



Waggener High School



1958 Dignitas

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

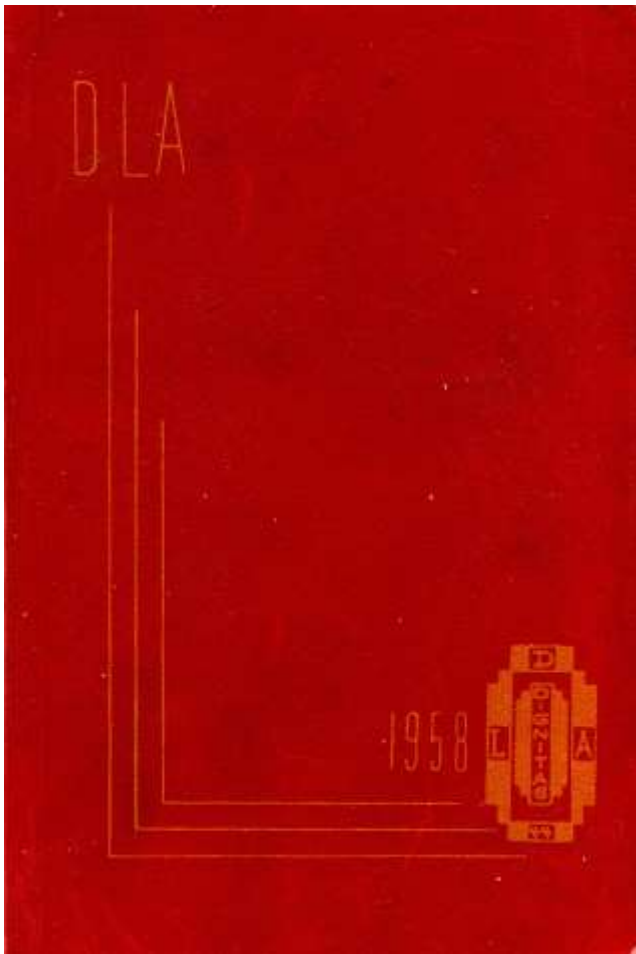
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have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

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

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

1958 Dignitas



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DEDICATION

The DIGNITAS LITERARY ASSOCIATION is proud to dedicate this, the eighth edition of The Dignitas Magazine to the high spirit of leadership and scholastic achievement that has pervaded its membership during the last year.

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The DIGNITAS Magazine

Best Essay — Harlowe Gooper Contest

JAZZ

CARL RECKE, '58

The jazz style is regarded as one of the most distinctive of American contributions to the art of music. Jazz originated in the late nineteenth century among the Negro musicians of New Orleans, but it did not develop until 1910.

Jazz got its backbone from the spirituals and blues of the Southern Negro. Then the small jazz bands began to introduce it all along the Mississippi. From the Mississippi it began to branch out in every direction, and by 1918 people all over the world had taken notice of this new type of music.

During the 1920s, jazz began to be noticed by audiences comprised of serious music enthusiasts. Paul Whiteman built a small dance band into a large orchestra that could play in Carnegie Hall. Now jazz was really beginning to be recognized. The 30s brought "swing music" to the public's eye. This manner of playing jazz permitted any member of the band to break into a solo performance in which he might "improvise" (play whatever notes he wished, departing, if he wished, from the written music). Two big names of this period were Benny Goodman and Woody Herman.

The widespread popularity of swing was brought to an end at the beginning of the 40s, and "bop," or "bebop" took over. This type of jazz was first heard at Minton's and other Harlem clubs. Thelonious Monk, a piano player, was one of the first pioneers of bop. In 1945 a trumpet player named Dizzy Gillespie began to

blow an off-beat type of jazz. These two men, along with a few others, were the giants of bop. Bop did not last very long, but the off-beat riffs and chords plus the bongo drumbeats have influenced the "modern," or "progressive" jazz which we now know.

Modern jazz is a mixture of all the previously-known types, always having a steady rhythmic beat. It has clashing chords and riffs thrown in, which give it a new form. Stan Kenton's big band and Dave Brubeck's quartet are good examples of modern jazz in two forms. Modern and bop, more so than other forms, are made for listening and not for dancing.

Two things which you find in all types of jazz are creation and execution. A jazz musician is a great believer in self-expression. He treats someone else's theme with freedom and variations, or he invents the theme himself. Self-expression is the main difference between one jazz musician and another. The jazz musician creates and expresses his feelings by improvising on his instrument.

Best Poem – Harlowe Gooper Contest

WHY THE WORLD

TERRY FOSTER, '58

Why the world as it is today,
 Its bastard saints gone wild and
 Running o'er the tender milling brood,
 Its chilling foe insanely paid in
 Power; weak-souled but willing still
 To break the back of all man's fate for
 Greed and lust. Poor not in wealth but mind
 These trampled masses further mill.
 For vice and gold have done with man
 Not now, nor ever in the full of time;
 They sweep as scythes upon a glade,
 Of willing grain whose heads
 Bend low to catch the blade,
 Unresisting, futile, limp.

"Opportunity, sooner or later comes to all who work and wish."

—Lord Stauley

Best Story – Harlowe Gooper Contest

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BUZZ MILLER

A warm, crimson liquid was dripping on the agonized form from a misshapen lump on the steps above. The form moved. Dr. Jonathan Steele, brilliant young physician of the Boston Medical Clinic, greeted another day by painfully moving his head. The blood of the mutilated woman above now flowed freely down the steps of the defense shelter. His senses returned: the shrieking sirens interrupting the busy Tuesday morning, the panic-stricken multitudes filling the streets, the infant crushed beneath the wheels of a careening cab; these all raced through his mind. He remembered the flash, and then emptiness. Thank God he had reached the shelter.

He moved his limbs; nothing was broken. He looked out of the hole which had saved his life. The blue sky and golden sunshine mocked the grim scene below. Slowly he rose and climbed out of the shelter. "Oh Christ! The city, the people, everything is dead!" He looked, not with fear, but with compassion and dread upon the scene of destruction. Buildings had been leveled, bits of cars, busses, and bodies were scattered everywhere. He was alone. He had to get out. On the outskirts of town the blast had not obliterated the landscape. Trees were scorched but standing. Cars, with their blackened corpses behind the wheel, displayed blistered paint and melted windows. There was no life. Jonathan Steele was alone. He was alive and calm and amazed because he had survived in this land of the dead. It came. It had to come. Steele had known it would come. Ever since the Russians withdrew from the U. N., he had waited for it. Resentment and concern for his country, still trying treaties, conferences, and diplomacy at the eleventh hour, had melted into patient resignation. He hid under a smashed sewer culvert. He heard the rhythmic thump of booted feet. He heard the mechanized whine of heavy machines. Finally he saw them, short, squat foreign bodies, no neck, and small beady eyes peering from under the gray helmet. The Godless men were here; his country was dead.

THE CHURCHILL CLUB

STEVE MOWRY, '60

The Churchill Club was formed in April of 1940 by students of Cathedral School in Aalborg, Denmark. That very day the Germans had made it a "protectorate" of Nazi Germany. The club's sole purpose was to make as much trouble as they could for the enemy. Nothing extremely extensive could be accomplished by this club as the oldest members were only fifteen years of age. The first rule of the club was absolute secrecy. They were not even to tell their parents for fear of getting them into trouble should any of them be caught.

The club was divided into four sections: treasurer, to collect money for supplies, a propaganda section, a technical section, and a sabotage section. The propaganda section was the first to move into action by painting posters mocking the Nazi government. The technical division tired their art at making bombs which proved to be defective. The sabotage section was the most successful. These school boys by their petty infractions and disregard for laws and rules set up by the Nazi's caused the development of a revolutionary spirit and atmosphere among the Danes. The leaders were finally caught and sent to prison for attempting to escape and return before morning with nobody being the wiser. One boy's little brother smuggled a hack saw to them which was used in their escapes. They sabotaged nineteen German vehicles before being caught.

This is but one example of many unheralded feats accomplished by people our age during World War II.

A Condensation Of A Condensation

LEE MUMFORD, '59

Ran Hafferty was driving right behind a red Ferrari in the Mille Miglia when he saw it suddenly spin out of control, plummet over the retaining wall, and smash against a tree. The driver was the great Patrick Hafferty, Ran's father. Although this was a great blow to him, he had the smell of hot oil and scorched rubber in his blood. So he continued racing.

This condensation has been condensed from a well known condensation. (changed sufficiently to prevent any plagiarism suit.)

"When implous men hold sway, the post of honor is a private station"

—W. Shakespeare

WHY I LOVE RUSSIA

BOB SEXTON, '60

I'm Naum Polyak, I'm a student at the Lenin Secondary School in Moscow. I'm in the sixth grade.

I love my native land, Russian, and I am very thankful that I was born here. When one tries to explain why he loves his country, he may find many different reasons. He may love it for its rolling steppes, its beautiful yellow fields of waving grain, its huge factories which lead the world in production of goods, or for the gliding rivers which carry products silently for many miles. But with me it goes a lot deeper. I love Russia for the people in it. Our people are together as one, we work together, play together, and help each other with our problems. In Russia everyone has an opportunity to work at the job he is best suited for. Everyone has the opportunity to play or participate in some sport and improve his physical well being. Every child who proves himself willing may get a fine education and every adult who proves himself worthy may take part in our government.

We have many rights which no other country can set claim upon; since we have these rights we should love our Russia and be willing to fight in word and deed for it.

With the changing of a few words this group of thoughts could easily be "WHY I LOVE AMERICA." We do not expect to be persecuted for our love of our country, so we persecute citizens of countries for their love of their mother land. For who knows, if circumstances were reversed you might be Naum Polyak.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL

GARY BOCKHORST, '59

When I first saw the Titanic that frigid night before her first maiden voyage, it looked to me something out of the future. How a ship 883 ft. long and who had a gross tonnage of 46,328 could stay afloat was beyond me, but I was just to be a passenger on the ship and was not required to design it so I dropped the question there. I, like thousands of other people were looking forward to the voyage on the ship we had heard so much about, The Titanic.

Ever since I was a boy I always had like boats, all kinds of them, from small speed boats to great ocean-liners, so to myself I thought when I boarded the ship, I knew a little bit more about the Titanic than anyone else on board.

Those first days on the Titanic seemed very happy one to me. Not only the enjoyments of the cruise, but also the activities in which I participated were very priceless to me. It was all very wonderful until the night of April 15, 1912 while sailing at high speed about 1,600 miles northeast of New York on our way to Southampton an accident occurred. A rumor got to me that we had struck a huge iceberg, and later I found the rumor to be true. I could not actually believe we were sinking until the lifeboats were lowered. Panic stricken and afraid I tried to board one of them, but was pushed away, then I completely lost my head and jumped into the freezing water. I tried to swim but it was no use, for within 30 minutes I was dead.

