



Waggener High School



1959 The Pegasus, Chevalier Literary Society

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.

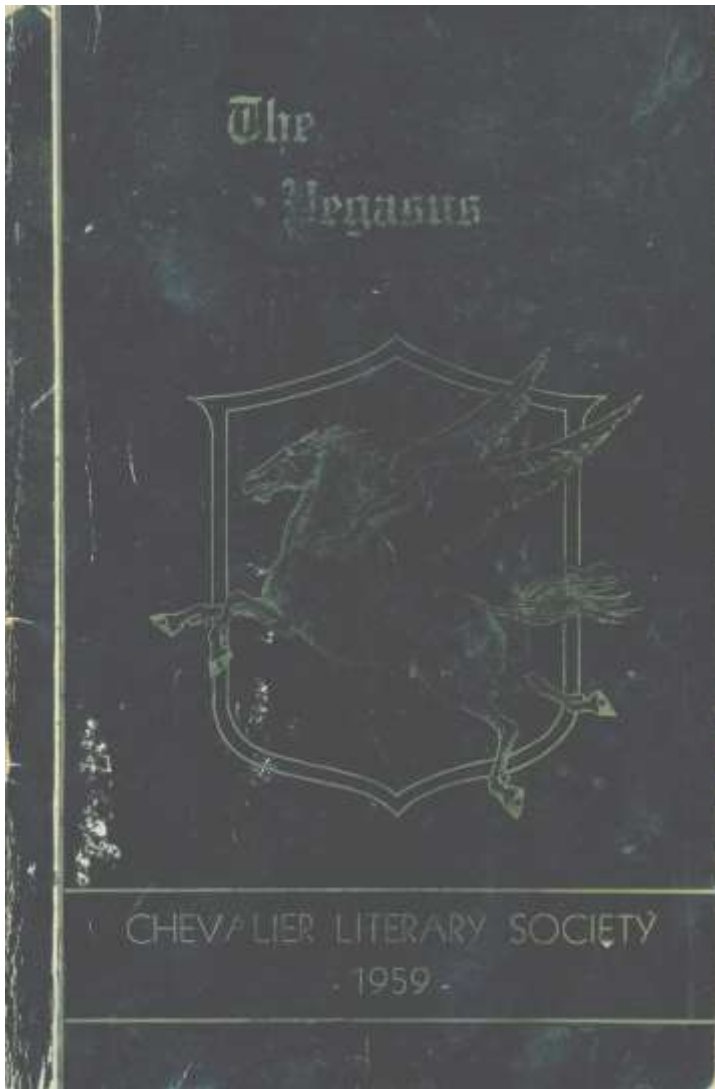
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have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

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Presentation

Realizing that perfection is impossible and feeling that there is always room for improvement, we have endeavored to publish a magazine which more nearly reaches the point of perfection than those which have been published in previous years.

In this issue we have maintained the conviction that quality comes from variety and have, therefore, striven to maintain the proper balance between humor and formality.

After many months of hard work and tireless preparation it is now our pleasure to present to you, our readers, the Pegasus of 1959.



Dedication

The quality of this issue of our magazine may not be attributed entirely to the present staff. It is the result largely of three basic factors: a competitive spirit, previous experience, and creative inspiration. For two of these factors we are genuinely indebted to Tad Minish and his outstanding work in connection with the publication of the magazine of 1956. His edition of the magazine not only furnished succeeding editors with inspiration but with a certain "know how" which each, in turn, has handed down to his successors. In recognition of his literary talents and his leadership we feel that it is only fitting to dedicate this issue of "The Pegasus" to

LAWRENCE THADDEUS MINISH.

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The
Pegasus
Chevalier Literary Society

MAY, 1959

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Louisville, Ky.

Onward Chevalier!

The high school club, like the college fraternity, has been criticized by both parents and educators. Undoubtedly, each of these organizations has both good and bad features. However, I have so enjoyed the advantages of membership in my high school literary society that I am unaware of any serious disadvantages.

A college fraternity is the student's family at school. In it he finds something of the security he had at home, a sense of belonging and a feeling of protection against being lost in a large student body. It is easy for a boy entering a large senior high school to get lost too. He needs the warmth and the support of close friends.

A college student has more opportunity to find friends quickly in his school group than does the high school student. At college, association among the students is continuous. Students who meet in class meet again in the library, the campus hangout, the dining hall, and the dormitory; and acquaintanceship may rather easily be developed into friendship. With the high school student it is somewhat different. When today's large city high school is dismissed at three o'clock the students disperse in every direction. They live blocks, and even miles, apart and there is little opportunity for them to develop an acquaintance into a friend.

When I entered high school I accepted the friendship of a fine group of boys — the Chevalier Literary Society. Immediately, I had duties and obligations, something to be part of, and something to be loyal to. I adjusted more easily to my new environment and I was able to turn my attention to my studies as well as to interesting and exciting extra-curricular activities.

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Hugh Peterson, Jr.

Senior

Atherton

Business Manager '58

Vice-President '59

Editor '59



How to Gain Weight and Like It

We are constantly reminded these days, by television, radio, and newspapers that people are trying to lose weight. This is true for many thousands but it is equally true that there are many people who, for one reason and another, would like to gain weight. The desire for participation in a sport which requires a person of considerable strength (such as football, or baby-sitting) is one of the most common reasons for wanting to gain weight. Growing large enough to fill brother's or sister's hand-me-downs is another reason. A third reason is to gain a more attractive appearance.

The first step toward a "bigger and better you" is a proper diet. It should include plenty of starches and proteins but not too many sweets because they tend to build up loose fat when eaten to excess. Above all, the motto of all weight-gainers must be, "Eat like a horse." Meals, instead of being a necessity should be a pastime. Although a large amount of food is consumed with this diet, there will still be times when you feel the need of a snack. The snack recommended for all weight-gainers consists of a quart of milk, a couple of sandwiches, and some fruit.

