



Waggener High School



1959 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.

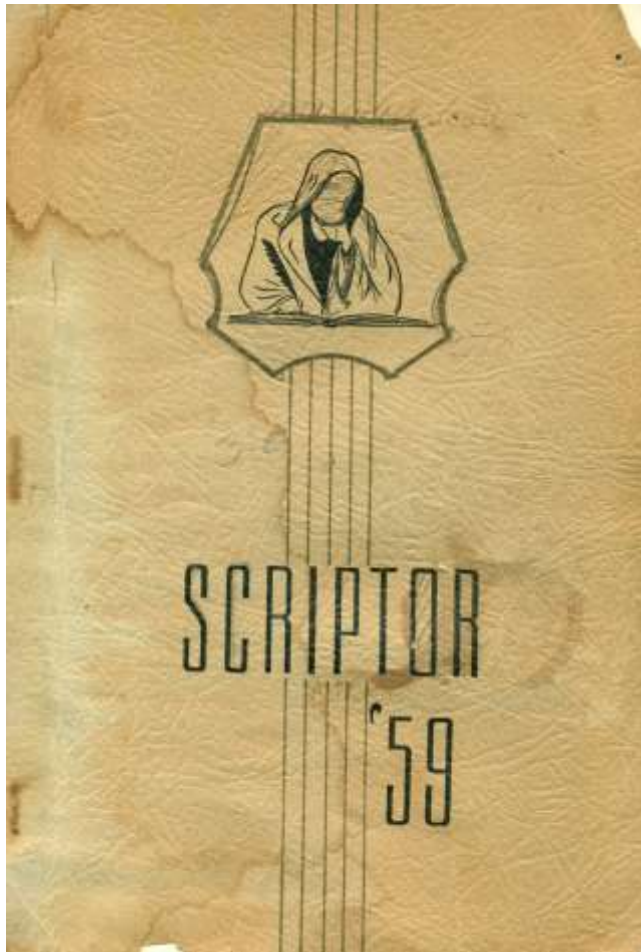
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have 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)*.

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

1959 Scriptor



DEDICATION

To two young men, the co-editors of the 1958 **SCRIPTOR** – a magazine which offered an inspiring challenge to equal and surpass – Louis Westfield '58 and Jim Buchar '59 whose untiring efforts were directed toward raising the position of the Society, we, the members of the Fidelian Literary Society proudly dedicate this, the 1959 **SCRIPTOR**.

FIDES IN UNITATE

SCRIPTOR

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THE STAFF

Editors-in-Chief

Charles Walte '59

Allen Adleberg '59

Junior Editor

Doug Fowley '60

Fidelian

Allen Adleberg '59

Snapshots

Alex Farnsley '61

School Notes

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THE WRONG PERSON

John Blake, a cashier for the Blue Ridge Boat Company, was walking along River Street, on the waterfront. It was 10:35 P.M., and he had just gotten off his job for the night. He had a strange feeling that two men were following him because he had seen them get out of a car when he left his office and start walking up the street the same way he was going. He turned and threw a quick glance over his shoulder, and his suspicions were confirmed. They were about fifty or sixty feet behind him, and he could just distinguish their tan trench-coats. A sudden panic gripped him, as he remembered that he had not paid off his bookie for a debt he owed him, and the bookie had said, "We'll get it one way or another." He started walking faster, trying to think of how he could lose them or get help, but the streets were deserted. He turned around and saw that the two men had sped up too, and were closer behind him. He turned a corner and started running, but as soon as he did, he heard their footsteps growing louder and faster. He thought of yelling for help, but he knew that this would only divert their attention from him for a while; and men in a business like their's didn't give easily. He soon reached his front door, and pausing for a moment couldn't hear any footsteps. He entered his house and poured himself a stiff drink, believing that he had lost them. In about ten minutes he heard a knocking on the door. He said to himself, "My God, they've found me!" Several thoughts raced quickly through his mind, and he decided what to do. He hurriedly ran to his room and got his old army .45 out of the bureau drawer. Then he raced back to the door and unhesitatingly fired five shots through it. He heard a body fall, and cautiously opened the door. There the body of his wife lay sprawled out on the walk. Across the street, two men walked quietly away.

Spencer DePree '60

I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY

I speak for Democracy. I speak for one hundred and seventy million people who believe in Democracy. In the lush beauty of the Bluegrass; in the sun-drenched Panhandle of Texas; in the grazing lands of the cattle country; in the mighty, snow-capped Rockies; on lonely eastern seashores with the sting of salt in their faces, my people are living and working in the freedom of Democracy. A poet who loved America said:

*"Great men, pageants of war and labor,
Soldiers and workers,
Mothers lifting their children
These I touch and feel the solemn thrill of them."*

He and others similarly gifted have from time to time put down on cold, unbreathing paper little flashes of all the many things we feel in our hearts.

My democracy is a faith . . . and a purpose . . . and a way of life. The Democratic faith is a trusting in people — in my neighbor, my teacher, the shy brown-eyed girl at the public library, the corner grocer, my cousin in Arkansas, the laboring man sitting on the bus in front of me. I respect, my Democracy respects, the extraordinary possibilities in these ordinary people. Ordinary people make mistakes, but in times of stress and crisis, plain citizens with plain names, like Sam Adams, Tom Paine and Abe Lincoln step quietly from private life and prove the worth of democratic faith with deeds that ring in history. The hum and hurry of America, the seething energy of its people, has created comforts and material wealth — yes, my fellow citizens have their eyes on the big chance, but they also have their eyes on God. No wonder my Democracy is a shining, towering unshakable faith!

Democracy's purpose is demonstrated in my land in many ways. One is the way it permits every form of disagreement and discontent to be expressed. Only in complete freedom can the mind grow, can creative ideas develop — and only Democracy, of all forms of government, has the courage not to dodge or suppress criticism. Democracy is not static; it is changing and growing, and the concepts and Constitution which were born with America are adjusting to an industrialized, complicated, 20th century world. The challenge of opposing doctrines and the battle of political ideas are always weaving new threads into the rich, strong fabric of Democracy. For centuries it has been a-building but it is not finished yet — and it never will be. It holds itself responsive to the demands and needs of each new generation — and to each individual. It sheds its light on the tired and timid, on the aggressive and energetic, saying, "There's room for all here. Let's go forward together." So forward we go, over the rough spots and with many a tumble, but never a retreat. We know how Democracy should work; we know it can be improved. Our purpose is to better it, to better ourselves, to prepare a better life for our children.

Many forms of government ask only obedience, Democracy demands participation. It is a partnership between the governed and the governing. It is the only government in the world, in history, in which the rulers are fully responsible to the ruled. The simple act of voting in a free election is the first step towards democratic responsibility. Through the ballot box the demands of the extremists are heard and the resistance of the conservatists is felt. So the baker must do more than bake bread and obey the law — he must help decide what is to be done, he must share in the destiny of the nation. He may write his Congressman, or telephone a protest to the man in the White House. He may argue politics, join a club, read and study about the affairs of the country. Or he may just vote and say nothing much about it. But ask this baker about Democracy, ask an yone of my people, "the great men, the soldiers and workers, the mothers lifting their children" — see the glow in their eyes as they affirm "Democracy is a way of life. I speak for Democracy."

Alan Adellberg '39

ADVERTISING

In advertising the saying "imitation is suicide" is often used. Often you will hear an advertiser say if you smoke another brand of cigarette you will get a cough. A distillery says that if you drink some other kind of whisky, you will poison yourself. The tire manufacturer says that if you go over eighty miles an hour you will have a blowout. Every advertiser uses this type of argument as a selling point for his product. This is necessary because if the manufacturer does not sell his product he will go out of business.

The company that sells M & M candy says that you should buy only their candy because it will not melt in your hand, and if you have ever shaken hands with a boy who had just eaten a Hershey bar on a hot day you would know what they mean.

In closing, a judge at a coroner's inquest asked the dead man's wife if she remembered his last words. The widow said that his last comment was, "I don't see how they can sell that stuff for a dollar and twenty-five cents a fifth."

Doug Fowley '60

RICHES TO RAGS TO RICHES

George Spencer was not an ordinary man; he was a bum. His home, most of the time, was the park in New York City; his best sleeping spot, the bench. George Spencer was not an ordinary bum. He left his wife to become one, because he thought a life of business was too confining. When his wife died she left him a large sum of money. It took a year for a lawyer to find George and tell him of his fortune. He was to receive this money annually, seventy-five dollars a month, for ten years. George tried in every way to get rid of the money. He wanted to be completely left alone, and not be a rich bum. His best method of getting rid of his money was to give fifty cents or a dollar to other bums who knew of old shacks where he could bunk, or money for the latest news on anything going on about bums in general.

After a while George got tired of sitting around, but he wasn't going back to business life and leave bumming. That was one thing he found out. While strolling through the office buildings, he watched the employees of the buildings take coffee breaks. However, there wasn't any place close except the drug stores in the area to get coffee. This caused a good deal of trouble for the employees. It took so long to get coffee that by the time you got your order of coffee plus your fellow employees' orders, it was time to go back to work.

George thought that to pass the time, he would get some of his friends and take coffee to the employees of the building for a small fee of a quarter or so. This went on until George got more helpers and more people liked the idea and paid George and his helpers to get them coffee. Soon, before George knew it, he was serving the whole building and making quite a good profit. He had all the office buildings around the park after about a year. In a few years he was making about ten thousand dollars a year. Yet, he was still living the life of a bum, sleeping nights on benches. After serious thought he decided he couldn't continue the life of a bum, and that he would try the life of a businessman again. He married and carried on his business, which was a huge success. His business spread through most of New York City, and he became very wealthy. He died a multi-millionaire.

Dore Marret '67

A HARROWING INCIDENT

I was terribly worried as "Jumbo" speedily cornered the little company jeep around a sharp twist in the dusty road.

Working as foreman for a small agricultural company, I was located in a semi-civilized section of South America trying to find rare plant specimens for the experts to study back in the states.

I had just received news, earlier that morning, that my wife's plans had crashed near a village a few miles from our camp. She had insisted on coming to this wretched, god-forsaken jungle just to be with me, and all of my protests couldn't stop her.

"Can't you make this damn thing go any faster?" I said to my good-for-nothing native driver. "Sorry Sah'!! he mumbled. "She's pushin' fifty right now." My mind was plagued with horrible thoughts as we finally rolled up to the battered remains of the fairly large, twin engined plane my wife had chartered.

"When did it happen?" I asked the man in charge. "Judging from the looks of things, about three weeks ago. If your wife and the pilot are still alive, it'll be close to a miracle. They probably had water on board, but it ain't likely they had any food."