I have often heard people speak of the Titanic as something horrible, but to me, although it did cost me my life, it was something wonderful.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR COUNTRY

RICHARD CURRY, '59

Today we are a nation of 162,000,000 people. A nation first settled only three hundred years ago. We have become one of the chief producing countries and lead in the amount of imports and export of goods. Our industries surpass those of all other nations. The health standards, the average income and the educational system are much higher than almost any other country.

These things have not come about by just fortune. True, this country is rich in many ways, but the superiority it holds over the other countries came about by the sweat, hard work, and yes, even death of great patriots. This country of ours has been indeed fortunate to have had such able leaders as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Patrick Henry only to mention a few. These men have strived so that we may enjoy the three basic enrichments stated in the Declaration of Independence . . . Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

This country has gone through many wars. It has shown its strength in comparison to other nations. Whether we can continue to maintain our stronghold will depend on how well we develop our military defense as well as mutual relations with the countries subjected to Communism.

On October 4, 1957 the Russians launched a satellite able to circle the earth. This truly is a great advancement in the field of science. But it is only a small step of what can be done with this advancement. Whether the knowledge gained through this satellite will be used as a weapon or as a step to outer space travel alone is not known. Our country must be able to cope and defend itself against any advancement of the Russian people as well as that of any other nation. Not only must we now catch Russia, but must pass them in order to be sure of a continued existence in a free country such as we have now.

President Eisenhower has realized this lack of advancement has been due to a slow and faulty schooling system. A Renaissance is necessary to equal the school system adopted by Russia. We can not produce too many scientists and engineers. Therefore, we must give an all-out-effort to help gain the ground we have lost in the past few years.

Just as Tom Payne and Benjamin Franklin fought to gain the freedom of this country from England, so must we fight to hold this freedom from such an aggressive nation as Russia. Sacrifices must be made, sure, but any sacrifice that would help preserve our freedom would not be too great.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

By MIKE BROWN, '60

"It sure is getting hot," I thought to myself as I sat down. In no time I was day-dreaming about what happened on that sunny spring day last month, the happiest day of my life. I could see myself coming out of the small Nevada church where the parson had just pronounced Jane Mitchell and me man and wife. Yes sir, Jane and I were the happiest people in the world.

Jane is the prettiest and nicest thing I ever saw. I have to admit I don't know much about her past except she came from back east, New York or somewhere. The town here likes her too. It's not often they take a stranger in so warmly.

These were the pleasant thoughts that flowed through my mind as I sat on my front porch. Then I began thinking about the less happy part of this past month. I remembered the night when, entering the barn, I tripped over something across the doorway. Since it was pitch dark, I lit the lantern I always keep by the doorway. When the lantern shone on the floor I saw something that almost gave me a fainting spell. It was Tom Jenkins, my best hand, blood soaked and lying stiff as a board. He had gashes on his head and all over his body. It didn't take an expert to tell he had been beaten to death.

I took Tom's body to town in my wagon and showed him to the sheriff. I told him how I found him. The sheriff and I were good friends; he had no reason to doubt me.

I still remember how worried Jane was when I got home.

"Oh, Jim", she gasped when she saw me coming through the door. "I was so scared. I didn't know what had happened."

"I'm sorry I'm late. Tom Jenkins was murdered tonight." Never had I seen anybody get as white as Jane when I said that.

No trace of the killer could be found. Four days later my best dog was missing and I rode out to the range to look for him. I hadn't gone far from the house when I saw him. Yep, he was just lying there, stone dead. But what gave me a chill was that he had gashes just like Tom's all over him. There was no doubt about it; he had been beaten in the same manner.

I buried the dog and went home. I decided not to tell Jane about the incident. Tom Jenkin's death had been a blow to me. I used to be a pretty jolly fellow but I guess because of the killing and the tension that followed I was rather serious now and was making life dull for Jane. That's what hurt me.

As I sat there musing over these events, a thought hit me. "I'll buy a new dress in town for Jane to surprise her. I'm not sure what kinds of dresses Jane has, so I think I will look through her closet to see what she needs."

Jane wasn't home and I could look freely. As I was ending my search, knowing pretty well what I was going to get for her, my arm knocked an old shoe box off the shelf, spilling all its contents. There were a number of old pictures.

"Funny, Jane has never shown these pictures to me." About half-way through the stack I noticed a newspaper photograph of four people and underneath in big print read "Family of Four Murdered by Daughter." The article went on to say that Mr. John White, his wife, and their two children were beaten to death in their own home. Below this there was a picture of a young girl, with the caption "Suspected Killer - Escaped Without Trace".

A cold sweat began to form all over me. There was quite a bit of difference in the picture but there was no doubt in my mind . . . this young girl was my wife, Jane.

All of a sudden I heard the door close behind me. Even before I could turn around something hit me hard on my shoulder. I could feel myself fall and I must have been knocked out for a split second. When I came to I was paralyzed, couldn't move. I had to strain to open my eyes. It all seemed like a bad dream, but it wasn't. There was Jane, pretty as ever, rearing back with a blood-stained iron pipe!

GO ON, MY FREIND

DANNY CARRELL, '59

In times of trouble and discouragement,

When things are going wrong, and great sorrow

Makes us fear what acts will come tomorrow,

Do you ever feel like stopping to lament?

When in the midst of a predicament,

When pressing unsolved problems seem to grow,

Do you doubt you will ever again know

A life of happiness and self-content?

Do not give up or try to end it all;

But have faith in the Lord, my worried friend,

Dejected friend of mine, stand straight and tall;

All bad things soon become good I contend.

Go on in life and don't begin to fall;

Believe in God, your problems soon will end.

"Minds are like parachutes, they only function when they are open"

—Lord Thomas Dewar

SMILES, LIES AND PROMISES

HARRY BRUDER, '58

The world today: a question mark,
And little wonder why.
The chances look so grim and dark
For answers, by and by.

With all American intellect
It seems to me so queer
That we cannot prognosticate
The course of terra, dear.

But Russia holds the secret and
The key to times to come,
And we the questions, answered now
With smiles and cries of "chum."

We take their smiles and promises.
We take their lies and gall,
Forever striving earnestly,
Disaster to forestall.

PROGRESSIVE WRITING

In the past few years a new type of music has come upon the American scene. This is known as progressive jazz, and has expanded the scope of the musical field to the point where it is no longer proportional to its traditional companion, literature.

In order to fill this gap and to bring the two arts, music and writing, into their proper perspective, the members of Dignitas have developed a new school of writing, the progressive school. Progressive writing is, as is progressive jazz, simply an emotional improvisation upon a standard theme. The Dignitas Magazine feels proud to present three themes which, we feel sure, are the heralds of this exciting experiment in literary art.

In the words of Nation — *"The literature of an age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies."*

BULLETS

BRAD ARTERBURN, '60

"A building?"
A banana peeling?
Nay.

An answer, a promise to young men that risk their lives, play cards, make out, drink beer, pick noses."

Yes, a promise of bullets.
"Banzai", cries the Nip.
"Umlaut", yells the Hun.
"Achtung", commands the German.
"Wanna Guffle", screams the Hood.

Bullets, our men need bullets to . . . Say, why can't they use their fists? But nay.

"Bullets, Bullets, Bullets.
Bullets.
Bullets, Bullets, Bullets, Bullets,
Bullets."

Bullets that flew from the bows of Robin Hood and Little John and Froggy the Gremlin and whoever the heck wants to buy the things. Our famous president on San Juan Hill spoke softly and carried a big bullet. In fact, it was so big it was a bomb.

"Bullets. Bullets for war, for . . . I wonder what happened to crunchy peanut butter? And what of Sergeant York, huh. What of Sergeant York?"

"Here is made revenge. Here is a plea to all Americans, to all loyalists, to all patriots. Bullets, we must send bullets." One box top from Frozen Brillo and fifty cents sends a bullet to a fighting man. **BULLETS.**

SMOKED GLASS

JOE SPEIDEN, '58

"Why can't I fly?" asked the obviously shaken man. Why? Why? Why? . . . as they carried him off, his voice trailed off into oblivion. If they had only asked me! I could tell them, I could tell them all they wanted to know and much more. I turned, and then it caught my eye . . . a small piece of glittering, shimmering material.

I feverishly bent and grasped the thing convulsively in my fist! Mmmmmmm . . . a gum wrapper, well . . . But no! Out of the dark nothingness a movement began! Slow, faint, blurry, fuzzy at first; then gathering momentum it came on! Now growing more distinct, it seemed to be a blur of motion, a screaming, shrieking bolt of unreal fury!!! I knew it would reach me at precisely the same instant that it did, and then . . . damn! Why? If only they had asked me! I could tell them all they wanted to know . . . everything . . . and my voice trailed off to oblivion as they carried me off to nothingness . . . Hmmm, a gum wrapper.

REVELATIONS OF A MANIAC

TERRY FOSTER, '58

My God, if there is a God, tell me the true meaning of life and the universe. If there is any purpose in man's hard fought existence, reveal it to me. In my reflections of man and nature show me Heaven and Hell, if there is a Heaven and a Hell. Give me the power to make your name heard above all others: Sin, Greed, Avarice, and Self-Interest if it is worthy of being heard. Is my life an open book to your eyes, or can you not see beyond the bend of time? Man needs a God in order to be at peace with himself, if you are a true God show me your light so that I too may find inner peace. *SHOW ME! SHOW ME!*

ALL FOR OUR FAIR LADIES

KENT MITCHELL, '59

Sometimes girls just don't know what we go through for them. A girl doesn't realize or appreciate all the work we do to give them a good time. As an example, take our dance. This is really our biggest date of the year. There is much more work put into this than our dates ever imagine.

First of all, since our dance is invitational, there is a money problem. Many a Saturday was spent delivering R. C.'s to earn enough for the dance last year, and already some of the boys have been cutting and selling wood for this year's big affair.

Second comes the preparations for the dance. Bright and early one Saturday morning about two weeks before the "ball" we get a truck and spend the whole day cutting Christmas trees. The biggest job with these Christmas trees though, is painting them. Every day from the day we cut the trees until the big day, there are boys out in an old dilapidated, cold, and smelly barn painting each needle and pine cone. When the big day does finally arrive, all boys are "up and at 'em" before the rooster crows to get the trees down to the hotel and start decorating. It takes everyone in the club to get those trees through the window into the ballroom. After working hard all day setting up the trees, lighting them, and doing all the trimming, it is finally time to go home, eat, try and rest, and get ready for the dance in the tux that cost you so darn much to rent.

The big night has finally come. You have picked up your date and your double with his date and are down at the Ballroom admiring your long, hard efforts. Your date will probably say, "Oh, this really sharp," or something similar. You smile, because that is what you did all this work for. Is it worth it- You're damn right it is!!

