



Waggener High School



1957 Sigma Sophia

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.

1957 Sigma, Sophia:



Sophia
Bob
Bob
Bob

COVER EXPLANATION

The distinctive, two-color cover which graces this issue of the Sigma Social Club's magazine was designed under the auspices of the class of 1956.

The gay, vertical stripes are emblematic of the cheerful, sociable outlook which is an outstanding characteristic of any Sigma man. The title, **Sophia**, is the classical Greek word for wisdom, a virtue which all Sigma men constantly attempt to achieve. In the center of the cover, a bolt of lightning is found pointing towards our Greek letter emblem which signifies the club. This bolt of lightning expresses the imaginative character of Sigma and its ability to conceive and grasp new ideas.

We sincerely hope that you find this cover pleasing and that your opinion of the material it contains will be likewise.

Mark N. Anderson
Editor-in-Chief

Dedication

The membership of the Sigma Social Club takes great pride in presenting its second magazine in celebration of its twenty-fifth year of service to the young people of Louisville and Jefferson County. We could not find a more fitting object of dedication for this milestone in our history than the Charter Class of 1932.

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Mark N. Anderson

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Country Day School
Kerwin Fischer

Manual
Terry Travato

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1957
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Sophia

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EDIFICATION

PAT MCGUFFEY '58

I opened the door—

A silent room of many thoughts.
Here, I might travel, and dream;
Here I can live as the gladiator,
As the captain of a ship.

Here I inhale learnnig;
Here are my hopes and my fears,
Here I might commune with the
wise, the great, and the good.
The books are my tools.

For here I am a traveler,
I am either great or small,
I am either illumined or darkened,
According to my thoughts—
As I think, so am I.

It is like a harbor;
From which I sail
Into the realms of glory,
To which I might return for

guidance and council.
 As I step into this room,
 I am in a silent, sincere, sanctuary
 of everlasting thoughts,
 For I am in the library.

Pat McGuffey

CROWNS OF IRON

Anonymous

High above a quiet plain
 A mountain rises still,
 And a heap of rocks stand up to cap
 The summit of this hill.
 Beneath the pile, which watches always
 The steppe so wide and cold,
 There lies in mail and helm of iron
 A fair young warrior bold.
 It matters not how he fell and died
 Nor what the living thought of him,
 Only that he lies here now
 In this landscape dark and grim.
 All the armies, everywhere,
 No matter for whom or what they fight,
 Live on as martyred crowds of men
 For those who wait at night.
 To all of us, who are living
 Their coronets are made of gold,
 Their hearts are full of love of us
 For whom they were so bold.
 Yet to those slain and holy heroes
 Who rest beneath the field
 The only crowns they wear are iron
 And their hearts are made of steel.

I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY

MARK N. ANDERSON '37

I am a free man.
 I live in a nation of free men.
 I speak for Democracy.
 Democracy is changing the face of the world, making
 life for all who live by it more fair.

Matthew Arnold, the great English poet of the Nineteenth Century, described the world of his day in this manner,

"for the world which seems
 To lie before us like a land
 of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so
 new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor
 love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace,
 nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a
 darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms
 of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash
 by night."

For millions of people living today, the world is still a "darkling plain."

Their lives are encompassed upon a great plateau of ignorance and fear with the abysses of famine, liquidation, and disease yawning before them.

Now you wonder: is there no hope? Is there no help for them? Has man found a better way of life?

Let us see.

One hundred and eighty one years ago, Americans freed themselves from a despot and formed a new nation, a nation that was free.

In laying the foundations for this new land the founders agreed that there were certain rights which could not be ignored.

They were:

Spiritual and intellectual freedom. The acceptance

of the individual's right to think and believe in a manner satisfying both to his mind and soul.

Economic independence. The realization of the ideal that the individual has the right to have what he has earned.

Social equality. Recognition of the fact that all men are created equal and shall stand on the same level as their fellow man according to their individual merits.

The privilege of self-government. The implementation of the concept that man has no better master than himself.

These basic freedoms are called Democracy and it is this system that has transformed America from an impoverished new country into a prospering nation such as the world has never seen.

America has held a different meaning to each of us who have ever lived here.

To the pioneer who cast the die for our great nation, it meant a new world, unexplored and challenging. American Democracy gave him the right to take up the challenge, to make a new beginning, to explore and cultivate the wilderness empire which he had found.

To the soldier who keeps our peace and who has gone to die for freedom on far off battle fields, America is the safe haven for all his loved ones. American Democracy has not let him die in vain. His sons inherit the freedom for which he fought.

To the great leaders who pilot our ship of state, America has been a mighty tool in the furtherance of world peace and brotherhood. American Democracy today is the most powerful force at hand for the preservation of peace and the persuance of the unity of man.

To the laborer whose hammer and chisel ever strengthens the bulwarks of Freedom, America means a land where a man has room to build and grow. American Democracy has seen to it that work is rewarded and that a man's gains are measured only by what he does.

To the priest, or minister, or rabbi, those gentle men whose lives are dedicated to bringing our hearts and souls ever closer to God, America means a land free from mockery and persecution. American Democracy provides the

privilege to each man to delve into the mysteries of nature and the universe, to find inner peace with God in his own way.

To the youths who ever become the men of tomorrow, America has been the land where young dreams come true. The new, the different, the original, the fruit of fresh minds and young hands find recognition here.

Despots, tyrants, you who rule "the darkling plain" listen to me now!

Until your ways can teach the ignorant, feed the hungry, comfort the afraid, calm the angry, love the enemy, I shall not hear your words. For above the rattling drums of terror and blaring bugles of falsehood, the martial sounds which you call truth, shall rise the mighty roar of indignant nations shouting for Democracy.

THE DANCE JOB

PAT MCGUFFEY ART CUSCADEN

We have not noted in the papers nor have we heard through general conversation that many people have committed mayhem, murder or instigated a riot in their overwhelming desire to secure our services for a dance job and we accordingly admit it is sometimes a problem to secure a job. However, that problem, though great as it might appear, fades into insignificance to the problem we have in getting ready to do the job. First, a decision must be made as to when we will practice. This necessitates a poll of the members as to when everyone might have a common free night. Of course we wouldnt permit a practice session to interfere with "homework" and above all "dates." We are too gentlemanly to leave a "damsel in distress." Secondly, we must decide who will drive whom to and from the practice session and to the job.

After these mighty problems have been decided and agreed upon we congregate at the appointed place for a long hard practice of ten minutes and a bull session of three hours, which session might and usually does cover every subject from John Phillip Sousa to comparative anatomy. This strenuous activity having been completed, we leave for home to rest up for the big night.

Our band, if everyone is present, is composed of seven—
Pat McCuffey, trumpet and leader;

Art Cuscaden, electric accordion;
 Bob Rapp, tenor saxophone;
 Bob Hardwick, piano;
 "Bee" Thompson, string bass;
 Johnny Ray, electric guitar;
 And Alex Becker, drums.

The big night having arrived, we make our appearance at the designated place usually in the following order: "Mac" and Beck, then Art and Hardy with Rapp running behind the car screaming "Wait for me." Then "Bee" and Ray come with their pipes and axes (instruments) hollering, "No Man, No." All present and accounted for we proceed to warm up with everyone playing a concerto consisting of Killing Time in B flat, scale runs, Blue Velvet, Rummy, Tum-Tum, "Picking and a Singing" and the inevitable words from Rapp "Where did all this New Music come from?"

Then comes the moment every one has been waiting for—the down beat—and out floats the strains of "The Anvil Chorus" and music—slow, fast, and indifferent—flows freely to welcome ears—we hope. After about 10 minutes of this, "Mac" gets the age-old gripe—"When are we going to take a break." This gripe goes unheeded temporarily, but not for long—the precincts begin to come in again with different votes. "Mac" calls out "My lip's shot." "Don't ask me to whistle, I can't pucker." Rapp yeils, "There's something wrong with the horn" and immediately (all this happening during a number) goes to work trying to find the cause for the difficulty and comes up with the answer just as the intended Sax-Solo is over. Art hollers, "Too much feed back" at which point he blows a fuse. Peck, firmly convinced that rigor mortis has set in the region opposite his lap—sternly admonishes, "No Dixieland—my pedals broken." Hardy chimes in (as he just broke the Grand Piano) "This thing is out of tune."

In spite of all the apparent confusion the dance approaches the end and the band concludes with the strains of "Houn' Dog" in K-9 minor, "The Gillette Blue Blade Song" in B sharp and "Art Gum and his rubber band playing "Eraseable You."

The job having been finished, we, in keeping with the name of the Band, "Ramble" out to Pryors and get the check cashed and snitch a snack and sneak home tired but happy.

THE GLENN MILLER BAND

ANONYMOUS

Alton Glenn Miller was born to Lewis Elmer Miller, a building contractor, and Mary Lou Cavender Miller in Clarinda, Iowa, on March 1, 1904. While Glenn was still young, the family moved to a new city, North Platte, Nebraska, where Glenn got much of his early schooling.

Glenn first used his trombone in the Fort Morgan High School orchestra. Ben Zerson, now a cold storage dealer in Pender, Nebras, organized the first band in which Miller played—The "Mick-Miller Melody Five." His first professional job was with Boyd Senter's Orchestra in Denver between the time he left high school and entered college.

While Glenn worked for other bands he was saving his money to start his own. He was quoted as saying, "I was tired of being pounded at. I was tired arguing about arrangements, of having things come out different from the way I wrote them. I wanted to actually hear my ideas. I figured the only way I could was with my own band." In 1937 Glenn's orchestra became a fact. Charlie Spivak, now a bandleader himself, helped rehearse the brasses, and "Toots" Mondello, well-known saxophone man, helped with the reeds to give them that "Miller" sound. In January, 1938, he suspended the band for the purpose of starting over again from scratch. Glenn reorganized his band in the spring of 1938. Only a few of the original members were with him, and of the new crew most were young and relatively inexperienced. Si Shribman, who controlled a string of ballrooms in the New England territory, pushed the band, and in September, 1938, a singer, Marion Hutton, joined it. Success was still far off.

A great help to Glenn was his "little red book." When he wanted the names of some of his profession's key men

for his band, all he had to do was to consult its pages.

Miller later got the program for Chesterfield with his seventeen-piece band including the sax quartet, the Andrew Sisters, Marion Hutton, Betty Hutton's sister, and Ray Eberly, the brother of Bob Eberle, who, at that time, was singing for Jimmy Dorsey.

Glenn's success was less in the hot than in the popular field, despite the fact that he had won numerous swing contests. He had said, "I don't want to be king of swing or anything else. I'd rather have a reputation as one of the best all-around bands. Versatility, more than anything else, is what I want to accomplish."

On September 27, 1938, he recorded for RCA Victor's subsidiary label, Bluebird. Some of the tunes he did were: "My Reverie," "King Porter Stomp," and "By the Waters Of Minnetonka." The first hint of the Miller style was evident. This was the turning point and, in the Fall, conditions began improving.

In 1942 came this information, "Glenn is rated first in popularity among the nation's bandleaders." In "Down Beat's" poll Benny Goodman was first in the swing column, but Miller got so many votes in both swing and sweet that the total was greater than any other leader. According to one writer, music was a business to Glenn Miller but first of all, it was profession. Few band leaders of equal fame devoted as much care to the music they produced as Miller.