I felt extremely dismayed at these last words and crept closer to the plane, all the while watching the two lazy natives working on the twisted door with crowbars, for it had been sealed shut by the impact. The suspense of waiting became unbearable and I turned so panicky that I resorted to kicking the two Negroes in order to make them work faster. The one thought in my mind now was: If they survived the crash, how did they stay alive without food for three weeks?

At last, the door creaked noisily and it slowly swung open. All the men silently watched the entrance, remaining still. However, it was quite dim in the main compartment of the plane and one could not readily see inside. A moment later, a figure took shape in the darkness and I hastily sent a prayer of thanks Heavenward.

But it was only the stupidly grinning pilot . . . picking his gleaming teeth with my dear wife's wishbone.

I retched bitterly.

Joe Dietrich '60

ESCAPE ?

It was a cold, wet, humid night and the fog fell over the valley, covering it entirely. As Hanz crept forward on his belly he saw the river a few hundred yards away. It looked quite near, but he knew that every foot would have to be taken with caution. He thought of the hours of planning and work which had been put, secretly, into his escape and of the times when he had been forced to watch the torturing of his family for no reason.

Now he was by himself and his main concern was escaping to freedom. The ground was cold and damp as he pushed forward. He could now make out the images of the German sentrymen patrolling the border which was just beyond the opposite bank. Having come to the river he slithered down the bank and into the water, which was cold and seeped into his boots and light clothing. Realizing that the slightest noise would reveal his presence, he remained in the water figuring the amount of time he had to slip between the sentrys. When he started to make his move he felt something crawling and gnawing at his forearms. He quickly pulled out his arms to see them covered with leeches. Knowing that he could not bear the pain he made his moves.

Leaping up the bank he started running across the small, open, moonlit field toward the barbed fence. When half way across the field the guards turned and started firing at the dark object, Hanz, near the fence. While climbing the fence he suddenly felt the stinging pain of bullets in the back of his right leg and in his ankle and shoulder. He blacked out stretched over the fence. When he awoke, in pain, he was greeted by the leering smile of the German Captain.

Brook Turner '61

SCHOOLS

There are three types of schools, private, public, and military. You may obtain a good education at any of them if you wish to, although there are advantages and disadvantages to all of them.

Take the public school for example. In a public school you can get by on a lot less if you want to. It depends entirely on the individual. If you plan to go to college most of you take college board classes and work in them. You will probably be better off than the boy who goes to a private or to a military school and is made to work.

The private school gives the individual a lot of attention. They make you do your work whether you want to or not. That has one big disadvantage. If and when you get to college you get a lot of freedom. Nobody is on your back about studying and a lot of private school students want to do nothing but party because nobody is there to make them do the job. As a result they flunk out. On the other hand if you are there to learn you can obtain a lot more knowledge and form better study habits than at a public school.

The military school has about the same advantages and disadvantages as the private school. The big difference is you are there all the time and have someone watching you do your homework as well as when you are at school.

Joe Mitzstaff '61

JAZZ

What is jazz? The dictionary defines it as a type of American music of Negro origin. Developed from ragtime, it is characterized by subtle syncopations and eccentric contrasts in orchestrations.

There are many forms or phases of jazz: Dixieland, swing, and progressive or modern, to name a few. In the field of swing and of all jazz for that matter, we find one of the greats is Benny Goodman. He recently made an appearance at the World's Fair in Brussels. The New York Times reported: "The theater was packed with diplomats, officials and other important people to whom jazz is not the staff of life. But when B. G. played, this group was brought to life. The enthusiasm this crowd showed indicates that jazz, like most music, is an international language understood by all."

Dixieland is probably the best known form of jazz. However, of late, the popularity of Dixieland has been lessened by the rise of modern or progressive jazz. This form of jazz differs from others because it depends a great deal on the improvising of the musicians. Also harmony plays an important part in contemporary jazz. Modern musicians add various notes of basic chords and the result is amazing.

There are many outstanding celebrities in the field of jazz. In my opinion the bands of Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, and Johnny Richards are among the top in this field.

My choice for the top jazz combos would be: Oscar Peterson Trio, the Australian Jazz Quintet, and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Chet Baker, and Art Farmer are four of the top trumpet players.

Other top names in jazz are: on trombone, J. J. Johnson, Jim Cleveland; piano, Errol Garner, Oscar Peterson; alto sax, Paul Desmond, Bud Shanks; tenor sax, Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins; guitar, Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis; bass, Roy Brown, Leroy Vinnegar; baritone sax, Gerry Mulligan, Pepper Adams; clarinet, Tony Scott, Zolt Sims; drums, Shelly Mann, Max Roach; vibers, Jerry Gibbs and Milt Johnson. These are just a few men who have made names for themselves as jazz musicians. It is difficult to judge the best of each instrument because of the tough competition.

Louisville is fortunate to have a fine jazz group known as the Trademarks. They have made a recording on the Legacy Label entitled, "The Trademarks Play Jazz." It is composed of Don Murry, who plays the piano, Gene Klingman, playing the bass, and his brother Dave Klingman who plays the clarinet for the group.

The popularity of modern jazz is on the uptrend. Today jazz concerts are attracting larger crowds than ever before.

Bob Hardwick '60

No. 82, NO FRIEND

Jed Olson, a tall, thin, Nebraskan bachelor with good sense and a strong back, had been working the old Clayton mine for several months; a little at first then more and more with about enough success to keep him on three meals a day and a bed to sleep in at night. He was graduated from Minnesota Mining and Engineering School in '54 and had been at the mine, No. 82, since then. The national company, Harry L. Clayton and Sons, had worked the silver mine for four years until about six months ago when headquarters decided it was more trouble than worth. Jed had been in charge of No. 82, four and a half miles from Sligo, Oklahoma, since then.

When the mine had first been opened it was as prosperous as any other silver mine in the mid-west. But, through the years the percent of pure silver in the conglomeration of rock, sand and clay had dwindled to a mere 3%. Jed hadn't been satisfied with the construction of the network of tunnels that led from the elevator shaft like tracks from a railroad station. Jed believed that No. 82

once again could and would turn out enough ore to make a reasonable profit for old man Clayton. For about three weeks Jed had been digging and dynamiting in sessions of 8-12 hours a day. When not in the mine he lived in a small wooden shack that had previously been the Clayton Company tool shed. At night he tested the samples of the day's find, hoping they would prove a higher content silver. He was positive in his own mind that somewhere in the realm of possibility there was a rich section of his quarry.

Mr. Oliver, another Clayton employee, had warned him before he left about Jed working in the mine alone; but he didn't bother finding anybody to work with him.

Then it happened; he had thought ahead, yes, he had read numerous times of miners being caught underground with a limited supply of food and water. He had taken a five-gallon army can of water, Hershey bars and sandwiches down since he started working alone. The elevator shaft had caved in, not on him, but kept him 175 feet underground without any way to call to anyone, or, for that matter, anyone to call to. Jed was pondering in the tunnel without light and by himself. The cave-in didn't exactly panic him, but, after all he was over four miles from the closest town. His supplies consisted of 8 sticks of dynamite, fuse, four Hershey bars, five gallons of water (minus about 1.5 pts. which he had had for lunch) and 6 sandwiches; but no companion.

Jed wasn't wearing his wrist watch; it was in a jewelry store in Sligo. Time passed slowly; no difference between night and day and nobody to talk to.

All this was, well no one knows for sure, maybe two weeks ago. It was today the rancher in the neighborhood phoned the Sligo Civil Defense Department that he suspected something wrong, with no dynamite explosions. Pete Lewis, captain of the crew, knew Jed when he saw him and had thought what a morbid sight he had been on the last few of his weekly trips to town for supplies.

Jed had just sat down and died about 36 hours after the elevator shaft collapsed, so the coroner said. The water can hadn't been touched, the food was still in the large black lunch box that was lying by his side. Poor Jed died just as he had lived — lonely.

Thomas Johnson '60

THE SLINGSHOT

To most laymen the word "slingshot" means nothing. But to us rabid fans of the dragstrips this is a new and exciting type of car.

These weird vehicles must be pushed by another car to start the engine. The clutch action is so stiff that it takes all the driver's strength to depress the clutch pedal. The engine won't idle below 1500 r.p.m and the driver must continually pump the throttle to avoid stalling while waiting for the starting gun. The huge engine would freeze solid if it was run for more than a mile. The reason for this is that there is no cooling system at all.

Once in awhile a fly wheel or clutch plate will explode into shrapnel. As a safety precaution they must be enclosed in a shield to protect the driver. Most of the car's weight is on the rear wheels. This gives the best possible traction. There is one drawback; when the car jumps off, the front wheels may leave the ground.

In spite of these handicaps the Slingshot is the champion of the dragstrips. From a standing start it can cover the quarter mile in ten or eleven seconds. At the end of the quarter mile it may be traveling at a speed of from 130 to 150 miles per hour.

Maximum power is usually taken from a basic Chrysler or Chevrolet engine. It has been bored and stroked for greater displacement. They are usually equipped with full race cams, over carburetion or fuel injection. The exhaust pipes are tuned together; this adds 4 or 5 usable horsepower. On the average these engines attain from 500 to 600 horsepower.

Most dragsters have been using a two-speed shift and when a driver is racing against time he stays in the lower gear until his engine revolutions reach the power peak. Then he kicks it into high gear. But if he is trying for a speed record at the finish, instead of the shortest elapsed time, he shifts into high 50 feet from the start. The engine lugs a bit then kicks up to top speed.

Sometimes dragsters put two engines on their rails. Two engines on two different rails or two engines end to end and geared together for maximum power. One driver mounted his single engine on tracks on the chassis so that he could move it back and forth between trial runs to find the best place for giving the best distribution of weight.

One outstanding Slingshot dragster, built by Mickey Thompson of Los Angeles, is powered by two reworked Chrysler engines that

develop a total of more than 1,000 horsepower. One engine drives the front wheels, the other the rear wheels. Last fall, Thompson set a new record on the Bonneville Salt Flats with his car going through the traps at 299 m.p.h. So these are the Slingshots, the fastest things at the drags.

THE SHOT

There I was standing on a small black line out in the middle of a massive assembly of people. Before me was a small round hoop or basket through which I was going to try to push a small round object, which was in the referee's hand, into the air and try to make it fall through this hoop.

We were playing in a "sudden death overtime." This is a period after a basketball game, when the two opposing teams, who have equal scores, are playing. The first score by either team wins the game.

Near the end of the second overtime one of our forwards had just made a most spectacular shot from the left corner, which, as we were two points behind with four seconds left to play, had tied the game as the buzzer rang loudly.