INITIATION

HARRY BRUDER, '58

NUBBINESS

a plant?	nay
not an animal	correct
well then, a mineral	spooook
a sentence?	ah, hope
a joke then	may you rest in peace
an abstract?	you have my ears
a thought?	real bad news
a feeling?	partially
standards?	those too
a CONCEPT!	watch out you're letting your intelligence show
universal?	should be
intellectual?	obviously
sort of . . . unique?	try some synonyms
ivy? tweedy?	welcome

THE HOUSE THAT DAVE BUILT

STEVE SIMPSON, '58

Together we stand, divided we fall,
 With organization more money for all!
 Of all labor unions this is the basis,
 With this philosophy they have gone places.
 They've lowered the hours, and increased the pay,
 Into the factories they've brought light of day;
 They've bettered conditions and improved relations,
 Brought more opportunities and longer vacations.
 Unions run far from smooth as silk;
 The life of a member's not honey and milk.
 They've blacklisted workers, and employers as well,
 They've chosen the merchants to whom they would sell.
 Many a union's defeated its purpose,
 Appeared to the public almost like a circus.
 The scandalous strikes which turn up without fail
 Accomplish little or nothing, except for the jail.
 Some great men in history have helped unions much,
 One, Samuel Gompers, came through in the clutch.
 He organized labor and organized well;
 This fact is attested by the A. F. of L.
 One present day mogul of unions and labor
 Has slashed the foundations as if with a saber.
 He's distorted the purpose and made many switches,
 In order to obtain reputation and riches.
 He was suspected, and by Congress convoked,
 But accepted the summons as if were a joke.
 When he took the stand to speak as defendant
 His only defense was the ol' "5th" Amendment."
 The result was expected, the guilt was confirmed,
 The self-righteous defendant just sat there and squirmed.
 The trial, it was over, the Teamsters a wreck,
 The person responsible was Mr. Dave Beck.

OF LASTING MEMORY

JACK MILLER, '58

As this school year draws to a close, thousands of teenagers will have read the last page of Act I of a powerful novel — their life. For the graduating high school senior the never to be forgotten days will be over and only memories will linger of those momentous years.

It has been said time and time again that our high school activities and events will be the ones we are least likely to forget when we become older. How seemingly true.

More than likely, none of us realize the powerful effect high schooling has on our personality, character, and future plans.

It was a long and hard road to travel, but we countered the challenge with unflinching resolve to conquer, and conquer we did. A diploma was the cherished prize.

As we look back, we can still see the school's football hero streaking for the winning touchdown of an important game, or the thrilling basketball games with all their color, glory, and excitement stirred to the utmost by the pretty cheerleaders with twirling skirts. You can even recall some unlucky student, maybe yourself, being questioned in the gloomy office of the principal. You can remember the caring teacher complimenting you on your work or one seriously telling you to work harder. You can still feel the enchanting rhythm of the rhapsody of our first high school love. You can see yourself whirling about on the dance floor while attending school dances, and the senior prom was best of all.

All of these experiences made for lasting loyalty and pride and formed an inseparable bond between yourself, your school, and your fellow classmates. That common bond is unity and school. A school spirit so tremendous that no amount of hard work or disappointments could overshadow it. It's all a game, everyone working, playing, and striving to graduate. When this accomplished, when it's all over and there is no more, ALL we have left are lasting memories of the greatest chapter in the book of our life — OUR HIGH SCHOOL.

"He that despiseth small things, shall fall by little and little."

—Ecclesiasticus

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PUZZLE

RICHARD CURRY, '59

One of the most perplexing problems ever encountered by builders and architects was that of an Ancient Spanish Monument.

The Spanish Monument was erected in Spain about nine hundred years ago by the Spanish people. It was to be used by the monks and consisted of numerous patios, walk ways and room after room filled with tapestries and other ornamental decorations.

In the early nineteen hundreds a prosperous business man upon visiting Spain and seeing the Monument considered purchasing it from the government and bringing it to the United States. His venture he felt would bring much money as a tourist attraction.

He immediately hired men, upon purchasing this stone structure for an enormous sum, and began dismantling it placing each stone in straw and then into a numbered box so that by using a blueprint each stone could be placed into its original position.

It took from about eight to ten months to complete this operation. Afterwards, these boxes were placed aboard ship and headed for America. It was discovered aboard ship that the straw used to wrap the stones was contaminated and therefore could not be brought to the United States.

The crates were returned to Spain where they were unloaded and rewrapped in straw. Then they were placed back in the crates and brought to the coast of Florida.

When they were unpacked and the reconstruction began it seems the stones were not in their corresponding boxes. Presumably during the the rewrapping the mix-up occurred.

The long process of trying to piece the Monument back together like a jig-saw puzzle began. It not only took two years to reconstruct it but cost approximately one million dollars for financing the labor.

After these endless months of unceasing toil and precise calculation which was necessary to compensate for the packing error, there arose upon the beautiful plains of Florida a magnificent vision of splendor. There shimmering in the sunlight stood the most fantastically conceived, luxurious, and most comfortable outhouse known to man.

GLORIOUS AMERICAN CAPITALISM

HARRY BRUDER, '58

Americans,
Grateful for founders' optimism,
Civil rights and altruism,
Seldom find room for criticism
Or their pure, inherent capitalism.
Capitalism, in the people's eyes,
Insures the right of free enterprise.
The right to choose one's own vocation
Provides a chance to better one's station.
That the freedom of owning property
Is a blessing, anyone can see.
It's not my place to cause a schism
By introducing realism,
Nor is it to nurse my egoism
That I relate my mysticism:
Have your license pleas come to nihil
To sell your milk in Louisville?
Or have you tried of recent date
To lay bricks in this sovereign state?
And imagine how fast a Negro kills
His dreams of buying in Indian Hills!

Subliminal advertising invites you to the Dignitas Moonlight Excursion

LET'S DANCE

JACK MILLER, '58

Have you ever stopped to think of the minutes, the hours, yes, even months of planning that go towards giving the annual Dignitas Winter Formal? Having been on the dance committee two years prior to becoming chairman this year, we could add two years of minutes, hours, weeks, and months more. All of this would require a great deal of mathematics and although it is a week after the "Big Event" in my life, I am too tired to try to be another Einstein.

All these dance preparations started last July, when the ballroom of the Brown Hotel was rented for December 27th, 8 P.M. to 1 A.M. How could we decorate from 8 P.M. to 9 P.M. (the dance was from 9 to 1) - that would be impossible! Couldn't even think of it! My brain started doing tricks to me. Only days before the dance would we know for sure that the room was not rented for a luncheon, banquet or dinner. In other words, if no one wanted the ballroom on December 27th, then Dignitas could use the room to change it into a winter wonderland. How I hoped this would all come true.

About the time school started, an orchestra had been engaged which we hoped would be good. A dance committee was selected, and a fine and capable group it was. All busy in other activities, we managed to create a plan that was acceptable to the group and the whole Club. This took many mid-weekly meetings, plus raised eyebrows from our parents, for fear our school lessons were being sadly neglected.

The entire Club was divided into working committees and a boy responsible for each.

Two weeks before "The Dance", and certainly it was getting nearer and bigger to me in every way, we boys drove miles out in the country to cut down cedar trees. We were given much help by the owner. His permission to relieve his farm of said trees had been given at an earlier date. Then came the spraying of the trees to make them a pretty white. This was done after trucking them to a Club member's barn. Our parents were so thoughtful and understanding. Many offered suggestions and help, but being adolescents and experienced teen-agers, we knew all.

Time was drawing closer to our date. All committees, we hoped, were doing their jobs. After another call to the Brown Hotel, this was one week before "The Dance," it was still uncertain what time we could start our magical act of transformation. Worry, worry!

We needed more blue lights for the white-washed trees. Could everyone be using blue ones this year? Should the picket fence, to be used at the entrance of the ballroom be white or brown? How to fireproof the curtain behind the handstand? How to move the small rented log cabin to the Hotel and up to the ballroom? The biggest worry was how to hoist our thirty foot white cedar through a window from the alley behind the hotel. My feeble little grey matter was being worked overtime.

Christmas came. The 26th. I called the manager (she and I had become quite friendly by now) and alleluia - glory be and all that - we could start work at eight in the morning of "The Dance."

Didn't sleep much that night. Up at six, breakfast and left home at six-thirty with an ax, screwdrivers, knives, scissors, cord, tape, artificial snow, curtain for handstand, and much determination and confidence.

We all worked like "beavers" - no, like Dignitas men. It was a long hard day with all hands on deck.

Slowly, the room was looking like a Christmas fairyland.

Finishing about six in the evening, we all dashed home to dress madly. Just imagine me, in white tie and tails, the distinguishing feature of the senior members. This was our night to be presented with our dates in white formals.

After being treated to a lovely buffet dinner, given by a senior for the seniors and their girls, we went to the Crystal Ballroom.

Did I say Crystal Ballroom? Truly, it no longer held any resemblance. How proud I was to have helped with so beautiful a winter scene. The log cabin with the smoke (dry ice that sometimes worked) coming out the chimney, surrounded by white trees and artificial snow was all I had hoped for. The majestic white trees with their many blue lights seemed to have a wink for only me. They knew what was in my heart. A great sense of gratitude for the accomplishment came over me. For just a fleeting moment, smoke from the little log cabin must have gotten in my eyes.

The music sounded just great - and, let's dance!

THE UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY

JOE WATERFILL, '59

During the last two or three years the U.S. foreign policy has changed much, especially with the non-committed and non-western nations. This change is mostly due to renewed pressures from Communist countries. However, many are aware of that threat, but few see a different threat which is right here at home. This danger can be divided in to three topics - understanding, economy, and overconfidence.

Under the topic of understanding comes our relations with other nations. Recently the United States has been dominating many of the world conferences and general meetings of different nations. At these conferences our ambassadors have been setting out our policies and telling these countries to take it or go home. As can be seen, a change is needed. A understanding among the United States and foreign nations can only come from our recognition of their rights as a nation. It can be done and has been a few months ago in conferences with the Latin American nations. Of course, we should not become lax with Communism, but this policy will greatly increase our sphere of influence with would be Communist countries. Much damage has been done; however, it's never too late to start.

The second topic is our foreign economy. A considerably large sum of our capital is tied up in foreign trade. We definitely need to promote our products and the only way to do this is by the trade link between the two countries by trade fairs and other forms of advertising. If carried out successfully, we can greatly increase our trade, fight Communism, help improve world conditions and strengthen our foreign policy.

The third topic is overconfidence. For a long time we as Americans have been considering ourselves way ahead of the Russians and any other nation. This golden feeling was recently broken by the launching of Russian satellites, and many of us have begun to wake up. Are we founders of a chosen people and a new better culture? We don't know about the chosen people, but history has shown what can happen to the Master Race, as for culture, the Indians have had theirs for thousands of years and there is nothing wrong with it. We are going along nicely inside our boundaries, but outside, our defenses are falling to the trumpets of Communist aggression. In essence, America is due for a Renaissance of thought. Through a new and up to date foreign policy America can reunite the free nations, join with them of equal footing as in the U.N. to crush Communism, and aid in bettering our standards along with the worlds.

