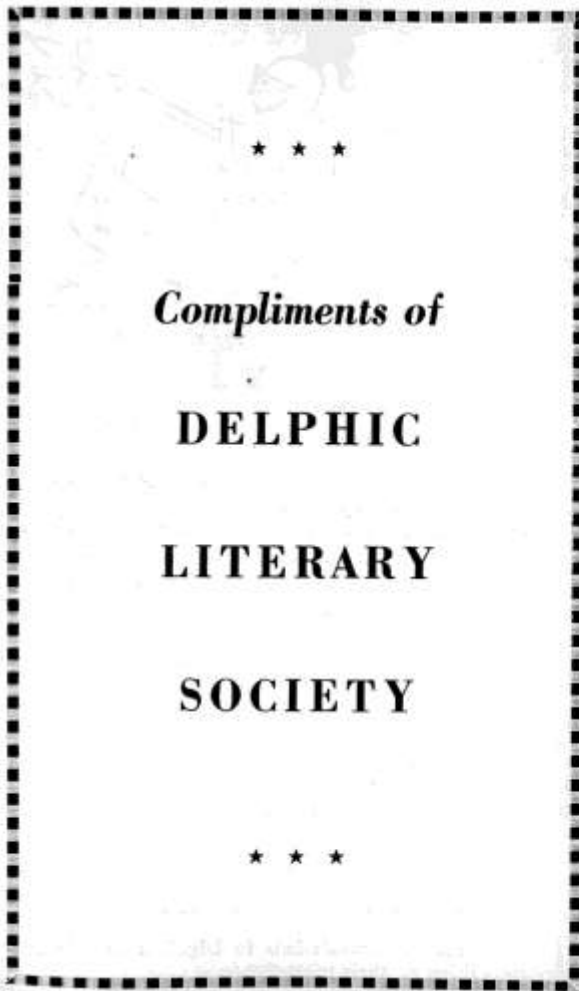
President	Peter Libby
Vice-President	Walter Draper
Secretary	Eugene Jaegers
Treasurer	Doug Owen
Sergeant-at-Arms	Leon Gleaves
Corresponding Secretary	John Mumford
Historian	Jim Thomas
Critic	Ryder McNeal

Chevalier took pride in inducting into its membership last fall: Watson Allgier, Fred Karem, Frank Starks, Tom Lightfoot, and Tom Sturgeon from Atherton; Laman Gray, Rob Beard, John Chumley, and Peter Myll of The Louisville Country Day School.

Chevalier completed the Literary basketball season with wins over Dignitas and Halleck. We also hope to retain the softball title that we won in the softball league last season.

The annual Spring Dance will be held the first weekend in May at the Brown Hotel. Cincinnati's celebrated "Gin Bottle Five Plus Two" will be the featured band.

Our sincere congratulations to Dignitas on this outstanding edition of their magazine.



The Delphic Literary Society is being led in the 1957 term by the following officers:

President	Butch Roppel
Vice-President	Ed Caldemier
Secretary	David Musselman
Treasurer	Tom Grissom
Critic	Tom Holtz
Corresponding Secretary	Mac DeHart
Clerk	Steve McDonald
Sergeant-at-Arms	Martin O'Toole

This past fall the following boys successfully completed their pledgship and are now active members. They are: Neil Blunt, Tom Walker, Jim McGrath and Scott McGregor of Trinity; John Guarneschelli, Bob Kaltenbacher, Denny O'Connel and Joe Sprauer of St. Xavier; Pete Davis of Atherton; and Bill Kentnor of Eastern.

Our annual Christmas Dance was held at the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel, and we would like to thank all those who helped make it a complete success.