After a big meal, particularly after supper, try to rest for a few minutes. One of the most important factors in gaining a good physique is proper sleeping and resting habits. Always try to get from nine to ten hours every night. On days when you have that tired, run-down feeling, try to snatch a short nap. Although it is much more beneficial to lie down when sleeping, you may, whenever possible, take a quick nap during class or in study hall, if properly draped over a chair cleverly concealed by an open book.

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The next step in this program is designed to convert the bulky fat that gives your clothes that "stuffed-animal" look, into firm flesh and muscle. It is recommended that boys work with weights and that girls do less vigorous exercises. Participation in some sort of sport is advisable. You may choose a strenuous sport such as tennis or a less exhausting one like golf or swimming depending on your personal interests and the amount of time you have to spend in these activities.

The results of this course are not always immediate; but, within four months, they should be apparent. By this method you will not only gain weight but you may also learn to like some new and exotic foods such as those that are usually found on school plate lunches. The "new you" should have a vastly improved physical condition, more endurance, better looks, fewer doctors' bills—and a wolfish appetite.

HUGH PETERSON, JR.



Bill Lawrence

Senior

Atherton

Business Manager '59

Corresponding Secretary '59

The Luck of David

The faculty at Yale High School had found it difficult to choose three competitors for the Inter-School Declamatory Contest. The senior class, strong enough in literary talent and executive ability, proved sadly wanting in silver-tongued orators.

"They've picked on me," Willy grinned, "Which shows just how hard put to it they are."

Even Joan admitted that Willy was not an orator. The faculty, unable to discover any possible contestants elsewhere, had turned

to the debating club as a last resort, and Willy, as the best debater, had been chosen. In a debate, he was a keen thinker but he was always overlooking the accepted techniques that so greatly affected the decisions. He was always forgetting the instructions about posture, voice placement, etc. The more absorbed he became in his subject, the more likely he was to forget and put his hands in his pockets. He was always forgetting his carefully learned gestures, and in moments of excitement, he used an occasional awkward motion of the hands which, quite alone, would have lost him any contest in oratory.

The second contestant, a girl who had studied "elocution" for years, and who frequently appeared on school programs, was almost as hopeless.

"I suppose Mary knows a great deal about reciting," Joan admitted to Willy. "She skids her voice all up and down the scale, but I never care two bits about what she's saying."

"It's too bad," Willy said, "that we haven't anybody who's really good. If Yale could win that prize, what with our Memorial money, we could leave something pretty nice for the old school."

But all this was before David appeared. Appeared, of course, is merely a figure of speech. As a matter of fact, David Jones had been there all the time. Joan had known this slender, sensitive boy slightly ever since her freshman days. He had never distinguished himself in any way except, perhaps by being notoriously poor in mathematics. Yet, when Miss Ellsworth, the senior class English teacher, suggested him as one of the Inter-School contestants, everybody suddenly wondered why he had not been thought of before. They now remembered him as having a rich, deep voice, and the expression on his face when he talked seemed to come straight from his heart. So David was chosen as one of the contestants.

The prize, a hundred dollars, to be spent for equipment for the winning school, was discussed at times as though it had already been won; there were even arguments as to how it should be spent. Everybody seemed to feel quite sure that David would win—everybody, that is, except David himself.

"He's a funny fellow", Willy told Joan one day as they were walking home from school. "He hasn't anymore self-confidence than a rabbit. And superstitious—he thinks he flunked out in basketball because he broke a mirror the day they tried him out on the team. The idea of that, and only trying out once for the team. But I kind of like him just the same."

"Did you see the expression on his face when there were thirteen of us in class today?" Joan asked. "He's got a lot of other funny superstitions, too, that I never even heard of."

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The Inter-School contest was to be held in Princeton High School, and Yale's coach took the three contestants up there to let them have a final tryout in the hall.

"You better come along, too," Willy had invited Joan, "Princeton's having her school festival today. It won't take us long to get through our work, and then we'll stick around and have some fun."

Joan gladly accepted the invitation. She found three other Yale seniors who had also come to patronize the rival school's festival.

The gymnasium was crowded, banners flew from the walls, booths filled the sides, the students in green costumes were selling good things to eat. There were tables where one could buy ice-cream and cokes; everything was gay and noisy.

"I'll have to go upstairs," Joan told the others, "and let the boys know where we are. They must be through by now."

On her way out, she spied a tent in one corner of the gym. Outside a sign read, "The Wonderful Gypsy Princess, Will Tell Your Fortune, 15c." A spirit of mischief seized Joan and looking back to see that she was not watched, she opened the flap of the tent. The fortune-teller was alone. . . . Her finger on her lips, she went on upstairs to join the others.

"We've won the contest as sure as they'll have one," Willy told Joan. "David's a wonder. One of the janitors was sweeping out the hall while we were going through our orations today. While Mary and I were giving ours, he didn't even glance up from his sweeping. I thought maybe he didn't speak English, but when David began—say, the first thing I knew he was laughing out loud, and then before David had gotten through that farewell part, he was actually dabbing at his eyes with his sleeve. I tell you, he's a wonder!"

They joined the others in the gym, ate candy and drank cokes. As they were passing by the fortune-teller's tent, Joan looked up innocently.

"Come on, let's have our fortunes told!" she said.

"Oh, fortune-tellers never tell you anything," Mary objected.

"It's only fifteen cents," Joan urged, "and it would be fun. Come on, let's try it."

So the six of them trailed in, and the fortune-teller consented to let them stay and listen to each other's fortune. Mary was the first to learn her fate.

"You are going," the gypsy began, "with a light young man who

has a car. He is seven months older than you are. You . . ." and so on, through the list of facts, not exactly the kind usually told by fortune-tellers, but so accurate that Mary could hardly be persuaded to step back, and give the next a turn.

The other fortunes were quite as accurate. Everybody was so surprised and impressed at the knowledge of this strange fortune-teller that nobody noticed Joan's roguish eyes. They were all ready to leave when David said, "Do you ever sell lucky pieces?"

