



Waggener High School



1958 Scriptor

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)*.

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

1958 Scriptor



SCRIPTOR

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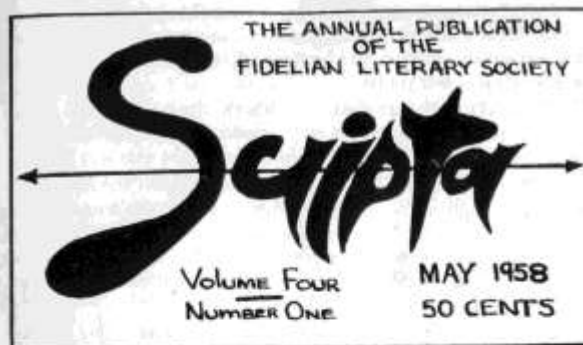
Alan Adelberg '59

Coat-of-Arms

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FREEDOM—OUR MOST
PRECIOUS HERITAGE

Freedom, here in America, is taken for granted. Like the air we breathe, it has always been with us. Living under a free government is a good way of life, and it seems the only way of life for reasonable men. Sometimes we forget the price mankind paid for this freedom, we forget the sacrifices that have been endured to procure the the freedom which we live today.

What are the freedoms guaranteed us in our democratic government today? We are given a voice in our government through the power of the vote. As free people, we have the right to own property, the right to work and the right to profit by that work. We are free to worship God as we please, to chose our own Faith. We have the right of free speech. We enjoy the privilege of dissenting, of criticizing. Through such expression of disagreement and discontent our free government is strengthened.

We have the right to select our occupations, to use our talents to grow into all that we can become. From this freedom great leadership is developed. Plain citizens with names like Sam Adams, Tom Paine and Abe Lincoln have stepped quietly from private lives into the midst of public stress and crisis and have proved the worth of this freedom with deeds that ring in history. How can we safeguard this glowing, polished heritage which enriches our lives? How can we *preserve* this freedom?

FIRST, through education. The ancient Greek teachers realized that the highest aim of education must be to prepare for citizenship. So if we are to preserve this heritage of freedom we must look to the education of our youth.

SECOND, we must guard our liberty through the use of our vote. We must put into office only candidates of integrity, men of vision devoted to the principles of freedom.

THIRD, we must be constantly vigilant against the loss of our freedom through laziness and indifference. We are aware of the fact that liberty can disappear through conquest by a tyrannical power. But we ourselves can surrender it just as surely, though not as swiftly and dramatically. It can be cut down, it can be betrayed, it can be lost in a thousand small ways.

Do we realize the value of the prize we possess — this heritage of freedom? It is a belief in an idea. Two thousand years ago a small group of Christians conquered Rome with an idea — the idea that life should be free, that man, made in the image and likeness of God, must be free.

We Americans have this idea of freedom to give to the world today, freedom of the mind, freedom of the soul and body, equality of opportunity, respect for the liberty of the individual. We must proclaim this idea vigorously and energetically, for this is our heritage.

Alan Adelsberg '59

HISTORY OF FOOTBALL

Football is an ancient game which was first played in Greece by the Spartans as early as five hundred B.C. Since those early days the game has changed greatly in name and rules. In the tenth century a brawl-like brand of football was begun in England, but the game was abandoned in the twelfth century because it created bedlam and disorder. Because of this fact it was not fully reinstated until the seventeenth century at which time it was taken up by schools and became primarily a school sport.

Since its conception, football had been played solely by kicking the ball with the foot. It remained this way until 1831, when a boy picked up the ball during the heat of play and ran across the goal with it tucked under his arm.

It wasn't until 1609 when this thrilling sport was brought to the New World by the Jamestown colonists. After its initial intro-

duction in America it quickly gained the fancy of many people who became devoted followers of the game. Football in this country reached its peak with the first intercollegiate footgame game between Rutgers University and Princeton University. This grand battle of the first two collegiate football foes was waged over the possession of a Revolutionary War cannon. Finally in 1872 came the first real step toward what we know today as collegiate football. Princeton, Columbia, Yale and Rutgers Universities held a conference about this popular new sport and decided to set up a basic system of uniform rules. Since that early conference many fine men have contributed their time, effort, and in some cases their lives to make football the great sport it is today. Among these fine gentlemen were such notables as Walter Camp, Amos Stagg, Fielding Yost, Glenn P. Warner, and Knute Rockne. Certainly without these men' aid football would still be struggling young sport looking for a home.

Peter Graves '60

SMOKING

Today more than forty-three million adult Americans smoke an average of eighteen cigarettes a day. Even so, this astounding total does not include servicemen stationed overseas and young people under 21. What is the cause of this consuming habit?

Probably the most accepted answer is sociability. Still there are many other contributing factors for smoking such as: aroma, relaxation, stimulation, taste, steadying nerves, soothing quality, quieting hunger, feel in hand and lips, sight of smoke. Of these many items taste ranks lowest percentage wise. Many young people start smoking because of the feeling of importance they believe cigarettes give. Yet, if asked, they will vigorously deny this.

Science has proved that smoking is in no way advantageous to humans other than temporarily. In fact cigarettes are quite harmful to the body. Some ways in which smoking can effect you are as follows: slows circulation of the blood, causes ulcers, threatens appetite, cause allergies, damages nervous system, possibly causes lung cancer and cancer of the mouth. Regularly, medical magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets publish the harmful effects of smoking. Yet, these reports do not seem to influence the attitude of the smoking public. Even though the American Medical Association publishes statements proving the ill effect of cigarettes the public takes no heed. Thanks to this indifference the tobacco industry has been able to remain one of the giant industries in the land.

Into the now popular filter cigarettes go many forms of burly tobacco, which is actually twenty cents a pound cheaper than other types of tobacco used in regular cigarettes. In order to get enjoyable taste from a cigarette with a filter, the cigarette manufacturers use this low grade tobacco. Actually it has a much higher nicotine content than the tobacco used in filter-less cigarettes. Consequently the manufacturers make more money on the cigarettes with low grade tobacco and filters, and the smoker consumes much more, nicotine and tars.

Generally cigarettes contain about thirty-odd substances which are harmful in some way. Included among these are poisons such as nicotine, arsenic, and cancer producing tars. *Reader's Digest* recently published an article stating that if all nicotine in a pack of cigarettes were consumed at one time, the smoker would die instantly. Yet people still smoke as vigorously, or even more so, as they did five years ago. This just goes to show the power of a product once embedded in the American way of life.

Bob Hardwick '60

OF HATTERAS AND THE SEA

Thirty miles north of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, the graveyard of the Atlantic, the Hondruan freighter Omar Babun was in grave distress. The ship was floundering helplessly in the rough seas, her cargo broken loose. Before day-break she struck a huge sand bar two hundred and fifty miles from the Hatteras' shore and was stranded there, helplessly pounded by the giant waves from the open Atlantic. Then in the half-dark, a Coast Guard copter discovered their plight. With the huge breakers ripping the straining hull of the stranded ship, chances for rescue from open sea were impossible. The crew's only hope of escape was the helicopter. Of the thirty man crew only seven could go with copter, and a return trip would be useless, for the ship was slowly breaking apart from the merciless pounding of the waves. The fate of twenty-three men was now sealed and only seven could look forward to safety. But which seven would go? I, as captain and master of the ship, had the right to decide who went and who stayed. But could one mortal decide the fate of another? In this case it was the only answer. I had to make the decision. I finally decided to have the men draw straws. Twenty nine men whose future depended on the length of

a piece of straw stood on the rolling deck praying that each's straw would be the longest. Twenty-nine men only, because I, the Captain, had already made my decision. Twenty-two men and I would wait helplessly for the sea to claim their lives and souls. As the copter departed with seven lucky men the remaining crew stood around trying to act indifferent to the whole horrible ordeal. I laughed to myself as the crew looked reverently to me, their captain, whom they thought had given his life that a younger man might enjoy many more happy, eventful years. Yes, it was hilarious to think that these men thought of me as the self-sacrificing leader of men. Little did they know that to me life was most precious and, if I could not enjoy life, I certainly wasn't going to allow seven men to enjoy it. As the waves came pounding over the side and encompassing us, it gave me satisfaction to know that those seven men, who had hoped to cheat me and death, and their savior copter would never reach land. My hole in the gas tank would soon do its job and I would not be cheated.

Will Dowden '60

ON DEATH

Stand back, Dark Angel, come not near,
Please wait for me another year,
I do not dare to now appear
Before my Judge of Justice clear.
My thoughts are scattered and confused,
The life I lived I did not use
But only for myself to muse,
My evil deeds I can't excuse.
In life I seldom dwelt on death,
I never thought of my last breath,
Myself I fooled until I saith:
"Who's to judge me at my death?"

But how I realize my mistake,
 And now I feel it is too late
 For me to God amends to make,
 Before He will my soul to take.
 Stand back, Dark Angel, for I will kneel,
 And try my best to heaven steal
 Before the solemn Requiem peal.
 To sound to all my fate is sealed.
 Have mercy, Lord, O hear my plea,
 And in Thy goodness pardon me,
 Make my sins from me to flee,
 So I may die in love with Thee.
 I dread and fear the painful flame
 Which Thy Justice doth proclaim
 For all who strive for lust and fame,
 And let their passions reign untamed,
 So true the words that we hear tell
 But, alas, we know not well:
 "That they who on it often dwell
 Do but seldom go to hell."
 But God forbid that I should go
 Into these fires of endless woe,
 Yet, hell is all that I should know
 For having injured my God so,
 Come forth, Dark Angel, do not wait,
 God is calling and we are late,
 I pray I'll not be reprobate
 But to His mercy I'll trust my fate.

Bill Long

THE COLD WAR

Charlie lay full length on the icy grille. The concrete base at the bottom of the pit was covered with debris, and snow, and little puddles of water. Methodically he began to search for the coin, inching himself along from one spot to another on the grille. His heart pumped with excitement and an image of food danced in his head.

Ten minutes passed with no result and he stopped to blow on his hands. Then he returned to his task.

He located the coin. It lay half in a puddle of water, half on the concrete base—a difficult target. With a tight little smile on his lips he knotted the end of his cord several times and wound the chewing gum around the knot, giving it a broad flat base. A wrist loop at the other end of the cord prevented his losing it. Then after thrusting the wad of gum into his mouth for a last moistening, he lowered it carefully to the bottom.

Working intently, he did not notice the man who had come up behind him, a small shabby man of about forty-five whose thin face was reddened by the wind but was ground in gray beneath the surface color.

Charlie heard him before he saw him; the man's breathing was labored, as though he were straining at a heavy burden. The boy looked up briefly and went back to his work. He was concentrating upon the most difficult part of his job. The wad of gum was not sufficiently heavy to make a plum line, yet he must drop it with some force on the coin in order to make it take hold. It might take a hundred trials to achieve one accurate strike.

The man watched in silence for a moment. Then he dropped to his knees by Charlie's side, exclaiming in a hoarse tone, "fifty cents, eh?" He peered down at the swaying length of cord above the coin. "Oh, it's hard that way, isn't it?" he asked softly.

Charlie didn't answer.

The man peered down to watch another trial. "See the gum gets solid right away in this cold," he commented. "It don't look to me like you'll make it, kid, and it's getting dark. You need real tools for this job. You'll never get it this way."

Without looking up, Charlie said loudly, "Who's asking you?"

The man got to his feet. Quickly he glanced around. There

was no one in sight. He stepped back a few paces and unbuttoned his overcoat. Secured to the inside of his coat by leather straps were four lengths of broom handle, whittled to reduce their thickness, each about three feet long, each fitted at one end by a rubber socket by which it could be joined to another length. With practiced efficiency he connected them. At the tip of the final length there was a small rubber suction cup. He stepped forward, fitted the end of the pole neatly into the grate, and, dropping to his knees, thrust it to the bottom. "I'll show you how a professional does it," he said lightly. He kept his eyes averted from the boy's face. "Now, this is one method. Another is cup grease. With cup grease you can pick up a bracelet. But when you spot some change a suction cup is—".