"How much lies in laughters The cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man!"

—Carlyle

SONNET NO. 35

STANLEY SCHULTZE, '59

Scudding swiftly over the wave-torn blue,
Sped on by booming topsail, thrusting sweeps,
Sailed a merchant frigate's rugged crew.
To the trade that spanned the boundless deeps,
Articles they signed had bound them fast.
A captain forcing duty, but benign,
Kept them toiling grimly before the mast.
Patching canvas, swabbing decks white with brine,
Round the stormy Capes they slowly edged,
Facing peril through sodden nights and days,
All the Seven Seas their prow had dredged,
Seeking cargoes in many far-flung bays.
Wearied at the killings voyage's end,
To their wives and homes they gladly wend.

THE RACE OF MAN

TERRY FOSTER, '58

To see the race, to know the race,
To be the race, my son,
A million men have died for this
By stone and lance and gun.

Across the wide, wide world they swept,
To meet a man called fate,
With death their knowing keeper
And destruction as their mate.

They've plundered, raped and pillaged,
And then burned what was left.
They've thrown scorched earth behind them
Which of decency was swept.

This ravaging they've got to stop,
For letters in the sand
Declare that if it is not done,
There'll be no race of man.

CONTROVERSIAL LIMITS

DANNY CARRELL, '59

While driving 45 m.p.h. sing—

"Highways are Happy Ways."

At 55 m.p.h. sing—

"I'm But a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home."

At 65 m.p.h. sing—

"When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."

At 85 m.p.h. sing—

"Lord, I'm Coming Home."

The above lines may be humorous, but there is a lot of truth in them. Today, automobiles and their drivers are a serious hazard, about which much can be said. In this article, however, we will be concerned only with a portion of the problem—the drivers' age limit. This, and two other age limits which go hand in hand, those of voting and the draft, are subject to considerable controversy whenever they are mentioned.

Driving a car is not a difficult task, especially since most cars now have automatic transmission; however, it does require care and some skill and knowledge. The greatest number of traffic accidents are caused by violations of traffic laws by ignorant and unskilled drivers. This fact leads us to a method of preventing many of our traffic accidents—keep the bad drivers off the road. Many people insist that, for the most part, the bad drivers are teenagers and that they should not be allowed to drive; but teenagers naturally have better reflexes than older people and the physical ability to be good drivers. Then how can driving menaces be eliminated? Both written demonstration tests for beginning drivers must be made more difficult in order to make the applicant prove himself before obtaining his license. To prevent the licensed drivers from forgetting and ignoring all they have learned, periodical tests should be given every few years to all drivers. If the above suggestions are carried out, then the drivers' age limit would not be of the utmost importance. Surely anyone of senior-high-school age is mature enough to handle an automobile. Fifteen and a half seems like a logical age for one to be issued a beginner's permit, allowing the person to drive as long as a licensed driver is also in the car. Six months should then be given in order to allow the beginner enough time to gain experience so that he may easily pass his examination for an actual license.

In addition to the driver's age limit, what about the voting age? The greatest right as a citizen of the United States is the right to vote, a privilege that is granted to us by the Constitution of our country and a privilege that helps to make our country a democratic one. The voting age limit in every state is twenty-one except in Georgia and Kentucky, where it is. It is reasonable that if one is old enough to fight for his country's liberty, he is old enough to vote for his country's leaders; however, I believe that twenty-one year old, having three years more of maturity than the eighteen year old, would, in most cases, make wiser decisions at the election polls.

The above solutions to three controversial age limits seem to be the most logical to me, and I know I am not alone in my thoughts. Perhaps a periodical drivers' testing program would be almost impossible to administer. Then again maybe it would be quite possible. Even so, there is no excuse for the ridiculously easy tests that are given to those wishing to obtain their drivers' licenses. Also, penalties for traffic violations should be made more severe. Only time will tell if anything is to be done about the debatable problems that have been discussed above.

THE BIG RACE

BOB SEXTON, '60

It was two days before the big race, or, at least, my big race. For a month I had been practicing turns, adjusting my motor and waxing my boat.

This was to be my debut as a race driver. I was a picture of confidence, my boat was supposed to be the best in the area, the motor had been sent all over the country to be "souped up", and the boat itself was the best Speed-liner. It was a Class A. Utility ten feet long, with a Mercury motor which could produce speeds up to forty-two miles per hour.

I had learned from other drivers that races were won or lost on the turns. So for a month I had been practicing them. I didn't know what a good turn was, but I thought I was making them.

On the day of the race I was still calm; it sounded easy and I thought I would be all right with what little information I had picked up. At six in the morning my father and I started for Shoals, Indiana on the White River. The races were The Golden Spike Regatta, sponsored by the Indiana Outboard Association.

We arrived there around noon and placed my boat on the crane to be lowered into the river. I then started to warm up my motor and take a few practice runs around the course marked at each end by two red buoys. Other drivers were doing the same, but they seemed to be much more at ease than I was. They could take the turns better than I too. It was then I began to worry. But I couldn't worry long, for the loud-speaker announced the drivers' meeting was to be held immediately. At the meeting they explained certain rules and explained how we would be started. I then signed up for my race and my father signed for me, since I was a minor.

More practicing did no good, so I pulled up to shore to wait for my event. As I watched the other classes race I became more frightened.

Finally it was time for my race. It was to be divided into two heats. Each driver would race in each heat and the drivers having the largest totals for both heats would win. I had learned that on starting I should pick out the best driver and follow him so I wouldn't have a false start. I picked out the man to follow, but when the gun went off I lost him and I was the last boat away. By the time we were to the first buoy I had caught the leaders, but as I made my turn they passed me. On every turn it was the same, I didn't know how I could make a better turn, but it was evident my turns were bad. The factor which kept me from looking too bad was the speed of my boat, it was the fastest in the race but I wasn't helping it. The second heat was the same as the first and at the end I had finished third in both heats.

When I finally got my boat out of the water, the tension was off and I was happy. Not for what I had done but for knowing that now I could race again and again with some experience and more confidence.

"Some will never learn anything, because they understand everything too soon."

—Blount

A FORGOTTEN LEADER

HAM COOKE

Unlike such men as Washington, Lincoln, and Lee, who have received wide acclaim, Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson has never been given the honor that he so rightly deserves. Jackson was one of the most brilliant figures of all military history, and he showed his great skill by furthering the cause of the Confederacy tremendously.

I have done a vast amount of research on Jackson, reading books, magazine articles and facts not generally known about him, and I have been impressed by his humility and religious nature. He always carried two things into battle with him—a Bible and a book called *Napoleon's Tactics of Warfare*. Of the two, Jackson naturally received the greater inspiration from the Bible. His religion was not just preached to others, but it was practiced daily. I would say without fear of contradiction that his great faith in the Supreme Being was the prime reason for Jackson's intuitive power.

A God-fearing man, Jackson never fought on Sundays if he could avoid it. Many times he was seen by his men praying openly to God before and even during battle. He would stop, raise his hand, and turn his eyes toward heaven, as if praying for a blessing on his men. During the thunder of battle as he urged his men to press forward, if he passed the bodies of some of his fallen men, he would halt, raise his hand as if to ask a blessing on them, and to pray to God to have their souls.

An admirable quality that Jackson displayed was that he never took credit for a victory, but always he gave full credit to God. Without fail, he would give thanks to God after each battle, and always he asked that the needless was be ended as soon as possible.

It is a strange touch of irony that in his greatest victory, Stonewall Jackson should be shot by his own men when returning to his lines. His death marked a great turning point in the fortunes of the South. In my opinion, no one ever made a truer statement that General Robert E. Lee did, when, upon learning of Jackson's impending death, he said, "I have lost my right arm."

No soldier ever left behind him among the ranks greater reverence or a more tender memory. He was a people's hero, a nation's shining hope. Besides being a military genius and a fearless soldier, he was a leader of men, who expected each man to give of his best.

His nobility of character, his abundant charity toward the weakness of others, his unfeigned piety, and memories of the Southern people. The South loved and respected him; the North recognized him as a brilliant military strategist. Truly, it was a black day for the South when Jackson "crossed over the river, and rested under the shade of the trees."

Do you not agree that Jackson was one of the most memorable heroes of our country? And is it not significant that a spring of laurel should be brought from the grave of Napoleon and planted on the grave of Jackson as a tribute from the grandest warrior of the Old World to the most brilliant soldier of the New?

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D - stands for dances which we present

I - for intelligence on which we're intent

G - is for good times in which we excell

N - is for nobleness which we impell

I - is for interest we have in our club

T - is for teamwork for which there's no sub

A - is for ambition we highly promote

S - is for studies of which we denote

DIGNITAS SONG

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

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 the D.L.A.

REQUIEM FOR SENIORS

TERRY FOSTER, '58

Its almost done, my Dignitas,
Its almost through, my comrades bold.
The time has come for us to part
And march upon a world so cold.

The years we've loved behind us now,
Those memories we'll save
And bring them back in later years,
And carry to our graves.

The many times of comradship,
So rare these troubled days,
Were guided with a rein of trust

To help them on their way.
If there's a thing that I could wish
Upon my mortal clay,
It's that all my sons and after hem
Be men of D. L. A.

WE HONOR:

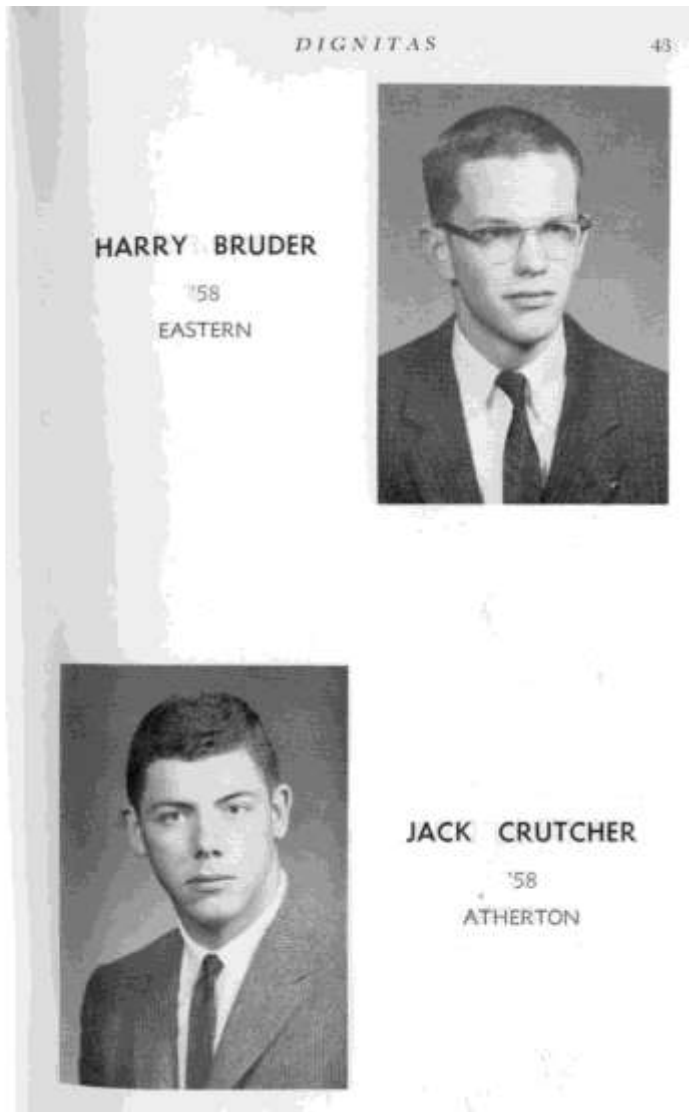


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Who did this to Willy?