So there I was standing there on a black line at one end of a large court with the chance to win a game; not just any game, but the Indiana State High School Basketball Championship game. The crowd was wild; it seemed like a lifetime since I had been fouled. Why didn't I shoot? Why couldn't I go on and shoot? As I was waiting, breathing harder than ever so as to catch my breath for the all important shot, I watched the hoop of course, but I also watched the forlorn player who had committed the disastrous foul. His perspiration was now frozen as was mine, for he knew that the act he had just carelessly committed was of the worst degree. He seemed sick and he was anxiously awaiting the time when I would either win the game or maybe save it for his team.

Then slowly the referee wheeled from under the basket, walked toward me with the ball and said, "One shot son." He handed me the ball, raised his hands for quiet, and stopped. The fans were extremely still and the photographers up in the press box could probably hear my heavy breathing and see the perspiration as it fell softly to the floor. I raised the ball to my chest, took a deep breath and held it as I pushed forward and upward toward the

basket, only to hope that with luck and skill the ball might fall through the hoop. I neither heard nor saw anything!

I was hit from all sides. Were they Clarksville players or my teammates? Soon I regained my senses and heard the crowd, not knowing what I had done as yet. Then I saw Bob, our coach, overjoyed, rushing toward me, as the other players hoisted me from the floor onto their shoulders. I had made it! We had won the game!!!

A QUESTION

Freedom is a part of the heritage of every American. But some Americans do not enjoy all the freedom to which they are entitled. The case of the American Negro is a prime example.

In our free United States there are many places where the Negro cannot go. In some of our states, the Negro is not entitled to attend schools with white students. This does not benefit anyone. Take the case of the Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas. When the school was to be integrated, the parents of the white children got together and had the school closed. What has this gotten these parents? A few of the outstanding seniors were admitted to college. But for most of them it means the added expense of having their children educated privately. For some it simply means children of high school age sitting home doing nothing. The cheap prejudices of these parents are hurting them a good deal, and they are no closer to having the integration order repealed.

It is little wonder to me that the Russians have jumped on this point in their propaganda program. How does it make the people of Africa feel when in the great, free United States their dark-skinned brothers are being persecuted in so many ways. While we are worrying about our own petty prejudices, why don't we worry about how a much smaller minority are hurting us on the world scene?

HOLD THAT TIGER!

While shrinking heads the other night I was baffled by a strange noise coming from the front of the house. I turned off the oven and proceeded to explore this unearthly noise.

As I cautiously tip-toed down the hall I began to get excited. It was becoming more and more mysterious to me each little tip-toe. After tipping three toes farther, I was at the panicky stage. I stopped to get ahold of myself. I reasoned and came to the con-

clusion that there was really no sense in getting so excited. But still I didn't know what it was. I decided to continue to the living room and take a peek.

I went down on all fours — my two feet, my stomach, and my nose — and started to wiggle toward the objective.

As I got closer I was able to distinguish the screeches as that of the lion, the tiger, the panther, ora girl.

As I turned the corner there it was, lying on the floor. It was that insipid cat of ours. The cat was letting out these shrills to get someone to open the door so he could go out. I just laid there, tensed. Thoughts began to run in my mind that worries were over. But just then he became violent.

He started by jumping up and down, and twisting all around. His eyes got big and black. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it, but when he opened his mouth foam streaked out. It was too much. He got up on the end tables and knocked the lamps off; he got his paws around a lead paperweight that was on the desk and threw it at me. "What is this?" I said. Then with the weight in front of me he picked up the desk and heaved it at me. I quickly ran toward the door and opened it. He ran out so fast you could hardly see him. He did manage to stop on the porch, though. He turned around and politely said, "Thanks."

IS MOTORCYCLING A SAFE SPORT?

In the United States motorcycling has become a big-time sport. Every weekend there are hill climbs, endurance tests and road races, and national championships for every distance from 10 to 200 miles.

Some statistics that have been compiled by the National Safety Council and the American Motorcycle Association are as follows: There are forty million cars to only 270,000 motorcycles in the United States. After getting a common denominator we find the following statistics: From 1940 to 1953 there was one automobile accident for every 49,000 miles driven. For motorcycles there was one motorcycle accident for every 330,000 miles driven. In the same years there was an average of 31,700 deaths per year by automobile drivers as compared to a yearly average of nine (9) deaths per year for motorcycle riders. Motorcycle safety record per mile per vehicle was 89% better than automobile drivers.

Another interesting fact is that the death rate of motorcycle

riders is getting smaller while automobile accidents are continually rising. In the worst year of motorcycling history, 1947, twelve (12) riders were killed. The death toll has been cut in half from then to the present year. In the same year one out of every 250 motorcycles were in an accident. In the worst year of automobile driving, one out of ten were in an accident.

"Is motorcycling a safe sport?" I will leave it up to you, but neither car nor motorcycle is safe when good judgment is not used.

Peter Graves '60

INCIDENT IN THE CIVIL WAR

Captain Jim Hanson was one of the best known and one of the most liked men in the 112th Connecticut Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. He had the best service record in the entire regiment with three years of front line combat duty behind him.

One afternoon his Commanding Officer came to him with orders to take a company of men and patrol behind Confederate lines, learning the number of enemy and how strong the defenses were.

The next morning before dawn, the men were mounted and ready to leave at the command. Some hours later far behind the enemy, Captain Hanson and his men were riding off the main road through a field of grain.

All of a sudden out of the grain burst the gunfire of Confederate troops who had been lying in ambush waiting for the Union Cavalrymen. The gunfire was so withering that ten of his men were killed in the first volley. Thinking only of his men, he gave the order to retreat, when over the hill behind them came the bloodcurdling Rebel yells of Confederate Cavalrymen charging down into them with the fury of wild animals.

When the Union Cavalrymen were hit it was like a scythe cutting down grass. The Confederates ran through them like water. Federals were dropping like flies. All of a sudden the Confederate infantry was up from the grain and firing at the rear of the Federals.

Then Captain Hanson was hit. He went out like a light with the sounds of clashing swords and gunfire fading in the distance.

When he awoke the fighting was over and it looked as if all of his men had either been killed or taken prisoner. His arm was throbbing. It felt as if it had been torn off but it was only a flesh wound. Picking himself up, he bandaged his arm and found a

horse. Working his way back through enemy lines, he returned to his headquarters shot up and pretty much discouraged.

The C.O. greeted him coldly and listened to his story. Then the C.O. told him that he was under arrest for desertion in the face of the enemy.

"Desertion!" Hanson shouted, "For God's sake man, what makes you think I deserted?"

The C.O. spoke slowly with a choking lump in his throat. "Hanson, one of your men came to me last night practically dead from bleeding with almost the same story you have told me, except that you left your men in the midst of the battle."

"But sir! I was cut down! I didn't leave!" Hanson screamed with tears streaming down his face.

"No 'buts' about it, soldier. You are placed under arrest and sentenced to die by a firing squad," commanded the C.O. "Under the Articles of War your Court Martial decision has already been decided on by all of the Commanding Officers of the regiment. I'm sorry for you, boy."

The next morning at dawn all was quiet. Then the roll of a drum, the words, Ready! Aim! Fire!, the sharp cracking of rifles, and the groan, no, more of a sigh from a dying man interrupted the silence. An innocent hero who had been accused of being a coward and a deserter was executed in the oncoming light of a new day. An incident in the Civil War had happened.

Freddy Nekirk '60

THE THREE MONTHS ORDEAL

As he came trudging through the mountain pass, he gazed at the blanket of green trees below him. He had been gone from his tribe almost three months. He had been turned out by the tribe to stand a three months existence test, that all young sons of chiefs had to go through, if they were to become chief one day. His father had taught him the laws of the wilderness and battle. He had been taught everything a young chief should know, the customs, the art of ruling his people. Now he was to put all these things together to see if he could endure the test. With his weapons, or tools of life, depended his existence. He would have to live off the game he killed with them, live in the shelter they provided, and defend himself against the enemies that wanted his life. And now, in just two risings of the sun, he would be in his beloved village.

He was just entering the territory of the mighty Blackfeet, one of the most feared tribes of all, when he was thinking of home. Just about three months ago he was almost killed when he was attacked by two Blackfeet, but he managed to escape by quick reactions and superb fighting skill with his tomahawk.

Now once more he was entering their territory. The thought made his stomach turn with each new step. It would take him one day to get out of their territory if he traveled hard, and the following day when the sun was high in the day he ought to be in his village. The sun was setting above the trees and the dark would come upon him quickly. He had to seek a spot which would give him shelter and protection during the night. The hollow tree he had just passed would provide a fine sleeping place for him. He gathered the soft green grass, put it inside the tree and sank into his bed for the night. To ease his hunger he began to chew on the dried deer meat from the deer he had killed fourteen moons ago, then sinking into a deep sleep, he lost his worries of that day.

With the rising of the sun the next day he had been traveling hard for some time. The thought of reaching home in the next day seemed to give him extra strength. The air smelled good, and the ground was still damp from the dew which had already soaked his moccasins. When the sun was high he had made considerable progress, when he heard a fiendish cry which pierced his ear drums. He didn't even take a quick glimpse in the general direction from where the cry came but lurched forward with the speed of light, for he had heard this cry once before; it was the dreaded war cry of the Blackfeet. He didn't know where he was running or where to run to; he just followed his nose with every bit of effort his legs could give him, away from the direction of the cry, when he saw a sight which warned his heart.

The Ottauque River which would carry him to the banks of his tribe if he followed it. If he could just get to it. Maybe he could elude his pursuers in some way if he got to it. His face had trickles of blood running down it, from the branches of the trees that hit him when he was running. As he was running toward the river he saw a sight which might save his life. A beaver's lodge, situated about twenty yards from the shore. If he could reach it without being seen. As he came to the river he took a deep breath and abandoned his bow and pouch of arrows. He lurched his body

being seen he would have to swim submerged. When he came upon the lodge he felt around for the beaver's underwater passage to the inside of the lodge. By fate he came upon it and ascended into the interior of the lodge.

He was scared sick, and almost suffocated in his underwater swim to the lodge but it was all worth it, for he had found his saving shelter. He maneuvered some of the branches inside the lodge so he could get a glimpse of his pursuers. There they were, four Blackfeet, on the shore examining his bow and quiver of arrows. The night was coming on before he dared come out of his shelter. If he could drift down the stream for a few miles and then follow the river on the bank there was still a chance of his reaching home before the setting of the sun the next day. He continued following the river until the break of the next day when he saw a sight that only the Great Spirit could have produced for him. One Blackfoot keeping watch over three canoes. If he could get one canoe, he thought, how much easier and faster he could get to the village. He sank his knife deep into the back of this Blackfoot, then beat the bottoms out of the other canoes and pushed them into the river to sink. As he boarded the one canoe he thought of what the Blackfeet would do to him if they caught him. But that didn't matter anymore.