"What's the idea?" Charlie cried out in fury "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'll show you how a professional does it, kid."

"Get out of here!" with his left hand Charlie tugged savagely at the man's arm. "Get out of here!"

The man fended him off, laughing in a hoarse tone that had no humor in it. "What's the difference? You wouldn't get it," he said. "Why let it lay there for somebody else?"

"The hell I won't get it!" Charlie cried. "You leave it alone. It's mine. Please mister."

"I'll give you a nickel," said the man.

Charlie pulled up his string with decision and crammed it into his pocket. Then, rising, he stepped behind the man and kicked him viciously in the small of his back. The man cried out in pain. Instantly Charlie retreated a dozen feet.

"That's a hell of a thing to do," the man groaned, holding his back. "I'll break your neck, you little rat. You almost made me drop my pole."

They glared at each other for a moment, motionless and undecided. There were thirty years between them, yet in a way they looked startlingly alike. They both were small, the boy as boy, the man as man; both were drawn, hard-bitten.

The man knelt down again, watching Charlie carefully. He lowered the pole but kept his head raised. Charlie stood undecidedly. Then he ran to a snow pile by the curb. The man shifted to face him. "You come near me, and I'll break your neck," he said. "I'm telling you. Beat it. I won't even give you the nickel now. I'm mad."

Charlie grabbed a chunk of ice from the snow pile. He flung it with all his strength. It missed by a foot, but the man was frightened and jumped to his feet, pulling up the pole. Charlie retreated behind the snow pile. Trembling, eyes fixed on his enemy, he clawed under the crust of ice.

"You're looking for trouble, ain't you?" the man said bitterly. He glanced up and down the deserted, darkening avenue. "You think I like this?" he asked suddenly. "Do you think I like to fight with a kid like you over fifty cents?"

A snowball struck his knee, just below the protection of his frayed overcoat. He shook his fist, his voice swelling with anger. "I'll give you trouble if you want it, you kid!" He stopped, panting for breath. Then he dropped the pole and hurled himself forward. Charlie darted out of reach. A snowball, almost pure ice, struck the man in the forehead. He clapped a hand to his head, sobbing in rage and pain.

"How do you like that, you skunk?" the boy cried.

The man chased him, but Charlie was twice as agile and kept the snow barrier between them. Within a minute the man stopped, his mouth open, a hand pressed to his heaving chest. Without a word, he went to the grille and crouched down, lowering his pole.

Frantic, the boy varied his attack. He came past at an angling run, from behind, and slammed down a piece of loose ice. It struck the man at the base of his neck. His body quivered, but he didn't turn. He was raising the pole to slip it through another opening in the grille. Charlie made another rush, this time determined to use his feet. Swearing, the man leaped up to meet him, catching the boy's arm as he veered off in terror and swinging him in, he had him, gripped by both arms. The pole lay on the grille between them.

"I ought to break your neck!" he cried, shaking him.

"I ought to break your ratty little neck! But I'm not going to, see? You're a kid. But you listen . . ."

Charlie twisted hard, broke free, and at the same moment stamped on the man's foot. He ran to the security of the snow pile. The man stood looking at him blankly, his face twisted in pain. "Oh, my God," he said, "what a little gutter rat! Did I hurt you? Did I do anything to you when I had the chance? I was going to make you a proposition." A snowball struck him in the chest. "All right" he said. "I can't get it if you don't let me. You can't get it if I don't let you. We're both going lose it. It's getting dark. I'll split with you.

"I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"No!" Charlie cried. "It's mine!" His whole body was shaking.

"Don't you see you can't get it without real tools?" The man was pleading now.

"Your gum ain't no good in this cold weather."

"It's mine."

"All right you found it, I'll admit it," the man said. "But I got a suction cup. I can get it for both of us."

"No."

"Look, I got to have some of it!" the man cried, his voice heavy with shame and bitterness. "This is my business, kid. It's all I do. Can't you understand? I been walking all day. I ain't found a thing. You got to let have some of it. You got to!"

"No."

The man flung out his hands. "Oh, you kid, you kid!" he cried despairingly. "If you was ten years older you'd understand. Do you think I like to do this? If you was ten years older I could talk to you. You'd understand."

Charlie's lips tightened. His white face spotted by the cold, was filled with rage. "If I was ten years older I'd beat your face in," he said.

The man bent painfully and picked up the pole. Limping slightly, his hand pressed to the small of his back, he walked away. He was crying.

Charlie stood trembling in triumph, his face turned to stone. It had become dark.

Fred Banks '60

THE TRADE

"I can't last much longer," I gasped. I was lost in the mountains of Tibet. The mountain climbing party I was with had been completely wiped out, except for myself, by a sudden avalanche. I was one of a professional team of mountain climbers often hired by museums and other special agencies.

We were on a special expedition to find something which we had heard about from a half dead man, found at the bottom of this particular range of mountains. The story the man told was unbelievable! He said that he had been lost in the mountains, when an incredibly old hermit found him and nursed him back to health.

Before he died, the man told of a bizarre power that the old hermit possessed.

I have to laugh now, as I think of the excitement we contained as we thought of finding this unusual creature. It took us six long months to find a backer for our expedition. I'll never forget the day we left; I haven't much time to forget. We were so young and carefree. It saddens me now to think of how I was before . . . Well, I haven't much time to worry, for I feel death already within me, and soon, I know it must conquer me. So I had better finish my story.

As I said before, I was lost and near death. It was late afternoon and I could feel the extreme cold within every cell of my body. I felt sure I could not last the coming night, so I lay still, closed my eyes, and waited. Sleep soon overcame me, and as it did, I thought it a blessing and I was certain I would never open my eyes again.

What seemed like a few minutes later, I awoke to find myself warm, alive, and extremely weak. I was lying on a mat in a small stone hut. My rescuer was bending over a small fire, on the other side of the room, brewing something. He must have heard me move, for he got up and came over to me. As he did, I was shocked to see the extreme age which this being possessed. It then dawned on me that this was the old hermit I was seeking.

He gave me a small amount of the sweet milk he had been brewing. I found he understood the broken Tibetanese dialect of which I had a limited speaking knowledge.

In the ensuing weeks he told me of, and demonstrated, the wonderful, yet horrible, powers of yogi, which he had learned many years ago deep in the heart of Tibet. He told me also of another power he possessed that he would show me in due time.

Soon I was well enough to leave and he gave a great quantity of the goat's milk to me. I drank this, as I had become very fond of it. The alcoholic content of the milk made me very light-headed and for the first time I looked into his eyes. I felt a strange cold, but I knew that he was at last showing me the secret I had longed to know.

How much time elapsed before I woke up, I don't know, but now he is gone and I am doomed to die with the ancient body he left me.

Jim Buchart '59

A SHIP'S DESTINY

During the era of Prohibition, Nantucket Island had a special air of excitement and suspense about it. Particularly to a young boy as I, it was an outpost almost beyond the reach of America. Somehow, America's law was supposed to apply equally to this remote little spot, yet it seemed that it was closer to the no-man's land of pirates.

Perhaps the first time I realized that these people who traded in unlawful spirits hovered dangerously near my island was the summer that I discovered a wrecked schooner on the South Beach. It was hardly a discovery, for the neighboring islanders, who were summer residents as we were, had long since made off with the kegs of Scotch whiskey which had been in the now ripped and gaping hull. But to me it was a discovery.

The day after we had arrived to spend the summer on the island, we rode up to some property which my grandfather owned on the shore of Chilmark Pond. As we pulled off the South Road, I caught a glimpse of a mast poking its broken stub above the large sand dunes, and immediately became curious.

"Let's go over to the beach. Let's go quickly," I said, with great impatience.

But I was right. Something thrilling had taken place. When I saw the ship, more than a hundred feet long, sunk sideways on the reef barely one hundred yards or so off the duned point. I thought about Captain Kidd and Morgan, and all the other famous pirates. Pieces of wreckage were strewn for a mile along the wide, hard beach.

"Yes, we'll go in a minute. As soon as we are all ready," said my parents, not sensing the excitement the way a boy of eleven would.

Tense with excitement I climbed in a dingy and rowed out to the reef, and observed closer the massive hulk of the rotting schooner. I hoisted myself up onto the starboard side and surveyed the deck area. I climbed down into the dark and dreary hull and found wreckage strewn everywhere. I took three or four empty kegs back to shore with me—kegs that no one else who had been there previously had thought worth the trouble to carry away. They were small, painted white, and were bound with rope with bits of cork so they would float easily in the water. I wondered who had sat on those kegs on the schooner's deck so recently, or what men had perhaps clung to them for dear life when they jumped into the

foaming surf after the shipwreck, in what must have been a fierce storm. I pictured big, strong men with great hair on their arms, and perhaps black patches over one eye. I had not been told that the schooner had been a run-runner, loaded with illegal liquor.

Later I learned that one spring night, as the ship was stealthily creeping around the island to make rendezvous with the faster power boats that would unload her cargo on the beach, she was engulfed in a thick and heavy fog. There must have been great tension among the sailors, as the schooner, cheating the government and sailing like a ghost in fog-covered forbidden waters, cut her bow steadily through the swell that rolled into the South Beach. And then suddenly and without warning, the grinding, crashing, tearing bedlam of shipwreck, with dark ugly rocks looming up before them on all sides.

The seamen scrambled for their lives, plunging into the mysterious, turbulent waters. The next day the neighbors very politely came down to the beach and lightened the schooner's hold.

The ship lay there all summer long. Even after the following winter, with the rough seas and battering waves, the hull remained intact until the next summer. When the tide was high, it was almost submerged, and I could barely see the ghost-like figure of the ship, only a little distance off shore.

There wasn't much left of her by the end of the summer, and next year all that was left were the bare rocks and pounding sea. The schooner had finally gone to her grave.

But I never forgot that beautiful ship decaying before my very eyes. And I never stopped dreaming about the kind of men who must of skippered her. I wondered if they had another ship and were circling the island still, watching for reefs, casting the sounding lead, as they waited for some signal from a conspirator on shore.

Roland Moore '38

HE NEVER LEFT THE GROUND

Jet planes thundering down the runway are no longer an unusual sight nor do they arouse a fear of danger in today's speed-conscious man. Yet every time a pilot climbs into the cockpit, he realizes his life depends on a mass of tiny parts and instruments and the handful of experts able to service them. A one second error can prove fatal.

N313 taxied onto the runway and awaited clearance from the control tower. After receiving clearance instructions, the veteran at the controls released the brake and slowly the powerful machine inched its way forward. In that first inch the pilot's fate was sealed.

All conditions were favorable for an easy, routine take-off. The weather was perfect, ceiling unlimited; the pilot was an expert, a man trained to control this complex machine with relative ease. Still this man would not survive the take-off for a series of slight errors had occurred. Though each was rather minute, unimportant mistakes, together they spelled death for the pilot. You see, N313 would take-off safely, but it needed fourteen hundred more feet than the length of the runway. Let's go back and discover the reasons for this miscalculation. The control tower operator whose responsibility was to inform the pilot of any change in weather conditions had failed to do so. By the time the plane was on the runway awaiting take-off wind velocity had changed four knots. To the tower controller this change was of small consequence; nevertheless, it would cost the pilot three hundred and ten additional feet.

An earlier mistake had similar death-dealing effects. Originally the take-off was scheduled for eleven fifteen that morning at which time the temperature was ninety seven degrees. However some minor repairs caused a half hour delay at which time the temperature had risen to one hundred and one degrees. A plane will not rise as fast in warming weather. This slight but so significant oversight added an additional one hundred and ninety feet to the lanes already exceeded limit.

The third oversight was the fault of the pilot himself. He was experienced, but had logged no hours on this field because of its recent completion. Neglecting to check the information he felt he could manage more than adequately. Because of an optical illusion the runway appeared to slope downward in contrast with the mountain slopes ahead when it actually sloped slightly upward. This error in judgment added another five hundred and fifty feet to the take-off distance.