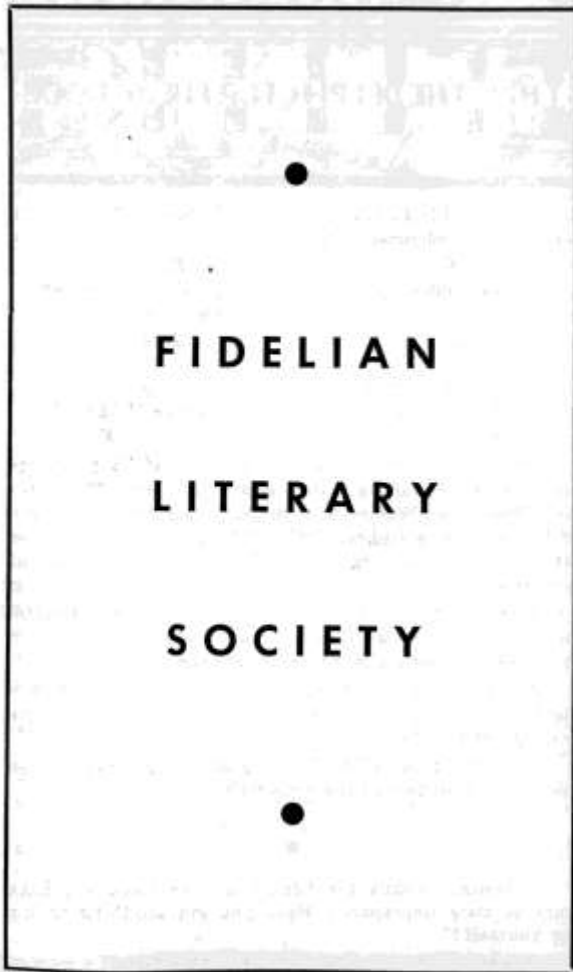
We are proud to announce that we won the Literary Basketball League this year and are looking forward to the coming softball League.

Delphic takes pride in congratulating Dignitas on another fine edition of their magazine.



Teacher: "That's the fifth time this week you have come to class unprepared. Have you got anything to say for yourself?"

Bruder: "Yes sir, I'm sure glad it's Friday."



The Fidelity Literary Society has elected the following boys to lead it through this semester:

- President Lynn Ledford
- Vice-President Dan Talbott
- Secretary Roland Moore
- Treasurer Don Berg
- Critic Pat Maloney
- Sergeant-at-Arms Tom Smith
- Historian Louis Westfield

Since the fall term the following boys have pledged Fidelity: Charles Waite, Allen Adelberg, Ted Parrot, Carl Quicksall, Claude Nutt, Mike Queenan, Mike Mitzlaff, and Tony Brian.

Fidelity had a successful basketball record in the literary league, and is looking forward to an even better team this spring in softball.

Many of us have been spending most of our time this past term on the forth-coming publication of the Scriptor, hoping to surpass last year's magazine.

Fidelity wishes to extend congratulations to Dignitas on another fine edition of their magazine.

★ ★ ★

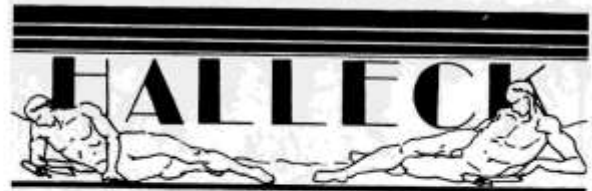
A well-known orthopedic surgeon was being conducted through a hospital ward on a trip of inspection. His host showed him a patient and said, "This child limps because his right leg is shorter than his left. What would you do in his case?"

"I'd probably limp too," replied the visiting doctor.

★ ★ ★

Halleck Literary Society

★ ★ ★



The following officers will lead Halleck through the Spring and Summer:

- President Bob Able
- Vice-President Bruce Witty
- Secretary Jim O'Brien
- Corresponding Secretary Jimmy Williams
- Sergeant-at-Arms Dennis St. John
- Critic Dana Brown
- Historian Jerry Shepard

A party was held in October for the welcoming of the new members, Paul Delihl, Dennis St. John, Steve Witty, Dana Brown, Jimmy Williams, and David Robbins.

In December, Halleck raffled off a radio and showed a profit on its efforts.