"Yes," said the fortune-teller eagerly, dropping what she considered a gypsy accent and speaking in a voice that betrayed about seventeen years of American girl. "Yes, and these are real lucky pieces, too. My father bought them in Rumania from a real gypsy. One in every seven, you know, seven is a mystic number—is black. That means bad luck. They are ten cents apiece."

"I'm going to buy one," said David, "to bring me luck in the contest."

"Why don't you buy one, too, Willy?" a senior boy suggested.

"Oh," said Willy, "I don't believe in that trash."

"Buy one just for fun," the senior persisted, "it's only ten cents."

"Oh, all right," said Willy good-naturedly, laying down a dime.

The fortune-teller brought out a black bag. "Think of the good luck you want while you are drawing," she ordered. The lucky piece will bring good fortune for that one thing alone. Carry it in your pocket when you want your wish to come true. Real gypsy luck never fails."

Willy plunged his hand into the bag, and drew out a white lucky piece. David laid his dime on the table, closed his eyes to wish and drew from the bag.

He opened his hand and all the gay excitement faded from his face. He had drawn the one Black Charm in seven—the charm that brings bad luck. Everybody laughed. So sure did they all feel of David's winning, and such a joke had been Willy's selection that Fate in giving Willy the white and David the unlucky piece seemed to be playing a humorous little joke.

David joined in the laughter, but there was something strained in his voice. They left Princeton High School shortly after that, and boarded a closely packed street car. They crowded in wherever they could, and Joan found herself seated by David, at some distance from the rest.

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Wasn't that fortune-teller a gifted woman?" David asked in a slightly unhappy tone. "Not a bit of it," said Joan, "I'll tell you a secret. Before you came to the gym, I slipped in and told her all that stuff about the crowd. I thought it would be a good joke on them."

"Oh!" said David.

"So you needn't bother any about the unlucky charm," Joan went on, "she was just a girl dressed up like a gypsy, and she doesn't know any more about the future than I do."

"She said the charms were real though," said David, "that her father got them from a real Humanian Gypsy."

"Oh, well, there's nothing in charms and signs anyway," said Joan.

"Yes, there is," David insisted, "at least, for me. I've watched lots of signs, and I've never seen a single one fail. Breaking a mirror queered my chance of staying on the basketball team."

"Nine fellows out of ten fall down the first time they try out in anything," Joan reminded him. "And they haven't all broken mirrors. When you try next spring—"

"I'm not going to try," said David firmly. "If you fall at the beginning like that, it's a sign not to go on. I'd just fall again."

"Of course, you would," said Joan, "if you went into it determined that you were going to." She rode in silence for a few minutes. "If the black charm worries you," she suggested, "why don't you get Willy to give you the white one?"

"I wouldn't let him know I minded for anything," said David hastily. "He thinks I'm a fool about such things, anyway. Please don't tell him."

"Well then, don't carry the black charm, and forget about it," she advised.

"I won't carry it," he said, "but—I'm afraid I can't forget it."

"For pity's sake, brace up! Think what we could do for Yale with a hundred dollars. The coach is sure you'll win."

"I—please don't let's get mad about it," David begged. "I'll do the very best I can, of course." But his voice was as hopeless as though he had already lost.

Suddenly as the car paused at Main Street, Joan turned to David and said eagerly, "Give me your black piece and I'll exchange it for Willy's without his knowing it."

"Oh, no," said David firmly. "Willy's a good friend of mine, and I wouldn't do that."

"But he wouldn't care. He knows there's nothing in luck—he knows he can't win anyhow. He wants you to win for Yale. He'd change with you, only you don't want to ask him."

David shook his head. "Willy's been a good friend to me," he repeated. "I won't wish bad luck on him."

"Oh, you make me sick!" said Joan frankly.

David said nothing, and they rode on in silence.

"David, I've really got it, this time," Joan's voice sang with enthusiasm. "Here's what I'll do! Willy is the first on the program, you don't come till the very end. Someway or other, I'll get hold of Willy's lucky piece after he's done his part—and I'll slip it to you before you go on."

"Why, that would be great, wouldn't it?" he exclaimed, "that's just doubling the luck for Yale."

"It's all nonsense, of course," Joan declared. "You'd better bring your own charm, as long as you don't want Willy to know anything about it. I'll slip yours into his pocket when I take his out so he won't notice that it's gone."

"Joan," said David earnestly, "I would love to win!"

The Princeton's auditorium, chosen because it was the largest of the four schools, was crowded. Parents and friends of the contestants, the faculties of the competing schools were all there, besides the students. Rival yells were being given. Suddenly, the big curtain parted and Willy began his oration. When he finished there was a burst of applause which was a tribute to Willy's popularity rather than his oratory. The next one who followed him was but little better. It was evident that all four schools were keeping their best ones for the last.

His part over, Willy came to join Joan. "Let me take your good-luck piece," she whispered during a burst of applause. "Just for fun."

"Sure," said Willy as he slipped it to her.

Mary White came next, but it was up to David to win, because she forgot her lines three times.

"He'll win, too," Joan said, "I'll be back in a minute; I want to speak to him."

She met David on her way and slipped him Willy's little charm.

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taking his in return and putting it into her pocket.

The contestant just before David, was good. He, like David, had been kept as a surprise for the end. They all admitted that here was a rival.

"Brace up, David," Willy clapped him on the back during a thunder of handclapping. "You'll beat him anyway."

"I'll do my best," said David.

The coach called him then to give him the last instructions.

"Well, David's got everything in his favor," Willy whispered. "I slipped him the lucky piece."

"You slipped him the lucky piece," Joan exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I thought it wouldn't do me any good."

"But, how did you give it to him—and when?"

"Before it began, down in the cloakroom. I saw him pull his out of his pocket and look at it. So when I had a chance in a crowd, I slipped the white one into his pocket and took the black one."