The human element again played an important part in sealing the fate of the pilot and his plane. Having been notified that he would be weathered in for several days, he went on the town that night. After a short three hours sleep following his trip to town, the pilot was informed that there had been a short break in the

weather and he was cleared for take-off immediately. There was nothing for him to do except gulp a cup of coffee and hustle out to the hanger with his street clothes on and carry his other change of clothes. The combined weight of this extra gear was enough to add a disastrous three hundred and fifty feet to the total take-off distance, but, because of his lack of sleep, the pilot overlooked this additional weight.

When the last foot of the runway blurred under the nose the plane hadn't left the ground and thundered into the rough terrain at the foot of the runway at one hundred and forty knots. The time had run out for N313!

Will Dowden '60

FATE AND MR. SMYTHE

Evans McGill Smythe, Smit to his friends, was a highly successful banker, from outward appearance alone one could tell that his scholarly man of fifty was extremely intelligent and well bred. Yet on this day, December 3rd, he was just another man whom Fate had chosen to suffer.

This week had indeed been joyfull for Mr. Smythe because his daughter and son-in-law and their child, Smit's only grandchild, had come to spend the Christmas holidays with them. Today would be the last day of work for Evans Smythe because he was taking the rest of the time off to be with his family.

At the bank a vice-president's meeting had just adjourned and Smythe was returning to his office. Suddenly the intercom boomed, "Mr. Smythe, Mr. Smythe is wanted on extension three immediately." Smythe hurried to his office and picked up the phone. It was his wife; their daughter had just been rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy, and he was to hurry there right away.

Evans Smythe quickly got to his car and was speeding through the downtown traffic. Ordinarily this responsible executive was very cautious and safe; but these were extenuating circumstances- his daughter was undergoing a major emergency operation, and after all this one time speeding wouldn't really matter for he would probably never do it again.

On Las Olas Blvd. the traffic was fairly light and Smit decided to make time. Thirty, thirty - five, forty, forty - five, fifty, the

speedometer slowly began to creep around the face of the dial. Suddenly from between two parked cars a child darted out after a small rubber ball. Smit's foot instantly reached for the brake, but it was hopeless gesture for the car lurched with a dull thud and it was over. Smit's mind began to turn a mile a minute. The scandal and horrible publicity raced through his mind. Yes, he could see it all; his career would be ruined, but his prime concern was not of his career but of his daughter. A quick glance around the street reassured him that probably no one had seen the accident. Yes, his mind was made up; he would go on to the hospital and later he would find out the name of the child's parents and try to make it up to them, anonymously of course.

When he finally reached the hospital he found his wife in hysterics. She was mumbling incoherently something Smit could not make out. A doctor took him to one side and explained that Smit's wife had just found that their grandson had been killed on Las Olas Blvd. by a hit and run driver no one had seen. The police had said that they would probably never know who the driver was.

Smit stood there dazed. His grandson killed on Las Olas by an unknown hit and run driver — Oh, no couldn't be but it was.

No one would ever know would they, Evans McGill Smythe? No one would know except one man; and wouldn't really know because Evans McGill Smythe, distinguished banker and citizen, was committed to the State Institution for the Mentally Ill on December 3rd following the shock of hearing of his grandson's death.

Louis Westfield '58

IRONY

I had noticed Julie, my wife, had been acting strangely lately. She was constantly on edge which wasn't like her at all. It didn't take long for me to discover the reason for her sudden anxiety. Julie, my lovely, trusting wife for nine years, was having an affair with another man. I found out the sordid details without much effort for she wasn't careful in covering up her new romance. After weeks of bickering over trivial details I told her that I knew of her affair. She knew that all she had to do was say she was sorry and offer some reasonable excuse. After all, I loved her and she knew that I

would forgive all. But she just stood there and laughed and laughed. I was such a simple fool she said. With that she turned and stormed out the door. No explanation, no goodbye—she just walked out. After weeks of picking my way through the pitiful and disgusting slams of the lower East Side, I found a person so twisted of character and warped of mind that no job was too dangerous, provided of course that the pay was right. With this disgusting wretch in my pay I proceeded to formulate a plan which would erase my romantic competitor and bring my wife back to me. I told my miserable servant that he was to find my wife and kill the man that was with her. As I returned home I noticed that the door to my apartment was ajar. Inside I found my wife lying on the sofa, sobbing violently. As I tried to comfort her she told me that she really loved me and that this affair was a reckless infatuation. So relieved was I that I failed to notice the familiar outline of a miserable creature with a gun pointing at me. Before I could turn and tell him not to shoot there was a loud explosion and suddenly my insides felt as if they were on fire. A knawing pain started in my stomach and slowly crept through the rest of my body. Yes, my employee had done his job well. Too well!

Peter Brown '60

THE GREAT DOCTORS OF KENTUCKY

The earliest development of surgery in the state centered around two towering and dominant personalities — Ephrian McDowell, of Danville and Benjamin W. Dudley of Lexington. Both men were in Virginia, and both had excellent academic training. McDowell became established in practice nine years before Dudley, and consequently fell heir to the title of the finest surgeon in the west. However, McDowell was the first to try an ovariectomy operation, a very difficult and dangerous operation. He and Dudley were pioneers of medicine in Kentucky. The most eminent follower of McDowell in Kentucky as an ovariectomist was Dr. Joshua Taylor Brauford of Augusta. He completed a series of ovariectomies numbering thirty with but three deaths in the complete series.

Dr. Sam Brown, professor of medicine in the Transylvania Medical School, vaccinated more than five hundred people when the first attempts at this process were being made in New York and Philadelphia.

In 1806 Dr. Walter Brashear of Bardstown successfully amputated the leg at the hip joint, the first operation of its kind in the United States, if not the world.

In 1813 Dr. Charles McCreary of Hartford operated on the clavicle of a fourteen year old boy for scrofulous disease, the patient surviving the operation without recurrence of the disease for thirty-five years.

In 1852, Dr. Gross in his report on Kentucky surgery made to this society gave credit for in invention of the truss in the treatment of hernia to a Mr. Stagner whose invention was modified by Dr. Hood.

Besides these few doctors many other men become outstanding in medicine showing the place of Kentucky in medical history.

Peter Brown '60

ONLY A CAUSE?

Holie Sechz was a partisan, a man fighting not only for what he felt was his own personal freedom but also for the freedom of his country. Just 24, Holie had seen more suffering and misery than any man three times his age. In this nameless country, possibly any one of a dozen communist satelite countries overrun with the Red Army hordes, bleeding and straining the economy of the country for the Soviet Union, there has always existed a deep love of liberty for all. Yet, by the masterful control of the Soviet heirarchy this country had been reduced to a dependent, puppet state. To ease or better yet destroy this condition was the reason of Holie's fight and fight of the tens of thousands of other patriots.

Holie lived in a small village twenty mile from Belest, the capital of the country. The most ferocious fighting took place in Belest where young farmers like Holie Sechz were pouring in to break the Russian stranglehold on their home land. Men of all walks of life took an active part in the November revolt. Yet it was the students and the intellectuals, who provided first impetus to the movement. These men whom the Communists felt were so important in their scheme of securing the Communist doctrine in the country were the very ones to turn on their educators. The heart of this story concerns Holie Sechz and the thousands like him who took up arms against a totally superior enemy bacuse their love of liberty compelled them to.

Holie entered Belest just after the fighting had broken out. He like his comrades, was ill equipped but this young farmer had the courage of his convictions. Many Russian troops had deserted the Red Army and joined with the patriots in the fighting by the time Holie entered the city.

Holie reported to a small command post located in a wine cellar below a once fashionable millinery shop which had been reduced to rubble. He and twenty comrades were ordered to patrol on South Brengnstrasse, and hold it as long as possible for it was a main artery leading to the heart of the fighting. Should the Russians be able to pour material through it the patriots' chances of success would be greatly lessened. To control the street Holie's band would be entrusted.

It was relatively easy to reach Brengnstrasse for the patriots now controlled much of Belest, including Army headquarters and the Red Army barracks. After reaching their assigned location the men each took a position commanding part of the broad avenue. More partisans were overturning trolleys, ripping up the street surface, and making other makeshift barricades should the Russians attack which they were sure to do eventually. From his commanding position in a second story window Holie could see clearly in either direction. Toward the north, the heart of the city, the fighting had subsided a bit and the rebels were gaining the upper hand; toward the south, the outlying districts, skirmishes were still going on. Holie was looking carefully for that first ominous sign of the much feared and long awaited Russian counterattack. In this case, no news was good news. Holie leaned back and closed his eyes for a few seconds of well-deserved rest. It had been some twenty-seven hours since he had last slept. He awoke suddenly only to hear the heavy rumble of metal chains on cobble stones. The thing most feared had now come. Russian tanks! Holie wheeled around quickly to see the lead tank cut down three workers trying to barricade an open space in the trolley blockade. As the lead tank scanded the area the second tank reached the breach in the street defense and raised it's ugly underbelly trying to climb over the debris. Suddenly a lone man dashed from cover and hurled a gasoline filled bottle, "Molotov Coektail," into the hatch of the tank only to be cut down by a vicious cross fire of the two trailing tanks. His mission was accomplished and the breach was sealed with one disabled tank. One man, one tank! Cruel? In this fighting nothing was considered too great a sacrifice, if only to stop the Soviets for an hour. The tanks

now could only turn to seek out a new entrance to the city. For a while at least, the position was secure. The brief spell of inactivity was a source of much needed rest for the weary freedom fighters. Only distant fighting in the outskirts of Belest could be heard from Holie's vantage point of the building. Other than that it sounded like a normal fall day. The brief calm was rudely interrupted with the familiar and awesome rumble of tank treads on the avenue. The Russian tanks had returned! Suddenly all hell broke loose! The tanks opened fire searing the street with fire and the smell of burning powder. The buildings were ripped with heavy machine gun fire from the tanks while the barricade was mercilessly pounded by the heavy caliber tank guns. Soon a big opening was blasted in the make shift wall. As the first tank attempted to plow through the breach in the wall, it suddenly stopped dead in its tracks, its treads torn from the mounts by a well placed grenade. As Soviet troops advanced cautiously behind the one remaining tank, the patriots opened fire. The battle raged several hours with neither side gaining any advantage. Finally the Russian tank pushed forward trying to break through the now feeble blockade. The Russians troops now without cover withdrew to the nearest doorway. The tanks first attempts were futile for the rubble prevented it from climbing over the scattered wreckage of the first Russian tank and the overturned trolleys. Holie deserted his window post and scampered down stairs to take part in the street fighting. As he saw the tank just about to cross the debris, he suddenly bolted forward forced on by some powerful force. He rapidly closed the gap between him and the tank. Running as fast as his legs could carry him he hurled a gasoline filled bottle at the tank as it was crossing the barricade; but not before hundreds of hot lead slugs ripped through his body. As Holie fell forward face down into the mud of the street, so did the cause of freedom, for all over the city the Russians were again wresting control from the patriots. Holie Sechz, lying prostrate in the debris is only a symbol, a symbol of man's never ending, and many times unsuccessful quest for liberty and personal freedom.

Louis Westfield '58

Once there was a fellow who made a modest living by selling lighting rods. Suddenly he lost interest, however. He got caught in a storm with a bunch of samples under his arm.

PORSCHE SPYDER 550 RS

This is not a cut and dried list of facts and details, but more a study of one of the finest racing cars in the world today. The Porsche Spyder 550 RS is certainly one of the finest racing cars in the world and unquestionably ranks near the top in the 1500 cc. class. It is amazing that this tiny car, in comparison with the huge Ferraris and Maseratis, can perform on almost equal terms with the bigger cars. There are several simple reasons for this car's success against all comers. Its brakes are large and extremely efficient. The RS corners flat and fast because of its low center of gravity and excellent suspension system. It is one of the few cars in the world with rear engine displacement; this greatly improves traction making it easy to avoid dangerous spins. On a tight road-racing course with few long straights and many corners, the RS is a certain winner. This is true because of its excellent cornering ability and the fact that it can not stay up with the bigger, larger displacement cars with higher top speed. A well tuned Porsche with a competent driver can accelerate with a Ferrari of twice its engine size and run away from stock Jaguars and Mercedes Benz. This fact was borne out during the 1957 Derby Festival races at Louisville where a Porsche RS won both races it entered. In its second race, the longest of the day, it not only passed every car in the race but also it lapped every car in the field except a D-type Jaguar, a car of over twice its engine size and horsepower. In European races where speeds are in excess of 150 miles an hour are possible the Porsche finish close behind the huge Ferraris and Maseratis, usually somewhere among the top ten. It is easy to see the popularity of this versatile little car, one which has become admired and sought after the world over.