The Motion Picture Daily's year-end poll of radio editors advanced Miller to second place among swigsters (behind Benny Goodman, ahead of Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Larry Clinton, and Kay Kyser).

It has been estimated that in 1940 one out of every three nickels put into the nation's juke boxes went for a record by Glenn Miller and His Orchestra. With the juke box industry grossing some \$150 million yearly, it is easy to appreciate how large this looms in the success of a band. In 1941 he was reported to have earned a million dollars.

On September 10, 1942, Glenn Miller announced that he intended to disband his orchestra and accept a cap-

taincy in the United States Army. The announcement came one day after he had signed a contract continuing his radio program for Chesterfield. He later joined the Army Air Force.

Many old-time hand-masters still complain about Miller's jazz. Glenn said this, "There hasn't been a successful Army band in the country and if someone doesn't get after band music and streamline it, Army music will be extinct in another couple of years. We've got to keep pace with the soldiers. Why there's no question about it—anybody can improve on Sousa."

During the fall of 1944 plans were made to send the band to tour the continent. Its headquarters was to be in Paris. Glenn had to leave ahead of the band to make arrangements. He set off in an airplane on December 15th from England and was never heard from or found since then. All the Air Force Transport Command planes had been grounded that day because of the weather. Glenn's plane had not received clearance so that meant an uncharted flight. The only other passenger was a colonel attached to the VIIIth Air Force. The band stayed together under the direction of Jerry Gray and Ray McKinney until after the war was over.

From 1954 comes this opinion on Miller's band, "Miller's band didn't jump like Benny Goodman's, but neither did it dish up a businessman's bounce, a la Guy Lombardo. It struck a middle road of high precision, commercial dance music with a lush, reedy sound that still is superior to flocks of bands who try to imitate Miller currently."

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

JACK GANT

When the Norfolk navy-yard was abandoned in April, 1861, the old frigate Merrimac was scuttled. She was raised by the Davis Government and converted into an iron-clad ram—a novelty in those days. The hull was cut down to the water's edge, and a stout roof, 170 feet long, with sloping sides and a flat top, was built amidship and plated with four inches of iron. This roof was pierced for ten guns, four rifles and six nine-inch smooth-bores.

On March 8, 1682, the Union fleet, consisting of the

Cumberland, Congress, Minnesota, and some smaller craft rode at anchor in Hampton Roads. About noon a curious-looking structure was seen coming down Elizabeth River. It was the Merrimac. She steered straight for the Cumberland. The latter poured in a broadside from her heavy ten-inch guns, but the balls glanced off the ram's sloping iron sides. The Merrimac's iron beak crashed into the Cumberland's side, making a great hole. In a few minutes the old warship went down in fifty-four feet of water taking 120 sick and wounded with her.

The Congress had meanwhile been run aground. The Merrimac fired hot shot, setting her afire. Nearly half the crew being killed or wounded, the Congress surrendered. Her magazine exploded and blew her up at midnight. The Minnesota, hastening up with two other vessels from Fortress Monroe to aid her sisters, who had run aground. Being of heavy draught, the Merrimac could not get near enough to do her much damage, and at nightfall steamed back to her landing. As the telegraph, that night, flashed over the land the news of the Merrimac's victory, dismay filled the North. What was to stop this invulnerable monster? Could it not destroy the whole United States navy of wooden ships?

Next morning the Merrimac reappeared to complete her work of destruction. As she drew near the stranded Minnesota, a strange little craft moved out from the side of the big frigate and headed straight for the iron-clad. It was Ericsson's Monitor, which had arrived from New York at midnight. The Confederates called it a "cheese-box on a raft." Its lower hull, 122 feet long and 34 feet wide, was protected by a raft-like overhanging upper hull, 172 feet long and 41 feet wide. Midway upon her low deck, which rose only a foot above the water, stood a revolving turret 21 feet in diameter and 9 feet in height. It was made of iron eight inches thick, and bore two eleven-inch guns each throwing a 180-pound ball. Near the bow rose the pilot-house, made of iron logs nine inches by twelve inches in thickness. The side armor of the hull was five inches thick, and the deck was covered with heavy iron plates.

For three hours the iron-clads fought. The Merrimac's shot glanced harmlessly off the round turret, while her attempts to run the Monitor down failed. Meanwhile the big guns in the Monitor's turret, firing every seven minutes, were pounding the ram's sides with terrible blows. The Merrimac's armor was at points crushed in several inches, but nowhere pierced. About noon the fight stopped. It was a draw. But the career of the Merrimac had ended. Upon McClellan's advance, in May, she was blown up. The Monitor received no serious injury in this action, but the next December she foundered in a storm off Cape Hatters. So ended the Monitor and the Merrimac.

"ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD"

RICHARD PFEIFFER '38

Haroldson Lafayette Hunt has been called "one of the richest man in the world." His wealth has been estimated, though never fully authenticated, at \$2,000,000,000. He is the head of the Hunt Oil Company, which owns or controls huge oil reserves in 13 states and two provinces of Canada.

His wealth grew from an oil speculation made with \$50 borrowed when he was a young man. He was born in Vandalia, Ill., and his education stopped in grade school. As a youth he worked as a ranch hand and lumberjack.

In 1951, Hunt formed the Facts Famous Foundation, which sponsors network radio and television discussion programs. The Foundation also publishes pamphlets and sponsors opinion polls "to promote and preserve freedom." On May 11, Representative Wayne L. Hayes, Democrat, of Ohio, a member of the House Special Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, demanded that Hunt's foundation be investigated for what Hayes called "propaganda activities."

Hunt stays out of the public eye, even in his home city of Dallas, Texas. He lives there in a house that is a replica of George Washington's Mount Vernon—except that the Hunt house is much larger.

I went to a drive-in-theater that featured an open air balcony. A double-decker bus with broken windows.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF A GOOD SPORTSMAN

ANONYMOUS

1. Thou shalt not quit.
2. Thou shalt not alibi.
3. Thou shalt not gloat over wining.
4. Thou shalt not gloat over losing.
5. Thou shalt not take unfair advantages.
6. Thou shalt not ask for what thou art unwilling to give.
7. Thou shalt always be willing to give thine opponent the shade.
8. Thou shalt not under-estimate thine opponent nor over-estimate thyself.
9. Remember the game is the thing, and he who thinks otherwise is a mucker—no true sportsman.
10. Honor the game thou playest, for he who plays the game straight and hard wins even when he loses.

THE WINNINGEST BASKETBALL COACH

DAVID DENTON '58

Ed Diddle is the winningest college coach in the game today. Diddle began this season, his thirty-fifth at Western, with a record of 646 victories and 215 defeats. He has compiled this spectacular record at Western Kentucky State College which is located in Bowling Green, Kentucky. Diddle' boys can knock over almost anybody on a given night.

What distinguished Western is the distinctive character of its coach. His inclination for tangling phrases and expressions has become legendary. To him a certain tree in his back yard is a "pussyfoot willow." When asked how tall some player is, he may put his hand about eight inches above his head and say, "Oh, he comes up to here on me."

These blunders are no act. Neither, in the beginning, was Diddle's now-famous practice of ecstatically heaving a towel high toward the rafters from the bench after an especially noteworthy basket by his team.

Today, the towel is in almost constant use. Diddle is forever stuffing it in his mouth, or burying his head in it, or twisting and waving it wildly as his team goes in to score.

To the people of Bowling Green, this easy-going, sad-eyed man with the dead-center hair part and the country walk is a formidable citizen. To opposing coaches, he's one of the ablest tacticians and shrewdest operators in the game.

Over the years, Western has played in more National Invitation Tournaments at Madison Square Garden—eight—than any other school outside of New York.

Diddle's faculty for coping with a situation was in evidence last winter when his subpar team faced the mighty Cardinals of Louisville. Diddle rigged a defense against Charley Tyra and beat them handily.

In basketball tournament competition, Western has a string of six victories over coach Peck Hickman's University of Louisville teams.

What Western alumni crave most is an annual series with the University of Kentucky pitting Diddle against

the showy Wildcat coach, Adolph Rupp.

Diddle has brought in good boys consistently enough to win a total of twenty-seven conference and tournament championships at Western.

Coach Diddle is funnier accidentally than many comedians are on purpose, as when he was drilling one of his sophomores over and over on a certain technique in going up for rebounds. "All right, all right," he spluttered, his patience exhausted, "keep doing it all afternoon. You'll either do it the way I tell you, or you'll do it right."

Ed Diddle is a sort of basketball scoutmaster with his boys' problems. Throughout the school year, he holds brief meetings with the Diddle Dorm residents every Monday. Diddle says he feels a moral obligation to try to improve "his boys" in every way.

Diddle's fame in the area remains undimmed. Not long ago state route No. 80, from Edmonton to Columbia, was christened Ed Diddle Highway.

Does Mr. Diddle plan to retire any time soon? "No, sir," he replies emphatically. "I'm going to die with my feet on."

If you might wonder why I wrote an article of this nature, just remember me as Western's mascot of 1949-1950.

David Denton

GREEN RIVER EXPEDITION

ANONYMOUS

Sunday, August 12th. The final preparations for the canoe trip are being made. This canoe trip has been planned for six weeks. The three canoes were ordered in July and Mr. Beale picked them up at 8:00 P.M. this evening in a rented trailer. This same trailer will also be used to carry the canoes down to Green River. The six members of the party include Sandy Beale, Brit Bryant, Grier Martin, Farleigh Lusky, Glen Ulferts and Bill Noonan.

We plan to start at 6:00 A.M. Monday, August 13th. Mrs. Lusky is to drive us to the starting point at Greensburg, Kentucky. The actual canoe trip is to be from Greensburg to Munfordville, Kentucky, a distance of about 85 miles—we have allowed six days for completion of the trip.

Monday: We left Louisville, Kentucky, at 7:30 A.M. and arrived at Greensburg at 10:00 A.M. In the first two hours we sighted two water moccasins and killed both of them. The first one was sighted by Mr. Noonan and killed by Mr. Lusky and Mr. Ulferts. The second one was sighted by Mr. Beale and killed by Mr. Ulferts.

At about 2:00 P.M. we came into the main branch of the river. During the day we stopped and explored various places on the river. We also acquired corn, fishing poles, minnow nets, etc. During the course of the day Mr. Beale lost and recovered his cowboy hat three times. We pitched camp at 4:30 P.M. on a flat piece of rock stretching about 1-10 of a mile. The canoes were carried on to the rock about 10-13 feet from the river. The main campsite was up in the woods about 25 feet above the river. We bathed and then set out to hunt squirrel and coon and also do a little fishing (no luck). We had a hot dinner and then turned in after a few hands of poker at about 10:30 P.M. At 2:50 A.M., Mr. Noonan and Mr. Bryant woke up to the sound of a tree limb cracking and a high gale. That woke up everybody else—then the wind really hit—all of a sudden we heard a noise like thunder—it was Mr. Martin's and Mr. Noonan's canoe. The wind had picked it up and blown it 10 feet along into the river and swamped it. Mr. Noonan and Mr. Beale rushed down to the river with a gasoline lantern and retrieved it just as it was leaving our company. We also got the other two canoes up into the woods—the thing we were worried about was a flash flood. The canoes were followed by paddles, food, beer, etc. Meanwhile Ulferts and Lusky stayed up and secured camp. Thirty minutes later it started to rain—it kept raining till 8:00 in the morning.