"Oh, Willy, I changed the charms, too—since that—he didn't look at his, I know. I just changed them back!" She put her hand into her pocket and drew out the piece David had given her, and with a hand shaking with excitement, looked at it. It was white. David must have the black one. Quickly she ran to where David was talking with the coach, but she was too late. She reached the coach's side just as he walked out on the stage, all unconscious that in his pocket was the black charm, the symbol that brings bad luck.

When the judges' announcement was made, there rose a shout. David had really won!

Not until they were on their way home did Joan have a chance to tell him the truth about the charm.

"Look at your lucky piece!" she demanded. David obediently drew it out. One glance at the black charm—and the amazement which swept over his face was funny. "But—but—" he began.

Then Joan told him what had happened. "I tried to catch you," she ended, "but it was too late. Willy didn't tell me till just before you were going on."

David seemed scarcely to see her. He was staring at the black piece as though fascinated. "But I won," he said, "I won—with that in my pocket! I thought I had the other one."

"That is what I said," Joan reminded him, "that it was all just thinking."

"And this was a real bad luck charm," he went on, "gotten from a real Rumanian Gypsy—there would be much more in that than in breaking a mirror—and I won!"

As they were all leaving the car, David said, "I think, I'll try out for basketball again next spring."

BILL LAWRENCE

Fred Karem

Senior

Atherton

President '58½

Junior Editor '58

Alumni Editor '59

Treasurer '57½ & '58



Dark Dominion

For the first time since the launching on June 6, 1953, there was a sign of life in the spaceship. The effect of the super-tranquillizer on the two men strapped to their bunks was beginning to wear off. The older of the two, Major Jack Curry, had revived some thirty minutes before; however, he could only lie there, thinking, while his strength slowly returned. His companion, Captain Ralph Sampson, stirred. Hmph, pessimist Ralph, he thought. Despite his doubts, they had made it—the first successfully-manned spaceship. Destination: a round-trip to another planet. The Army had conducted test after test on this top-secret project since the first Sputnik had appeared back in 1957. Undisturbed, they had endured all the Russian propoganda. Now, they'd soon see how those Reds liked a taste of their own medicine.

The Major unbuckled his straps and stretched. He felt wonderful. According to the carefully prepared plan, they had been in a state of suspended animation for the past two days. This "sleep" had allowed

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them to survive the blast-off and its aftermath. Yes, Dr. Blake's drug was sure a honey! Samson, too, had arisen.

"Well, Ralph, I told you there was nothing to worry about. Here we are, safely on our way to discover if there's life on another planet."

Ralph only shrugged. He sat down at the controls and turned off the automatic pilot. "Wonderful things, these mechanical devices," he muttered. "Look out there. It's just downright eerie. Gives a guy the creeps. Man was never intended to intrude into this realm, Major. No, this is sacred ground."

The Major laughed. "Don't you ever stop worrying? We're going to be famous. Years from now, we'll be remembered right beside the great men of history. But do you think of that? Hell, no! All you do is spout your philosophy. Come on, man, snap out of it!"

"O.K., Major you win. Everything has worked wonderfully. Not a single hitch since the countdown started. And this ship rides better than my own car."

Fortune did seem to be smiling on the two adventurers. The time passed quickly. About thirty-six hours after awakening, they sighted a huge planet, approximately the size of the earth.

"Tighten your straps, Ralph," advised the Major. "We may be in for a rough landing."

Ralph's low reply could not be heard above the thundering noise of the spaceship's engines as they came closer and closer to the mysterious world.

Their first view from the inside of the ship had truly shocked the two men. But now, as they explored the near-by area, what they saw made the initial shock seem trivial indeed. Not one word had passed between them. None was necessary. The answers to any questions lay endlessly before them. Yes, there had been life on this land, civilized life, as civilized as their own. But now—there was nothing. Leveled buildings, dried-up rivers, enormous gaping holes, and decayed bones. Only these remained. That three letter word, feared constantly on the Earth, had left its ugly mark on the world on which they now stood.

Ralph reverently broke the silence of death. "Let's go home Major." Slowly, they returned to their craft and prepared to depart, failing to notice the barely legible inscription on a cracked block of marble that read ". . . presented in memory of our great President, Abraham Lincoln, on this 22nd day of February, 1965."

FRED KAREM

ONWARD CHEVALIER

Continued From Page 10

The Chevalier Literary Society is typical of high school clubs throughout the Louisville area in that its membership is drawn from several schools. Because of this my friends are not limited to students at Atherton. Through members who attend Country Day, Eastern, Fern Creek, and Waggener, I have many close friends whom I never would have met otherwise.

Chevalier is active during the entire calendar year. Fellowship and cooperation are promoted by meetings and parties at the homes of the members, by working together on club projects like the publication of the magazine and our annual dance and by striving together in football, basketball, and softball against other clubs in the Literary Athletic League.

If you were to ask any high school senior who has been a member of a literary club to list five of the most significant elements of his high school career, he would almost surely include among these his association with his fellow club members — and possibly this would rank high on the list. Onward Chevalier! Onward all clubs!

— C L S —

Many a man who is willing to shed his last drop of blood for his country will not shed the first.

—Unknown

Patrons

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Saxton	Table Two
Steve Shapiro	Mr. and Mrs. Taurman
Charlie Shearer	Jean Taylor
Corky Short	Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor
David Simler	Susan Touroff
Brenda Speier	Fats Waller
Sandra Stahl	Stan Watson
Charles Starkweather	Grace Wooding
Skipper Hurst	



Tom Sturgeon

Senior

Atherton

Sergeant-at-Arms '37 1/2

The Life of Francis Bacon

Francis Bacon was born at York House, in the Strand, London, January 22, 1561. He was the youngest of the eight children of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. The second wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon and the mother of Anthony and Francis Bacon was Ann, second daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. Lady Bacon was a well-educated woman of strong character. She translated sermons from the Italian, quoted Latin frequently, and knew something of Greek. A rigid Calvinist, she exerted a marked influence on her sons' religious beliefs.