NO dogs allowed



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"He who saves the country of the Dairy Club White Company"



Mr. Treatment



30-37?



Don't Mess & Chase.



STAY AT LE MANS



LATER MAN



Dedication To basketball—
May THE LITERARY LEAGUE
FOREVER THRIVE ON ITS
SPIRIT

BUDDY
↓
Amg



BELIEVE!



WE ARE NEAT



"My DADDY SET
THAT FINE"



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"WHAT, US WORRY?"



BILL SHAVER
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IN HERE?



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I Told You it
WASNT A Phone Booth.



RAID!



The Village Idiot



MAYOR



Thank you Mr. Serrle



Father you are



Frank Tank conveying Robin Hood across a bridge over a creek in beautiful Sherwood Forest during the Middle English Period.



Woman's character



DRAG?



man of Shadrach



AIN'T THAT A NUT?



VICE CZAR + MATE



GO AHEAD!



The Fabulous Five (underneath)



Mitchell Rocks

Q.T.L.



AND from the bowels of the earth, it came.



ALUMNI



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 Duncan, Stuart, '55
 Eldre, Dempsey, '46
 Everback, Eric, '54
 Grawemeyer, Warren, '56
 Greene, Bob, '57
 Groves, Coleman, '51
 Gruen, Earl, '46 1/2
 Haldeman, Bruce, '54
 Haupt, Dudley, '56
 Heatt, Witten, '48
 Hoover, Bill, '57
 Howard, Witty, '56
 Inman, John, '57
 Jefferson, Doug, '48
 Jones, Scoggan, '47
 Joyner, Nelson, '55
 Kaiser, Bill, '53
 Keeling, Bruce, '54
 Layne, Robert, '51
 Lehman, E. O., '48
 Lorch, Don, '56
 Lorenz, Charles, '46 1/2

Martin, Boyce, '53
 Millott, Dan, '55
 Morgan, Hugh, '51
 Nelman, Jan, '53
 Noe, Courtney, '56
 Nuckols, Howard, '46
 Neurath, Alton, '53
 Osborne, John, '46
 Owens, Bruce, '47 1/2
 Paxton, Jay, '53
 Perry, Ben, '47 1/2
 Perry, Edwin, '48
 Prentiss, Bill, '50
 Price, Willis, '49
 Price, Gordon, '50
 Pritchett, Hoyt, '51
 Pritchett, Hugh, '55
 Rankin, John, '48
 Reiter, George, '52
 Robertson, Jim, '57
 Rothenburger, Vernon, '56
 Russell, Fritz, '54
 Schlundt, Jack, '46
 Schnur, Bob, '56
 Schnur, Ray, '53
 Schoen, Tom, '50
 Schoen, David, '47
 Scobee, Marvin, '52
 Synder, Bob, '46
 Stites, John, '56
 Taylor, Bo, '47
 Taylor, Bill, '46
 Terrano, Sal, '50
 Thomas, Speed, '55
 Thomas, William, '49
 Tichenor, Jim, '56
 Travis, Robert, '53
 Tobe, Lawrence, '48
 Townes, Dwight, '46
 Ward, Shely, '51
 Wayne, Coty, '51
 Wiggington, Bill, '51 1/2
 Wilborn, Tom, '48
 Wilhoite, Evans, '52
 Williams, Connie, '47
 Williams, Kenny, '55
 Williamson, Don, '49
 Wilson, John, '57
 Young, Bill, '56
 Young, Dick, '56
 Young, Ed, '53
 Zeigler, Paul, '46

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

David Schoen - 1944½
 William Taylor - 1945
 Robert Snyder - 1945½
 Paul Zeigler - 1946
 Charles Lorenz - 1946½
 David Schoen - 1947
 Thomas Wilborn - 1947½
 John Rankin - 1948
 William Thomas - 1948½
 Don Williamson - 1949
 Thomas Schoen - 1949½
 Robert Bouse - 1950
 Hugh Morgan - 1950½
 Ted Chenault - 1951
 Mark Davis - 1951½
 Evans 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
 Bill Mowry - 1957½
 Jack Miller - 1958

FOREVER ONWARD!

STUART BRUDER, '56 - Stuart is now a sophomore at University of Pennsylvania where he is a member of the crew team. He is a member of Delta Tau Delta.

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

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

JIM TICHENOR, '56 - Jim, our vice-president in 1955½ and 1956 is now attending the United States Military Academy at West Point. He is in the upper 10% of his class.

JOHN WILSON, '57 - "Pies," our critic in 1956½, is a freshman at Centre college, where he is a member of Beta Theta Pi.

PERRY CLARK, '57 - Perry, our president in 1956½, is now attending Princeton where he is a pre-med student. He is a member of the crew team and the chorus.

RONNIE CURRY, '57 - Ronnie is on scholarship at Cornell, where he is participating in crew, golf, and football.

BOB GREENE, '57 - Bob, our president and co-editor of our magazine in 1957, is now at Georgia Tech. Where he has made the dean's list.

BILL HOOVER, '57 - Bill, an ex D. L. A. corresponding secretary is now at Purdue. He has been initiated into Lambda Chi.

JOHN INMAN, '57 - John is now at Transylvania where he is playing basketball. He has recently become a member of Phi Kappa Tau.

BILL DAVIS, '57 - Bill, co-editor of D. L. A.'s magazine and vice-president in 1957, is now at Washington and Lee, where he is a member of Kappa Alpha.

JIM ROBERTSON, '57 - Jim is now at Centre where he is a member of Phi Delta Theta.

DAVID BROWN, '57 — David, D. L. A.'s recording secretary in 1957, is now at Kenyon, where he is playing on the la crosse team and singing in the chorus. He has been initiated in Delta Tau Delta.

TOM BROOKS, '57 — Tom, our corresponding secretary in 1956½, is now at Murray State Teachers College, where he is swimming and playing basketball.

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SOCIAL CLUB**

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**BETA PI
SOCIAL CLUB**

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THE TIME IS NOW

TERRY FOSTER, '58 — EDITOR

Many important people have expressed opinions on the threat of Soviet aggression of American principles and liberties. They have not, however, seem fit to do anything besides talk about this oncoming menace. It is my contention that now is the time to halt Red aggression by any means at our command — War included.

This statement may seem at first a bit headstrong and radical, for no one will enjoy the idea of sending the cream of America's young men to their deaths in far distant countries. Harsh as it may seem, sending these boys off to war is far better than having them stay and fight at home. I think that this will be the case if Americans allow the world situation to continue the course that it has now taken.

Examine the situation. Communism has already subdued many European countries and is infiltrating the politics of friendly countries such as Spain and France now. In the East, China, Tibet, and most of Indochina are completely Communist. Pakistan and India will be the next to go into the Communist union. These countries were not taken by force but by subtle lies and false promises that the Free World could have stifled. In the Western Hemisphere the forked tongue of Communism making itself heard and is finding many willing ears for its lies. The hot-blooded revolutionaries in many South American countries make a fertile culture media for the seeds of Communist Doctrine. Argentina, Uruguay, Columbia, and Panama are kept in a stage of constant unrest by professional Communist trouble makers who specialize in putting over Communist ideas by playing on the traditional Latin-American emotions. In our own country a constant vigil must be kept for Communist ideas and advances.

The Roman Empire was taken from within through the weakness and excesses of its citizens even before the attack of the Huns. This must not happen to American. It is the duty of every American to see that it does not.

Sooner or later there must be a showdown between the conflicting ideologies of Communism and Capitalism. The soviet people realize this and are girding for an offensive war that will know no equal in brutality or violence. It will be a war to decide the ruler of the entire world. Many Americans also know this and realize the forces that they will have to battle. The great majority, however, are complacent and feel satisfied with the present day advantages of hi-fi sets, outboard motors, and new cars. I predict that they will soon change their opinions and materialistic tendencies and finally demand that a definite, aggressive course of action be taken.

Communism, unfortunately, will not wait for the average American to realize his danger and take action. It is always on the move, always ready to leap and to devour. Alexander Pope once said, "The proper study of mankind is man." this is a truism which, if applied to Communism, will show the need of instant action on the part of America. In my opinion the button should be pushed now, before Soviet superiority in manufacturing catches its overwhelming superiority in numbers and they feel as if they are ready for war. Let me assure you that when this time comes, they will not hesitate for an instant. We must not fight a war of retaliation in an age when the first blow will win the fight. We must act now in order to save American liberty for our posterity.

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HISTORY OF D. L. A.

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

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

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

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

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

1958 Dignitas

On February 22, 1950, Dignitas' first magazine was brought out. It was called the "Spectator," as were all of the other literary club's 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.

The fifth magazine, published in 1955, consisted of 175 pages. The magazine was enhanced by the exceptionally fine literary work produced by the members. Again the famed white Christmas Tree was the center of attractions at the Christmas Dance, held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel December 23. The following Monday, December 27, D. L. A. held its' tenth anniversary banquet. Four or five founders were present along with a number of old grads. It, like the dance, was a big success. A banquet honoring the six graduating seniors was planned for early June.

In 1956, the members of Dignitas came from Atherton, Eastern, Louisville Country Day, and Male High Schools.

The annual Invitational Christmas Dance was held at the Brown Hotel on December 23, when the fourteen and dates were presented.

Also in 1956, Jim Tichenor, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Robert Tichenor, was honored with an appointment to the United States Military Academy. His appointment was sponsored by John M. Robson, Jr., U. S. Congressman from Louisville.

Since the founding of the Dignitas Club, to the present day, Dignitas Literary Association has taken in boys not only because of the good that the boy can do the club, but also for the good that 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.

"Great men are the commissioned guides of mankind, who rule their fellows because they are wiser"

—Carlyle

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Familiarity breeds

I love you in blue
I love you in red
But best of all
I love you in blue

You can pick you nose
And you can pick your friends
But you can't eat your friends

Cook: I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak
Bockhorst: What in Hell do you want me to do, get up and oil
it?

Chinese gardener about to throw fertilizer on his rice—
"Dung - Ho"

She has a contagious smile — Trench mouth

We just figured out why Robin robbed only the rich — the poor
didn't have any money.