Tuesday: We had decided, when it started to rain, that we would stay in camp if it continued. We were all very wet. At 9:00 A.M. the sun came out. We covered about 10 miles yesterday and today we plan to leave at 10:00 A.M. after breakfast. We set out at 11:00 A.M. because, as we were coming down from camp, Mr. Beale spotted Mr. Noonan's canoe in the middle of the river. Mr. Beale took out after it and brought it back. At 1:20 P.M.

we came to a bridge across the river and Mr. Ulferts said it was the bridge to a small town called Smithville. Bryant, Ulferts, Noonan and Lusky hitched rides into town for supplies. Martin and Beale stayed with the canoes. At about 3:00 P.M. we left and about then we really hit a beautiful part of the river. We stopped at a waterfall and filled our canteens. At 5:30 P.M. we found a suitable campsite—a gravel beach, deep river, underground spring, etc. Mr. Noonan and Mr. Beale also found two more water moccasins—they got away before we could shoot. We pitched camp using no tents. We slept under the canoes. Ulferts, Noonan and Lusky went mountain climbing while Beale, Bryant, and Martin bathed. After dinner we sat around smoking after-dinner cigars and drinking warm beer.

Wednesday: We left at 9:30 A.M. We had a very enjoyable morning, hot and sunny. About 1:00 P.M., Lusky tried to push Martin's and Noonan's canoe. The jar threw Martin's rifle overboard. The very second it fell, Lusky dived after it throwing his glasses to Noonan. He missed and they went overboard too. With that, Bryant jumped overboard and so did Martin to find the missing articles. Lusky found the rifle and Bryant found the glasses. We paddled along for another 45 minutes before we stopped for lunch. Nothing to mention till 5:00 P.M. except that we stopped to explore a trail which led to a farm and a cornfield (we had corn for dinner). We stopped at 5:30 P.M. and pitched camp on a sandy beach at the fork of two rivers. We bathed and after dinner, since we were out of water, Beale, Noonan and Ulferts set out to a farmhouse about one mile away. We decided crossing a pasture would be quicker than going by road. Before we knew it two huge donkeys, several cows and two bulls were following us. We thought they were fenced in—we were mistaken. We ran. The farmer gave us water and told us that we had gone just under half way by river, 15 miles by road, 42 miles by river to go. Forty-two miles in 3 days and 42 miles to go in 2 days. The farmer was a real Kentucky hillbilly. He gave us a ride back to camp. He said we could save 10 miles if we portaged over two cliffs. We all went to bed about 9:30 P.M.

Thursday: We got started about 9:45 P.M. and at about 11:00 A.M., we stopped at a beautiful waterfall and filled our canteens. We went on for another hour and 15 minutes when we sighted a 350-foot sheer rock cliff rising from the river. We stopped and started to climb up through some woods about one-half mile away from the sheer rock. We wanted to get to the top of the rock and see where we were. We finally got to the top after about an hour's climb. Noonan and Beale were leaders. At the top, we had a magnificent view of the Kentucky countryside. While on the top we heard (but could not see) a motorboat. This turned to be a humorous conclusion to the expedition. On the way down the mountain, Beale got stung. Also Beale and Ulferts (got possession of) two hand-made canoe paddles. We got started again but soon stopped for lunch. We all went swimming. After lunch Bryant and Beale left, but the rest stopped to tie their two canoes together. During the afternoon we all stopped and drifted as we tried to use up remaining ammunition. About 4:00 we got to a huge bridge. We all trooped up to the top of the bridge with cowboy hats and guns and wearing blue jeans and dirty T-shirts. We stopped a car and found out that we were near the town of Hardinville and that we were 15 miles away from Munfordville by river. A man earlier in the day said it was 10 miles away. Everybody we asked gave us a different answer. We decided that we would paddle on to Munfordville tonight. So with only one delay, Ulferts killing a four-foot water moccasin, we paddled hard. At 6:00 P.M. we stopped for dinner on a gravel beach. We ate quickly and then were off again. By now it was dark and we paddled by moonlight, staying close together. We got in town about 8:30 C.S.T. The night was pitch black. We beached the canoes outside of town and got a ride to an all-night restaurant. We all looked terrible. We hadn't shaved for seven days, and none of us had had haircuts in over a month. Just as we had planned.

When we got into town, the motorboat was in. It had come in ten minutes before us and was owned by a man named Leon. He asked us if we were the six who

were behind him. We said yes. He said he had heard us shooting a lot but never saw us.

The next morning, in town, about six different people came up to us and said, "You all followed Leon in last night didn't you?"

We slept Thursday night by the canoes, and Friday morning it started raining like cats and dogs. We all had a hard time loading the canoes on the trailer but we finally got started for Louisville at 12:00. Anonymous

THE HISTORY OF THE OLYMPICS

ROBERT PFEIFFER '58

The Olympic Games are a series of international athletic contests held every four years. They are a revival of ancient Greek festivals.

Farther back than history records, some of the people of the Greek Peloponnesus began to hold contests in foot racing. The races were held in honor of Zeus, on the plain of Olympia, in Hellas. The festival gradually became an affair of national importance and was celebrated by all the Greek states. A general truce was called during these holidays. In 776 B.C., the Greeks began to keep a record of the names of victors and this marked the starting point of dated Greek history.

In the early Olympics, sacrifices occupied the first day. They were of grain, wine, and lambs, and were made to Zeus. Solemn oaths were taken that the contests would be fairly judged and the contestants would compete as good sportsmen. The foot races usually came first and were followed by wrestling, boxing, and other events. One of the most prized contests was the pentathlon which consisted of five different tests of strength and skill. The pentathlon has lasted down to modern times.

Great honors were given the victors. They were crowned with wreaths of the sacred olive. Their names were announced publicly throughout the land by heralds. Statues and poems were dedicated to them. A prize in the Olympian games was the greatest possible honor a person could give to his native city.

In A. D. 394, the Roman Emperor Theodosius forbade the celebration of the games. They were not resumed until

fifteen hundred years later. The event responsible for the revival of the modern games was the excavation of ruins of the ancient stadium in 1878, by Heinrich Schliemann, a famous German archaeologist. Following this discovery, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a Frenchman, started a movement to revive the Olympic Games. As a result, in 1896, some of the finest amateur athletes of the world assembled at Athens to engage in a series of international contests. The royal family of Greece witnessed the festivities of these first modern Olympic games. The long long-distance foot race from Marathon to Athens attracted the most interest. It was held in honor of the messenger who brought to Athens the news of the victory at Marathon and died after telling his story.

An international committee made arrangements to hold the contests every four years in different countries, in Paris in 1900; St. Louis, 1904; London, 1908; Stockholm, 1912; Antwerp, 1920; Paris, 1924; Amsterdam, 1928; Los Angeles, 1932; Berlin, 1936; and London, 1948. The celebration in St. Louis was not international, and an intermediate series was held in Athens in 1906. The games were abandoned in 1916 during World War I, and in 1940 during World War II.

The Olympic games came to include many sports in addition to the original track and field events. Some sports added later are swimming, equitation, soccer, fencing, shooting, cycling, boat racing, and others. The winter games of skating, ski-jumping, tobogganing, and hockey were added in 1924. In 1928, events were included for women's competition.

THE SEARCH

JACK GANT

I work for a large zoo in New York City. One day the curator of the zoo ordered me to go to South America to capture a Bushmaster, one of the deadliest snakes in the world. If I were successful, it would be the only one in captivity.

I arrived in South America a few days later. It took me several more days to hire the natives necessary to complete this job but at last I was ready to leave. We

left the small village early the next morning with high hopes that we would soon return. However, our hopes were soon dispelled. We searched for several weeks with no luck and I was about ready to quit. Then one day a native brought a thick wooden box to my tent and announced, to my surprise, that he had captured the snake. I was very happy and quickly paid the man. I placed the wooden box inside a large trunk which I had bought for the purpose. All the while the snake lay unmoving in the box watching me with those small, beady, lidless eyes. It looked as if it knew that I was its captor and yet it never moved. It only lay there—watching and waiting. I closed the trunk and headed for the docks to arrange passage for myself and the trunk. Many captains were willing to take me, but not the trunk. Finally, after many words and a great deal of money, I was able to persuade one of the captains to take me and my deadly cargo. The only provision was that the trunk must be kept in his cabin and the other passengers must not know what the trunk contained. We left the following morning. All that day the sun shone and a gentle breeze blew. By the next day the breeze turned into a gale and the sea became very rough. High waves pounded the ship and the rain came down in torrents. Suddenly an unusually large wave hit the ship full on the forward deck. The report came that there was considerable damage and that the companionway leading to the cabins was flooded with water. I ran to the captain's cabin and saw the pieces of the empty trunk scattered about the room. A steward was trying to put the room into some kind of order when I opened the door. I ordered the man to leave and after a quick look around I went to the captain. He turned a ghostly white when I told him that the snake was loose on board the ship. He ordered a thorough search of the ship, cautioning us not to tell any of the passengers what had happened. One hour later we met at the wheelhouse. No one had seen any sign of the snake. One of the men thought that the snake might have crawled overboard. This was possible but we could not depend on it. The search went on. Still no luck. The captain decided to tell the passengers. He spoke to them quietly in the privacy of their cabins in order to prevent a panic. He

also gave the crew permission to wear side arms.

For the next three days there was no rest on board the ship. The crew searched vainly for the snake. Everytime someone moved a trunk or lifted a pile of clothes his life was in danger. We were only one day out of New York. If the panic could be avoided for one more day the ship could be fumigated and the snake caught or killed. That night I went down to the galley for a cup of coffee. As I walked into the galley I noticed that the cupboard door was partly open. I reached out my hand to close it and froze. From the opening crawled a long black shape which slithered slowly across the floor toward me. I backed slowly away from it until I felt the cold wall against the palms of my sweating hands. The bushmaster moved its muscular body into a graceful coil in front of me. It was then that I realized that I had backed myself into a corner. I was trapped. The snake lay there without moving. Its lidless eyes stared into mine. Why had he remained hidden until I came? Was he after me in particular? I shifted my position slightly and the coil drew tighter. At any moment I expected to feel the searing pain of the fangs as they sank into my leg. Then I saw that the snake was not paying any attention to me. One of the crew had appeared on the stairs. The snake's attention was now divided between the sailor and me. I eased my hand down to the gun which rested in the holster strapped around my waist. Again the coil tightened. I froze and the snake relaxed. As I eased the gun from its holster, the snake prepared to strike. It was now or never. Breathing a prayer, I emptied the gun at the ugly black head. As the smoke and confusion died away, I saw the snake lying dead in the middle of the floor. I staggered to the table and collapsed into the chair. It was over. All the tension and terror was over. The ship would dock in another five hours and the passengers could gather their things unafraid.

THE M. G.

THOMAS C. ENDICOTT, '58

The first question everyone asks about the M.G. is "What does the name stand for?" The M.G. derives its name

from the Morris Garage, the original owner.