From early youth, if tradition can be trusted, Bacon showed extraordinary mental powers and a keen interest in philosophical pursuits. Throughout his life, his labor in authorship kept close pace with his political work.

In 1573, at the age of twelve, Francis Bacon went with his brother Anthony to Trinity College, Cambridge. While at Trinity he studied mathematics, dialectics, philosophy, perspective, and Greek. In public, except in hours of leisure, he had to speak Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin. While devoting himself to Greek, he rebelled against the doctrines of Aristotle. In June 1576, the brothers were admitted to Gray's Inn, London, and began the study of law. Three months later, Francis went with Sir Amias Paulet, the British ambassador, to France. Here he remained two years, studying diplomatic affairs and foreign policy. It was taken for granted that his career would be in politics rather than in law. But in 1579 his father died suddenly; and since Sir Nicholas had failed to provide for his youngest son, Francis was compelled to

begin in earnest his preparation for the legal profession, by which he was to earn a livelihood.

In June 1582, he was admitted as an utter (or junior) barrister of Gray's Inn. In November 1584, he took his seat in parliament for Milcombe Regis, Dorsetshire. Becoming a bencher of Gray's Inn, Bacon now attained the full rights of a practicing lawyer. While he did not earn much as a barrister, he became more and more prominent in parliament.

About 1590, Bacon made the acquaintance of the Earl of Essex, a rash, impetuous, generous and sympathetic favorite of the Queen. Here was a man whose friendship could do much for Bacon and for the great philosophical enterprise which he had begun to think about in his Cambridge days. Essex was able and ready to discuss the high aims that inspired Bacon, and to intercede with the Queen in Bacon's behalf for some office whereby he might be freed from professional drudgery and enabled to prosecute his studies without hindrance. The position of Attorney-General soon became vacant. Essex tried to secure it for his friend but Bacon had earned the disfavor of the Queen by protesting quite vigorously against certain subsidies which he thought would involve excessive taxation. Bacon's rival, Coke, was made Attorney-General. Essex, anxious to repay the time and pains that Bacon had devoted to his affairs gave his friend a piece of land which afterwards sold for eighteen hundred pounds sterling, the equivalent in purchasing power of about \$45,000 today. This relieved Bacon for a while of financial strain and embarrassment.

Essex and Bacon continued to be friends, as before, but Bacon, for a time, ceased to seek public office. During this period he wrote his *Maxims of the Law*, his *Essays*, *Colors of Good and Evil*, and *Meditations Sacrae*. He still sat in parliament for Southampton. He was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of a rich widow, his cousin, Lady Halton, who accepted his rival Coke instead. Meanwhile, Essex, deeply in debt, saw himself on the brink of ruin. Persuading himself that the safety of England as well as his own safety lay in ruining his rivals, the Queen's advisers, he plotted to surprise the court and to remove them by force. The result miscarried and Essex was tried for treason. In 1601, at the treason trial of the Earl of Essex, Bacon, who had been his friend and beneficiary through the years, played an important part in discrediting the Queen's favorites and in securing their conviction. This act earned him many life-long enemies and played its part in his own fall some twenty years later.

On May 10, 1606, Sir Francis Bacon married Alice Barnham, the handsome daughter of a London alderman and sheriff. In June 1607, Bacon became Solicitor-General with an annual salary of one thousand pounds sterling. A year later, the office of Clerk of the Star Chamber fell to him and the additional salary brought his income to nearly \$25,000 a year.

Bacon's literary activity kept pace with his energetic public life.

His great philosophical scheme was constantly in his mind and many of his essays and other works appeared about this time. In January 1621, after filling many offices, Bacon was made Viscount St. Alban. Bacon was now at the pinnacle of his fame. He held the highest office in the Kingdom. A few weeks after Bacon had reached the apogee of fame and prestige as a wealthy peer who was already widely-known as a writer, philosopher, and scientist, his downfall came. He was accused of bribery and corruption. Bacon was sentenced to imprisonment, to a fine of forty thousand pounds sterling, and to permanent disbarment from public office, parliament, or access to the courts. The imprisonment was soon over. The fine was placed in trust for his own use. He was eventually allowed within the confines of the court but his public life was ended.

The years that remained to Bacon were spent at Gray's Inn and Gorhamburg, in retirement and literary labors. Towards the end of March 1626, in the course of a journey from London to Highgate, Bacon decided to experiment on the effect of snow in preserving the flesh. He bought a fowl and stuffed it with snow. A chill seized him and he was taken to Lord Arundel's house where he died on April 9, 1626. He was buried in St. Michael's Church in St. Albans. Thus ended the career of a man of genius, a life of great achievement in statecraft and in philosophy.

TOM STURGEON



Tom Lightfoot

Senior

Atherton

Secretary '58

Vice-President '58½

Man's New Servant—the Atom

Do you know that, if an atom was enlarged to be one inch in diameter and a grapefruit was enlarged proportionately, the grapefruit would be the size of the earth; if all of the nuclei in the earth

were touching each other, the world would be no larger than a basketball; and that the power produced in splitting the atoms in one pound of uranium could easily provide enough energy to run a 50-car train for 1800 miles!

Yes, these facts are true and many more facts about the atom are being sought after and discovered. Since the Korean war, most of man's ingenuity has been directed toward the development of atomic power for peaceful purposes. Much of this experimentation goes on not far from us, at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. From this atomic center a person who is qualified to do so may buy small amounts of isotopes. Since the beginning of this business in 1946, Oak Ridge has made over 39,000 shipments to 1742 purchasers in 34 countries.

Of course, as in many things, the research work and equipment requires considerable funds. To answer this call, the American taxpayers have spent over fifteen billion dollars for defense and peaceful purposes. Along with its valuable source of industrial power, the atom will aid doctors in fighting diseases, boost factory production, and help the farmers. Radioisotopes (made radioactive in an atomic pile) will play the biggest part in the advancement of medicine through atomic energy.