He paddled till his arms felt like they would drop off. Then he saw something which seemed to give him strength; a small island in the river which marked the end of Blackfoot territory and the beginning of his father's land. A few more miles and he would be home.

Mike Buchart '61

SO FAR AND YET SO NEAR

It had been two months since Mike Foulin had worked. He had hunted high and low for a job, but his search was fruitless.

Now that his money was almost gone, Foulin decided to move on to the next town to look for work.

Foulin packed his belongings in a small suitcase and began to hitch-hike. He was picked up by a farmer driving a small truck.

The farmer dropped him off at the entrance of his farm. It was

a lonely stretch of road. It was dusk now, and there wasn't much traffic. Mike knew he would have a hard time getting a ride in this spot. Then, hearing the whistle of a train in the distance, he was reminded of the railroad tracks nearby. Mike knew that these tracks led straight to town.

It was dark now, but he was familiar with the area, and finally, after walking over the rugged terrain for several minutes, he found the tracks.

Foulin stumbled blindly along them. Coming to the trestle, he knew that his destination lay just three miles beyond.

It began to rain, and the wind was blowing into his face. But Mike didn't seem to care, for the only thing on his mind was getting to the next town so he could find work.

Mike listened for a train, but he could only hear the wind and rain. So he proceeded across the trestle.

Foulin, deep in thought, had failed to hear the train until it was almost on top of him. The diesel engine's powerful light blinded Mike, and he panicked. He didn't know which way to run. He had only one chance. He slipped between the cross-ties and hung precariously beneath the structure.

The wet cross-ties were slippery and difficult to hold onto. Foulin dug his fingernails into the wet ties in a desperate attempt to gain a grip. His wet clothes made him heavier. Sharp pains were shooting up and down his arms. The rain and wind had made the rest of his body numb long before.

Mike felt he had been in this position an eternity. His arms were numb now and he was fighting to remain conscious. He knew if he blacked out for an instant, he would fall to his death in the abyss below.

Foulin summoned every ounce of strength left in him, but it wasn't enough. His tired hands could no longer take the punishment. They slipped.

Many thoughts flashed through Mike's mind. When he landed it didn't seem to hurt. He felt only a dull ache in his arms and shoulders. Then he looked up and saw the lights of the passing caboose, not more than ten feet overhead. Mike had been hanging but a few feet from the ground the whole time.

Bill Gosman '80

A TOAST TO OUR CITY

To our city's local scene,
We express our view.
To sewers and streets
and to taxes too.
To pennants and seals,
Blue lamp posts and such.
We have only to say:
They're doing too much.
To Fourth Street, the one way,
To Broadway, the two,
To the people on Market,
Who don't know what the hell to do.
To river front parks,
To pavement and mall.
To whoever is planning,
To do it all.
To occupation and city,
To property and sales.
To our new Police Station,
Its fines, bonds and bails.
To crises they have caused,
To scrapes they have had.
To poor politicians,
Their lives must be sad.

Alex Farnley '61

THE PLAN

Tomorrow morning it will be about five o'clock, when I get up. My breakfast will consist of water, a half piece of bread and some celery. We will all get into the back of a truck with wire surrounding us like animals in a cage. We will take a bumpy, dark and long ride down to the bridge — our work project. Each one of us has to fill a good size dump truck ten times, by hand or with a shovel. If we don't we are punished. Any one of us would rather fill the trucks. This bridge has to be completed in fifty more days, so we are working at top speed.

I asked myself, "Why am I in this place, why me? There must

be a way to escape." With this thought I dropped off to sleep. While laboring the next day I saw a troop of guards march by. While loading dirt onto one of the trucks, the thought came to me. If we could disguise ourselves as guards they will not notice us while we are making our escape.

The next night I explained my plan of escape to the other men in my room. Some were against it because should we not make it, the consequences would be unbearable. However most of them felt that a try was better than remaining in this hole. With that we started to make our plans. Very carefully we decided exactly what time would be the best. Right after the night meal was the best time, for it would still be light which would be to our advantage. We will assemble in the usual formation. The plan isn't really as simple as it seemed because we had to get through a guard at the entrance. This was our only obstacle. The big day was three days hence. On this day we all were very quiet. Waiting, waiting for the moment when we will be out of sight of the guards. It was almost time for the night meal. We all ate our food (if you could call it that) very slowly and nervously. Within five minutes we were putting on the guard uniforms we had stolen. We marched slowly and solemnly toward the gate. Upon reaching it I stepped forward and with a salute said, "We're going out on inspection." With this the guard opened the gate and we walked out. We walked until we were out of sight. Our plan had worked and we were free once again.

Will Dowden '60

READING

The greatest source of material for reading is books. But books are only words whose value lies in the thought contained therein. That thought has a certain bias which cannot be conveyed in words; yet the world values words as being the essence of books. That words express ideas is the step after the saying "a picture expresses a thousand words." Even though it takes "a thousand words," all the facets of an idea or abstract concept cannot be expressed by a picture. Thus words with their many dimensions are left to become the slave of the author and the servant of the reader.

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be devoured with earnesty and integrity; while others are to be consumed, but not with great care. Read as you would tie a shoe; if you want it to fit tightly, tie it tightly; but if you want it to fit loosely, tie it accordingly. In like manner, some books require a maximum of concentration which entails reading word by word, sentence by sentence. On the other hand, entertaining works can be read chapter by chapter with interest centered around plot development instead of content.

Reading is like a journey with hills that are to be climbed only to put them behind, while others are to be mounted to see what lies on the other side, exploring the valleys between. This exploration is a task for some and a venture for others.

Claude Nutt '60

"A DECISION STRICTLY IN LINE WITH PAY"

Red Jones, one-time umpire and later a broadcaster, takes enjoyment with each retelling of his first umpiring job for pay. At that time, Red was living in Putka, Florida, where the Louisville Colonels were training.

He invested money in a new uniform, and a wash. He was to receive \$5 a game. Bruce Dudley asked him to bring along a friend to umpire the bases.

After the game, they went to the office to pick up their money. Well, Red received his \$5, but his friend only received \$2.50. Well, he didn't gripe and Red convinced him to come back and umpire a game the following afternoon.

That afternoon the Colonels were playing the Cincinnati Reds' second team. One fellow who was trying very hard to make the first team finally made it to first base. On the first pitch he was off for second base, but the umpire called him out.

That fellow, who thought he was as safe as the rock of Gibraltar, jumped up and yelled, "What the hell kind of umpiring is that?"

"The best you'll ever see for two dollars and a half," roared the man dressed in blue.

Brent Robbins '60

"THE FAILURE"

He lay there in his dingy hotel room with the smoke from his cigarette surging upward in graceful lines and then breaking into small curls fighting their turbulent way into dispersion. Music blaring forth from the radio forced its way into his mind and thwarted his thoughts. Unable to think he reached over and turned the radio off.

He, George C. Fullbright, was a failure. A few long years ago he had been the president of a large corporation which had collapsed. The collapse had come so quickly that even yet he had not been able to evaluate the reasons; but he felt responsible. After two years in a mental institution, he was once more on his own. To him the phrase "on your own," was funny in a morbid sense. It meant nothing to him save a melancholy existence in a world of gloom. His self pity fed on itself. His mind reverted to the past. Not too many years ago, when he was at the height of his career, he had taken a trip—the location of which was not important. With a despairing smile on his face he thought of the unrecalable days of the past. He remembered that trip well. The trout he had caught was the most beautiful he had ever laid his eyes on. Mr. Fullbright began to envision the fish's battle. It was one of the most fierce he had ever seen a fish give.

The thing that struck him the hardest about the whole matter was the fact that the fish did not cease its struggle for survival. Even after it had been caught, it continued to use its whole effort in its battle for life until it died. It had failed, but, however, in a sense it did not. The trout had failed in a physical sense. Yet, in its dim brain it would not give in to its ultimate end until the hook, the line, the fisherman, and finally death tore life from it after a great struggle.

George Fullbright compared himself to the fish. The hooks, the line, and the force of his environment were too much for him to overcome at one time in the past, but he was more fortunate than the fish. He had his freedom, his life, his intellect and the abilities which once made him successful. Again, he was a far more superior creature than the fish, for he was a member of a race capable of overcoming the greatest of obstacles.

George C. Fullbright's outlook on life changed. His despairing smirk was gone, his mind cleared and he began to think in terms of success. He again possessed the feeling that some day, some how, with time and perseverance he would raise himself to his former heights. Even now, without his realizing it, he had won his greatest and most important victory.

Truly great men are never "failures."

Jim Buchart '59

Gamma Zeta Social Club

FROM

A

FRIEND



A HISTORY OF FIDELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Four hundred and seventy-eight years before the birth of Christ, Themistolees united all the Greek cities along the Asiatic coast and those and 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 the 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 seven 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 seven short years the Society has accomplished many noteworthy feats. This magazine will be the fifth Scriptor published since 1952. The amazing fact is that this happened while the Society was getting 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 seven years what will be accomplished in the next seven, or even the seven after that. Yes, Fidelity has made its mark and is here to stay and to enjoy many fruitful, productive years.