M.G. number one was built in 1923 by the late Cecil Kimber using a Morris Osford chassis and a French Hotchkiss four-cylinder OHV engine developing about 35 B.H.P. A catalogue of 1931 refers to the car as "the 8 33 M.G. Midget Sports Mark I," a rather large title for such a small car.

The startling success of the Midgets completely cut off a promising line of six-cylinder cars which started with the Mark I of 1929 and evolved the Mark II (Model A) sports car and the Mark III (Model B) "Tigress" competition model. The Midgets weren't supposed to win races, that was the job of the Mark IV, which had a very high degree of balance and polish throughout.

The first Midget was the small but mighty predecessor to the M.G. T series that we know so well today. By 1931 the D series, still using a 847 c.c. modified Morris engine, was developing 27 instead of the original 20 B.H.P.

The first of the T series of Midgets was introduced in 1936, and it was this model (the TA) which caused such cries of anguish. The greatly cherished overhead crankshaft was abandoned in favor of ordinary pushrods and rockers. The TA was continued until 1939, when the TB model with revised stroke-to-bore ratio was introduced.

When the TC's first became popular in America, the British were absolutely amazed that we would even consider racing them. What they failed to realize was (1) there wasn't anything else available at that price, and (2) the TB and TC were cars vastly improved over the TA of 1936-1939 with which they were familiar.

The TD model introduced in 1950 was a rude shock to these new enthusiasts. The loud cries of 1936 were heard once more, but this time from America. The narrow, sharp-lined fenders were replaced by larger, more-curved pieces of metal. Gone were the beloved knock-off wire wheels. A new coil-spring front suspension gave a relatively soft ride with an almost effeminate roll on sharp corners. But in time, the TD proved itself a formidable competitor. Its softer suspension permitted faster cornering on rough surfaces and at the same time broadened the car's appeal to those who

previously objected to the spine-jarring ride of the TC.

No one seems to know what happened to the TE, for in 1954 a new TF model was introduced. Essentially, the TF is a Mark II TD, with considerable restyling. The rakish look of the lamented TC has been partially restored and wire wheels are available at extra cost.

Driving the new TF is a memorable experience for this car, by its every characteristic, defines the term "genuine sports car."

Zero to 60 m.p.h. can be reached in just under 19 seconds, a time which requires very fast shifts, but an art which is easily and quickly mastered.

If the M.G. is to remain the sport car sales-volume leader, it will have to meet the demand for a larger more powerful engine. I mean by this, the sport cars in its price and displacement class.

This article was written to show you, the reader and average American, the advantage and disadvantages of sport cars on the highways.

FRIDAY NIGHT

ART CUSCADDEN 37

On Friday evening around 6:15, we start dressing for a date. First come the three S's: shave, shower, and shoe-shine. With these preliminaries over, the true labor begins as we start trying to button a shirt one size too small with two broken fingers received in last week's football game. After fiddling with a Windsor knot for ten minutes, disgust overtakes us and we clip on a bow tie. As a final step, we put on our coat and go front and center for last minute inspection and instructions from beloved, maternal parent who frantically informs us that there is a hole in our breeches and that the roads are dangerous tonight and begs us to get home early this time. (How ridiculous!)

Then we're off and after driving for about an hour we arrive at our destination, hop out of the car, dash up to the front door and get ready to wait. We go in the living room, sit and listen to the patter of little feet dashing madly about in another portion of the house. Finally, out of nowhere she steps panting like Nashua, and at 8 o'clock we're off like a herd of turtles.

GOING TO A MEETING

- 12:00—Members arrive home from morning church services.
- 12:03—Eble arises.
- 12:04—Frittler phones Art for a ride.
- 12:05—Art's mother screams, "No car!"
- 12:17—Art packs bag and stomps out front door.
- 12:40—McGuffey notifies members of meeting.
- 12:47—Eble gets dressed.
- 12:53—Simrall decides to get a date.
- 12:53 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Simrall dismisses thought.
- 12:59—Morrison hitch-hikes to Pryor's for lunch.
- 1:00—Pearson unloads coffins from hearse to make room for spongy fellow members.
- 1:15—Pfeiffers check uniformity in double mirror.
- 1:22—Endicott and McLaughlin tee off.
- 1:25—Art picks up Frittler in taxicab at work.
- 1:25 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Anderson assures parents he has no more homework.
- 1:38—Members start arriving.
- 1:44—Edwards leaves meeting place for engagement elsewhere.
- 2:00—Time meeting is supposed to start.
- 2:26—Meeting starts.
- 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Motion made for adjournment.
- 2:28—Our president arrives.
- 2:43—Eble recounts details of Second Great Rebellion to rapt audience.
- 2:48—Country Day members arrive.
- 2:49—Poker game in basement begins.
- 2:57—Eble triples treasury.
- 3:00—Four members commit suicide.
- 3:16—Motion made for party at Simon's cabin.
- 3:18—Simon designs.
- 4:08—Silverman, Taylor, and Fisher arrive on three-wheeler.
- 4:11—Sladen calls for a ride.
- 4:16—President calls for new business.
- 4:17—Members manage to bear shocking news that new term dues must be paid.
- 4:18—Members burn Constitution, By-laws, and ledger out of protest.
- 4:22—Second motion for adjournment.
- 4:22 $\frac{1}{10}$ —Meeting adjourned.

RAILSPUR INCIDENT OR SEX AND VIOLENCE IN THE OLD WEST

By The OLD BARFLY

The bedsprings rattled as I shifted my weight in order to pull my nightshirt back down below my waist. The little town of Cactusfuzz and the surrounding desert were as quiet and motionless as a tomb. The heat was so unbearable that I lay sweating in my bed unable to sleep. My left ear, however, touched against one of the cool, cardboard walls in the hotel room. On the other side, I heard my partner,



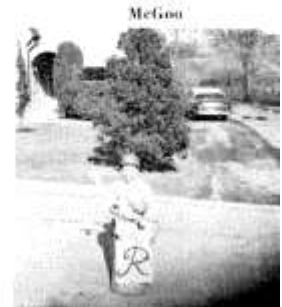
Belch

Retch Butler, snoring soundly. A few moments later several short thuds caught my attention. Hearing nothing after this, I finally dozed off.

The next morning about sun up, Zelda Papanovich, the hotel maid, came screaming into my room. She told me that she had just found Mr. Retch lying in bed with an ax buried in his skull and a dirty paring knife wedged in his ear. Horrified, I bolted into my sidekick's cubicle and nearly fainted in terror at what I saw. I sent Zelda down to the desk to get Conrad Milton, the manager of the Red Garter Hotel, to wire to Dodge City for the marshal and then covered the corpse with a sheet.

The corpse lay stinking on the bed until three in the afternoon when Marshall Wyatt Belch arrived in town on the Wells-Fargo stage. After examining the body and the room, Belch turned the corpse over to me for burial and ordered Conrad to allow no one near the scene of the crime.

The killing had aroused quite a stir among the townsfolk and the young ladies



McGou



Lynched

to take a little revenge on the woman who had stolen their flesh and blood dreamboat so Zelda was kidnapped and lynched.

Belch felt terribly cheated over this turn of events. He brooded for several days but finally snapped out of it when Miss Brutachini had cheered him up a little and he heard the whistle of a train and felt the call to new adventure. So, he rode out of town leaving peace and order in our little rural community. This was but another job well done by Wyatt Belch in action.

Wyatt Belch!
Wyatt Belch!

Whose ego has never known a squelch,

Wyatt Belch! Wyatt Belch!

Who thrives on grapejuice made by Welch!

FINE



The Cast

✱

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Phone GLendale 4-0929

Corsages Our Specialty

MARIAN FLOWER SHOP

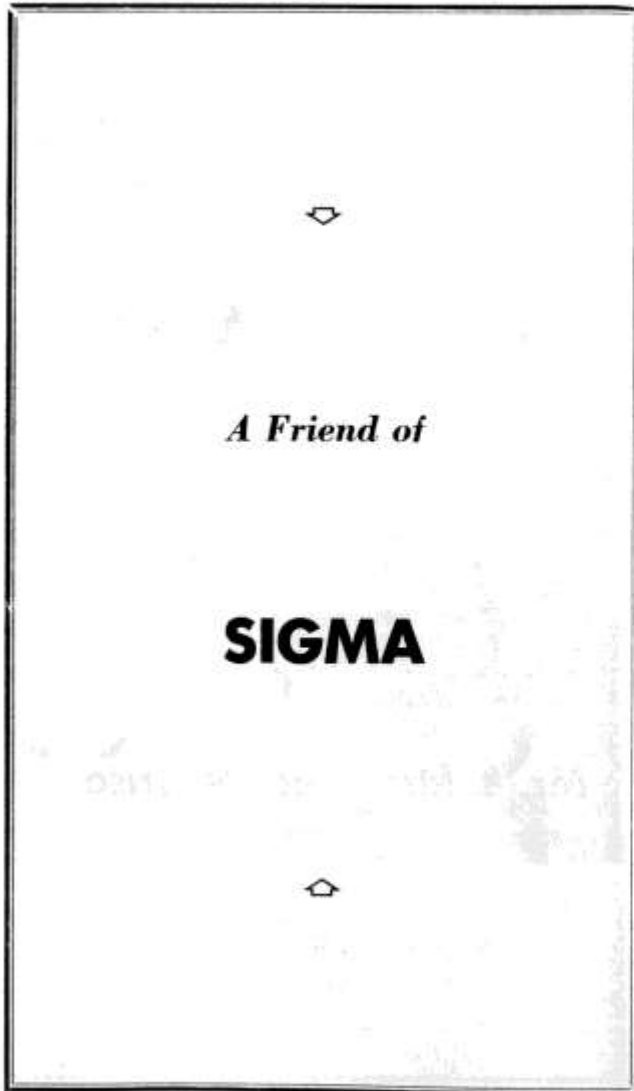
2437 Bardstown Road

✱

AM012
✱

Mr. & Mrs. Keith Morrison

✱



History

HISTORY OF THE SIGMA SOCIAL CLUB

The Sigma Social Club was founded as a Hi-Y Organization in February of 1932. Its purpose was to "Create, Maintain, and Extend high standards of Christian Character throughout the school and community." The charter club consisted of eleven boys from Louisville Male High School under the leadership of their president, Torbitt Thomas, and the guidance of Mister W. I. Pearce of Male and Mister Kubbler of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Sigma's early days as a Hi-Y club were taken up with performing service projects and competing athletically with other Hi-Y clubs under the supervision of its co-sponsors, Male High School and the Young Men's Christian Association. During World War II, the club collected scrap metals and sold savings stamps. Two former members, Tommy Martin and Joe Childress, died on the battlefield in this conflict. The only social event which the club offered was the annual Father and Son Banquet, for the "Y" frowned on social clubs and discouraged partying.

As the post war years arrived, however, Sigma felt a need to expand its program. A dance and magazine were presented in 1945.

The Y.M.C.A., for reasons already stated, believed that Sigma's new interests would endanger the importance of "Y" activities in the club program. This caused much resentment among the members and their hostility to the "Y" over this attitude was shown in 1947 when the old Hi-Y pen was discarded and the present distinctive emblem took its place.