These isotopes in small, harmless amounts can be added to vitamins, minerals, sugars, medicines and gland secretions and they can be traced in their course through the body by means of a geiger counter to reveal how the body works and how the functions have been altered by disease. For instance, by injecting radioactive sodium into the body, doctors have found that salt travels so rapidly to the tissue fluids that some of it emerges in perspiration within seventy-five seconds after being consumed.

Isotopes have also been used successfully to destroy the tissue of brain tumors by radiation. When boron is injected into the bloodstream it concentrates in the tumorous growth. The patient's head is then placed on the atomic pile. An opening is made to allow the discharged neutrons to enter the skull and brain. In the tumor, the boron captures the neutrons and starts to emit alpha rays which attack the growth.

On the farm, radioisotopes are helping to improve grains, increase crop production, strengthen herds, and provide new fertilizers. Studies have also been made on chickens. One scientist found that a hen uses food materials for the egg that are as much as forty days old. (Pardon me, I didn't want to spoil your taste for eggs at breakfast). Experiments with isotopes have been used to discover how much fertilizer a crop plant needs and during what stages.

Isotopes in industry measure and regulate moisture controls,

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serve as guides in oil pipelines, measure the temperature and heat of molten metals, prevent defective products from being put on the market, test the effectiveness of soaps, and find golf balls that get lost in the rough.

The United States is second in the production of uranium. Do you know what nation is first? The Belgian Congo, with Canada a close third. To understand entirely about atoms would take many years of arduous study but we will learn something of the nature and power of uranium if we know the theory of "chain reaction." Heavy unstable atoms are used because they split easily. Neutrons are literally shot into the nuclei of these atoms by bombarding them. This process continues until all of the mass is "fissioned." It is almost unbelievable that the temperature of an atom when it is splitting is in excess of two hundred trillion degrees centigrade.

The title of this essay is "Man's New Servant — the Atom," but it would not be complete without making some mention of the atom's destructive power. The A-bomb dropped in Japan caused complete destruction within a half-mile radius, fatal burns within one mile, and minor burns and damage within a two mile radius. When the bomb hit Hiroshima, it instantly killed 60,000 people, injured 100,000 more and left 200,000 homeless. But compared to the destructive power of the hydrogen bomb this is nothing. The H-bomb would completely destroy a radius of ten miles and cause fatal burns within seventy miles. It could devastate an area of 300 square miles and kill 7,500,000 people. Well may we all hope that such a bomb will never be dropped.

It is little wonder that there have been some disturbing rumors about atomic power and atomic projects. A rumor started in Long Island that the Brookhaven Laboratory was going to tilt the island—the higher end would be cooler, and the lower end would be warmer. A man telephoned the lab and said, "I just heard about your plan to tilt Long Island and change the climate. I own a lot of real estate here. Confidentially, which way are you going to tilt it?"

MIKE DENNIS

*Where is the speaker to compare
With him who rises from his chair
Bows, and smiles,
Then—gains renown,
By sitting down.*

CHEVALIER

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Frank Starks

Senior

Atherton

Historian '57½

Corresponding Secretary '58

Treasurer '58½

Secretary '59

School Notes '59



Night Flight

It was Christmas eve and the 8:10 flight for St. Louis had been announced at New York's Idlewild airport.

There had been a hushed atmosphere about the terminal rather than the usual chatter of excitement, thought Bill Simmonds as he climbed the ramp of the big Silver Falcon airliner. After all, not many people were flying about the country on Christmas Eve. He wouldn't be either if he had had his own way. His first year away at school, and Aunt Martha had begged him to spend a week of his vacation with her in New York City, before going home to his family. She had always been good to him so there was hardly a way for him to turn her down.

"Fasten your seat belts!" the stewardess called. Bill settled back in his seat and began to feel downright lonely as the powerful engines lifted the plane off the runway and carried it off into the night. At that, he had been feeling rather lonely for the past two months, trying to get settled in school and all.

Bill began to think of his family, of all the happy Christmas seasons they had spent together and of the joy he would get from watching his little brothers open their presents in the morning. He hoped they would enjoy the presents he was bringing. He thought of all the Christmas parties and dances there would be, and how good it would be to see all his friends back from college. He wondered if the old jalopy still ran.

Must have dozed off, he mused; look at all the lights down there! Why, we must be coming into St. Louis!

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CHEVALIER

"Fasten your seat belts," the stewardess said; and the plane glided down the runway to a stop. Out of the window, Bill could see his family waiting for him. He realized that, all of a sudden, his feeling of loneliness was gone. Funny how the prospect of meeting someone dear to you could lift your spirits so quickly. Then he realized that the week he had spent with Aunt Martha had been, after all, only a small sacrifice; and perhaps his presence had brought cheer at Christmas to a lonely aunt.

FRANK STARKS



Watson Allgier

Senior

Atherton

Critic '57½

Sergeant-at-Arms '58

Corresponding Secretary '58½

Treasurer '59

The Kentucky Derby

The Kentucky Derby is a great sports spectacle. The initial Derby, which was the first race run over the Churchill Downs track, took place on May 17, 1875. Ten thousand people saw the inaugural running of the historic event. The track contained 180 acres and was originally outside the city limits. Colonel M. Lewis Clark and Matt J. Winn, both outstanding in American racing, directed the policies of the track for many years. The first betting at the Downs was by means of auction pools. Each horse was auctioned off before the race, the one believed to have the best chance to win selling for the most money. Bookmaking was started in 1882, and the present pari-mutuel system was first used in 1878. The winner of the first Derby was Aristides.

There have been many unusual winners of the Derby. Vagrant, 1876, changed owners two weeks prior to the race. Later he went on to one of the most extensive racing careers of any Derby winner. Spokane, 1889, was "bred in Illinois, foaled in Montana, and trained in Tennes-

see." Donerail, 1913, was the longest-priced winner of the event. Regret, 1915, was the only filly ever to win the Derby. Assault, 1945, was the only winner foaled in Texas. Three horses, the smallest field ever to run in the race, started in 1892 and 1905. Twice the race was not run in May. In 1945 the month was June and in 1901, April.