Doug Fouley '60

SOME WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Once, in the sprawling suburbs of St. Matthews, there lived a small happy family of mother, father and a little son, Jimmy. This story concerns Jimmy who is six years old and has just started in the first grade. This is a perfect little suburban family.

Recently little six year old Jimmy got out his tricycle and started exploring the immediate neighborhood. On one excursion he found

a fascinating new spot on the next block. This place Jimmy found so exciting was a machine shop which repairs all sorts of things.

One day while Jimmy was watching from a distance the owner of the spot hit his finger with a hammer and yelled a few colorful words which I cannot record at this time. Jimmy, being all ears, was entranced by these words, and they remained fixed in his little head.

A few days later while cleaning up his room he dropped a box full of tops on his foot. This sent a sharp jab of pain through his body, and he echoed the sentiments he had heard the man in the repair shop voice.

Jimmy's mother heard this fierce expression of emoting, and she was indeed shocked. Immediately she took him to task and warned him that a repeat of this episode would be rewarded with a washing out of his mouth with soap.

For several weeks nothing further occurred. Then one day little Jimmy slammed a door on his finger and once again the walls of his house reverberated with those dreadful words. Soon little Jim was marched to the bathroom and was treated to a vigorous mouth-washing. Afterwards she told him to put on clean clothes, pack his bag, and leave, hoping that this threat would correct his attitude. But as fate would have it the next day he tumbled down the stairs and the quiet atmosphere was scorched with hot language. After another mouth washing his bag was packed and he was set outside the door.

Soon out of curiosity his mother opened the door and peered out to find her son sitting bewildered on the porch. She asked what was the matter; Jimmie with tears in his eyes slowly turned and whimpered, "Aw, dammit, I don't know where in the hell to go."

Claude Nutt '59

COMPLACENCY

Late last summer the American people were rudely awakened to the fact that our world supremacy was being challenged. With the launching of the first history-making Sputnik much furor was aroused by this Soviet scientific victory. Since that time much has been written and even more said about the crisis concerning the state of American education and scientific research. Actually, nothing has definitely been proved; only what will probably amount to a temporary interest has been aroused.

With this problem in mind, the question of the worth of a

democratic government come up. Certainly, a free government is fine, but its citizens become uninterested in government affairs, do not exercise their privilege of voting, and go merrily along "letting George do all the work." Of course, this is an exaggerated example. Yet, the American people do not completely exercise their privilege of voting—a privilege not granted in many countries of the world, they take no interest in government allowing graft and corruption to operate their tools of government. On the other hand, only with a democratic government could a nation progress as far as the United States has done in the last two hundred years. Look at the position this country now. Since World War I, this nation has developed the greatest productive capacity in the world, its citizens enjoy the highest standards of living in the world. No wonder the populus began to get complacent and develop a false sense of security. Possibly we are our own enemy.

Finally, we may have had our eyes open to the fact that to stay on top of the heap one must continue working and striving, for stopping only causes a back-sliding effect. One can not rest on his past laurels and expect to remain on the top of the scramble for supremacy. Such is the case with the American nation as a whole. It must not look back to past glories and gloat, but look to the future, for there is where the key to self preservation and success. So, America, awake to your task and make a concentrated effort to wipe out our worst enemy, complacency.

Carl Quicksall '59

IN AND OUT

There are two kinds of things in this world: IN and OUT. There are two kinds of people in this world: IN and OUT. A thing can be IN for three reasons: (a) Because it is so classic and great. Example: wool socks. (b) Because it is so obscure. Example: Juan Manual Fangio driving a V. W. (c) Because it is so far OUT even OUT people won't touch it. Example: a 1950 Ford. (so OUT it's IN) Everything that is not IN is OUT. OUT people can never be IN, but IN people can get to be OUT by "screwing-up"! Really IN people can't be OUT no matter what they do, but an IN person that works at being IN is automatically OUT. OUT people who are sincere OUT people are automatically IN. Things can be OUT and IN at the

same time according to who does them. Some things are IN in Louisville that are OUT in other towns. On the other hand some things that are OUT in Louisville that are IN in others towns. Westcoast jazz is IN in Louisville but OUT on the westcoast. Some OUT people got hold of some IN things, now the IN things are OUT. The Crescent was IN, now it's OUT. Lester Lanin was IN now he's OUT, too. Even the OUT people don't claim Lawrence Welk. Washington and Lee is IN solid. The University of Chicago is OUT. Beards are so far OUT they are IN. Anchorage is so far OUT no one can find the damn place. Taffel's lights are usually OUT. The New Yorker and Playboy are way IN. People who flunk OUT of college are usually IN. Because of this Dad's business is usually OUT. Bauers and The Pine Room are way IN for going OUT of it. This is an IN article written by an OUT person; or maybe an OUT article written by an IN person.

Fred Banks '60

THE FINGER

It was a cold night as Mike Fowlin walked hurriedly towards Peterson's Drugstore. It had been raining most of the day, but now it had turned to a mixture of rain and sleet. Mike could hear laughter and singing as he passed Mrs. Ashton's boarding house. He could hear the Santa Claus standing on the corner ringing his bell and happily shouting "Merry Christmas" to passers-by. But Mike wasn't interested in Christmas. He only thought of it as any other day, or at best as another excuse to get drunk.

Michael Fowlin was a rather thin man. And although he was only thirty-three his face was that of a man in his fifty's.

He walked even faster now for Mike was in a hurry to get some money. Ahead of him he saw Peterson's Drugstore. Fowlin had often heard that old man Peterson had a fortune stashed away somewhere and he was determined to get it. He entered the drugstore where he saw Mat Peterson sitting behind the counter smoking his pipe.

"What can I do for you?", asked Mr. Peterson.

"I want your money.", said Fowlin pulling out a small revolver.

"What money? I don't have any money." uttered the old man in a tremulous voice.

"This gun says that you do. Think hard Pop," shouted Fowlin.

"Help, Martha! Martha!", screamed the old man.

"Shut up you old fool." Snarled Mike.

But the old man continued to scream for his daughter. Fowlin thrown into a fit of panic, slugged Peterson and fled out the door. Soon he heard the whistle of the neighborhood cop who was chasing him down the street. Mike ran even faster now and ducked down an alley hoping to evade his pursuer. But the night was dark and Fowlin, unable to see a raised brick, tripped. The policeman ran to Fowlin but he did not move. He lay there lifeless.

The young policeman went to a phone, called the station and told them to send an ambulance, and then returned to Fowlin. Mike still lay on the rain soaked pavement. Then it occurred to the policeman; Mike had not even changed his ghostly expression. He was dead!

Actually Mike was not dead. The fall had broken his neck but it hadn't killed him. Because of the injury to his spinal column Fowlin was totally paralyzed. He could not even blink an eye. His breathing and pulse was almost negligible. From all appearances Michael Fowlin was a corpse.

A siren could now be heard as the ambulance raced down the street. The coroner carelessly examined Fowlin and pronounced him dead. For tonight the coroner was in a hurry to get home. After all, it was Christmas Eve.

Realizing that the coroner had pronounced hi dead, panic gripped his mind. He tried to scream, "No, I'm alive, I'm alive.", but he could not utter a sound. Strenuously Fowlin tried to move some part of his body or make some noise. Then he did move. Yes he was able to move his little finger-only slightly, but it did move. However, it was too dark for anyone to see it. "When they take me in the light they'll see.", though Fowlin. "I'll move my finger when they take me in the light and they'll see that I'm still alive.

The men then placed Fowlin in the ambulance and drove him to the city morgue. Here they took him out and carried him into the building. "Now," he thought, "Now I'll move my finger. They'll all see it now." But Fowlin was unable to move his finger. He was lying on it. Yes, the interns had laid him on the stretcher in such a way that he was lying on his hand. No one would see that he was alive.

They were going to put him in an airtight vault. He would suffocate. The interns placed a shroud over Michael Fowlin and carried him to the small vault. Fowlin was rolled into the

valut and the door shut behind him.

Those last few minutes of Fowlin's life were truly "hell on earth." During these seconds he re-lived his entire life. He saw what a miserable, desolate life he had lead. On his deathbed he saw in his mind the the fiery pit which awaited him.

Pat Maloney '55

TROUBLE

To look at Joe Pajovio one would think he was probably an average, ordinary type guy. However, nothing could be farther from the truth. Joe was unfortunate enough to be born. This was the root of his troubles, for if he weren't alive misfortune wouldn't trail after him. Since he was a kid, Joe had nothing but disappointment and embarrassment from life. Nothing he did was ever right. He could never hold down a job because he was always fouling up the works.

One thing led to another and Joe became more and more despondent. He couldn't use the telephone for his fingers were too big to fit into the dial slots. This unfortunate creature was always the center of cutting jokes, and thus he was always invited to a party so he would be the object of the little remarks. Joe would lend his ear to someone and they would precede to wreck it and charge the bill to Joe. Joe would always manage to answer the door at a friend's house when a C.O.D. messenger arrived. Joe decided to commit suicide and end his misery, but he even fouled that up when he tripped on the bridge railing and sprained his ankle before he could jump.

If you think this article is stupid and fouled up with no plot or point you're right. Yes, you guessed it my name is Joe

Dennis Holland '58

THE MEEDS THAT GROW IN MAY

Why was I born so poor,
I want not much more
Than what I have or need,
But as the flowering meeds
Grow in May, I'll curse
The day I was born.

I took for myself a wife,
I hoped to live a good life.
But in a fit of anger one day,
I smashed her head as she lay.

Among the meeds that grow in May,
When sanity had returned to me,
I saw with my eyes, O God I still see,
The blood dripping from her head
Onto the meeds, turning them red.

I quickly buried her there.
I was afraid and was scared.
But in my night,
I see the sight
Of her head dripping blood
On the meeds in the mud.

In spring, summer, winter, fall,
The meeds they grow all
On the spot where her body lay,
They grow all the year, May
It be that they take their life
From the body of my wife!
Cursed meeds
Leave me be!

Dan Frazier '60

SPRING

Spring is a time when all of us notice
The flowers and the breeze,
When hearts are light, and skies are bright,
And life begins to ease.

Spring is the time when birds will sing,
And the air is clear,
When happiness fills every thing,
And joy is all you hear.

When young men's thoughts to baseball turn,
At girls they are also looking,
And the smell of charcoal indicated,
A lot of outside cooking.

Spring is the very best of year,
When winter it does shove,
It's beauty and strength are free to all,
And the world is all in love.

Charles Walte '59

WHY IS THE FOOTBALL SHAPED AS IT IS

The game of football as we know it, began in the eighteenth century as a form of soccer. It was first played in the United States in the Ivy League, and at that time was as much a part of college life as football is today.

The game of football continued much as it had been for a great many years, until the idea of running with the ball was introduced shortly before the turn of the century. This was the first major advance in the game.

Then, while Jim Thorpe was starring for the Carlisle Indians he got the idea that he would have a tremendous advantage over the opposition if he could not only run with the ball, but also throw it. This, so far as can be determined, was the first time the forward pass was used as an offensive weapon. True it was used in certain phases of soccer, but it had never been used in football. Not long after this the pass was accepted as an integral part of the game. The only thing that remained was for someone with an inventive mind to come up with a ball more suited to the needs of the fast growing game. There is very little known about the actual change from the conventional round ball to the one we are all accustomed to seeing almost every Saturday from September to Christmas.

Not only did the forward pass change the shape of the ball, but the very shape of the game as well.

Well, now that you know why the football is shaped in such a weird manner, tell the truth, do you really feel any better.

Charles Walte '60

Can you name the difference between amnesia and magnesia?
The man with amnesia knows where he is going.