The next sign of conflict between Sigma and the mother organization appeared shortly after the club, due to co-education, had dropped Male as a sponsor to take in members from other schools. The "Y," fearing that it would suffer the same fate as Male, seized the club treasury to stop expenditures for parties in a last ditch effort to impress its own program on the disinterested membership.

On March 24, 1952, a meeting was held to decide a retaliatory course of action concerning the recent seizure and to discuss "What the "Y" Has Done For Us." At the next meeting, which was held April 6, 1952, the Sigma Hi-Y became the Sigma Social Club. At this time, president Dick Lyons predicted immediate failure for Sigma and resigned with the entire Male contingent.

Fortunately, this prediction did not come true. The classes of 1955, 1956, and 1957 have succeeded in holding excellent dances and this year's magazine will insure even more, Sigma's future as a social leader in our community.

Compliments of

A. K. H.

ANNA LEE GRISWOLD

HELEN ABELL

President's Page

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Torbitt Thomas 1932 | John Eberhard 1945 |
| Torbitt Thomas 1932 ½ | Harry Chapman 1945 ½ |
| Robert C. Hall 1933 | Dale Boyer 1946 |
| Ernest Walker 1933 ½ | Doug Lipsey 1946 ½ |
| Rudolph Jett 1934 | Carl J. Crouch 1947 |
| Neville Tatum 1934 ½ | Bill Clark 1947 ½ |
| J. S. Miller 1935 | Robert Kolson 1948 |
| Carey Evans 1935 ½ | Robert Overstreet 1948 ½ |
| James Caufield 1936 | Lawrence Riddle 1949 |
| James Caufield 1936 ½ | Bill Stephens 1949 ½ |
| Charles Randolph 1937 | Dave McCutchen 1950 |
| James Bishop 1937 ½ | Stanley Crabb 1950 ½ |
| James Edwin 1938 | Mac Polhill 1951 |
| John Fels 1938 ½ | Jack Alston 1951 ½ |
| Bruce Hinton 1939 | Dick Lyon 1952 |
| Jack Dayton 1939 ½ | Lynn Pearson 1952 ½ |
| Kenneth Davis 1940 | Todd Richardson 1952 ½ |
| Jim Moss 1940 ½ | Todd Richardson 1953 |
| Jim Brigham 1941 | Bo Pearson 1953 ½ |
| James Bennett 1941 ½ | Samuel L. Vance 1954 |
| Bob Wiederhold 1942 | William Grubbs 1954 ½ |
| Tom Wilson 1942 ½ | Kent McMath 1955 |
| Bill Ewing 1943 | John Schuster 1955 ½ |
| Ralph Quinn 1943 ½ | Raleigh Lane 1956 |
| Bill Kelly 1944 | Alex Becker 1956 ½ |
| Carl Schwabenton 1944 ½ | Jim Simrall 1957 |

Membership

Mark Anderson
 Alex Becker
 George Bogard
 Walley Booth
 Arthur Cuscaden
 David Denton
 William Eble
 Tom Endicott
 Carl England
 Kerwin Fischer
 Bob Frittier
 Jack Gant
 Pat McGuffey
 Charles McLaughlin
 Pat Morrison
 Dave Pearson
 Richard Pheiffer
 Robert Pheiffer
 Brooks Pinney
 Bob Rapp
 Carl Shackleton
 Frank Simon
 Jim Simrall
 John Silverman
 Reed Sladen
 Dick Taylor
 Terry Trovato
 Jerry Troutman
 Stan Watson

OFFICERS

1956½

PresidentALEX BECKER
 Vice-PresidentMARK N. ANDERSON
 SecretaryFRANK SIMON
 TreasurerJIM SIMRALL
 Sergeant-at-ArmsBOB FRITTIER
 Corresponding SecretarySANDY BEALE
 HistorianCHARLIE McLAUGHLIN
 CriticROBERT PFEIFFER
 ChaplainBILL EBLE
 AdvisorL. J. KLEIN

1957 Sigma, Sophia:

OFFICERS 1957

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------|
| President | JIM SIMRALL |
| Vice-President | MARK N. ANDERSON |
| Secretary | RICHARD PFEIFFER |
| Treasurer | BILL EBLE |
| Sergeant-at-Arms | ROBERT PFEIFFER |
| Corresponding Secretary | PAT MCGUFFEY |
| Historian | BOB RAPP |
| Critic | ARTHUR CUSCADEN |
| Chaplain | JACK GANT |
| Advisor | L. J. KLEIN |



Alex Becker
Atherton
'57



Jim Simrall
Country Day
'57



Mark Anderson
Atherton
'57



1957 Sigma, Sophia:



Frank Simon
Country Day
'57

Richard Pfeiffer
Eastern
'58



Bill Eble
Eastern
'58



Bob Frittier
Atherton
'57

Robert Pfeiffer
Eastern
'58



Pat McGuffey
Atherton
'58

1957 Sigma, Sophia:



Charles McLaughlin
Eastern
'57



Jack Gant
Country Day
'57



Robert Rapp
Atherton
'58

George Bogard
Country Day
'57



Art Cuscaden
Atherton
'57



Jerry Troutman
Eastern
'57

1957 Sigma, Sophia:



Walley Booth
Country Day
'58

David Denton
Eastern
'58



Tom Endicott
Eastern
'58



Brooks Pinney
Eastern
'58

Carl England
Atherton
'59



Kerwin Fischer
Country Day
'59

1957 Sigma, Sophia:



Pat Morrison
Atherton
'59

Dave Pearson
Atherton
'59



Reed Sladen
Atherton
'59



Carl Shakleton
Atherton
'59



Dick Taylor
Atherton
'59



John Silverman
Atherton
'59



1957 Sigma, Sophia:



Stan Watson
Atherton
'59



Terry Trovato
Manual
'59

DOPE SHEET

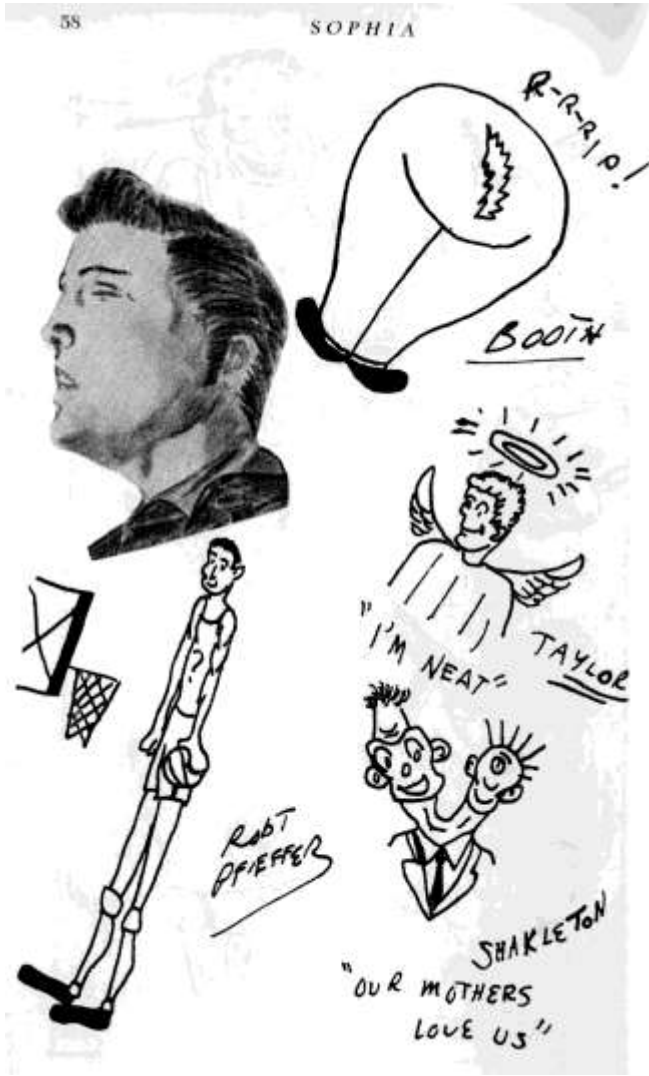
| NAME | REMINDS US OF | AMBITION | FAVORITE SAVING | USUALLY FOUND |
|------------|--------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| ANDERSON | Wm. Jennings Bryan | Run for President | Golly for Adlai | Campaigning |
| BECKER | Edw. Juan | Never Marry | You're the Only One | Three Cousins |
| BOGARD | Hobler than them | To Swim | Albba | In M.C. |
| BROTH | Mammzlk | Come to a Meeting | I'll Try | Home |
| CUSCADEN | Marion Florin | Play Accordion | July 4025 | Loitering |
| DENTON | Bobby Face Nelson | Play for Westerns | Censored | With Football |
| EBLE | Bookie | Book Even | I'll Bump That | Payton OH |
| ENDICOTT | Indian | To be Chief | Ugh! | On Was Path |
| ENGLAND | Weight Lifter | Pick up Waller | Match Yum | Grumbling behind lockers |
| FISCHER | Rhodes Seolar | Go to Oxford | Crazy | Reading Harvard Classics |
| FRITZER | Evis | Be a Cowboy | Mighty Five! | In Leeches |
| GAST | Scholar | To Pass | Let's hear it | Studying |
| McGUFFEY | Leader of a Bridge Corps | To Write Poetry | Let's play "Tenderly" | Sleeping in Class |
| MCLAUGHLIN | Jimmy Stewart | Make Hole in One | I Busted | Putting |
| MORRISON | A Blind Rabbit | Set Swimming Record | Let's go to Pryor's | At Pryor's |