There have been many famous personalities associated with the Derby. One of the most famous was Colonel Matt J. Winn. After working in a successful tailoring shop for many years, he was persuaded in 1902 to give up his business and take over the management of Churchill Downs. Until 1947 he had affiliations with tracks throughout the country, but in that year he retired from all except Churchill Downs. C. V. Whitney and his father Harry Payne Whitney are among the most famous owners in Derby history. The latter owned Regret, the only filly ever to win the Derby; C. V. Whitney now owns the filly Silver Spoon, who has gained much recognition this year by winning the Santa Anita Derby. Many trainers and jockeys, such as Ben A. Jones, Max Hirsh, H. J. Thompson, Eddie Arvaro, and Earl Sande, have contributed to the fame of the Kentucky Derby.

This year's Derby should be a very interesting race. So far there is not an outstanding horse in the field of 130 nominees. On the West Coast there are three highly regarded horses: Silver Spoon, the filly who won the Santa Anita Derby, Finnegan, and Royal Orbit. In the East the list of favorites is diminishing. First Landing, who won the rich Garden State Stakes as a two-year-old, is now having difficulty winning. Sword Dancer, who ran third to First Landing and Tomy Lee in the Garden State, made an auspicious return to racing by beating the once highly regarded Duncie. Other Derby hopefuls are also campaigning in the East. This year's race, on the basis of such a wide-open field, should be one of the most exciting in the history of the famous Kentucky Derby.

WATSON ALLGIER

— C L S —

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.

—Thoreau

— C L S —

Little minds are tamed and subdued by suffering. Great minds rise above it.

—Washington Irving



John Chumley

Senior

Eastern

Critic '58

Junior Editor '58

Secretary '58½

Ode to Mabel

The chilling night air is beginning to wander
O'er the rich fallowed fields from here to yonder.
The moon is swaying from cloud to cloud,
And the stars have flung off their daytime shroud.

Yes, the day is done and so am I,
For I have worked until the time was nigh.
Then I was called to the dinner eating;
Gladly I shuffled to my usual seating.

The meal was good — ham and cobs,
With beans and biscuits, just gobs and gobs.
After eating the pie and clearing the table,
I went out of the house to wait for Mabel.

So I went to the lake, and after a spell
I saw her come to the nearby well.
I ran to meet her; her eyes meet mine.
If that isn't heaven, it's nearly as fine!

And then I didn't notice the exquisite drama
Of the sky, the earth, and the farm's panorama;
The beauty of Nature mattered not to me
For I was madly in love with she.

My mind was whirring; my hands were shaking;
And oh! How her beauty did set me quaking.
I was enraptured, silly, sick, you might say,
But now you know why I prefer night over day.

What should two lovers do, standing by a well?
Certainly that was not meant for me to tell.
What, stranger, would you do on a night such as now,
A beautiful farm night with Mabel, the cow?

MIKE DENNIS

Peter Myll

Senior

Louisville Country Day

Corresponding Secretary '57½

President '59



How to Paint an Apartment

There are obvious reasons for painting an apartment. One is to cover grease, nailholes and crayon marks; another, of course, is to make as big a mess as possible.

In purchasing the paint try to get the wrong shades and not quite enough. If you follow this advice you should be filled with curiosity and ready to begin. Now, the smart painter will arrange his equipment before beginning. The first thing to do is to be sure not to lay enough papers down. This way you can enjoy yourself by seeing how little paint you drip on the floor. Then, you should leave your paint bucket in the middle of the room, half hidden by the newspapers. Won't you be surprised when you kick it over or even step in it! Also, you should scatter your equipment throughout the apartment. Then, when you need something, you get a break from the monotonous work by having to look for it.

Before applying the paint, you must stir it. If you stir with your brush handle, it will stick to your hand and you will not misplace it. Please do not forget to mix the paint too thin as it is better to have paint running down the wall than sticking to it in gooey patches.

Painting should be begun on a wall. This will be supplemented later by the paint that drips from the ceiling. If you are going to use only one coat, you should use a lighter color than the one which was previously on the wall to get a "different" look. Finally, it would be advisable to run out of paint in the middle of the wall in order to get a beautiful two-tone finish.

Now that you have completed your work, you will find that because of your expert planning you will have to spend practically no time in cleaning up. And you will have done a beautiful, admirable job—one from which you can walk away with a feeling of pride and, glancing back you can see the radiant, thankful faces of the lucky tenants.

FRANK STARKS



Laman Gray

Senior

Country Day

Secretary '57½

Snapshot Editor '57 & '58

"How Uncommon Am I?"

The Age of the Common Man has come. None can deny this fact. We have in a land which is constantly overflowing with advertisements publicizing this era: the dress style of the average woman, the cigarette of the average man, the breakfast cereal of the average child, and the car or home of the average family. The problem today is not only how to "keep up with the Joneses" but also how not to pass them.

Contemporary writers are continually endeavoring to show us the malignancy of this conformity. They say we are losing both our individuality and our desire to attain those prominent concepts of the past. Where is that exceptional spirit which would not allow Amer-

icans to remain the puppets of a distant king? Where are those unconformable opinions which were so deeply embedded in our hearts that brother fought brother to defend his belief? This individual initiative must be rediscovered; if not, as Joseph Wood Krutch said, "The 'Age of the Common Man' will become the 'Age of the Common Denominator.'" This is what the intellectuals of the present fear.

The accurate definition of the "Age of the Common Man" is "the age of universal opportunity." For almost two hundred years we have fought to establish an unlimited scope of individual improvement. The Constitution of our country states that "all men are created equal." This means that no one is to be restricted in personal advancement because of his race, religion, or relations—the "Age of Universal Opportunity." Thus, since this is theoretically the "Age of the Common Man," we have the main objective set forth by our forefathers.