You haven't had a real hangover until you can't stand the noise of Bromo-Seltzer.

SNOW

Snow comes,
Tumbling off the clouds,
Rapping on the window panes,
Each flake calls my name.
"Come with us, come fly away,
For soon while come the day,
Come and twirl and have fun,
Come with us before the sun
Rises warming the crispy day,
And drives us to our grave.
The moon is high,
The stars they call,
Come away and leave all.
The night is ours, we have the night,
But come before the melting light."
White, white, white is the snow,
That come rapping on the panes,
Tumbling, tossing, twirling in the lanes;
They call, they call, I must go!
Damn the light, damn it so!
Stay, stay snow, don't go,
I ran to the door and pulled it open wide,
Without a coat I ran outside.
The snow was falling all around
And lying on the cold ground,
I ran and ran, far away
Into the country, crying that day
Should stay, stay, stay, away.
It is cold now, without a wrap,
I'll just lie down and take a little nap.
Its cold.

Dan Frazier '60

GUESS WHO

There was a governor name of Smiley,
Who was both cunning and wily,
Of Kentucky a resident, desired to be president.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

A DOGGERAL

I was always my master's pet,
 He loved me like a son;
 I've been used to humane treatment,
 But how my rack is run,
 The Senior fellow caught me,
 And tied me with a rope;
 I knew not what was coming,
 Nor with what I had to cope.
 As the hour was drawing nearer,
 I received full many a glance;
 I planned to make a get away,
 But I didn't have a chance.
 They looked me over completely.
 My sides, my nose, my ears;
 They questioned how dying would feel,
 And then began my fears,
 The class was soon upon me,
 And tied me to a table;
 I struggled hard to get away,
 But simply wasn't able.
 They soaked a rag in chloroform,
 And tied it on my nose.
 I sniffed and coughed, and gagged a bit,
 Then my spirits rose;
 With fiendish glee a knife was seized,
 They cut me open wide,
 They didn't care for my lovely hair,
 Nor the beauty of my hide.
 They felt my heart, they grabbed my lungs,
 They cut my tummy right into the meal they had fed
 before,
 Oh yes, those boys had fed me well,
 They knew I would eat no more,
 Then out came my lungs and kidneys,
 That good ole stomach too,
 Now think! if I'd come to life again,
 Whatever would I do,
 But that wasn't all they did to me!
 They seized me by the neck,

And with murderous hands they cut my throat;
 I was becoming a wreck.

They hacked and hacked till my head came off,
 They chuckled at the gore;
 The blood ran forth in a lively stream,
 And sparkled upon the floor.

They seemed so terribly blood-thirsty,
 They simply can't be sound!
 What pleasure could a sane mortal get
 From cutting up a hound?

They would have seen some more of me,
 If they had had the time.
 But the hour was up,
 I was stuffed in a jar as if to hide the crime.

I was once a beautiful doggie,
 I am now a hideous mess;
 I have given my life to science,
 The best I could do, I guess!

Don Frazier '60

A WARNING

You know how it feels to be a dog
 And live in the world of peoples?
 You walk around in a very dense fog
 Looking out for these living steeples
 But wait 'til they all are thru on earth,
 And finished with their trick,
 They'll find out what we're really worth,
 When they meet the dog at the River Stix.

Charles Walte '60

CONFORMITY

In recent years much discussion has passed on the tendency
 of the American people to conform to the tastes and desires of the
 majority. It has been said that conformity is a "wolf in sheep's

clothing." The public insists on "keeping up with the Jones" and doing exactly what every one else is doing. As this continues the American citizen will lose all individuality and become a sheep wishing only to follow the leader. Should this happen, one can imagine the condition of this country. We would be at a standstill, if not even sliding backwards because of lack of progress. Is this the way we want to live? If not then, what can be done about it? The solution is not easy. Perhaps there isn't really an exact answer. Only the problems facing the country are evident.

When this country was first settled over three hundred years ago, the settlers were hardy individuals. From that time the United States has progressed this far only because of sound-thinking men having the courage to carry through their thoughts and ideas with action. Men like Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and many other great leaders didn't care what other people thought or did. They fixed their ideas and tried to carry them out regardless of what people thought or said. It was only because of these men and their dedication that this country has been able to progress as no other nation in the history of the world.

The American people must then drop this foolish idea that to be out of step with your neighbor is odd and that to be accepted by people one must do as others do. Sure, the going will be rough at first; the beginning is always the hardest. Yet, the initial sacrifice will be well worth the effort, for the American people will no longer be bound by the driving desire to conform. A world is made of many individual persons and these people must keep their individual traits!

Dennis Holland '58

WILBERT ROBINSON

Since the game of baseball first began there have been few greater legends than that of Wilbert Robinson, Falstaffian manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers between 1915 and 1931. Robbie, as he was most often called, and his boys performed so many antics on and off the field that they earned the title, "Daffy Boys." He supplied one the best laughs in the history of baseball when he agreed to

catch a grapefruit dropped out of a plane at the Dodger's spring training camp.

It all started very innocently when Casey Stengel, then one of Robinson's hired hands, was talking about one of the players who had caught a ball dropped from the Washington Monument.

"I'll think I'll do that," gurgled Robbie as he chewed on a plug of "Chawin terbacker." "only trouble is I never get to Washington." As he said this a light plane was circling the playing field.

Stengel said, "Why don't you catch a ball dropped from a plane like the one circling overhead? I could probably make a deal with the pilot."

"By gravy, I'll do it," agreed Robbie, "Yo guys make the arrangements for tomorrow morning, I'll be out there with my old Orioles glove."

Everything went according to plan, or should I say would have, had not Casey decided to give the pilot a couple of over-ripe grapefruits instead of the baseballs.

The next morning Robbie dressed in his uniform with his big catcher's mitt. The plane slowly circled the field. Robbie got set while the whole squad tensely watched.

With a signal from Stengel, the pilot gave it the old "bombs away." Then the "missile" came down at a terrific speed. As Robbie reached up to catch the ball, the grapefruit hit him on the head and knocked him to the ground.

Stunned for the moment, Robbie reached up with his bare hand and felt a soft trickle of grapefruit juice, as it ran down his face.

"Fellers, I'm kilt," yelled Robbie, "Get a doctor quick and stop this blood."

Since that embarrassing moment grapefruit has disappeared from Robbie's breakfast table. Yet, Casey Stengel, now the O' Professor of the Yankees, still likes it.

Brent Robbins '60

THE ESCAPE

It was dark now, and the cold mist chilled me to the bone. Still I creep closer to the only remaining obstacle between me and freedom, the heavily bearded border between the neutral Swiss nation and Hitler's Germany. It was September of 1943, and I was

fleeing for my life after being shot down in my bomber. The rest of the crew had been taken prisoner and had been shot trying to escape from their parachutes. I was a human being hunted like an animal, for I was an enemy who had played a part in the destruction of German factories and now I must be found and punished for my crimes. Yet, I still had hope of escaping from my grim and determined pursuers. I had traveled three weeks to reach the Swiss border and now only several hundred yards stood in my way toward safety. This several hundred yards, however, was the biggest obstacle, for I had to crawl through its barbed wire fences and heavily mined soil, which was also carefully guarded by armed guards with police dogs. I lay there in the tall grass within a hundred yards of my pursuers, and I waited for the moon to go back under the clouds. As I waited for what seemed like hours and hours, my mind wandered back to the past few days . . . to the friendly farmer who had hidden me from the German guards and fed me, to the long railroad ride in a stock car filled with horrible pigs, and to the long lonely walk through the patrolled hills. Now I was almost there, almost free. Suddenly the moon went behind a cloud and I knew the time had come for my attempt to cross the border. While I couldn't help being afraid, I managed to get up and run; something hot ripped through my shoulder and caused a burning pain, but still I kept running, running for my life. I finally made the cover of the woods and begin the long walk toward help, when I saw a small farm house several hundred yards ahead. At last I was safe! Then as I quickened my pace, my foot came down on the soft earth. Suddenly there was a loud explosion and just as suddenly the woods grew quiet again. The ground was mined.

Mike Muzloff '59

HERITAGE

*Faith is our bond,
United are we,
Strong and untainted,
As strong as the sea.*

*Time will pass,
Men will die,
Yet our standards upheld,
Sterling and high.*

*Literary our purpose,
Equality our aim,
To comradeship and dignity,
We lay our claim.
We are Fidelity.*

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1957½



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1958 Scriptor



"Fides in Unitate"

Congratulation

FROM
THE CLASS OF 1956

- BILL HARRIS
- RAY LOVELACE
- SAM WHITTAKER
- BILL CARTER
- BRAD BROECKER
- ALAN LIPS



Congratulations

FROM
THE CLASS OF 1957

- ROB DEPREE
- BILL FALKENBURG
- LYNN LEDFORD
- DON BERG
- BOB MOORE
- DAN TALBOTT
- EX THOMPSON
- LARRY SPROWLES
- TOM SMITH
- JOHN GORDINIER
- JOHN McBRIDE

1958 Scriptor

Faith is in the bond which the fellow members hold
In this Society,
Dedicated to the
Eternal preservation of interest in
Literature and
Insight into each one of our souls full of
Allegiance for our esteemed
Number



**DENNIS
HOLLAND**



Class of '58



**ROLAND
MOORE**




Class of '58




1958 Scriptor

50

SCRIPTOR




ALAN
ADELBERG




Class of '59

SCRIPTOR

51



JIM
BUCHART




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— Scriptor —

— Scriptor —


TONY
BRIAN



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MIKE
MITZLAFF



Class of '59



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CLAUDE
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CHARLES
WALTE



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BROWN



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DOWDEN



Class of '59



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FOWLEY



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1958 Scriptor

56

SCRIPTOR



DAN
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GOSSMAN



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BOB
HARDWICK



Class of '60



SCRIPTOR

57



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GRAVES



Class of '60

Scriptor



TOM
JOHNSON



Class of '60



BRENT
ROBBINS



Class of '60

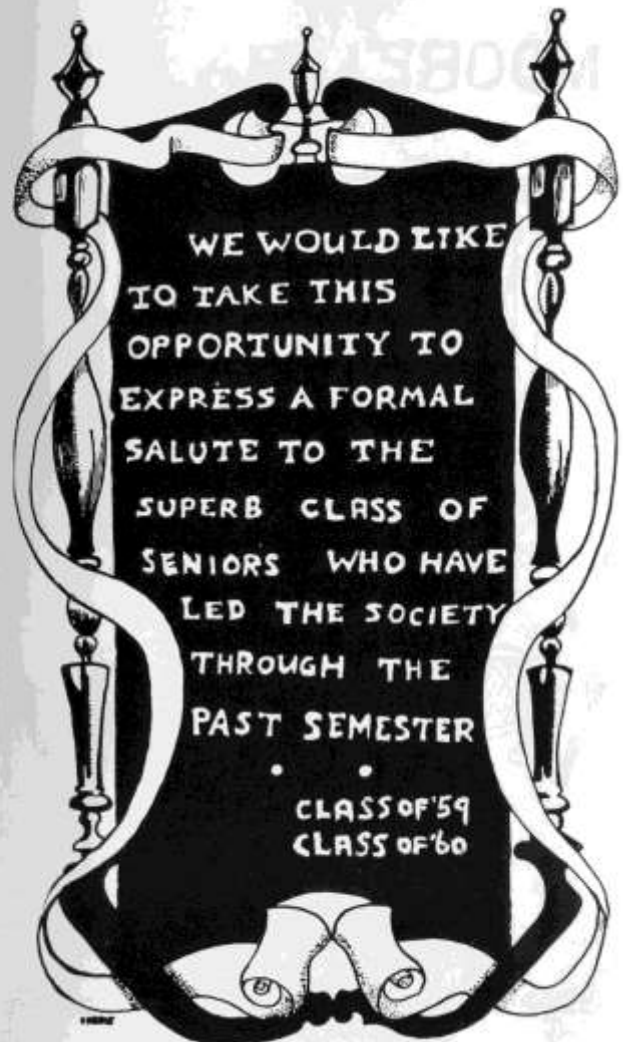


FAMILY PAGE

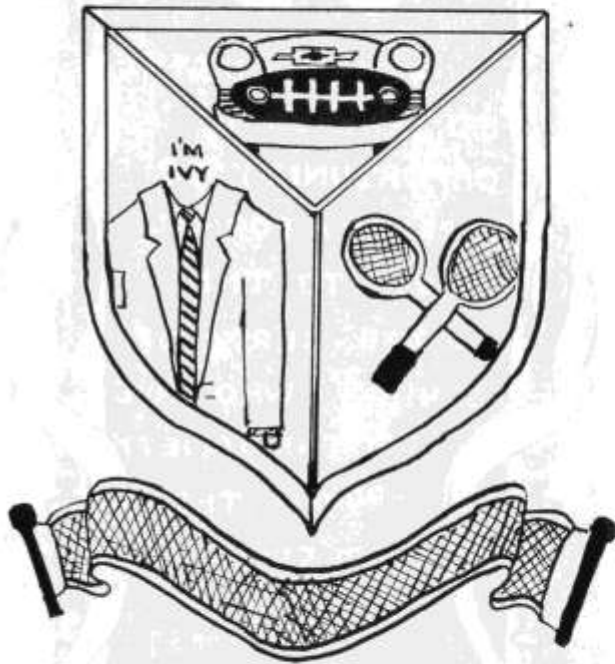
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- Mrs. Charlotte D. Westfield