DOPE SHEET

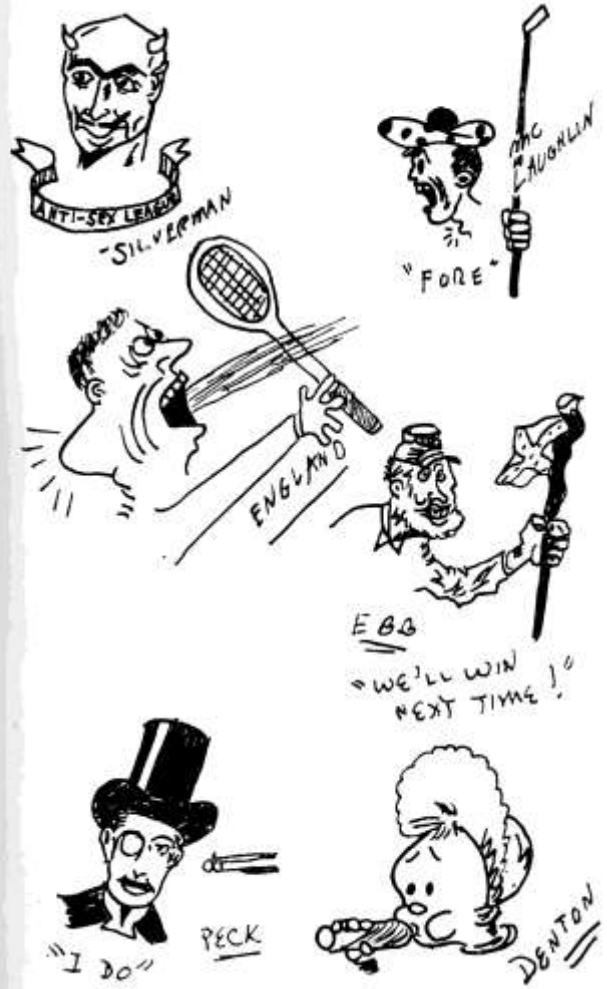
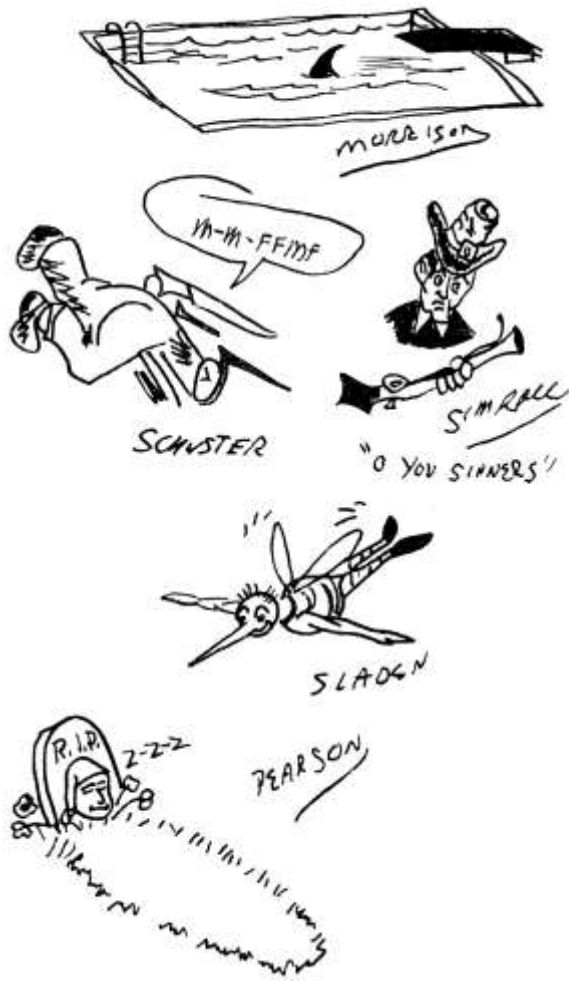
| PEARSON | Prod. Maturity | Play Doul' | We'll get 'Em | Coughin' |
|-----------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|
| RICHARD PHEPPER | Robert | Play for Dromas | No Robert | With Robert |
| ROBERT PHEPPER | Richard | Dashout Chas. Tex | Game on Richard | With Richard |
| PINSKY | Pades | Final Capacity | Ukoooh-ah-ah | Under the Weather |
| POULTER | Glen Miller | Play like Glenn Miller | I hate Glenn Miller | Listening to Glenn Miller |
| RAFF | Grimace Job | To Grow Whiskers | Drunk, Dread | Shaving |
| SCHAKLETON | Blacklight | Count Facets on Fruit Flies | Darwin Says | In the Jungle |
| SCHROEDER | Monstrous O'Hara | Play Tenish | I Made It | In a Banquet |
| SCHUSTER | Cap Statius Atreidant | Over a Gas Station | I Love ya Budo | Under the Hood |
| SILVERMAN | Simmi Light | From the Slaves | Gotome a Bible | Around |
| SIMON | Edward G. Robinson | Catch Fish | Not at My Cabbie | Carrying Crabs |
| SIMBALL | Puritan | Get a Date | No! No! | Blowaway |
| SLADES | Pink | Tri Green Wings | In Good, Children | Flirting About |
| TAYLOR | "Joy" | In a Printer | Buola-Buola | In a Cave |
| TRAVATO | Gene Krupa | To Drive | Go Big Bro! | Greenwald's |
| TROTTMAN | Man in Grey Flannel Suit | Stomp?? | Silence | Obd |
| WATSON | Little Boy | Grow-Up | Yeah, Yeah | On the Floor |



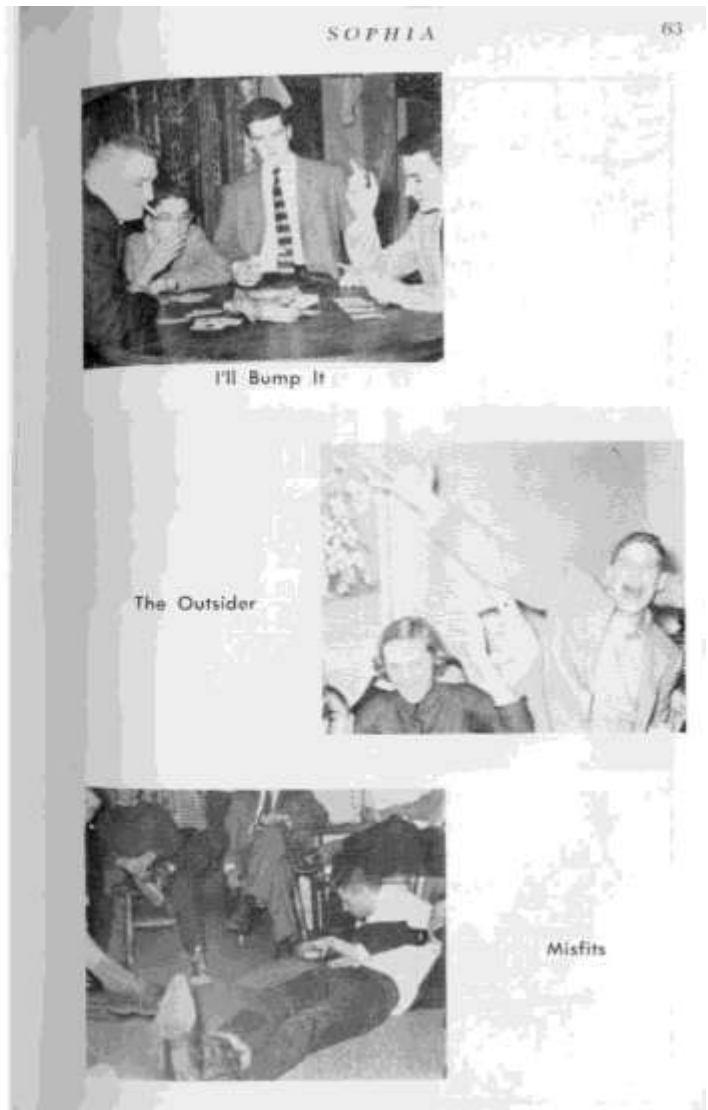
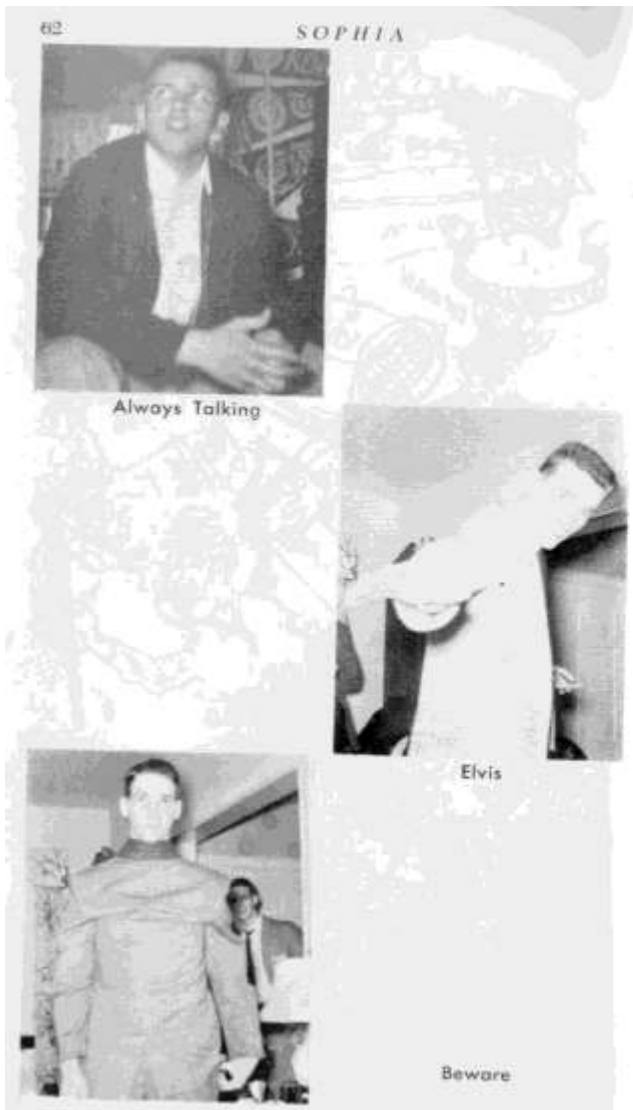
1957 Sigma, Sophia:



1957 Sigma, Sophia:



1957 Sigma, Sophia:





Ten Points



Forel



Faked Ya

Dinner
Is
Served



Family Page

- Mr. and Mrs. Norman L. Anderson
- Mr. and Mrs. Wm. David Becker
- Mr. and Mrs. George T. Bogard
- Mr. and Mrs. Morey Booth
- Mrs. Arthur Cuscaden
- Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Denton
- Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Eble
- Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Endicott, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. England
- Dr. and Mrs. K. A. Fischer
- Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Frittler
- Mr. and Mrs. John S. Gant
- Mr. and Mrs. Patrick H. McGuffey
- Mr. and Mrs. Lester W. McLaughlin
- Mr. and Mrs. Keith Morrison
- Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pearson
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pfeiffer, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Pinney, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. George Rapp
- Mrs. Edwina Shackleton
- Mr. and Mrs. John Schuster
- Dr. and Mrs. Frank A. Simon
- Dr. and Mrs. J. O. H. Simrall
- Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Silverman
- Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sladen
- Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Taylor
- Mrs. Patricia Bloor Trovato
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Troutman
- Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Watson

Alumni

CARDEN ASHCRAFT—'56

Carden joined the Air Force last summer and is now serving in Texas.

BOB BAUGHMAN—'55

He is a sophomore at U. of L. and is majoring in Political Science with his eye on a Law Degree after graduation.

KEITH BOONE—'55

Keith is a sophomore at U. of K. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity and is serving in the Air Force R.O.T.C.

BILL CAMPELL—'55

Bill is a Sigma Alpha Epsilon man at Kentucky.

BILL GRUBBS—'55

The president of Sigma in 1954½ is now a sophomore at Duke. He is on the swimming team and is Secretary of the Student Government there. As a Pre-Law student, Bill is a member of the Parliamentary Law Committee. He is also a member of Phi Delta Theta and the B.O.S., the Honor Fraternity at Duke.

WALTER KAEGI—'55

Our Vice-President and Secretary in 1955 is a sophomore History Major at Haverford in Philadelphia.

RALIEGH LANE—'56

Our president last year is now a member of the Naval R.O.T.C. at the University of Virginia.

LANE McCROSKEY—'56

Last year's Treasurer, is now singing in the Choir at the Citadel while studying towards a degree in Medicine.

Editorial

YOUTH AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

"I am interested in prisons. I want to see them humanized, modernized, made more efficient; but the finest prison we can ever build will be but a monument to neglected youth."