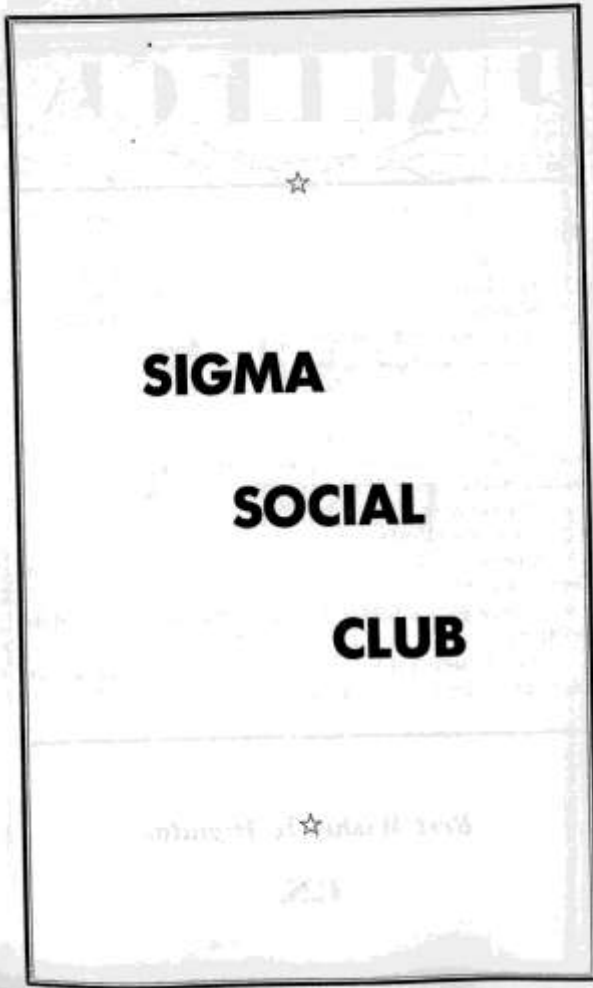
A banquet was held in February in honor of the newly elected officers.

Halleck gave a Spring Formal at the Henry Clay Hotel in March.

The Halleck Literary Society wishes to congratulate Dignitas on an excellent edition of its fine magazine.

Best Wishes to Dignitas

C.N.



The Sigma Social Club has elected the following officers to lead us through the remainder of the year.

- President Jim Simrall
- Vice-President Mark N. Anderson
- Secretary Richard Pfeiffer
- Treasurer Bill Eble
- Sergeant-at-Arms Robert Pfeiffer
- Corresponding Secretary Pat McGuffey
- Historian Arthur Cuscaden
- Chaplain Bob Rapp
- Critic John Silverman

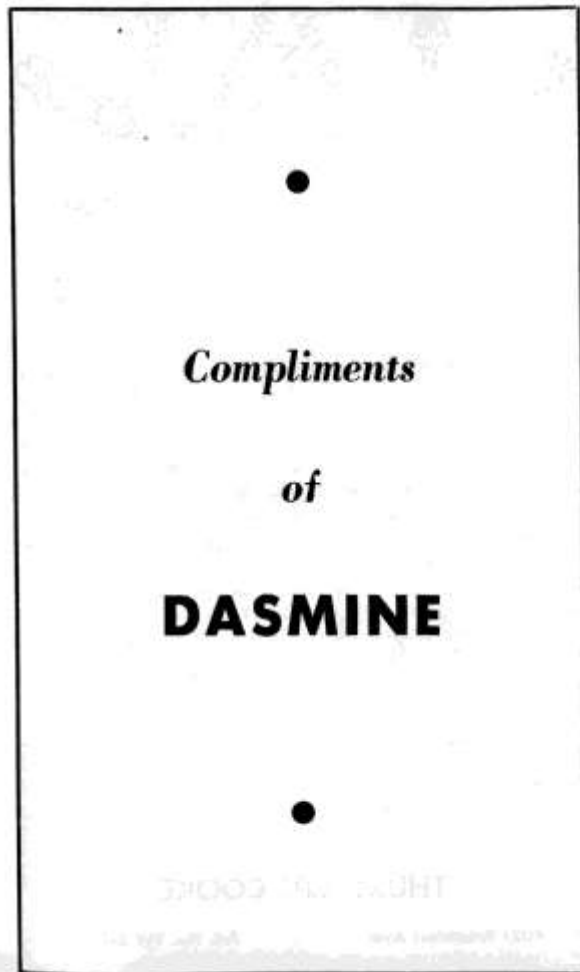
Sigma presented its Twenty-fifth Anniversary Formal at the Seelbach Hotel on March 23, 1957. We hope it was enjoyed by all who attended.

Sigma plans to publish its second magazine this spring.