FAMILY PAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Farnsley
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward Buchart
 Mrs. Lillie Owen Quicksall
 Mr. and Mrs. Martin B. Robbins
 Mr. Mrs. David E. Maloney
 Dr. and Mrs. Louis Mitzlaff
 Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hardwick
 Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Johnson
 Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert J. Nutt
 Mr. and Mrs. Grant Graves
 Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Fowley
 Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Dowden
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adelberg
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Fred Banks
 Mr. and Mrs. John Welbern Brown
 Mr. and Mrs. William G. Gossmann
 Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dietrich
 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Frazier
 Mr. and Mrs. Claybrooke Turner
 Mr. and Mrs. Julian F. DePree
 Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Snyder
 Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Heun
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Neikirk

Officers
FIDELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

1958½

- Vice President.....Charles Walte
- Secretary.....Doug Fouley
- Corresponding Secretary,
Claude Nutt
- Treasurer.....Tom Johnson
- Critic.....Will Dowden
- Historian.....Peter Graves
- Sergeant-at-Arms.....Joe Dietrich



JIM BUCHART
PRESIDENT 58½

1959

- Vice President.....Allen Adleberg
- Secretary.....Peter Graves
- Corresponding Secretary,
Jack Huen
- Treasurer.....Will Dowden
- Critic.....Tim Maloney
- Historian.....Bill Gossman
- Sergeant-at-Arms.....Brent Robbins



CHARLES WALTE
PRESIDENT 59



ALAN ADELBERG
Class of '59



CLAUDE NUTT
Class of '59



CARL QUICKSALL
Class of '59



MIKE MITZLAFF
Class of '59

1959 Scriptor



JOE DIETRICK
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BRENT ROBBINS
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DOUG FOWLEY
Class of '60



DAN FRAZIER
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PETER GRAVES
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BILL GOSSMAN
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BOB HARDWICK
Class of '60



TOM JOHNSON
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1959 Scriptor



WILL DOWDEN
Class of '60



PETER BROWN
Class of '60



SPENCER DePREE
Class of '60



FRED BANKS
Class of '60



JOE MITZLAFF
Class of '61



LES SNYDER
Class of '61



DAVE MARRET
Class of '61



BROOK TURNER
Class of '61



JACK HEUN
Class of '60



TIM MALONEY
Class of '60



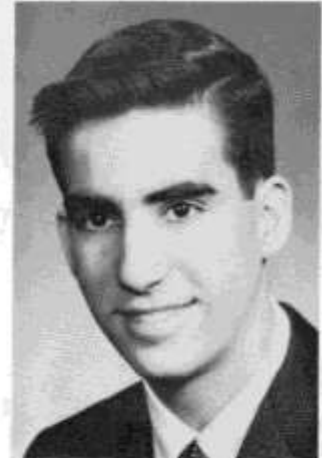
BERT STOKES
Class of '61



FRED NEIKIRK
Class of '60



ALEX FARNSELY
Class of '61



MIKE BUCHART
Class of '61



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

1959 Scriptor



C.T.



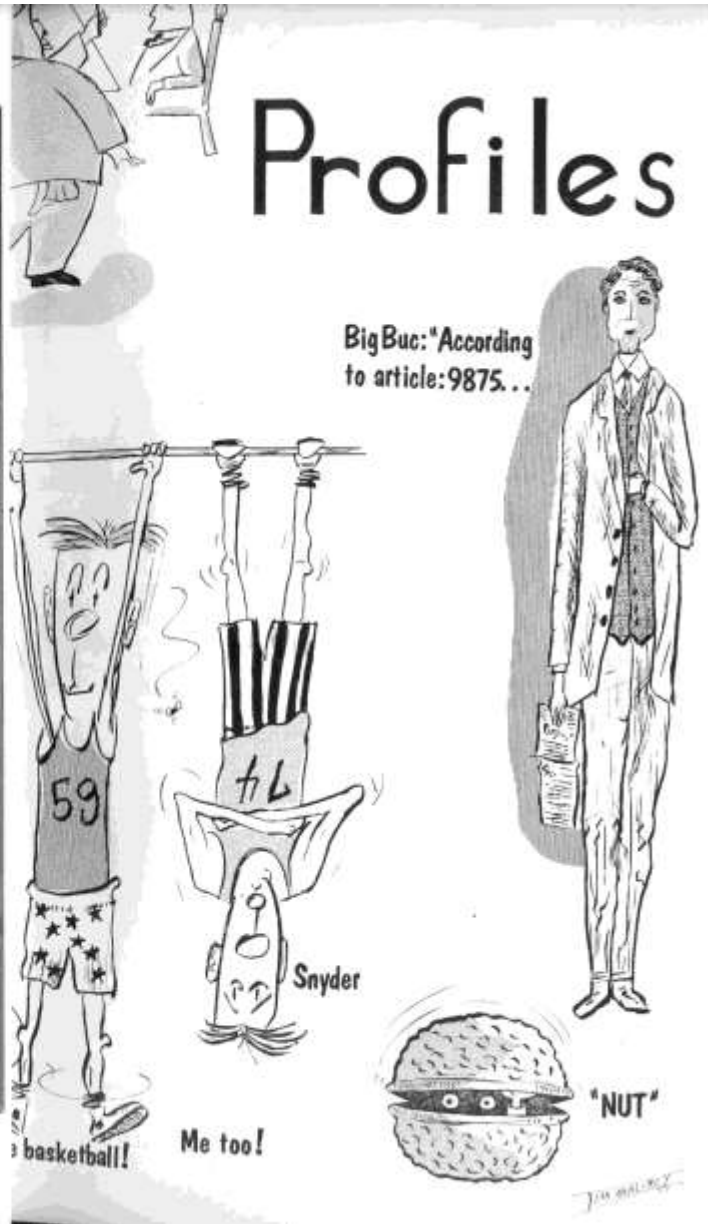
Best Wishes
To
FIDELIAN

+

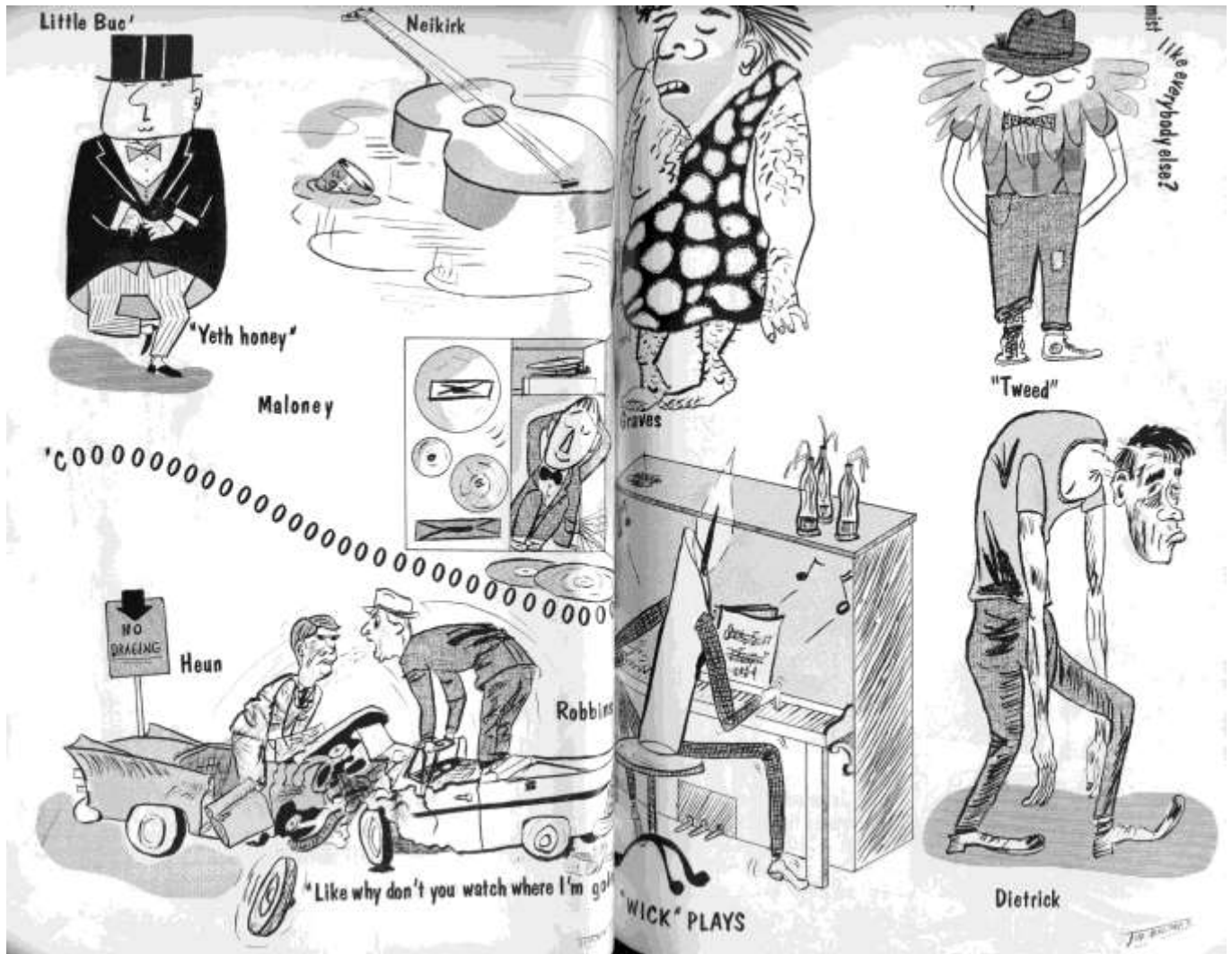
J. F. DAVIS

man this is wild .