James Johnston
Ex-Warden, Alcatraz

In the year ending March 21, 1955, 3,809 neglected youths were handled by Jefferson County Juvenile Court. This was an increase of 756 or 24% over the preceding year. The remarkable influx in the rate of juvenile delinquency in our community and others has reached such great proportions that the "Juvenile Delinquency Question" has now become a national problem of the first magnitude.

In recent years, discussions of this topic have been so frequent that many of our citizens have become bored with it and tend to pooh-pooh its menace. However, the problem continues to grow and until it is solved it must continue to be pondered upon, talked about, and acted against before today's wayward youths have a chance to become tomorrow's hardened criminals.

This article will be read mostly by teen-agers and it is to them that it is being directed, because more than anyone else they will be affected by it.

A juvenile delinquent is a minor who has neglected a social duty or violated a public law and has thus become a criminal. Social Work Yearbook for 1954 divides them into three main categories. I will add one more. The first are called the social delinquents. They are the most numerous type. Their problem is purely a case of self discipline. They are generally found in underprivileged neighborhoods and poor family situations where standards are low and they

have never been made to conform to the ways of a normal group. They have never had a force in their lives which could effectively counterbalance their impulsive expressions of childish hostility. They have never been made to realize the necessity for growing up.

The second class of delinquents are not bound by class distinctions so much as the social delinquents nor are they nearly so numerous. They are called asocials. Due to certain misimpressions made early in life, usually in infancy, the asocials have been led to put little confidence in society and have learned to live almost entirely within themselves. They have, apparently, no need for the approval of others and therefore feel no moral responsibility to respect the mores of their fellow men. This dangerous attitude is what leads them into trouble.

The smallest group of young offenders are just plain psychopaths. Their trouble stems either from some constitutional defect or else, like the asocials, from some great emotional deprivation. Their acts are caused by deep, subconscious, psychological desires.

The Year Book failed to classify one more segment of the delinquent population. These people are not real delinquents in the sense that they possess no true anti-social qualities. They are just ordinary kids, who, after being deprived of responsible supervision, merely struck out on their own in search of something to do and went just a little too far in looking.

Mister Johnston used the term neglected youth very effectively in the quote at the beginning of this article. In observing the fact that all the above mentioned classifications had some sort of a deprivation connected with their respective problems; it is easy to understand why the term was used.

Neglected at home, at school, at church, and by friends in each case presented or aggravated a deprivation of some kind, a deprivation which acted as a foundation or built on to the anti-social instincts of the young person involved.

As young people, studying and trying to understand and do something about the delinquency problem, there is not much we can do to prevent this fatal negligence within

the home, classroom, or attitudes of religious organizations. As friends of these confused young people, however, we may try to make up for their losses elsewhere by providing close and satisfying social atmospheres for them among their peers.

The close relationship of each member to the others in many social clubs illustrates the type of companionship which some of these growing delinquents need. In a group small enough where each member's contribution can be recognized and appreciated and where responsibilities can be spread without too much danger of over diffusion, a youngster can find close friends who will respect him and can develop the responsible characteristics necessary to gain the self confidence needed to stand up against the emotional pressures which confront him in other parts of his life.

So far as setting up facilities to satisfy these requirements goes, there are already many groups engaged in the task. Boy and Girl Scouts, Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s, and Camp Fire Girls are all working at it. Yet, the one institution which is best qualified to handle the job is not touching on it outside the classroom, I mean the public schools. The public schools see more children more often than any other community agency. Its job is education but in the field of teaching our children to get along socially, its efforts have often fallen short. Much of the responsibility lies in the poor financial support they get. More money for better teachers and facilities could go a long way toward giving the neglected a place where they can feel wanted.

Edwin Markham in his poem, Man With a Hoe, asked this question:

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?"

Juvenile Delinquency is your problem. You, the youth of today, will be the ones who will have to live with this awful question. How will you answer it?

1957 Sigma, Sophia:

70 SOPHIA

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A Friend

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SOPHIA 71

☆

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1957 Sigma, Sophia:

■

SIGMA SOCIAL CLUB

■



The Sigma Social Club has elected the following officers to lead the club through May, 1957.

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

Twelve boys have entered the ranks of the Sigma Social Club thus far this year, they are: David Denton, Carl England, Kerwin Fischer, Lloyd Poulter, David Pearson, Pat Morrison, Carl Shakleton, John Silverman, Reed Sladen, Dick Taylor, Terry Trovato, and Stan Watson.

The Sigma Social Club is proud to present its second magazine this year and we hope it will be a great success. We wish to thank all of the patrons who helped to make the magazine possible.

Sigma held its twenty-fifth anniversary dance at the Seelbach Hotel, we hope it was enjoyed by all who attended.

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*Chevalier
Literary
Society*



The following officers have been chosen to lead the Society through the second term:

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| President | Walter Draper |
| Vice-President | Doug Owen |
| Secretary | Gene Jaegers |
| Treasurer | Morry Sheehan |
| Corresponding Secretary | Bruce Miller |
| Sergeant-at-Arms | Jim Thomas |
| Critic | Roger Peoples |
| Historian | Brooks Brown |

Nine boys have successfully completed their pledge-ships this year: Laman Gray, Tom Lightfoot, Peter Myll, Rob Beard, Tom Sturgeon, Watson Algeier, Fred Karem, Frank Stark, and John Chumley. We know these outstanding young men will be an asset to the Society.

We were eagerly awaiting the opening of the softball season. Chevalier's undefeated team won the crown easily last year, and we have high hopes of a repeat performance.


Our annual magazine will be published in May, after many months of arduous preparation.

The Society invites everyone to attend its dance, which will be held near the end of the school year. It will feature distinctively styled Dixieland music by "The Gin Bottle Five Plus Two."

The Chevalier Literary Society feels that congratulations and compliments are due Sigma on the publication of its second magazine.

1957 Sigma, Sophia:


78 SOPHIA



**Dignitas Literary
Association**

★

SOPHIA 79



Since January, Dignitas has been under the capable leadership of the following officers,

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

Under the Co-editorship of Bill Davis and Bob Green, Dignitas is preparing another fine edition of its magazine. It will probably be published early in May.

Dignitas hopes everyone enjoyed its Christmas Dance and we are planning another successful Spring Dance on the Steamer Avalon.

Dignitas wishes to congratulate Sigma on an excellent edition of their magazine.

Dignitas is looking forward to a good softball season.

A Friend

1957 Sigma, Sophia:

Fidalian Literary Society



The Fidalian Literary Society has elected the following officers to lead it through the spring term:

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

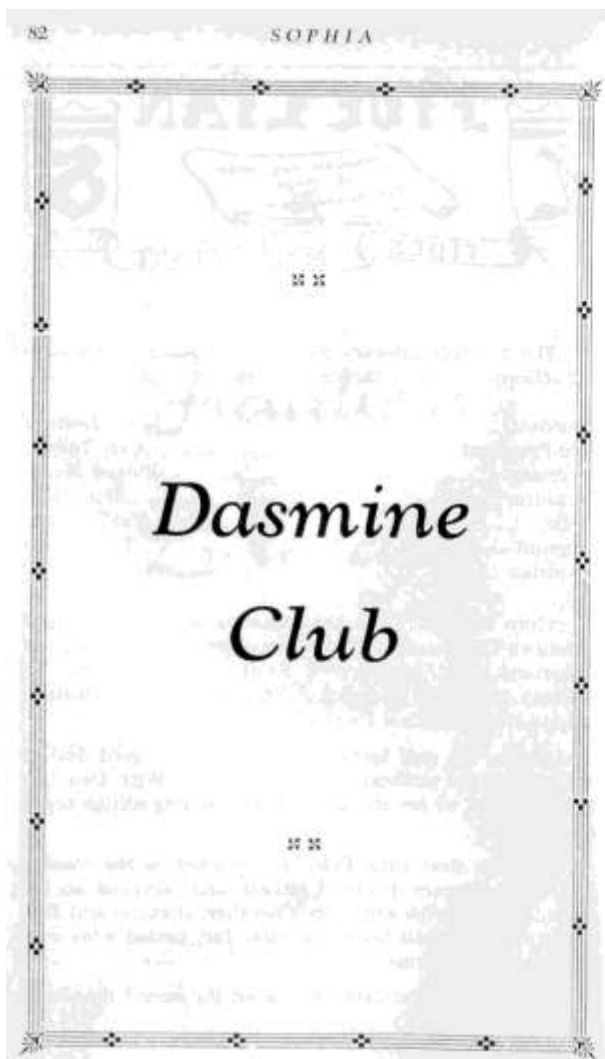
Since the Fall Term the following boys have pledged Fidalian: Ted Pauot, Roland Moore, and Charlie Walte of Atherton; Allen Adelburg of Saint X; Tony Brian, Pat Maloney, and Mike Queenan of Trinity; and Mike Milzlaff, Claude Nutt, and Carl Puicksall of Eastern.

During the past term we have devoted a good deal of our time to the publication of the Scriptor. With Dan Talbott as editor, we are confident of another fine edition sometime in May.

For the first time Fidalian competed in the Sunday afternoon Literary Football League and compiled an admirable record with wins over Chevalier, Dignitas and Halleck. Our basketball team has, thus far, posted wins over the same three teams.

Fidalian congratulates Sigma on its second magazine.

1957 Sigma, Sophia:



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Dasmine Club

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| President | Mary Ellen Wilhoite |
| Vice-President | Lois Quick |
| Social Chairman | Lacy Dietze |
| Secretary | Judy Semonin |
| Treasurer | Mary S. Calloway |
| Sergeant-at-Arms | Louisa Riehm |
| Pledge Chairman | Debbie Earl |
| Historian | Leta Anderson |
| Publicity Chairman | Judy Walsh |
| Alumnae Chairman | Joy Dixon |
| Council Representative | Anne Turner |

We began the season with a rush tea on September 16, 1956. These girls are now welcomed as members: Polly Colgan, Linda Scherer, Susan Wakefield, Rosalie Robinson from Eastern, Sue Kelsey, Melinda Fruits, Hydie Heiberg, Judy Wernert, Sally Gibbs, Ruth Cook, Jackie Demaree, Ann Goben, and Jill Walford from Atherton, Judi Kiru and Jean O'Dea from Sacred Heart Academy.

The following girls completed their pledgeship at mid-term in February: Patty Lewis, Anna Martha Chance from Atherton, and Greta Wegenast from Sacred Heart.

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

Supporting a poor family was one of our important projects.

During the Christmas holidays, we held our Christmas Dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel on December 26th. Pappa John Gordy, from Nashville, was our band. We are pleased to announce that Dasmine presented a \$100.00 check to the Hungarian Relief Fund.

Dasmine wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all to attend our style show which will be held sometime in April.

We are looking forward to the Inter-Club softball games which are coming up in the late Spring. We hope to win back the cup which we presented to Pirettes last year.

The Dasmine Club extends its heartiest congratulations to Sigma on their fine magazine.