PRESIDENT PAGE

WILLIAM COURSHON	1952½
WILLIAM COURSHON	1953
MARK JOHNSON	1953½
MARK JOHNSON	1954
GENE POPE	1954½
RICHARD LANGAN	1955
BRAD BROECKER	1955½
WILLIAM HARRIS	1956
WILLIAM FALKENBURG	1956½
LYNN LEDFORD	1957
PAT MALONEY	1957½
LOUIS WESTFIELD	1958



MOORE '58



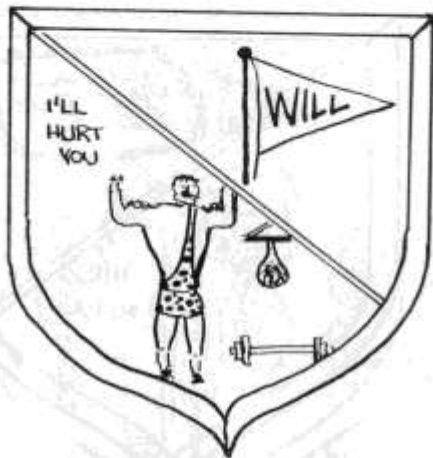
WESTFIELD

HOLLAND '58



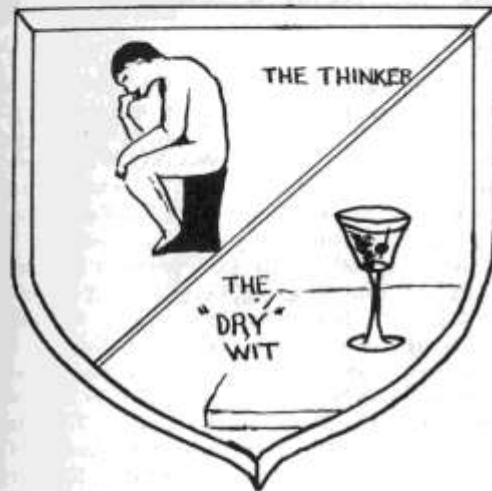
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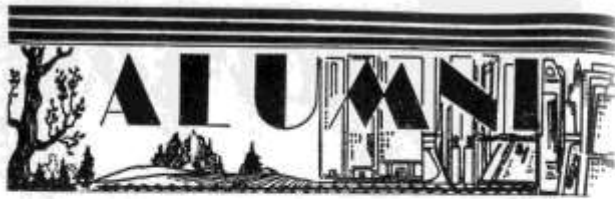


WESTFIELD

WESTFIELD '58



WESTFIELD



This page is gratefully dedicated the Fidelian graduates who are already making a name for themselves in and out of college.

Among the recent graduates is Ray Lovelace, Vice President '56, who is working diligently at Washington and Lee University. Also in Virginia is Bob Moore, Critic '56 who is attending prep school there for one year. In the north Bill Falkenburg, President '56½, is making an outstanding record at Wesleyan, where he is on the freshman football team. Elsewhere in the East are Gene Pope '54½ and John Gordinier, Corresponding Secretary '55½ at LeHigh University. Rob DeFree, Secretary '57 and John McBride, Critic '56½ are furthering their education at Kenyon. Down south in Tennessee at Vanderbilt University are Brad Broecker, President '56½ and Sam Whittaker, Sgt.-at-Arms '56 both of whom are doing well. Our Vice President, Dan Talbott, '57 is studing at St. Joseph's in Indiana. Here in the state at Kentucky are Alan Lips, Vice President '56½, Richard Langan, President '55, Larry Sprowles, Sgt.-at-Arms '57, Alex Thompson, Secretary '55½. At the University of Louisville are Charles Hellier, Sgt.-at-Arms '54½, Hale Nutt '55, Lynn Ledford, President '57, Don Berg, Treasurer '57, Bill Harris, President '56.

DAN MARSHALL

Attorney at Law

**COLE
DRUG
CO.**



1958 Scriptor

88

SCRIPTOR



BUC. - THE TREAS.



AW, COME ON FELLAS



REFRESHMENT TIME



"DANDY"



MY OPINION IS.....



SMALL CONFERENCE

SCRIPTOR

89



MR. MUSCLES



IT FEELS SO GOODT



BUBBLES AND FRIEND



TWEED



TWEED AGAIN



STILL MORE TWEED

1958 Scriptor



BACK OFF, MAN



MAY I BE EXCUSED



AW PWEASE FWEDDIE



WHAT'S THIS ?



AN ASS



I GOT THE RUNS



LISTEN FRIEND...



OUT OF IT



GUESS WHO ?



WHAT THE H....



MEDITATION

1958 Scriptor



MITZ TEES OFF



TYPICAL
MEETING EXPRESSIONS



THE LINEUP



MARLON



A FACE FEEDING



ITS ME, MAN



WHAT'S COMING OFF?



CHEERS !



WICKS + DOWDEN!



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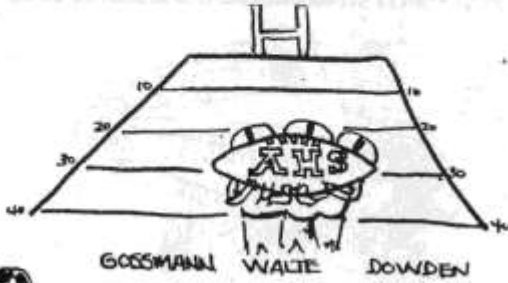


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**A
FATHER**

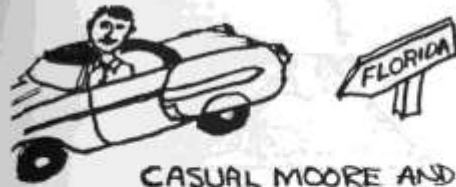
CARTOONS



IVY LEAGUE
NUTT



FRAZIER AND ROBBINS WESTFIELD



CASUAL MOORE AND "ROD"



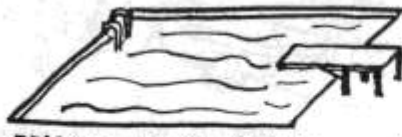
WICK AT THE "88"



PATRICK + PETER
CYCLISTS

WESTFIELD

1958 Scriptor



BRIAN : HOME SWEET HOME



FOLEY CAN'T MAKE QUICK DECISIONS



QUICKSALL - SOD BUSTER WESTFIELD

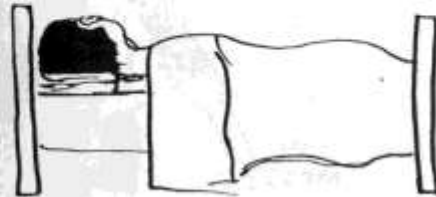
TROOPLEADER
"MITZ"



NONCHALANT
BROWN



PEPPY TOM SLEEPS IT OFF

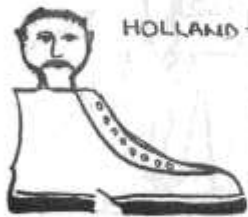


WESTFIELD

1958 Scriptor



BUCHART - "I WAS
A TEENAGE
WEIGHTLIFTER"



HOLLAND - I DON'T 'PRECIATE
NOTHING



WHO DREW
THIS MESS?

WESTFIELD



BANKS
SPOUTS
OFF



ADELBERG -
COOL
MAN



DIETRICH
SUITS
UP

WESTFIELD



GET AHEAD AT ALL COSTS

We are tired of hearing and reading so much about our generation. However sometimes there seems to be grounds for saying that we are "going to the dogs", especially after reading a series of essays recently published in Life magazine. The essays, written by seven members of Princeton's 1957 graduation class sum up their thoughts on careers, marriage, religion, success, and happiness, etc.

While their views are all very interesting, a few of them reflect a serious deficiency in their sense of values. This deficiency can best be illustrated by the following excerpt from the articles.

" . . . I'm going to insist that when I do take a wife she be strictly a career woman . . . I don't want a family. I want freedom. I want to be able to take the calculated risks to get ahead quickly . . . What I have to do is find a girl who is compatible and either doesn't want children or, better still, is unable to have them."

From this it would seem that the only constant value, the only important goal in life is that of amassing a fortune. Success in marriages seems to be measured by the size of one's bank account; freedom seems to mean "Get ahead in a hurry-no holds barred."; a family seems to be considered as an obstacle in the road to success. His only value is monetary.

If one is willing to accept "Getting ahead" as the golden rule by which he will pattern his life, then what is to prevent a person from selling his country's secrets? Why not peddle narcotics, steal, or murder? If financial success becomes the sole reason for man's existence then morality may be unceremoniously thrown out the window. Anything would be justifiable, as long as it made money.

Our generation is truly becoming degenerate, if these seven essays relate a true cross section of the thinking of young America. While the other essays were not so entirely devoid of values, they all lacked any first principle except that of "intellectual integrity." But what good is intellectual integrity, if we are sealing our doom

by eliminating the family which is the basic unit of all civilization.

If the views expressed by these particular Princetonians were shared by the rest of our generation, it would not be long before the world population would be so completely depleted that there would be no one to share these views. These essays while professing to portray the sentiments of our generation, are actually representative of the thinking of a very small segment of the population. In fact, it is doubtful if one person out of every thousand in our generation would sanction them. Let us hope so.

Pat Maloney '58

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*You don't have to tell how you live every day,
You needn't reveal whether you work or you play,
For your tursted barometer is always in place,
However you live, it shows on your face.*

*The truth or deceit that you hide in your heart
Won't stay inside, once given a start
For siners and blood are like thin veils of lace,
What you wear in your heart, it shows in your face.*

*If you have battled and won in the great game of life
If you have striven and conquered through sorrow and strife,
If you played the game fair and reached only first base,
You don't have to tell it, it shows on your face.*

*Life is unselfish, if for others you've lived
For tis not what you get, but how much you give.
If you have'd lived close to God, in His infinite Grace,
You don't have to tell it, it shows on your face.*



A HISTORY OF FIDELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

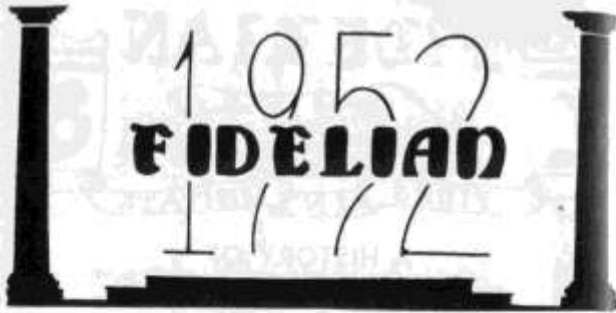
Four hundred and seventy-eight years, before the birth of Christ, Themistocles united all the Greek cities along the Asiatic coast and those on the Aegean Isles into a confederacy for the common defense of Grecian culture against Persian attacks from the sea.