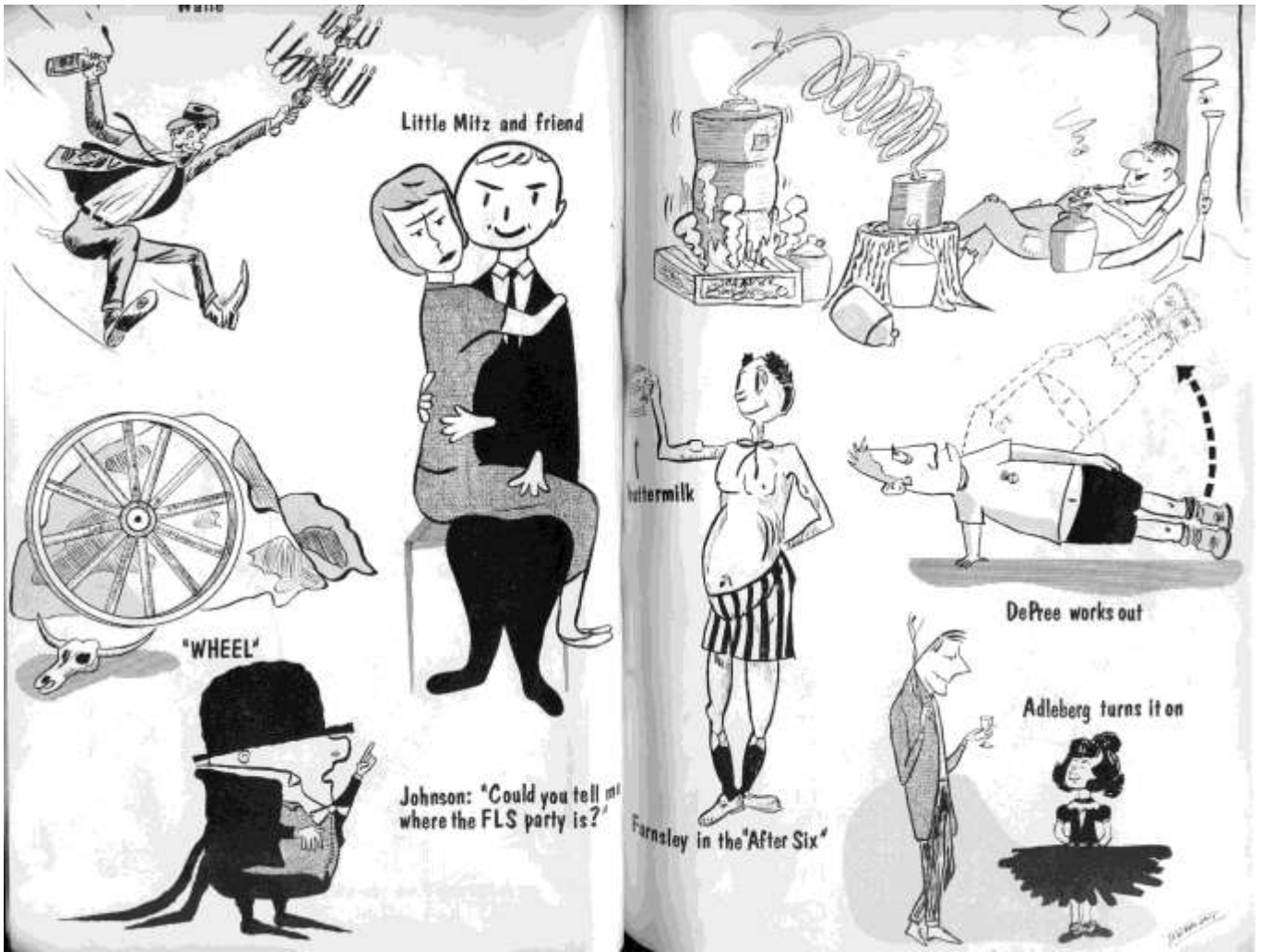
COMPLIMENTS OF A
FRIEND



1959 Scriptor



1959 Scriptor





Iruin Pizza Patio Superb Cuisine



Located on the banks of the
old Ohio, under Clark Bridge



**Friday, except
Stage**

REPRINT ALL
THOSE SNAPSHOTS!!

Missing



Turner
Gee

Missing

HEY 1/2! I GOT A
HOLE IN MY SOCK! →



IT DOES TOO GET
DARK AT NIGHT.



REPRINT ALL
THOSE SNAPSHOTS!!



JOHNSON'S
LOADED AGAIN

1959 Scriptor



LIKE "H" NIGHT 1/2?



BRACKS BROS. ??



AND THEN ADAM SAID...
"OOOPS!"



MEN'S DAY IN THE LADIES' ROOM.....



I AM NOT PICKING
MY NOSE!



TWO V's



COULD YOU GO
OVER THAT AGAIN?



"GOOSE"

Suzan Pitzer
Lynn Broecker
Lynn Woolson
Lynda Scheer
Sally Mercke
Lucy Woodward
Barbara Carfield
Judy Brant
Mary Jane Mitzlaff
Mr. & Mrs. O. H. Mitzlaff

THETA SIGMA
SOCIAL CLUB

KA-DEE
Social Club

MISS KAREN CARTER

CARL ELLSWORTH
and
TOM TARVIN

X. NALLY
Barber Shop

Scuderia
Ghia

FIDELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Fidelian Literary Society has elected the following officers to lead us through the spring term:

- President Charles Walte
- Vice-President Allan Adelberg
- Secretary Peter Graves
- Corresponding Secretary Jack Heun
- Treasurer Will Dowden
- Critic Tim Maloney
- Sergeant-at-Arms Brent Robbins
- Historian Bill Gossman

During the fall term the society was strengthened by the addition of the following outstanding young men: Tim Maloney of Trinity High School; Fred Niekirk and Jack Heun of Waggener High School; Joe Mitzlaff and Mike Buchart of Catholic Country Day, and Alex Farnsley and Brook Turner from Atherton.

The past summer it was the privilege of the Society to once again operate a booth for the duration of the Carnival at the Kosair Childrens Hospital. We sincerely hope that we may again have opportunity to donate our time and energy to such a worthy cause.

As for the Literary League, we did not live up to our pre-season hopes. However, we have great hopes for the softball season, and for the League next year.

Most of this year has been spent preparing this magazine which we have fond hopes for publishing. In all seriousness, we feel that this magazine will uphold the precedent set by the past *Scriptors*.

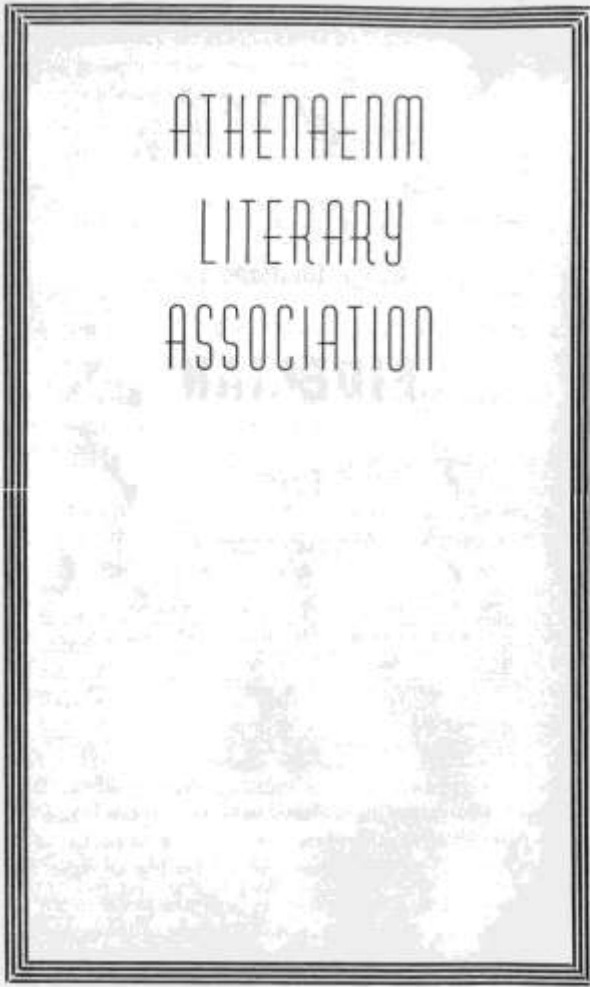
We wish to thank most gratefully all the people who have in any way aided us in this endeavor, particularly our most generous advertisers who have made the magazine a reality.

Congratulations to

FIDELIAN

from

Miss Peepers



ATHENAEUM
LITERARY
ASSOCIATION



THE ATHENAEUM LITERARY ASSOCIATION

The Athenæum was launched upon its ninety-seventh spring term by the election of the following officers, inaugurated with due ceremony at the traditional mid-term banquet:

<i>President</i>	Allen Northcutt
<i>Vice President</i>	Bruzzey Cooke
<i>Critic</i>	Frank Gay
<i>Secretary</i>	Keith Craddock
<i>Treasurer</i>	Rob Bond
<i>Censor</i>	Bill Fuller
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Tyler Thomas
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	Doug Kannapell

The following young men were pledged last fall and now participate in the Athenæum as active members: Mac Caldwell, Peter Cleaves, Buzz Cummins, Dick Fulerton, Perry Johnston, Doug Kannapel, Mickey McGuire, Steve Pendleton, Ronnie Ray, David Seiler, and Bob Sims.

The annual Christmas Dance, held in December at the Brown Hotel, was our greatest success of the past year. We thank everyone for attending.

The Athenæum takes pride in congratulating the Fidelity Literary Society on another fine edition of the *Scriptor*.

Dignitas Literary Association



DIGNITAS LITERARY SOCIETY

The Dignitas Literary Association's selection of the following officers has helped to make the semester successful:

President, Danny Carrell; *Vice President*, Gary Bockhorst; *Secretary*, Joe Waterfill; *Treasurer*, Ham Cooke; *Corresponding Secretary*, George Ryan; *Sergeant-at-Arms*, Bob Sexton; *Historian*, Joe Creason; *Critic*, Edgar Straeffler; *Business Manager*, Kent Mitchell; *Editor*, Stanley Schultze, Jr.

Enhancing our membership by the induction of ten outstanding young men from: Eastern, Atherton Waggener and Country Day has gained further momentum. These are: David Bennett, Hank Dimmitt, Tom Elgar, Marshall Heuser, Jere Kiesel, Fred Prognier, Phil Scherer, Jim Stone, Doug Taylor, and Kirk Williams.

The D.L.A. copped its second consecutive Literary League Football Title and we are highly optimistic concerning our Basketball team.

Another edition of the Dignitas Magazine will be available early in the spring of 1959. We are entertaining high hopes of both a Spring Formal Dance and another of our moonlight excursions on the Steamer Avalon.

The Dignitas Literary Association wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Fidelean on another fine edition of the *Scriptor*.
S. S.

Delphic Literary Society



DELPHIC LITERARY SOCIETY

The following boys led the Delphic Literary Society through the 1958½ fall term.

- President* John Guarinaschelli
- Vice-President* Steve Rickert
- Secretary* Denis O'Connell
- Treasurer* Bob Kaltenbacher
- Critic* Tom Walker
- Corresponding Secretary* Gerry Boland
- Clerk* Steve Grissom
- Sergeant-at-Arms* Steve Litterst

We feel that we had a very successful term under the leadership of these capable officers.

Woody Axton, Jack Berutich, Danny Briscoe, Paul Downard, Jim Ferriell, Bill George, Randy Holtz, Buddy Lenihan, Boots Martin, Jim Merrell, Buzz Morris, Geoff Morris, Spencer Pottlitzer, and Tom Snow have successfully completed their pledgeships and are now active members.

Our football team was victorious in all games played and we are looking forward to successful basketball and softball seasons.

Our annual dance this year will be held in the Spring.

Chevalier Literary Society



CHEVALIER LITERARY SOCIETY

The able leadership of the following officers has resulted in a fine first semester for Chevalier Literary Society:

President, Fred Karem; *Vice President*, Tom Lightfoot; *Secretary*, John Chumley; *Treasurer*, Frank Starks; *Corresponding Secretary*, Watson Allgier; *Sergeant-at-Arms*, Peter Myll; *Critic*, Chuck Rose; *Historian*, Henry Ackerman.

Last fall Chevalier inducted nine outstanding boys into the Society: Bill Lawrence, Charles Chaney, Chuck Schlinger, Steve Simpson, Jim Bersot, Mac McLaughlin, John McCall of Atherton; Choosy Taurman of Waggener; and Curt Neat of Fern Creek. More recently we strengthened the membership with Splinter Collins of Louisville Country Day; Tony Miniea of Waggener; Michael Dennis and Monte Tiller of Atherton.