Twelve young men have joined our ranks since fall. They are: David Denton, Carl England, Kerwin Fischer, Pat Morrison, Dave Pearson, Lloyd Poulter, Carl Shackleton, John Silverman, Reed Sladen, Dick Taylor, Terry Travato, and Stan Watson.

Sigma extends its best wishes to Dignitas for its fine publication.





Dasmine Club

Officers

President	Mary Ellen Wilhoyte
Vice-President	Lois Quick
Social Chairman	Lucy Rietze
Secretary	Judy Semonin
Treasurer	Mary Clyde Calloway
Sergeant-at-Arms	Louisa Riehm
Pledge Chairman	Debbie Earl
Historian	Leta Anderson
Publicity Chairman	Judy Walsh
Alumnae Chairman	Joy Dixson
Representative to the Council	Anne Turner

We began the season with a rush tea at the home of Lucy Rietze. Having been initiated on October 16, these girls are now welcomed as members: Polly Colgan, Linda Scherer, Susan Wakefield, and Rosalie Robinson from Eastern; Sue Kelsey, Judy Wernert, Sally Gibbs, Ruth Cook, Jackie Demaree, Ann Goben, and Jill Wolford from Atherton; Judi Kirn and Jean O'Dea from Sacred Heart.

The following girls completed their pledgeship at mid-term in February; Patty Lewis and Martha Chance from Atherton; Greta Wagenast from Sacred Heart.

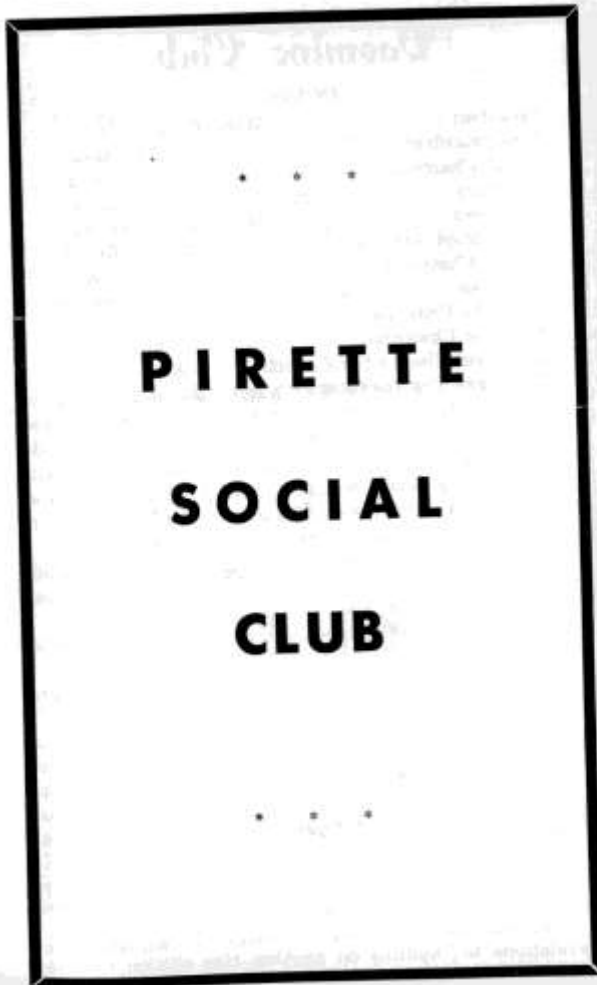
In November our annual Mother's Day Tea was held at the home of Judy Walsh.

Supporting a poor family was one of our most important projects.

During the Christmas holidays we held our Christmas Dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel on the 26th of December. Poppa John Gordy from Nashville, Tennessee was the band. We are proud to announce that Dasmine presented a check for \$100 to the Hungarian Relief Fund.

We are looking forward to the inter-club softball games to be held this Spring. We hope to win back the cup which we presented to Pirettes last year.

The Dasmine Club wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Dignitas on another fine edition of their excellent magazine.