A banana has more sex appeal than a pineapple

Shortly before the invasion, a general and his staff were watching a troop-carrying glider go by. From it came a carrier pigeon. Powerful field glasses followed the bird to a nearby field. A colonel raced over, got the bird, took the message from his leg and raced back to the general who read it, cursed and threw it on the ground. The colonel waited a minute, picked up the message. It read: "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."

"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."
"Maybe you're a milk bottle."

Policeman (to pedestrian just hit by a hit-and-run driver):
"Did you get his number?"
Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere."

English teacher: "Do you enjoy Browning?"
Waterfill: "No, but I sometimes have to resort to it around exam time."

Catlett: "What would you do if you had five dates with a girl and never kissed her?"
Sexton: "I'd lie about it."

He lost his toupee in a cow pasture and tried on six before he found it.

The average number of times a man says no to temptation is once-weakly.

The reason men like blondes is that they get dirty quicker.

Two worms crawled across the road. One worm stopped and the other crawled on.

Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed.
Said one: "Her neck's dirty."
Said the other: "Her does?"

Nature gave her a beautiful face, but she picked her nose herself.

Women, it seems, are wearing the same things in bras, this year.

"Do you know what the sophomore who crashed the A.L.A. party got?"

"Yeah, he pledg'd."

"Shay lishen, lady, you're th' homeliesht woman I ever shaw."

"Well, you're the drunkenest man I ever saw."

"I know, lady, but I'll get over it in th' mornin'."

Diggie: "Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?"

His Date: "No, Why?"

Diggie: "That's funny, the other two pigs were."

A girl whom we cannot bypass

Was really a very nice lass

While climbing a hill

She took a big spill

And pretty near busted her arm

There was a young lady from Spain

Who met with dishonor again

And again and again

And again and again

And again and again and again.

Speiden: "Where ya been?"

Schultze: "Out with my girl drinking rum."

Speiden: "Jamaica?"

Schultze: "Don't be so damn inquisitive."

Do you ever put on rayon scanties?

When they crackle electric chanties?

Don't worry my dear,

The reason is clear,

You simply have amps in your panties.

Birth control is merely an attempt to avoid the issue.

Beneath this stone a virgin lies,

For her life held no terrors.

Born a virgin, died a virgin . . .

No hits, no runs, no errors.

We have read so much about the bad effects of drinking that we have decided to give up reading.

We could not find

For love or money

Jokes that were clean

And also funny.

1958 Dignitas



"OBIE"



"I LIKE THE COLORS" - BRUCE C.



FRITH ROCKS TO SHELBYVILLE



NEW YEARS - HOWARD STYLE



R. CUNY



J. MILLER (THE TRUTH IS OUT)



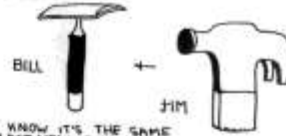
LET THEM PLAY



CARRELL THE RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY



BUT SIR, I ONLY HAVE \$84



BILL

JIM

WE KNOW IT'S THE SAME AS LAST YEAR, BUT WHAT WOULD YOU DO ??
- The Custom Factory

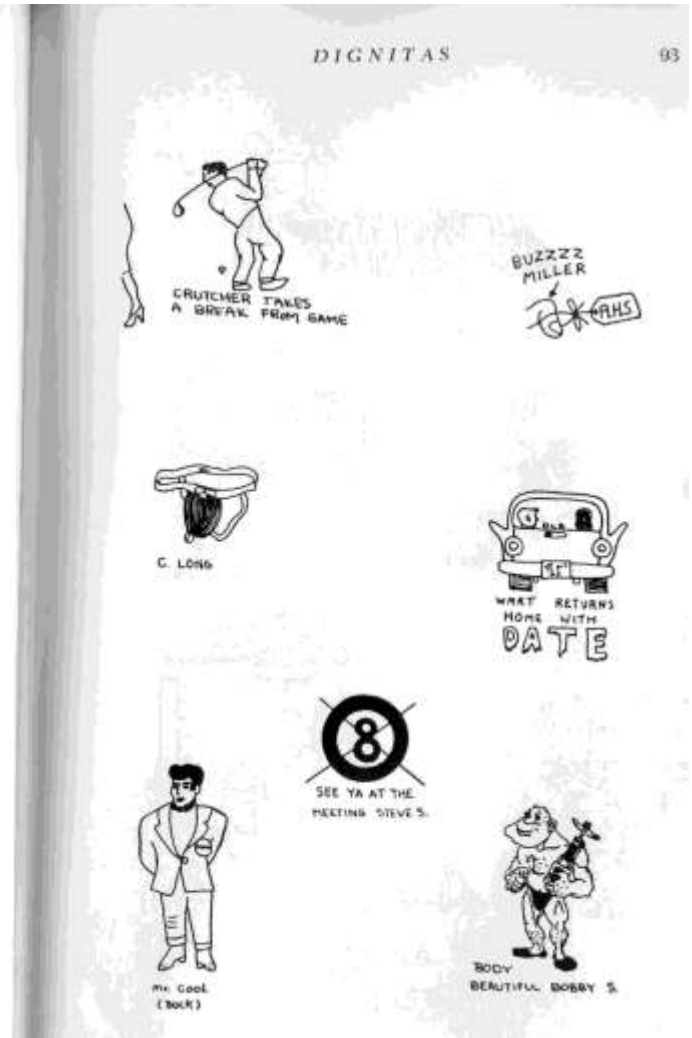


DEDICATED TO (A FEW) OLDE GRADS



SLAVE

1958 Dignitas





"The Hole"



A SIMPSON (NEED MORE BE SAID)



RYAN'S SOOTHERS



MOWAY AND BABY BROTHER



RECKE PLAYS PROGRESSIVE



HAPPY HI WORK? ENIL STARK!



PACK



HAY WESSEL TURS OP



"BIG GAR"



FOSTER PICKS UP DATE



T.S.B.A.



T-ARCK



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Good luck in the coming academic year.

Signed: _____

A DIGGY'S PHILOSOPHY

(Formerly from the works of Robert Burns)

"If Heaven a draft of Heavenly pleasure spare, one cordial in this melancholy vale, 'tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair in others arms breath out the tender tale, beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

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DIGNITAS

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TO THE

Dignitas

Literary

Association

ON ANOTHER YEAR OF
OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

DIGNITAS FOREVER!

DIGNITAS

101

*Club
Notes*

CONGRATULATE
TO THE

1944 - 1958

THE

DIGNITAS

LITERARY

ASSOCIATION



We of The Dignitas Literary Association feel proud to present this, the eighth edition of THE DIGNITAS MAGAZINE, to all of our friends and patrons.

The Dignitas Literary Association has chosen these officers to lead it through the spring term:

<i>President</i>	JACK MILLER
<i>Vice President</i>	HARRY BRUDER
<i>Secretary</i>	BILL SHAVER
<i>Treasurer</i>	GARY PAXTON
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	JOE SPEIDEN
<i>Critic</i>	RICHARD CURRY
<i>Historian</i>	GARY BOCKHORST
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	JACK CRUTCHER

The following boys have been received into membership and are now participating in all Dignitas Activities: Bill Howard, Mike Brown, and Ron Barrett of Atherton; Brad Arterburn, Steve Catlett, Ted Frith, Bobby Sexton, Steve Mowry, and Baymey Simpson of Waggener; and Bruce Campbell and Junior Richard from Eastern.

The Dignitas again held its Winter Formal on December 27, 1957 which was highlighted by the presentation of the Class of "58" and their dates. We hope that all those who were there will make plans to attend our moonlight excursion aboard the steamer Avalon on June 17th.

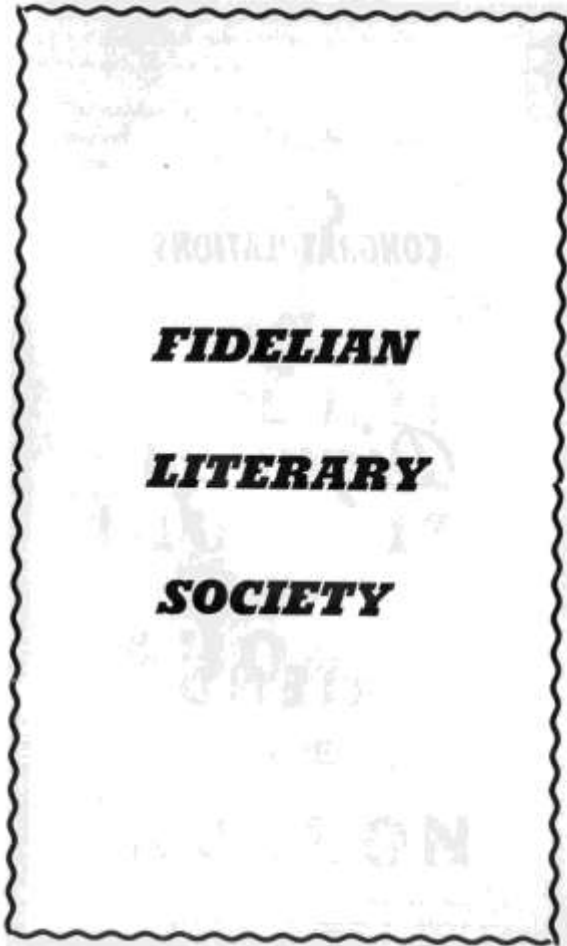
Dignitas teams went undefeated in the Literary League football and basketball competitions and brought the "keg" back as their reward. We are hoping for a comparable softball season.

The membership of Dignitas would like to thank you for your patronage of its magazine and hopes that you will continue it in the future.

T.F.

COOL IT !!
JUNE 17
ABOARD
THE
AVALON

CONGRATULATIONS
TO
Dignitas
FROM A
FRIEND



The Fidelian Literary Society has chosen the following officers to lead it through the spring term:

<i>President</i>	LOUIS WESTFIELD
<i>Vice President</i>	DENNIS HOLLAND
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLES WALTE
<i>Treasurer</i>	JIM BUCHART
<i>Critic</i>	CARL QUICKSALL
<i>Historian</i>	TONY BRIAN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ALAN ADELBERG

The following boys were taken in during the fall and are active in all the Society's activities: Will Dowden, Tom Johnson, Bill Gossman, and Bob Hardwick from Atherton; Junior Jim Buchart from Saint Xavier; Dan Frazier, Joe Dietrich, and Brent Robbins from Waggener; Doug Fowley and Peter Graves from Eastern; Fred Brown and Peter Brown from Country Day.