**Kappa
Theta
Gamma**

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
- Representative to the Council Mary Monohan
- Sergeant-at-Arms Penny Parrot
- Pledge Chairman Connie Carter
- Business Manager Patsy Nilgartner
- Alumnae Chairman Suzanne Pardieu
- Historian & Publicity Chairman Mary T. Finch

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

At a slumber and "H" night at Oralea Ziegler's the following girls were initiated: Karen Berg from Atherton, Ann Hill from Sacred Heart Academy, and Lynee Woolson from Eastern. We are sure they will be an asset to Kappa Theta Gamma.

We are now counting the days till the week of June 10 when we take off for camp at Standing Stone State Park, Tennessee.

On the 27 of April you are all invited to a Bermuda Hop at the St. Matthews Community Center. Everyone don your bermudas and come and enjoy yourselves.

We are busy raising money for our annual dance at Big Springs Country Club on July the first. It's invitational and you are all cordially invited to come.

Congratulations to Sigma on another fine edition of their magazine.

1957 Sigma, Sophia:

86 SOPHIA

AMMAQ ATTY ANAY

PIRETTE
SOCIAL
CLUB

SOPHIA 87

THE PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

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

On March 1, we held our Mardi Gras Ball at the Brown Hotel. Pirettes wishes to thank each of you who helped to make it a success.

During the past school year we have had many various activities, from our annual Thanksgiving Night party and senior party, to banquets, and all the way down the line to slumber parties. It hasn't been without work though, for several times throughout the year we have done charity work.

As usual, Spring will bring many more events under the leadership of Mickey Dooley and Joyce Nathan.

A Friend

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Jokes

My brother has a tape worm. Comes from eating tape.

Trovato: "I heard a knock on the door and thought it was my landlord and so I jumped out the window onto the fire escape, but I was fooled.

Morrison: "No landlord?"

Trovato: "No fire escape."

She sat there with her fur neck piece. When I went to remove it she screamed. How should I know it grew out of her neck.

She's the salt of the earth. Can't say much for her shaker.

"Do you smoke?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Do you neck?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Do you drink?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"What do you do that's naughty?" he asked.

"Tell lies," she said.

An old maid in silk underwear is like malted milk in a champagne bottle.

It was his one hundred and fifth birthday and he was sitting there crying. "My life would have loved to be here today," he said, dabbing away a tear. "She died when she was eight-five you know. What that poor

woman went through. But thank God, at least the baby lived."

The bartender looked up and saw a pink elephant, a green rat and a yellow snake at the bar. "You're a little early boys," he said. "He hasn't come in yet."

My buddy gets pickled so often they call him "Cucumber."

I came from a very tough neighborhood. When other kids were rubbing off the blackboards we were rubbing out the teachers.

Pa and Ma made up. He waved to her today from the lineup.

When the arm of the law reaches out . . . a banana is missing.

He got his client a suspended sentence. They hung him.

"Why are you here?" the parson asked the woman prisoner.

"Just run through the Ten Commandments, I'll tell you if I missed any."

The table of contents of the law book read as follows:

| | |
|------|-----------------------|
| page | 1-10: Liable laws. |
| page | 10-24: Divorce laws. |
| page | 25-36: Criminal laws. |
| page | 37-359: Loopholes. |

There's a night club in town that's so fussy the boss was thrown out three times.

Wolf: A guy who strikes while the eyein' is hot.

At the last meeting of the American Doctors Group the main speaker tackled a serious problem. "Gentlemen," he said. "There is a severe epidemic of good health."

A current favorite of night-club comics concerns the French horn player whose toupee fell into his instrument, and who spent the rest of the evening blowing his top.

A Princeton junior appeared in the middle of a tennis tournament and asked casually, "Whose game?" A shy young thing looked up approvingly and murmured, "I am."

And I'm sure you know about the termite who boasted to his fellows, "This'll bring down the house."

Ida Kay insists that this happened on a farm just outside Williamstown on Easter Sunday. A prankish youngster filled a chicken coop with eggs dyed every color of the rainbow. The rooster took one look at the dazzling display, ran straight out of the barn, and killed the peacock.

Mrs. Washburne was sitting in her husband's sumptuous office when a beautiful, stream-lined blonde undulated in. "I'm Mr. Washburne's wife," said Mrs. W. "That's nice," said the blonde. "I'm his secretary." "Oh," said Mrs. W., "were you?"

Rastus Jones explained to the deacon his emphatic statement that if he ever were forced to make a choice, he'd prefer involvement in a collision to an explosion: "If you is in a collision, Deacon, there you is, but if you is in an explosion, where is you?"

"Do you think your boy will forget all he learned in college?"

"I hope so. He can't make a living necking."

Our local Peeping Tom is at the awkward age. Too tall for keyholes and too short for transoms.

Bikini bathing suit: Something that begins nowhere and ends all at once.

When the Scotchman inquired as to the cheapest way to sail the Atlantic, the travel agent decided to humor him

a bit. "You can go first class for \$200, second class for \$150, third class for \$75. And you can swim alongside the boat for \$3.98, plus tax. Now which will it be?"

"What kind of food do they throw overboard?" asked the Scot.

Adam and Eve were the first bookkeepers. They invented the loose leaf system.

Financier's telegram:

WIRE ME HOW CASE CAME OUT.

Lawyer's telegram:

RIFHT HAS TRIUMPHED.

Financier's telegram:

APPEAL IMMEDIATELY.

Best Wishes from

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School Notes

THE LOUISVILLE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

JEAN GREY

Collegiate has had a good year this year. The school has expanded, adding a new wing and enlarging the laboratory. The student government has progressed steadily in the capable hands of President Anne Clowes and Vice-President Maitland Cadden.

The Transcript's annual fair was exceptionally profitable this year. Judy Stecker, editor of Transcript, is doing a grand job on the yearbook. Anne Dietzman, editor of Pandemonium, the school paper, also has done a grand job.

The seniors are looking forward to June and their graduation. The commencement dance will be fun, too.

Collegiate extends its heartiest congratulations to Sigma for a wonderful magazine.

EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL

ROBERT PFEIFFER '58

Eastern didn't have a very successful football season. The team's only win was over Atherton. However, now that the basketball season is in full swing, Eastern is once again on top, holding a high ranking in the state. Eastern's only loss, to date, has been to Nicholas County in the first round of the Fern Creek Invitational. They hold wins over powerful Lafayette and Manual. We also have three outstanding scorers in John Laurent, Buddy Leathers, and John Doninger.

Eastern, scholastically, is among the top sixty high schools in the country for college preparation. This rating was made by sixteen colleges and universities that were asked to name the sixty high schools in the country that had done the best job in preparing their students for college.

Earlier this year, the National Beta Club had their initiation and over one hundred Eastern students, juniors and seniors alike, were admitted. The Eastern Beta Club is the second largest in the nation and the largest one in Kentucky.

Eastern's band, over a hundred strong, was asked to march in the last Inauguration Parade in Washington. The band made the trip and certainly made a fine impression.

DuPONT MANUAL

TERRY TROVATO '59

Manual had a very successful football season, with wins of 26-0 over Eastern and 33-0 over Atherton. We ended up with a 8-1-1 record, losing only to St. X., and tying Male. We also had six boys on the All-city defensive-offensive football teams, and one on the All State Team.

This year Manual has one of the best basketball teams in the history of the school. With the big boy, Terry Litchfield, who is 6'-10" and averages 29 points per game, we have thus far compiled a 10 and 2 record, losing only to Ashland by two points and Eastern by four points.

The music department at Manual has been very busy this year. The brass band is planning to take a trip to Miami, Florida to play some concerts down there. The full string orchestra, which consists of some eighty violin, viola, cello and bass players, is planning to take a trip to Chicago, to play for orchestra directors from all over the nation.

Scholastically, Manual is improving its academic rating. There were 388 on the first honor roll and 445 on the second one. Also, 21 persons joined the ranks of the National Honor Society this year. It is hoped that in future years, Manual will continue to make outstanding achievements in sports, music, and scholarship.

ATHERTON

STAN WATSON

The Atherton graduating class of 1957 has had a most successful year under their Senior Class officers:

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

The entire student body has prospered greatly under the leadership of the Student Council whose officers are:

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

This year on October 17, 1956 twenty-nine students were initiated into the Atherton Chapter of the National Honor Society. This further proved the high scholastic rating of Atherton High School.

One of the highlights of the school year was the annual senior play, presented two consecutive nights, November 16th and 17th. For the first time in the history of the school, the play was a sellout. May we congratulate the cast on their excellent performance.

All issues of the 1956 and '57 Aerial have been above average. Editor-in-chief, Ruth Ballenger, and the remainder of the staff of the Aerial did a most admirable job.

Atherton High School has been the recipient of many awards, all of which makes us very proud.

Although our past football season wasn't too successful, the Rebels, under Mr. Jones, showed a lot of courage. The J.V.'s climaxed the season with a very good winning record. Now they are looking forward to a new season with the Varsity.

At this point we would like to say "Thanks" to Junie Jones, who guided the Rebels through the season of football. Mr. Jones resigned as head football coach to become track coach, assistant football coach, gym and health teacher.

The Atherton High School basketball team under the training of a new coach, Bobby McGuire, on the whole had a very good season. All players at all times showed a lot of fight for their team, their coach, and their school. Now we are looking forward to a good season in track, golf, tennis, swimming and baseball. May we be even more successful than ever before in the field of sports.

We could not overlook our band, "The Marching Rebels," who have done a good job in entertaining us at pep rallies and at the games, made our spirits soar. Thanks, too, to the orchestra and chorus. All are grand.

1957 Sigma, Sophia:

96 *SOPHIA*

From all reports, this year's Torch, Atherton's School Annual, promises to be even better than ever before. A lot of credit is due the staff of this fine annual.

As we review the year at Atherton, we come to the final conclusion—it has been a successful and rewarding year. We regret that we must say "goodby" to our Seniors who will soon be leaving us, but our good wishes go with them for the future—may they excel in all things that are good. We, who are left behind are looking forward to fruitful years at Atherton.

Stan Watson

THE LOUISVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
KERWIN FISCHER

The Louisville Country Day School is a college preparatory school, incorporated in 1948 with subscriptions from one hundred and forty-three Louisville families. It is constructed of California redwood and functional in design. When it opened in 1951 there were 90 boys enrolled in grades one through ten.

By 1954, a science room, a lecture classroom and a gym had been added.

The present enrollment at Country Day School is 266. The pupils are divided into three age groups; the lower school, grades one through three; the middle school, grades four through seven; and the upper school, grades eight through twelve. The average in a class is sixteen, although our senior class has nineteen.

In the sports department Country Day School was undefeated in football and won the Tri-State Championship. The school was awarded a trophy and each member of the team received a small gold football and a picture of the team.

The school is operated, not for profit, by a board of Trustees. The original group selected by the founders of the school included; Mr. Ben Robertson, Mr. James Henning, Mr. Barry Bingham, Mr. John Davenport and Mr. Squire R. Ogden.

SOPHIA 97

Mr. James S. Guernsey, headmaster from 1951 through 1953, was succeeded by Mr. Harry F. Ludwig, who had been Senior Master and head of the English Department.

The purpose of the founders was to provide boys with sound training and basic scholastic skills and to develop in them a sense of citizenship and a responsibility for leadership.

Kerwin Fischer

WALTER KAEGI

'55

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