This confederacy, which took its name, Delian League, from the Aegean Isle Delos was the beginning of the great Athenian empire renowned in both literary and political glory.

In the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-two, nearly twenty-five hundred years later, a group of outstanding young men, finding a need for an organization which would set a precedent for high literary attainment founded that Fidelity Literary Society. From the beginning this has been an organization of select young men striving to attain the high standards as were prevalent in the Delian League twenty-five hundred years ago.

Even today this Society and its members stand for that which made the Delian League a lasting influence on world history and culture. In six short years the Society has grown from a small group of dedicated young men to the present position, a representative group of the finest the city has to offer.

In these six short years the Society has accomplished many noteworthy feats. This magazine will be the fourth Scriptor published since 1952. The amazing fact is that this happened while the Society was first its first breath of life. Now the Society is firmly established in the school system and is assured of many, many more successful years to come. We can't help thinking that if this occurred in six years what will be accomplished in the next six, or even the six after that. Yes, Fidelity has made its mark and is here to stay and to enjoy many fruitful, productive years.



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

- President LOUIS WESTFIELD
- Vice President DENNIS HOLLAND
- Secretary CHARLES WALTE
- Treasurer JIM BUCHART
- Critic CARL QUICKSALL
- Sergeant-at-Arms TONY BRAIN
- Sergeant-at-Arms ALAN ADELBERG

During the fall term the Society strengthened its ranks with the initiation of the following outstanding boys: Will Dowden, Tom Johnson, Bill Gossman, and Bob Hardwick of Atherton; Jim Buchart of St. Xavier; Brent Robbins, Joe Dietrich, and Dan Frazier of Waggener; Peter Graves, and Doug Fowley of Eastern; Fred Banks, and Peter Brown of Country Day.

The past summer the members of the Society were privileged to donate their time and energy to the Kosair Crippled Children's Carnival, where we maintained a booth throughout the entire carnival. We sincerely hope to be able to work again this summer for this worthy cause.

During the fall we competed in the Literary Football League, in which we feel we made a fine showing losing only to Dignitas and Delphic. In the Basketball League we had a dismal season, still, we had an enjoyable time. We are now looking forward to the Softball League with great anticipation.

Much of this year has seen massed work and dedicated energy

on what we believe will be the final success of this year, the publication of the 1958 Scriptor, the magazine which you are presently reading. Long and arduous hours of preparation have gone into this magazine which we hope you enjoy. Also, plans for our annual dance to be held in late spring are under way.

We, the Seniors, Class of '58, believe that this year, sadly our last, has certainly been the most successful in Fidelian history.

A FATHER

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SCHOOL NOTES



ATHERTON

This school Atherton has been led by the following Student Council officers:

BUZZ MILLER	President
EDGAR STRAEFFER	Vice President
CAROL BENSINGER	Secretary
JACK CRUTCHER	Treasurer

Also the Senior class officers chosen last year have done a fine job in leading the Senior Class are the following:

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

This year has been another busy one at Atherton with many things happening. Though the football season was indeed a dismal one, much credit must go to the team for sticking with it though undermanned. Atherton students also deserve credit for the excellent support they gave the team. Basketball, too, was not entirely successful because of preseason injuries to several key players. Butch Farlee finished well toward the top of the 25th District scorers though he was sidelined at the beginning of the season with a broken ankle. Still we came up with several impressive performances against the Seventh Region powerhouses. The swimming team captained by Terry Foster and Fairleigh Lussky and Coached by Mr. Marshall Beard enjoyed one of its finest seasons just being nosed out for the State championship by a scant three points. However, the season ended on a more encouraging note for the team consisted mainly of sophomores and juniors. The golf team and tennis teams also figure to be powers among the spring sports.

Once again Atherton has proved itself outstanding scholastically by standing high above city, state and even national averages on the annual tests given to the Senior Class. A most enjoyable presentation of "Cheaper by the Dozen" was given as the Senior play this year. Also, a carnival was held at Atherton, the first by the way, in Atherton's history and was a smashing success.

The AERIAL, the school paper, kept up its fine standards and the yearbook, THE TORCH, promises to be the finest ever published. Many of the school organizations such as the Bunsen Club, Debate Club, the Pepheppers, and the musical organizations also played a part in making this year one of the finest in Atherton history.

CAPRI BARBER SHOP

105 St. Matthews Ave.

CHARLEY RUEFF SIGNS

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EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL

The close of Eastern's eighth year will be marked by the graduation of one of the finest Senior Classes in the school's history.

This year Eastern's triumphant football team had a very successful year in winning the County Championship. Also, our basketball team, one which was considered to be in the rebuilding stages after last year's second place finish in the state tourney, had a fine season winning the County championship and winning in the district tournament.

Our Dramatic Club went to Lexington for the state meet and returned with a superior rating.

Once again, this year Eastern has received exchange students from Florida. Soon some of our students will return the visit by journeying to Florida to stay with the students who stayed with us while they were here.

This year Eastern had its annual talent show and the Senior play is soon to come.

Certainly this year will go down as one of the finest this school has enjoyed.



LOUISVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

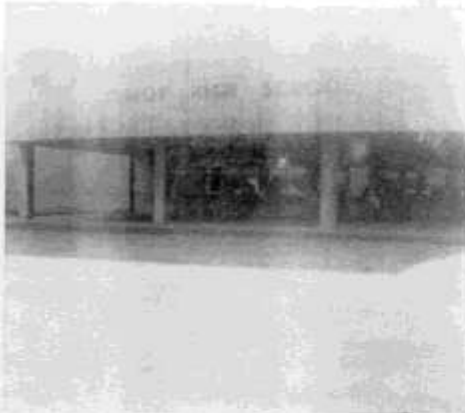
Now, near the end of its seventh year, Louisville Country Day has grown from a beginning enrollment of approximately 90 students to well over 300. Country Day's main purpose is to prepare a boy scholastically for college. The fifth annual graduation will be held early in June.

Athletics, being essential for the body, as study is for the mind, are compulsory at Country Day. The fall program consist of football and golf; the winter of basketball, soccer, and gym activities and the spring of baseball, tennis, and golf.

In addition to athletics, Country Day students enter in debates, and Youth Speaks with members of others schools.

Dennis: What do you think of bathing beauties?

Tony: I don't know, I never bathed one.



WAGGENER

These officers have been chosen to lead the school and the student council for the school year '57 - '58:

- President* BOB SEXTON
- Vice-President* ROBERT LING
- Secretary* PEGGY LEAHY
- Treasurer* KIT GEORGEHEAD

Waggener, since its founding 4 years ago has made tremendous strides for a school of its youth. In athletics Waggener has become a school to contend with. This year we fielded an excellent basketball team capable of beating any of its competitors. Also, the football team made an excellent showing during its season. Since all participants were only sophomores, the coming two years should prove to be highly successful. Certainly, when Waggener graduates its first Senior class, it will be well established scholastically and athletically.

Besides participating in sports Waggener has adopted rigid scholastic standards. In the coming years the school will rank among the finest in Jefferson County.

In concluding this year Waggener can only look to future and know whatever it holds future can only be kind to this, one of the newest high schools.



TRINITY HIGH

Trinity High will conclude its school year May 25th, when it will graduate its second senior class with Bill Ballard as President. Trinity, though not entirely successful in either football or basketball was able to show its superb school spirit by having remarkable attendance at all the games. This enthusiasm was highlighted by the formation of a pep club, known as the "Shamrockers." Still Trinity did prove itself in the minor sport such as cross-country competition mainly because of the superb efforts of the captain, Charles Wine.

Trinity is still a young and growing school, and unlike the older, well established ones which look to past glory for consolation, Trinity is always looking to the future for bigger and better things.

**WARD and MAYO
BARBER SHOP**



SAINT XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL

The Senior Class of 1958 elected these outstanding members to offices:

- President FRED SPATZ
- Vice-President JIM RICE
- Secretary-Treasurer MIKE DOUGHERTY

In the first semester, after retaining the State Football Championship for the second year in a row by beating Flaget 14-13, and after ending our football season with a 10 win - one loss record, St. Xavier has progressed both athletically and scholastically.

Although the swimming team has won eleven State Titles in the past eleven years, they failed to gain the twelfth one this year. However, the school feels confident that this inexperienced team will catch up next year. Our basketball team, considered one of the finest St. X. has ever produced, captured the Twenty-fifth District Crown, then went on to win the Seventh Regional trophy by soundly defeating Manual. Saint Xavier then won the Kentucky High School Basketball Championship in the play-off in the Coliseum at Lexington.

Coach John Meihaus will try to retain our State Championship in track this spring, and our baseball team, under the supervision of Gene Rhodes, looks promising. The coaches of the other sports, tennis and golf, will try to retain their State Championships, also.

St. Xavier, rated among the top 10% in the National Merit Scholarship Program, had 9 boys qualify this year for the scholarships. Our Speech and Debate teams are active. They will enter the Regional Speech Festival at Eastern High School on March 29th. The school newspaper, *The Xavier News*, received again the All-American and the All-Catholic awards. These two awards were won for the eleventh consecutive year.

In spite of the heavy scholastic and sports schedule, there is time for some social life within the school. The Dance Committee has produced some wonderful parties and Proms for special occasions during the year.

Saint Xavier, steeped in 104 years of tradition, looks forward to future programs, both sports and scholastic, which promises to be one of the finest in the nation.

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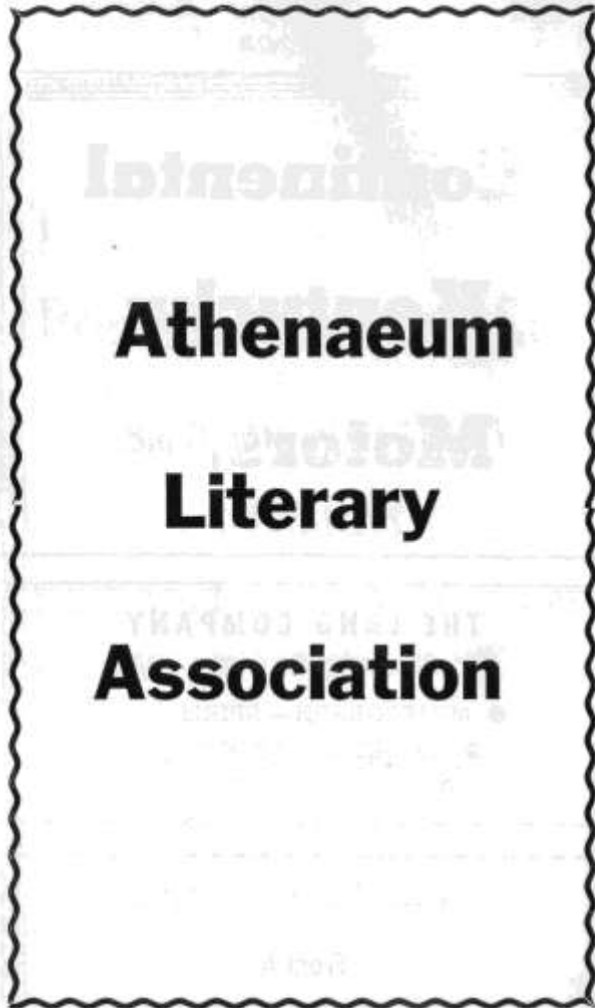
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- MIMEOGRAPH — SPIRIT
- OFFSET and AZOGRAPH
- OFFICE DUPLICATORS

CONGRATULATION TO FIDELIAN

From A

FRIEND



The Athenaeum has begun the spring term of its 96th year under the capable leadership of the following officers inaugurated at our mid-term banquet:

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

The following boys were taken into our membership last fall: Sandy Beale, Rob Bond, Bill Fuller, Tyler Thomas, Charles Brown, Elliot Neubauer, Jay Norman, Joe Oldham, Henry Ormsby, John Roy, Lew Seiler, Gwathmy Tyler.