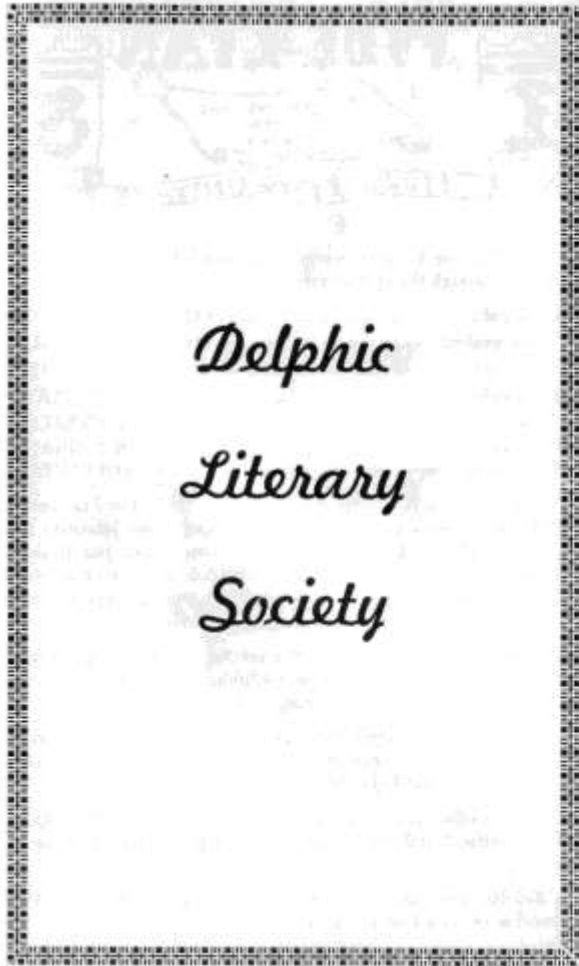
This summer Fidelian had the privilege of donating its time and energy to the Kosair Crippled Children's Hospital where the members maintained a booth throughout the entire carnival.

In the football league, Fidelian enjoyed a successful season in which it only lost to Dignitas and Delphic. The Basketball team suffered a dismal yet enjoyable season.

The Fidelian magazine, *The Scriptor*, under co-editorship of Louis Westfield and Pat Maloney will be published sometime in May.

Fidelian extends congratulations to Dignitas on the publication of another of their fine magazines.

L. W.



*Delphic
Literary
Society*



The Delphic Literary Society has chosen the following boys to lead it through the spring and early summer:

- President* STEVE McDONALD
- Vice President* TOM HOLTZ
- Secretary* DOUG HOWARD
- Treasurer* DENNY O'CONNEL
- Corresponding Secretary* TOM WALKER
- Clerk* BOB KALTENBACKER
- Critic* JOHN GUANESCHELLI
- Sergenat-at-Arms* JOHN McGRATH

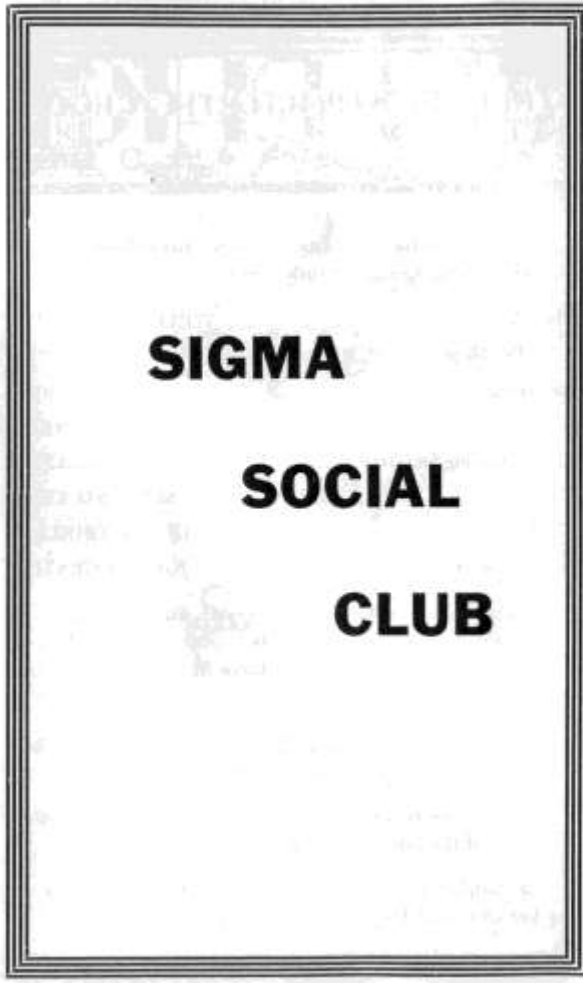
After completing a successful pledgeship, Steve Grissom, Steve Litterest, Ed Lang, John Sullivan, Bob Stallings, Steve Rickert, Judge Mosley, Woody Currens, and Louis Stark became members of Delphic.

With the capable leadership of our fall term officers, we held our dance in the Henry Clay Hotel on December 14.

We also were runners-up in both the football and basketball competition of the Literary League, losing only to Dignitas.

The Delphic Literary Society congratulates Dignitas on another fine edition of The Dignitas Magazine.

T. G.



The following officers have been elected to lead Sigma through May of 1958:

<i>President</i>	ROBERT PFEIFFER
<i>Vice President</i>	RICHARD PFEIFFER
<i>Secretary</i>	DAVID DENTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROBERT RAPP
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	REED SLADEN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	KERWIN FISHER
<i>Historian</i>	HOWARD PERKSON
<i>Chaplain</i>	CARL ENGLAND
<i>Critic</i>	CARL SHACKELTON

In the fall these eight boys became members of Sigma: Frank Howe, Chuck Robinson, Earl Greer, Bill Hurley, George Dyer, George Kaegi, Meridith Johnson, and Mark Morgan.

Sigma presented its "Basin Street Ball" on the third of December, 1958, and we hope that everyone who enjoyed that dance will be able to come to our invitational dance on May thirty-first, 1958.

Our four game basketball season in the Literary League, although not too successful, was a high point of interest in Sigma's 1958 year. Out of four games we won only one, beating Athenaeum by four points. Ah well, 'tis but a bame.

Congratulations to Dignitas on a fine edition of their magazine. Good luck with your dance on the Avalon June 17th.

R.S.

**CHEVALIER
LITERARY
SOCIETY**



Chevalier Literary Society's selection of the following officers has helped to make the 1958 year a successful one:

<i>President</i>	ROB BEARD
<i>Vice-President</i>	ROGER PEOPLES
<i>Secretary</i>	TOM LIGHTFOOT
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRED KAREM
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	JOHN CHUMLEY
<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i>	WATSON ALLGIER
<i>Critic</i>	JOHN CHUMLEY
<i>Historian</i>	CHUCK ROSE

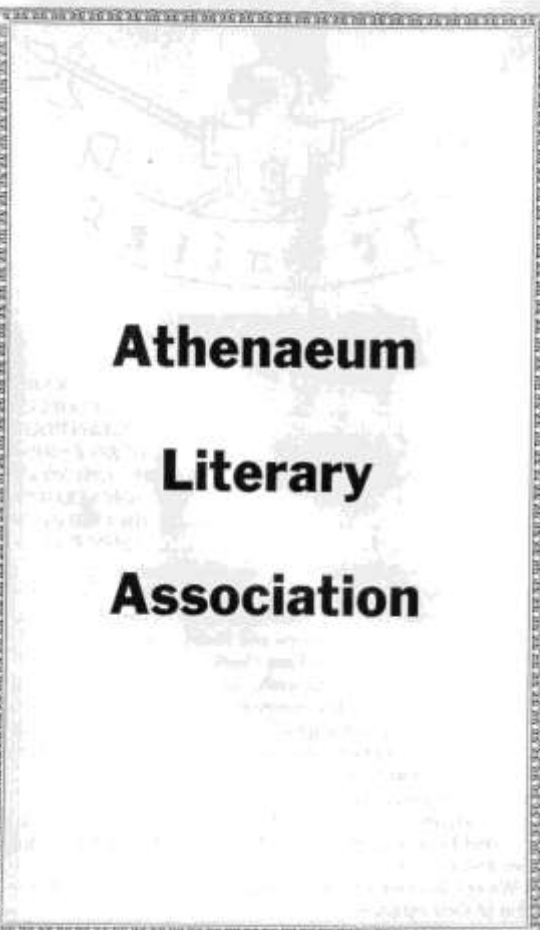
Last fall Chevalier strengthened its membership with the addition of the following new members: Hugh Peterson, Miles Franklin, and Ron Wolfe of Atherton; Chuck Rose, Steve Davenport, Embry Bucker, David Owen and Henry Ackerman of Country day; and Larry Albright from Fern Creek.

Although not entirely successful in our quest for the Literary Basketball crown, Chevalier thoroughly enjoyed playing and has big hopes of fielding a championship team next year. Our ranking in the league was 3rd, with victories Athenaeum, Fidelian, Halleck and Sigma. We also have high hopes for our softball team that has won the Championship two out of the last three years.

Our activities have been well diversified this year and will be culminated by a magazine, under the capable leadership of Bruce Miller, and a dance.

We of Chevalier wish to congratulate Dignitas on another fine edition of their magazine.

B.M.



**Athenaeum
Literary
Association**



The Athenaeum was launched upon its ninety-sixth spring term by the elections of many able leaders, inaugurated with due ceremony at our mid-term banquet.

<i>President</i>	GLENN ULFERTS
<i>Vice President</i>	BILL BROWN
<i>Critic</i>	DAVISON THOMPSON
<i>Secretary</i>	GRIER MARTIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	BUZZY DOBBINS
<i>Censor</i>	BOB EWALD
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ANGUS MacLEAN
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	JAY NORMAN

The A. L. A. was enriched by the following new members; Sandy Beale, Bill Fuller, Tyler Thomas, and Kwathiney Tyler of Eastern; Joe Oldham of Atherton; Rob Bond, Jay Norman, Henry Ormsby, John Ray, and Lewis Seiler of Country Day; and Charles Brown and Elliot Neubauer of Waggener.

Our Christmas Dance, presented in December, was a victory for all who put their hearts into the enterprise, and a pleasure for all who attended. But who attended?

The Athenaeum athletics were successful in their respective high schools but not too glorious in the Literary League.

Congratulations to Dignitas on another fine edition of The Dignitas Magazine.

F.L.

"Thou art but a prick to me."