Since the majority of our members participated in fall athletics, we were unable to compete in the Literary Football League this year; however, we are looking forward to both the basketball and softball competition.

1959 Scriptor

We have almost completed preparations for our 1959 magazine which will be published in the latter part of April.

We will present our spring dance in May.

Chevalier congratulates Fidelity on another edition of its outstanding magazine.

H. P.

Tire Mart

540 East Main

Uniper 7-7495

Mario's Pizza

Italian Restaurant

Lexington Road

- DINNERS SERVED
- CARRY-OUT ORDERS

Phone and Pickup

BEST WISHES

TO

FIDELIAN



**SIGMA
SOCIAL
CLUB**

SIGMA SOCIAL CLUB

Sigma has elected the following officers to lead us through June, 1959:

President, Carl England; *Vice President*, Chuck Robinson; *Recording Secretary*, Howard Perkson; *Treasurer*, David Orr; *Corresponding Secretary*, Frank Howe; *Sergeant-at-Arms*, George Kaegi; *Critic*, Pat Morrison; *Historian*, Bob Trabue; *Chaplain*, Andy Dixon.

Sigma held its spring dance, "The Night Train," at the Plantation Swim Club last May 31st. Music was provided by Dave Morgan and his band. Sigma hopes all present enjoyed themselves.

Since the beginning of the fall term the following boys have pledged Sigma and have been initiated: Tom Ball, Dave Kremer and Bob Parkenson of Eastern; Bob Trabue and John Speed of Country Day; Andy Dixon of Waggener and Gary King of Atherton. We are confident these young men will be an asset to Sigma.

Sigma looks forward to a successful basketball season on Literary League Competition.

Fidelian is to be congratulated on a fine edition.

Sue Evans

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Judy Wylie

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DASMINE CLUB

DASMINE CLUB

The Dasmine Club elected the following girls for the fall term of 1958½:

<i>President</i>	Ruth Cook
<i>Vice President</i>	Jean O'Dea
<i>Social Chairman</i>	Polly Colgan
<i>Secretary</i>	Linda Scherer
<i>Treasurer</i>	Judi Kim
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Jill Wolford
<i>Pledge Chairman</i>	Sue Kelsey
<i>Historian</i>	Ann Goben
<i>Publicity Chairman</i>	Jackie Demaree
<i>Alumnae Chairman</i>	Heidi Heiberg

Dasmine finished its rush season with our formal tea at the home of Jonnie Grubb.

After initiation, the following girls were welcomed as members: Lou Thompson and Patsy Gay from Waggener; Cissy Musselman, Kevin Hollenbach, and Cathy McGee from Sacred Heart; Pam Spicer, Nancy Goodman, and Jane Fleming from Atherton.

In November, our annual Mothers' Day Tea was held at the home of Patsy Gay.

On December 29th, Dasmine held another fabulous dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. We know how much you enjoyed Papa John Gordy and his Dixieland band in the past years so we decided to have him back this year. Proceeds from the dance went to charity.

This Spring, we will again meet the other two major clubs in the inter-club softball league. We hope to bring back the cup this year.

The Dasmine Club wishes to congratulate Fidelity on an outstanding edition of its magazine.

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<i>Treasurer</i>	Judy Berutich
<i>Corresponding Secretaries</i>	Lynn Woolson Nancy Lewis
<i>Representative to the Council</i>	Sandy Saam
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Nancy Rudolph
<i>Business Manager</i>	Jayne Durlauf
<i>Pledge Chairman</i>	Rosalie Inorde
<i>Historian & Publicity Chairman</i>	Carol DeHart
<i>Alumnae Chairmen</i>	Jane Flanagan Barbara Ostrander

The following girls were initiated into K. T. G. last fall: Sissy Barret, Lois Hohman, Kate Lowe, Gail Anderson, Jinny Joyner, Karen Carter, Carolyn Roe, Carol Volner, Carol Waford, Margie Habeeb, Willa Attix and Lynda Davis.

At Thanksgiving, our annual alumnae dinner was held at the home of Willa Attix.

During the Christmas holidays, K. T. G. held its annual Christmas tea at the home of Carolyn Roe. We also had a Christmas party for the children at the East End Day Nursery.

K. T. G. is already planning for its dance which will be held at the beginning of the summer. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Kappa Theta Gamma wishes to congratulate Fidelity on another fine edition of the *Scriptor*.

Pirette
Social
Club

PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

The Pirette Social Club has elected the following officers to lead them in the coming season:

<i>President</i>	Suzanne Pitzer
<i>Vice President</i>	Nancy Lodewick
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Suzie Eaton
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mary Barbara Baker
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Judy Osterman
<i>Social Chairman</i>	Susie Lobred
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Linda Candill
<i>Representative to the Council</i>	Martha Quian
<i>Dance Chairman</i>	Martha Jane Kaiser
<i>Historian</i>	Dani Boone
<i>Business Chairman</i>	Jacque Jones
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>	Lynn Broecker
<i>Junior Chairman</i>	Joan Sturgeon
<i>Outstanding Sophomore</i>	Patti Moore

Pirettes is proud to announce that we initiated the following outstanding girls: Margie Rueff, Mary Lou O'Connell, Ann Burkley, and Booper Meyer of Sacred Heart; Joyce Greene, Linda Miller, Mary Ann Nathan and Gayle Hassman of Waggener; Sally Deters, Cathy Osterman, Culla Jones and Penny Hertelendy of Atherton. These girls are upholding the high standards set by Pirette tradition.

We are eagerly planning our annual "Pirette Night" and also our spring dance to which everyone is cordially invited.

Pirettes is enthusiastically looking forward to its birthday on May 30th when we will complete our twentieth year.

Last year, under the leadership of Mickey Dooley and Hydie Downard our softball team won its third straight season enabling us to bring home the cup, for KEEPS.

Congratulations from "The Pirettes", Fidelity; this is another fine edition of the *Scriptor*.

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ATHERTON HIGH SCHOOL

At the close of last year, the student body of Atherton elected their officers for the 1958-1959 school year. Under their leadership, Atherton has witnessed another school term. The officers are as follows:

- President* Fred Karem
- Vice President* Mike Dennis
- Secretary* Jacquie Jones
- Treasurer* Pat Lewis

The senior class, under the leadership of Keith Craddock, has instituted many new ideas into the seniors' school life. An outstanding dramatization, "You Can't Take It With You," was presented by the senior class under the direction of Mr. Watson.

The Rebels posted a 3-6-1 record on the gridiron, losing to Trinity, Eastern, Male, and Manual by less than 7 points. The Atherton team was spurred on by their new coach Mr. Frank Yeager, and assistant head coach, Mr. Ralph Mills. Atherton had a remarkable attendance of 85% of the student body at each football game.

Atherton is also looking forward to a fine round-ball and baseball season, too.

The members of Fidelity take great pleasure in extending to Atherton all the luck in the world in the future.



TRINITY HIGH SCHOOL

The senior class of Trinity has elected Bob Lindsay as its class president. Bob is noted for his fine performance on the gridiron as well as his good scholastic standing. Other senior officers are: John Strobel—Vice President, Matt Westfall—Secretary, and Marty Kramer—Treasurer.

Although ending the season with a 6-5 win-loss record, the Shamrocks consider this year their best so far. Trinity's victories came over Atherton, St. Joe, Shawnee, Butler, St. X, and DeSales. Its losses were to Male, Flaget, Southern, Fern Creek, and St. Xavier of Cincinnati. Highlighting the year was the much wanted victory over St. X. The Cross Country team has won its second consecutive State Championship. Trinity also looks forward to a good basketball season.

After only a few years of existence, Trinity has become recognized and respected both scholastically and sports wise. In time it will prove to be one of the leading educational institutes in the state.

STEVE RICKERT



WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL

The students at Waggener High School are proud of their School. Waggener has grown from an enrollment of a few hundred in the seventh grade to around 1,850 students in 1958.

Next year Waggener will have a Senior High class enrollment of approximately 2,500 students.

The faculty, parents, friends, and students have worked diligently to build a better Waggener.

This year a committee called The Waggener High School Development Association was formed to raise money for improvement of the school. The main purpose of this association is to obtain money for the development of Athletic facilities. The money obtained will also be spent for the growing marching Waggener Band and the beautification of the school. The Athletic Facilities will be used by both boy and girl students.

Waggener High School has a splendid Athletic Staff: Mr. James Gray, Freshman Coach; Mr. Jack Kleier, Line Coach; Mr. Morris Chilton, Athletic Director; Mr. David Aspy, Head Coach; and Mr. Pat Crawford, JV Coach.

In Basketball, Mr. Roy Adams, and Mr. Vernon Jones are doing a superb job.

We have an excellent swimming team at Waggener also. This team captured the 1958 Kentucky High School class C championship last year.

Waggener has much to offer the students scholastically, and sports wise. It is growing by leaps and bounds.

WOODY AXTON

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SAINT XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL

The members of the senior class elected these officers to lead them through the school year:

President _____ Bobby Beeves
 Vice President _____ Jim Wiseman
 Secretary-Treasurer _____ Denie O'Connell

Keeping up its excellent tradition, St. Xavier as usual, placed more boys in the National Merit Scholarship Finals than any other school in the state; a total of seventeen.

This year, after beating Father Ryan in the season opener, the football team lost its first game in its last thirty-two encounters to Montgomery Bell Academy of Nashville, Tennessee. We then proceeded to beat Manual, Valley, Lexington Dunbar and Central but lost to Male, Flaget, Trinity, Roger Bacon, and Chattanooga Baylor in the Exposition Bowl. Although compiling our worst record since 1949, the team drew praise from the coaches for their spirit and fight in face of being handicapped with a 170 lb. line, that could not break even All-American Bobby Reeves away enough times this year.

The state champion basketball team of coach Gene Rhodes is

rebuilding this year. The popular opinion is that the Tigers are still a year away, with four juniors starting this year.

Tennis looks bright with state champ Johnny Evans still around and last year's state runner-up golf team is still intact except for one man.

The swimming and baseball teams are question marks, being loaded with underclassmen. Only time will tell!

So it is with an always optimistic eye that St. X. looks into the future.