Many laborious hours of mental and physical exertion went into making our Christmas dance a success. We sincerely hope a good time was had by all.

Work is now under way on our magazine, The Spectator. We are expecting an excellent edition co-editors Ed Reed and Sandy Beale.

The Athenaeum congratulates Fidelian on another fine edition of the Scriptor.

Bob Ewald

Dignitas
Literary
Association



The Dignitas Literary Association is proud to present these officers who will lead it during the spring term;

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

The following boys are now active members and participating in all Dignitas activities:

Junior Richard Curry, and Bruce Campbell from Eastern; Ronnie Barret, Mike Brown, and Bill Howard from Atherton; Steve Mowry, Ted Frith, Ramey Simpson, Bob Sexton, Brad Arterburn, and Steve Catlett for Waggner.

On the seventeenth of June, Dignitas is presenting the second of its excursions aboard the steamer Avalon. Tickets can be purchased from any Dignitas member. We hope that everyone will come and join in the pleasure of a romantic night on the Ohio.

As undefeated champions of the literary football competition, Dignitas received the keg symbolizing victory over the other literary associations. The Dignitas basketball team also swept the league competition for another undefeated season.

Our congratulations to Fidelity on another edition of their fine magazine.

Terry Foster

TRU IN DESIGN
SINCE MOTIVE

DELPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY



DELPHIC

The Delphic Literary Society is being led by the following officers in the 1958 term:

- President* STEVE MacDONALD
- Vice President* TOM HOLTZ
- Secretary* DOUG HOWARD
- Treasurer* DENNY O'CONNEL
- Critic* JOHN GUABNESCHILLI
- Corres. Secretary* TOM WALKER
- Clerk* BOB KALTENBACHER
- Sergeant-at-Arms* JIM McGRATH

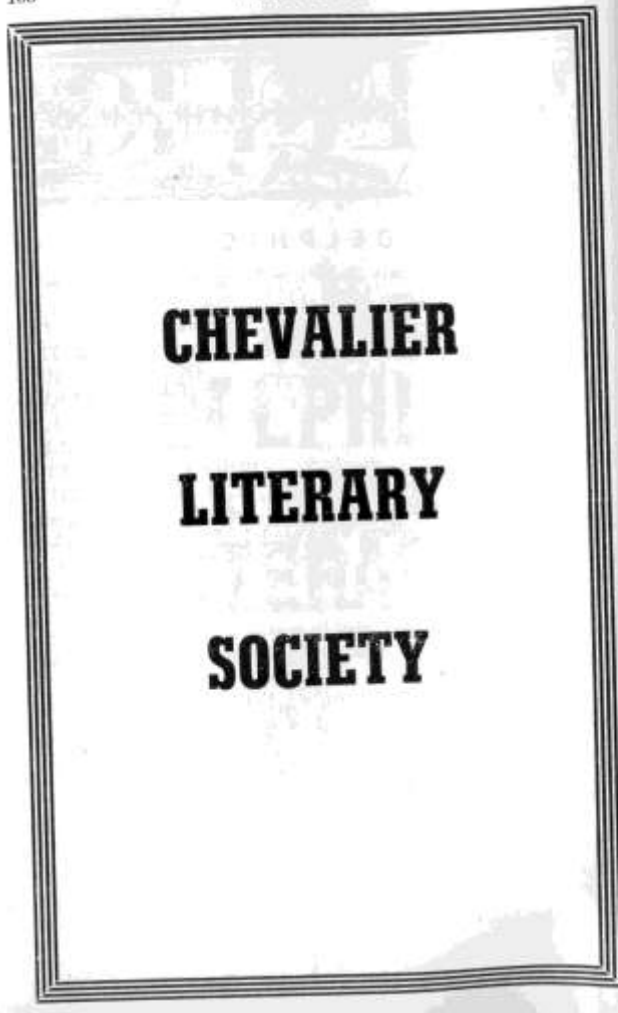
This past fall the following boys completed their pledgeship and are now active members. They are John Sullivan, Steve Rickert, Ed Lang, Larry Baird, Steve Literest, Steve Grisson, Woody Currens. We feel sure these new boys will help to maintain the same high standards that Delphic has been associated with.

Our basketball team ended its season with a very good record of five wins and one loss. Also, our football team did equally as well in the Literary League.

Delphic wishes to congratulate Fidelian on the edition of their fine magazine, the Scriptor.

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THE 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>	FRANK STARKS
<i>Sgt.-At-Arms</i>	WATSON ALLCIER
<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 Rucker, 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 high hopes of fielding a championship team next year. Our ranking in the league was 3rd, with victories over Athenaeum, Fidelian Halleck and Sigma. We also have high hopes for our softball team that has rested 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 Fidelian on another fine edition of their magazine.

Bruce Miller

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SATURDAY NIGHT
at WOODBERRY

Best Wishes

A FRIEND

Louisville
Collegiate



LOUISVILLE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

The school year 1957-58 has been, for Collegiate, filled with many and varied activities.

The Collegiate Government Association, headed by Penelope Tarrant and Kate Oldham as president and vice president respectively, has had an extremely successful year. They sponsored a bridge party and not only gave a good time to all who attended, but earned some much-needed money.

The Transcript Board with Cathy Cohn as editor has spent long hours working to make the yearbook worthy of its predecessors.

The Amazons, captained by Nancy Stewart and Penelope Tarrant, again captured the Little Brown Jug and also became League Champions.

Our school newspaper, Pandemonium, besides publishing a monthly issue, held a cakesale to raise funds and sponsored its annual style show. Gayle Ford was editor.

The girls at Collegiate congratulate Fidelian on this outstanding issue of the "Scriptor".

Jeanne Will

**THE
KENTUCKY
HOME
SCHOOL
FOR
GIRLS**



KENTUCKY HOME SCHOOL

This year at Kentucky Home, under the leadership of our President, Jayne Leatherman, we have been trying to make several improvements in the Honor System.

Our hockey team had a successful season as we won all our games but one, bringing us to second place in the Jefferson County League. Beth Monohan and Prudence Darnell won Babe Ruth Sportsmanship awards which they well deserved.

The Junior Class proved themselves when they gave the comedy "Our Hearts were Young and Gay," the night of March 14. Missy Cobb and Olga Joyes played the leading parts; we feel the play was a tremendous success.

We are all looking forward to graduation on June 5th, which will conclude the 95th year of Kentucky Home's existence.

Congratulations to Fidelian on another fine edition of the Scriptor.

Ann Lawson

SACRED HEART ACADEMY



SACRED HEART ACADEMY

The annual Junior-Senior Prom of Sacred Heart Academy will be held in the gym on May 23, with music by the Bel-airs. Also, the Junior will treat the Seniors to a banquet to be held May 17 at the Sheraton-Seelbach Hotel.

The traditional 100 Club party was held March 11. Missy Deem and Lynn Steiden replaced Wede Reihm and Nancy Stauble as hockey co-captains, and Barbara Strause and Gloria Schuler replaced Joan Driscoll as basketball captain.

The Senior Class play, *Beautiful Dreamer*, will be given April 11, for the student body, and on April 18, an evening performance for the public will be given. The Senior Class is also presenting *Macbeth*. Peggy DeHart, Judy Walsh, and Kathy Pranger have the leads in *Beautiful Dreamer*, while Marilyn Morton has the led for *Macbeth*.

Congratulations to Fidelian on this fine edition of the Scriptor.

Hyllie Downard

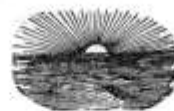
*"There'll Be
Some Changes
Made"*

CHRISTINE JORGENSON



*"I'm Forever
Blowing
Bubbles"*

Lawrence Welk



PIRETTE
SOCIAL
CLUB

PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

The Pirette Social Club has elected the following girls to lead it in the new term:

<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>Rep. 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>	LYNN BROECKER

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

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

Under the leadership of co-captains Mickey Dooley and Hydie Downard we hope to win our third straight softball season and keep the cup.

Pirettes extends its heartiest congratulations to Fidelian for another fine edition of the Scriptor.

Compliments of
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DASMINE CLUB

DASMINE CLUB

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

<i>President</i>	DEBBIE EARL
<i>Vice President</i>	WEDA REIHM
<i>Social Chairman</i>	MARY BERNHARD
<i>Secretary</i>	GRETA WAGENAST
<i>Treasurer</i>	ANN TURNER
<i>Sgt.-at-Arms</i>	POLLY COLGAN
<i>Pledge Chairman</i>	RUTH COOK
<i>Historian</i>	HEIDI HEIBERG
<i>Alumnae Chairman</i>	LINDA SCHERER
<i>Publicity Chairman</i>	MARTHA CHANCE
<i>Council Representative</i>	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 new members: Johnnie Grubb from Waggener; Martha McLellan from Eastern; Zanna Bibb from Sacred Heart; Mary Ann Drye, Dottie Bromley, Ann Heilmann, Susan Nash, and Kitty Buckaway from Atherton.

In November our annual Mother's Tea was held at the home of Heidi Heiberg. 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 the support a war orphan. We are now looking forward to the inter-club softball games to be held this spring.

The Dasmine Club congratulates Fidelian on a fine edition of their magazine, the Scriptor.

HERMITAGE AUTO PARK

537 South Fifth Street

KAPPA

THETA

GAMMA

K. T. G.

<i>President</i>	CONNIE CARTER
<i>Vice President</i>	SUZANNE PARDIEU
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	SALLY CARMICHAEL
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOYCE HELLMANN
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	LINDA BOONE
<i>Business Manager</i>	NANCY MILLER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	LOIS SNOW
<i>Pledge Chairman</i>	SUE ROBINSON
<i>Historian and Publicity Chairman</i>	LINDA DAVIS
<i>Alumnae Chairman</i>	NANC YLEWIS
	LUCY WOODWARD
<i>Rep. to the Council</i>	CAROL GUTTERMAN

K.T.G. has started the year with the annual Mother's Tea. This year Lois Snow was hostess. All members joined in a skit presented for the mothers.

We have various charity projects and are now working on our annual invitational dance to be held June 7th this year with music by Tommy Walker. We cordially invite you to attend.

Also our annual sock hop will be held in May at the Zachary Taylor Post. We hope you will help make it a success.

As usual K.T.G. will spend the first week of June at camp in Standing Stone State Park, Livingston, Tennessee. All the members are looking forward to that week with pleasure.

Atherton sophomore, Ruth Powell, was recently initiated to K.T.G. We welcome her as a fine new member.

Kappa Theta Gamma extends its congratulations to Fidelian on the edition of their fine magazine, the Scriptor.

**FROM
A
FRIEND**

Bonnie Brooks	Dick Fullerton
Midge Goeth	Janet Hertle
Gayle Hassman	

Carl Ellsworth
Tim Hardy
Bob Parkerson

**A
FRIEND**

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Best Wishes
To Fidelian
RILEA HAUPT

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"Baby Doll"



EDITOR'S MAIL

Dear Editors:

Thanka you, thanka you for publishing thisa wontherful, wontherfula literary magazine. Ita is a truly wontherful, wontherful achievementa ona the part ofa you fina; fina younk ment.

Yoursa truly,

L. Welk

Thanka you for youna wontherful, wontherful words of a praise. They are mucha appreciated.

The ed.



Sirs:

It has come to our attention that you have published this collection of tripe, trying to satirize every poor soul in the world. Gentlemen this is not humor, what you think is so funny is not even satire, it is disgusting tripe.

Disgustingly,

Bob and Ray

We are sorry you feel that way; we realize we are not of your highly intellectual, serious character.

The ed.

*"I get along
without you
very well"*

- DEAN MARTIN -



*"Anything You
Can Do
I Can Do
Better"*

- Jerry Lewis -



We would like to take this opportunity to express our heartfelt appreciation to our advertisers, whose generous financial support made the publication of the magazine a reality; to the Scriptor staff who gave so freely of their talents and energy; and to the other members of the Society who also aided in the success of the magazine.

The Editors,

Pat Maloney '58

Louis Westfield '58

Congratulations
to the Scriptor Staff
FROM
SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED





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1958

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and death.*

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