—Will Shakespear



DASMINE CLUB

The Dasmine Club has elected the following girls as officers for the new term of 1958:

- President* DEBBIE EARL
- Vice President* WEDA RIEHM
- Social Chairman* MARY BERNHARD
- Secretary* GRETA WEGENAST
- Treasurer* ANN TURNER
- Sergeant-at-Arms* POLLY COLGAN
- Pledge Chairman* RUTH COOK
- Historian* HEIDE HEILBERG
- Alumnae Chairman* LINDA SCHERER
- Publicity Chairman* MARTHA CHANCE
- Council Representative* SUSAN WAKEFIELD

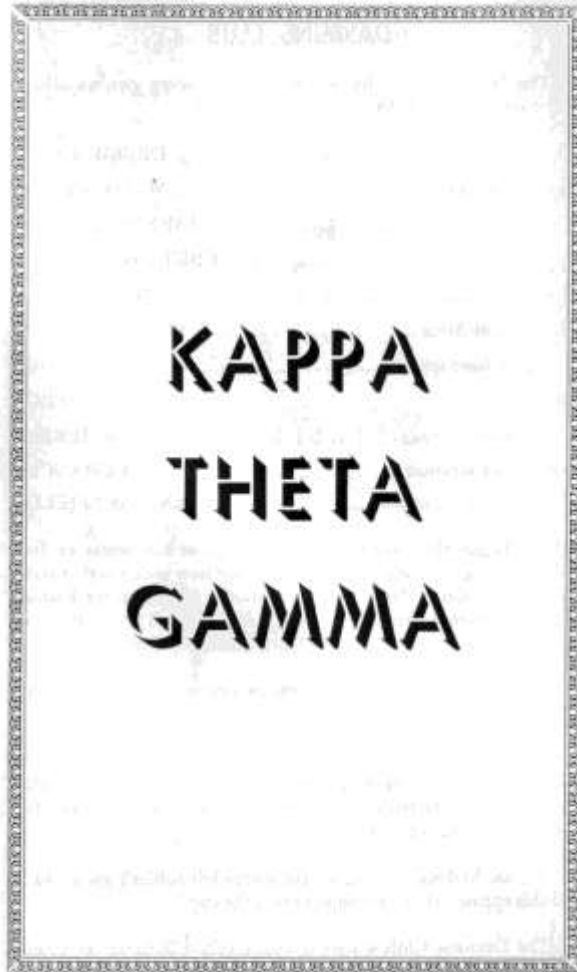
We began the season with a rush tea at the home of Judy Walsh. Having been initiated these girls are now welcomed as members: Johnnie Grubb from Waggoner, Martha McLellan for Eastern; Zana Bibb from Sacred Heart; Mary Ann Drye, Dotties Bromley, Ann Heilmann, Susan Nash, and Kitty Buckaway from Atherton.

In November our Annual Metler's Tea was held at the home of Heide Heilberg.

During the Christmas holidays we held our Christmas Dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel on the 30th of December. Poppa John Gordy from Nashville, Tennessee was the band. Proceeds from the dance went to support a war orphan.

We are looking forward to the inter-club softball games to be held this spring, where we hope to win the cup.

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



KAPPA THETA GAMMA

- President* CONNIE CARTER
- Vice-President* SUZANNE PARDIEU
- Recording Secretary* SALLY CARMICHAEL
- Treasurer* JOYCE HELLMAN
- Corresponding Secretary* LINDA BOONE
- Business Manager* NANCY MILLER
- Sergeant-at-Arms* LOIS SNOW
- Pledge Chairman* SUE ROBINSON
- Historian and Publicity Chairman* LINDA DAVIS
- Alumnae Chairmen* LUCY WOODWARD
NANCY LEWIS
- Representative to the Council* CAROL GUTTERMAN

Ruth Powell from Atherton was initiated into K. T. G. at a slumber party and "H" night at Lucy Woodward's.

K. T. G. held their annual Mother's Tea at the home of Lois Snow at which time the members presented a skit on their annual activities.

K. T. G. will hold its Bermuda Hop at the beginning of May. We hope you will all join us for a good time.

K. T. G.'s annual invitational dance will be held on June 7 with music by Tommy Walker. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

We are looking forward to attending camp at Standing Stone State Park, Tennessee, during the early part of the summer.

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



PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

The Pirette Social club has chosen the following officers to lead it through the spring season:

<i>President</i>	JOYCE NATHAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARCIA COWEN
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	EMILY RILEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	LINDA LOWE
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	JEAN LATHAM
<i>Social Chairman</i>	SUSAN GOWDY
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	DIANE DUER
<i>Representative to the Council</i>	ANNE WAGNER
<i>Historian</i>	SUSIE EATON
<i>Business Manager</i>	NANCY LODEWICK
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>	LINDA CAUDILL
<i>Junior Chairman</i>	LYNNE BROECKER

Last Fall the Pirette Social Club was enlarged by the addition of ten outstanding members. They are: Lee Burkley, Rilla Haupt, Teekie Wagner, Connie Koch, Carol Anne Brooker, Mary Carol Kipp, Joan Sturgeon, Patti Moore, Mary Martin and Peggy Kahl. These girls are upholding the high standards set by Pirette tradition.

As usual, Pirettes supported a family for Christmas. We are now busy planning our annual Spring dance, to be held April 25. You are all cordially invited to come.

We are looking forward to the inter-club softball games in May; we hope to win for the third straight season — and keep the cup!

Pirettes extends its heartiest congratulations to Dignitas for another fine edition of its magazine.

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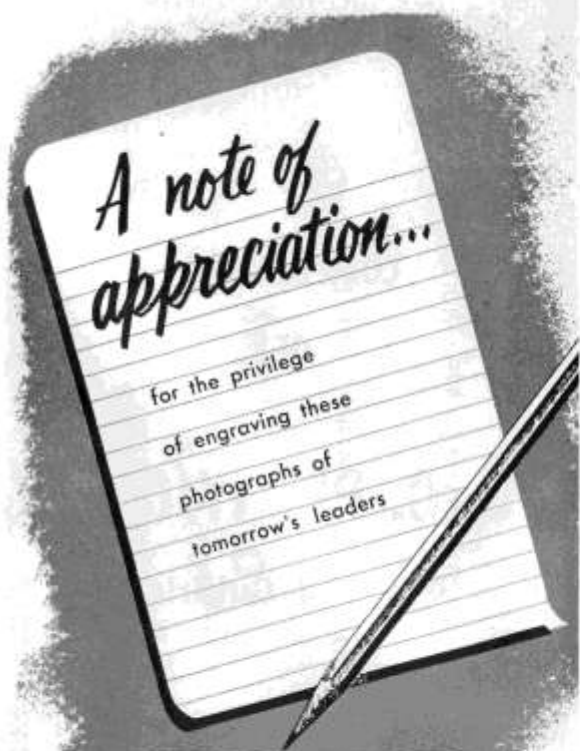
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ATHERTON

During the 1957-1958 school year, Atherton has been led by the following officers of the Student Council:

- President BUZZ MILLER
- Vice-President LEE MUMFORD
- Secretary CAROL BENSINGER
- Treasurer JACK CRUTCHER

The officers of the senior class have been:

- President DAVID O'BRIEN
- Vice-President MICKEY DOOLEY
- Secretary MARY CLYDE CALLOWAY
- Treasurer TOM GRISSOM

Atherton has had another fine year, highlighted by the return of the Atherton Carnival. Tremendous crowds patronized the affair, which netted over \$3,700. We of Atherton would like to express our deep gratitude to those of you who attended.

Of course, Atherton's superior academic standing has been maintained. Results from Senior Tests and the Junior Tests showed that the Atherton scores were far both the Louisville percentile and the Kentucky percentile, and many of our students have obtained excellent results on other tests.

On the whole, it has been a long year for the Rebels in the world of sports. The football team failed to win a game; but looks forward to a strong season next year, when it will be under the guidance of its new coach, the competent A. H. S. graduate, Frank Yeager. The basketball team, for the first time under the coaching of Wilms Kiefer, managed to win only five games. However, the swimming team did give the school state-wide attention. The Rebel tankmen were the best in the state, even though they did get beaten by three points in the state meet. The bowling team finished a respectable third in its league.

Now we are hoping the spring sports will give the athletic year a strong finish.

All has not been work at Atherton. The extra-curricular activities have been enjoyed by many; the senior play, "Cheaper by the Dozen," filled the auditorium on two successive nights; and the Senior Vaudeville was a huge success. The last big event of the year, besides graduation, will be the athletic banquet, planned to be held in May.

EASTERN

Again during 1957-1958 Eastern has another outstanding record in all fields. Our football team closed the season with a very impressive record and wound up holding the county reigns by winning the County Championship. We also tied with Lafayette in the Scholarship Bowl played in Versailles and Bonnie Sutherland, an outstanding Eastern athlete, was voted "most valuable player."

The Marching Eagles, Eastern's excellent band, won a superior rating in the band festival in Bristol, Virginia. The entire student body is indeed proud of our band.

As Eastern is well represented in all categories she placed ten finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Tests. This was equaled only by St. X., throughout the State.

After our basketball team finished last season as State Runner-Ups we were again very successful. As in football, we were County Champs. We were also runner-up in the District Tournament. Charlie Long and Jack Miller, both Dignitas members, were elected to the All District team. R. C. King also achieved this honor. Charlie Long was also chosen for the All Region team. Our regular season record was 14 and 4.

We are expected to be very successful in Spring sports. Nearly all of our starting line up is returning to the baseball team and it has been said that our track team will go undefeated. Steve Simpson, a great distance runner, and another Dignitas boy, is returning also. We are expecting much from our golf and tennis teams.

Eastern's graduation will be held at the Fairgrounds on May 22, which will mark the close of another wonderful year for E. H. S.

WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL

As Waggener's first year as a Senior High School draws to a close we can see a growing list of accomplishments behind us. After three years as a junior high, Waggener was christened as a Senior High. Plans are now being made to build Waggener into one of the largest schools in the state, additions to the building are now under construction.

Our first Student Council has been organized to meet the never ending problems including the one of promoting school spirit. The Student Council sold booster tags that not only accomplished building school spirit but raised money for some of the many things needed by a school being transformed into a senior high school. Another accomplishment was the establishment of a Beta Club chapter to promote leadership, service, and honesty. The Beta Club designed and published our first book-covers. Bobby Sexton was elected first president of the Student Council and Steve Mowry was elected first president of the Beta Club. Both of these boys are members of Dignitas. We are all very proud of the Waggener Band and The Chit Chat, our newspaper that is published by the students. One of our editorials entered in a country wide contest was awarded honors. The Annual Staff is publishing our first Annual.

Waggener launched a very aggressive sports program and considering the fact that this was the initial year as a senior school our football team did surprisingly well having a 3-4-1 record. Our basketball team coached by Doy "Doc" Adams started very well accomplishing a 13-5 record. Our swimming team is undefeated. We are in process of organizing golf, baseball, tennis and track teams.

LOUISVILLE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

The school year of '58" has gone by very quickly under the capable leadership of Penelope Tarrent, president of Collegiate Government, and Sister Kemp, president of the Athletic Association.

We are sure that after a successful fair and under the excellent supervision of Cappy Cohn, editor, the TRANSCRIPT will be an outstanding year book.

The Collegiate paper, PANDEMONIUM, has been excellent this year under editor Gail Ford.

Both the dance and Dramatic programs of 1958 were smashing successes.

The Amazons again conquered the Louisville Field Hockey League with a perfect record and kept "The Little Brown Jug" in its possession. They were led by Penelope Tarrent and Nancy Stewart as co-captains. The medal denoting the best sportsmanship was given to Kate Oldham.

Collegiate congratulates Dignitas on its fine "58" edition.

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