Pirette Social Club

President	Priss Rose
Vice-President	Ann Warren
Recording Secretary	Myrna Vanetti
Treasurer	Kate Gerst
Corresponding Secretary	Susan Faurest
Social Chairman	Jo Ann Wiggins
Sergeant-at-Arms	Marianne Rueff
Representative to the Council	Susan Gowdy
Historian	Ann Debnam
Business Manager	Emily Riley
Assistant Treasurer	Betsy Haselden

On March 1 we held our 'Mardi Gras Ball' at the Brown Hotel. We would like to thank everyone who helped to make it a success.

This past year we have had many and varied activities such as parties, charity work, banquets, and teas, to name a few.

Spring brings the promise of even more events such as our senior banquet, Mother's Day Tea and the celebration of our eighteenth birthday. We have started softball practice under the able leadership of Joyce Nathan and Mickey Dooley and are looking forward to a good season. We hope to be able to keep the cup that we won last year.

Plans are now under way for a week at camp this summer.

Pirettes extends its heartiest congratulations to Dignitas Literary Association on another very fine edition of their magazine.

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HEAT WITH SHELL OIL



K. T. G.



Kappa Theta Gamma

Kappa Theta Gamma chose the following officers to lead them through the term, 1957.

President	Brenda Tandy
Vice-President	Barbara Goodwin
Recording Secretary	Sharon Russman
Treasurer	Mary Shannon Coblin
Corresponding Secretary	Jean Kraft
Sergeant-at-Arms	Penny Parrot
Pledge Chairman	Connie Carter
Historian and Publicity Chairman	Mary T. Finch
Alumnae Chairman	Suzanne Pardieu
Representative to the Council	Mary Monohan

At a slumber party and "H" night at Oralea Ziegler's the following girls were initiated: Karen Berg from Ather-ton, Ann Hill from Sacred Heart Academy, and Lynne Woolson from Eastern. We feel sure that these girls will be an asset to K.T.G.

K.T.G. held their annual Mother's Tea at the home of Lucy Woodward at which time the members presented a skit for them on its annual activities.

We are now counting the days till we attend camp at Standing Stone State Park, Tennessee, during the week beginning June 10.

On the 27 of April you are invited to a Bermuda Hop at the St. Matthews Community Center. We hope you will all don your Bermudas and join us for a good time.

We are now busy working to raise money for our annual summer dance. This year it will be held at Big Springs Country Club on July 1 with Tommy Walker play-ing. You are all cordially invited to attend.

Kappa Theta Gamma wishes to congratulate Dignitas again on a great edition of their magazine.

**STRATHMOOR
ATHLETIC
CLUB**

OFFICERS

President HANK ACKERMAN
Vice-President WOODY CURRENS
Treasurer MILES FRANKLIN
Secretary CHUCK OSBOURN
Sergeant-at-Arms TOM ELGRA

**DELTA
ATHLETIC
CLUB**

President Robert Mercke
Vice-President Ronnie Barret
Secretary Will Dowden
Treasurer Geoffrey Morris
Sergeant at Arms Jim Barr



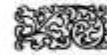
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"We ain't got nothin'



better to do."

"I was a cook in the A.H.S. Cafeteria—then they installed a carrier room Air-Conditioner . . .

. . . .

Now I'm still a cook in the A.H.S Cafeteria – but boy! Am I Cool!"



**Who said
worms don't
cuss?**

. . . .

Huh?