DENIE O'CONNELL

Charley Rueff

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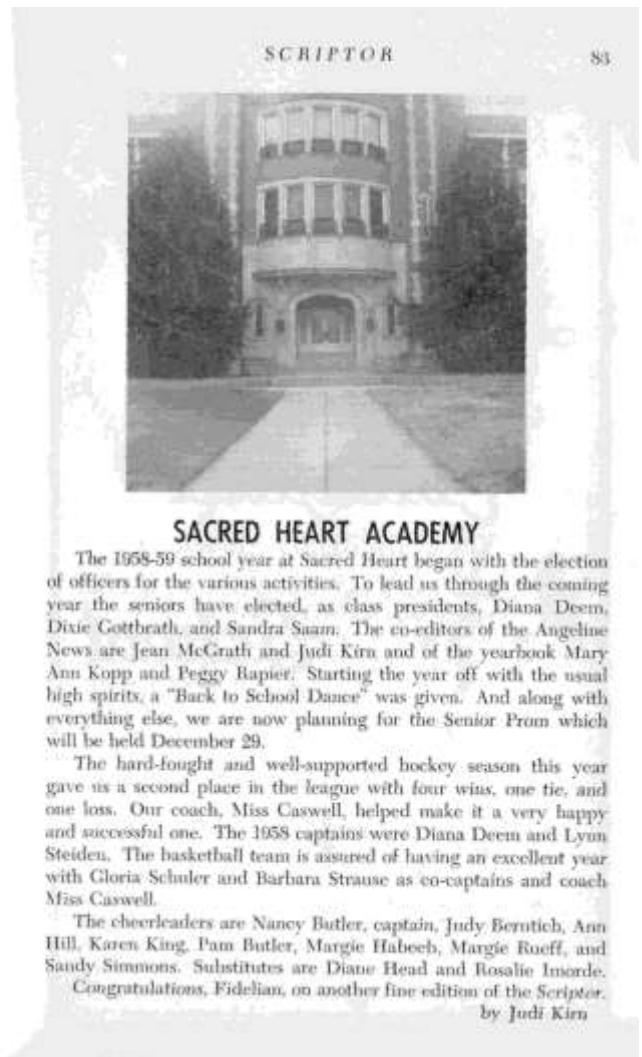
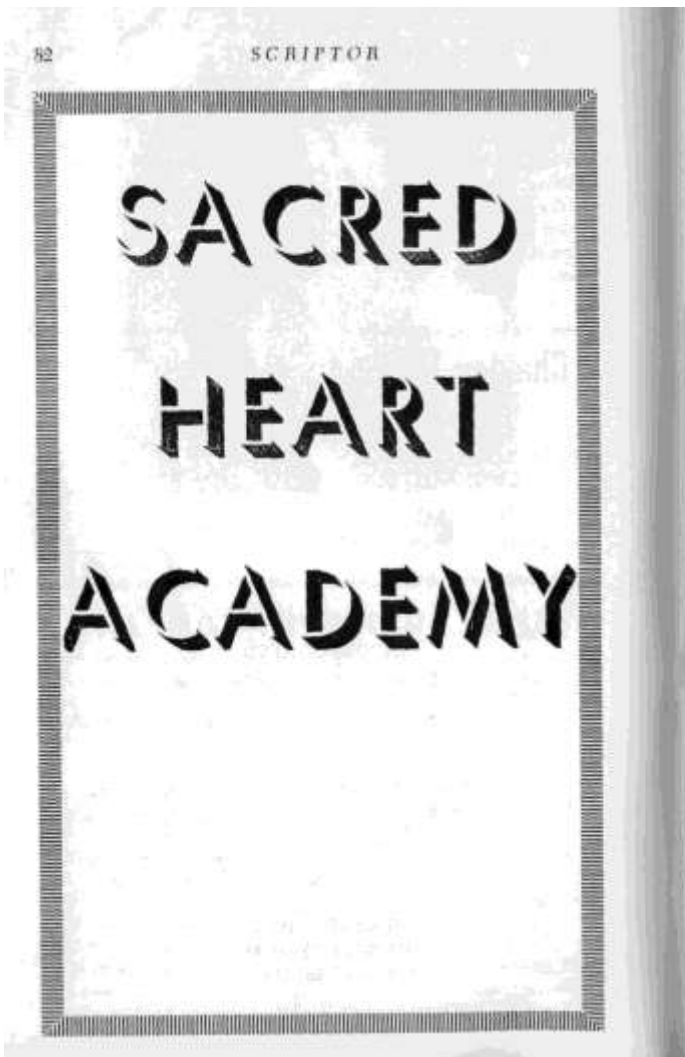
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LOUISVILLE COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

The school year has gone by very quickly under the capable leadership of Trinka Metzner, President of Collegiate Government, and Chenault McClure, President of the Athletic Association.

We are sure that after a successful fair and under the excellent supervision of Elenor Morris, editor, the Transcript will be an outstanding year book.

The Collegiate paper, Pandemonium, has been excellent this year under editor Ally Hobson.

Both the Dance and Dramatic programs were smashing successes.

The Amazon again conquered the Louisville Field Hockey League, although a little hard pressed by Sacred Heart, and also kept "The Little Brown Jug" in its possession. They were led by Leslie Markham and Stannye Musson as co-captains. The medal denoting the best sportsmanship was given to Stannye Musson, and a new award for being the most outstanding player was won by Mary Jane Robertson.

Collegiate congratulates Fidelity on its fine '59' edition.

ELLEN MILLER

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KENTUCKY HOME SCHOOL

KHS began its 1958-59 term under the capable leadership of Beth Monohan, President, and Mizzi Viohl, Vice-President, of the recently revised Student Government.

Our two hockey teams, captained by Beth Monohan and Marilyn Burdorf, had an eventful and exciting season, despite the fact that neither team captured first place in its respective league. In the tournament following regular league competition the KHS "A" Team won first place.

The members of the senior class are preparing for the publication of their yearbook, Pansasia. This year, the editor-in-chief is Mizzi Viohl, and the Literary editor is Connie Kain.

Three important events coming soon in the KHS 1959 calendar are: the Junior Play, May Day, and Commencement. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these events.

Kentucky Home wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Fideian on a fine edition of the *Scriptor*.

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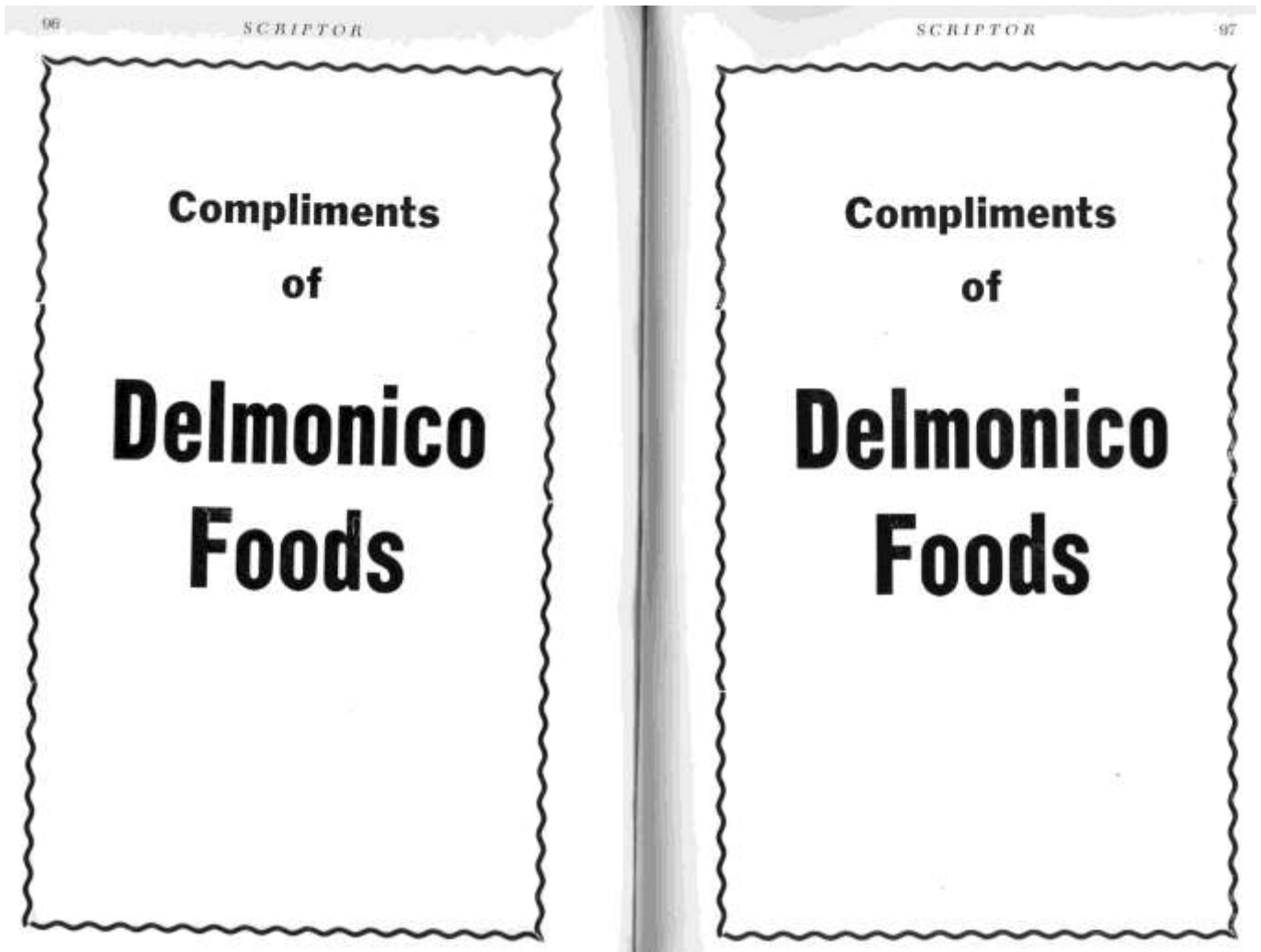
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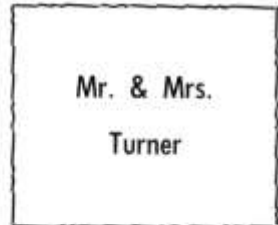
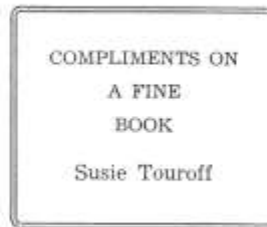
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The Staff of the Scriptor would like to take this page to acknowledge the aid given the Society in its club activities and literary efforts.

We would like to thank the following:

Adolph Rupp, coach of our fine basketball team.

Abner Tolstoi and Boris Pasternak for literary effort. Even though their articles didn't quite pass the rigid examination by the Scriptor editors we would like to thank them for helping to proofread the adds.

Ben Franklin for the clubs newly revised constitution.

And we would like to give special recognition to the Delta Bar who financed this magazine.

AND TO BRIDGETT BARDOT FOR OBVIOUS REASONS

**Fail Now;
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