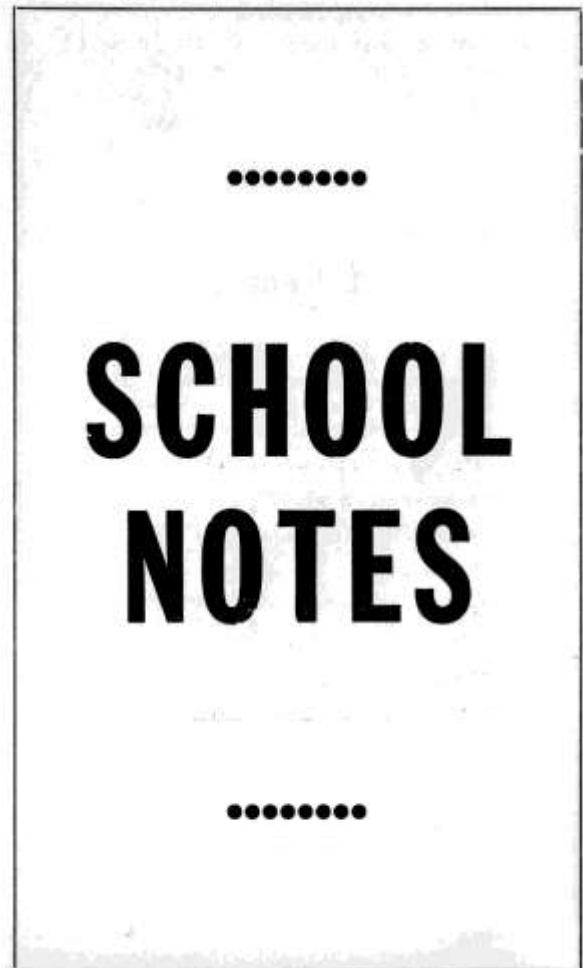


1957 Dignitas



A rectangular frame containing a small star at the top center, a horizontal line below it, and the text "PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS" in bold, uppercase letters. Another horizontal line is located below the text.

**PATRONIZE
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A rectangular frame containing two rows of seven dots each, one above and one below the text "SCHOOL NOTES" in large, bold, uppercase letters.

.....
**SCHOOL
NOTES**
.....

A Gem—

"May I have another cookie?"
 "Another cookie what?"
 "Another cookie, please."
 "Please what?"
 "Please, mother."
 "Please mother, what?"
 "Please, mother dear."
 "Hell no. You've had six already."

ATHERTON

During the 1956-1957 school year Atherton has been led by the following officers of the Student Council:

President David Burhans
 Vice-President Steve Davis
 Secretary Ellen Petrie
 Treasurer Buzz Miller

At the close of the school year, Atherton's senior class has propered greatly under the following officers:

President Bill Davis
 Vice-President Priss Rose
 Secretary Clarice Heller
 Treasurer David Brown

As usual, this has been a very busy year at A.H.S. The high scholastic standing has been maintained during the year. Atherton stood way above the local, state, and national averages on the annual tests given to all seniors, and as always the highest percentage of graduates from any public high school in the state will seek further education in college.

The swimming team highlighted the sports scene by placing runner-up in the State meet. The situation looks even brighter for the next two years as nearly half this year's team was composed of sophomores. The football team is looking forward to next year after only one win this year; however, the Reb eleven looked very good in several games, and a fine nucleus of the team will return next year. The basketball boys, for the first time under the able coaching of Bobby McGuire, gave a fairly good account of themselves. The golf team should be among the best in the state. Other spring sports in which Atherton will participate are tennis, track, and baseball.

The *Aerial*, Atherton's newspaper, has kept up its fine quality this year, and *The Torch*, Atherton's yearbook, will be bigger and better than ever this year.

Numerous entertaining events have been presented at the school during the current year. The senior play, entitled "The Night of January Sixteenth," was a huge success, being presented on two different nights by separate casts.



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The Senior Follies provided excellent entertainment. Several sock hops and dances have been sponsored by various organizations in the school, and toward the end of the year a banquet will be given for all varsity lettermen.

Mention of the various organizations sponsored by the school must not be left out. These organizations include: The Student Council, the foreign language clubs, the debate club, the Pep Club, the Bunsen Club, the musical groups, the social service volunteers, the audio-visual group, and others.

EASTERN

Needless to say this has been a big year at Eastern. The year was highlighted by the Eagles' basketball team, which was the district and regional champion, as well as runner-up in the State Basketball Tournament. The season record was 25-3, the best in this area. Along with the basketball team the Whoomp-Boompers and pep band received state-wide recognition.

Although Eastern's varsity football team did not receive any top honors this year, the J.V.'s captured the Jefferson County championship and, of course, the Eastern band included marching in the Inaugural Parade, among its other top honors.

Another highlight of the year for many Easterners was a student exchange trip to New York. In return some students from up there were invited to spend a week in Louisville. This program again proved to be a very profitable experience.

The Senior play "The Great Big Doorstep" was presented on March 21 and 22, and it seemed to be a huge success.

For the first time in Eastern's history, a Junior play was given. The title of the play was "Nuts and Bolts" and it was presented on April 26 and 27.

Eastern's spring sports seem to have been quite successful, especially the undefeated track team.

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