But now, our long-cherished age is gravely endangered. Many of us no longer consider the Common Man as the "average" individual; we now exalt him as "the" individual. The universal improvement is ignored. A great majority of the population is content with being "average," and fails to use its God-given talents to the fullest advantage. If this practice of "worshipping" the Common Man continues, all excellent men will become, first, very good men, and finally, just good men—not capable of controlling their fate.

Examples to show this conventionality are exceedingly abundant in daily life. A student does not apply himself to the best of his abilities and strive to make "A's" for fear of being ostracized by schoolmates; a gifted individual hesitates to enter the important fields of mathematics and science for fear of being considered "odd," a parent violently attempts to prevent a little colored boy from attending the same school as his child for fear of being called a "nigger-lover." These are only a few of such instances.

One may state two hypotheses concerning the future of our country. Conformity may spread until we all become analogous, but a sub-par race. Or we may regain our individualism and proceed to attain the ultimate in the development of man. Many of us who favor the latter alternative wonder what we can do personally to make it become a reality. The obvious answer is to ask ourselves one simple question, "How Uncommon am I?"

FRED KAREM

—C.L.S.—

What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared with what lies within us.

—William Morrow



Mike Dennis

Junior

Atherton

Junior Editor '59

Our Constitution— Backbone of the Nation

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic, a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

This is the "American's Creed," written by William Tyler Page and adopted by Congress in 1918.

In this creed we, as Americans, have the basis for our beliefs in our government and nation. In it too, we pledge to support its Constitution. You may ask: what is the Constitution, why do we need it, or what must we do to maintain its high authority?

The story of the Philadelphia Convention in 1787 is one of the brightest, most colorful, and far-reaching sagas in American History. Yet it is also one of the least known. Our nation, having suffered somewhat due to the inadequacies of the Articles of Confederation, sent a call to the thirteen sovereign states in order that they might appoint delegates to meet and revise the Articles. In all, seventy-three men were chosen from the twelve responsive states. Rhode Island refused to participate. You may be interested in knowing that of the seventy-three appointed, fifty-five actually attended, forty-two were

present at the close of the Convention, and thirty-nine signed the Constitution.

It was the purpose of this dwindling supply of manpower to bridge some of the difficulties in the present government and rectify the situation.

The chief defect of the Articles of Confederation was the lack of authority to deal with national problems, and this prime want was closely seconded by the fact that the states were free from taxation by the central government. Its only means of raising revenue was to accept grants from each state based on the value of the real estate in each area. The state legislature was not bound to these assessments and could not be compelled to levy taxes necessary to meet them. Interstate and foreign commerce regulations were needed, and the comparatively weak central government had no power to institute a uniform monetary system.

With these ideas in mind and several different viewpoints, the Convention, with Washington as chairman, set out on the path of fame. Little did they know that the document brought out of such debates as the Virginia Plan vs. the New Jersey Plan would continue to be the foundation for our government in the centuries to come. The product of their labors, known to us today as the written Constitution of the United States of America, was written so well and with such insight into the internal organization of a democratic government that it may, with liberality, cover almost any political, social, or economic problem that might arise.

In the Constitution's one hundred and seventy-one year history, it has had to be defended by the American people numerous times. In every country, on every battlefield, the Constitution, the basis of our beliefs as a Nation, has been upheld by blood, by action, and by reason. But it has been upheld.

The important thing is that we, as Americans, realize the meaning of our Constitution, follow its advances, and defend it. As far back as 1839 men recognized this need. Daniel Webster said in a speech that same year, "... the people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown, grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength." So too, we must help it grow and gain strength.

Probably the roughest bridge to be crossed by the Constitution occurred in 1857 when Lord Thomas Babington Macaulay, an Englishman, wrote these words: "Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor." In this letter, Macaulay prophesied that no government such as ours, under a constitution such as ours, could possibly survive. He went on to say that within one hundred years our Nation would be overrun by

despotism and corruption. I believe that by simple arithmetic we may find that we have already surpassed Macauley's prediction by one year, and I would venture to add that we will outlive his preposterous estimate by many more years. When Macauley wrote the letter, he refrained from mentioning the Bill of Rights, which to the average American means more than any or all of the rest of the Constitution. These Rights were no sudden discovery, no over-night inspiration. They were established by centuries of struggle and hardships in which men died fighting to attain them. They release the spirit, the initiative, the co-operation and the courage of men to better themselves in a world of peace.

But the Bill of Rights and Constitution are only as strong as the people governed by them. When incidents such as the Little Rock affair happen, the safety of the Constitution is impaired because its interpretation by the Supreme Court has been cast out and abused. In such times, we lose all our divine rights as Americans and become a mob-influenced people, forgetting that we should be doing all within our power to avoid such savage exploits. Indifference to government procedures results in a weakened Constitution.

One of the prime reasons why we must defend its provisions is because it is one of the few constitutions in the world that is not changed by political fads or certain rulers who wish to revise it for their own benefit. Secondly, it must remain the "brass ring" to which the lesser nations of the world may reach out to take advantage of its provisions in order that they might keep from the propaganda of Communist countries. Thirdly, we must support it to keep our own country from falling into the hands of a monarchy, and, lastly, we must maintain its Bill of Rights to retain the personal privileges enjoyed by free men.

We have much to thank our Constitution for, and we must realize that it will maintain its strength if we assert ours for the culmination of one country, one Constitution, one destiny.

This Constitution about which we speak has survived longer than any other written constitution still in use. "Under it, and in part because of it, a mingled, restless people have developed a continent, built a nation, achieved a standard of living the highest the world has ever known, given the masses greater opportunities educationally and economically than any other people, preserved the great freedoms, renounced imperialism, successfully fought major wars, and today assumed an international leadership and international obligations unparalleled in recorded history." (Ernest S. Griffith).

MIKE DENNIS

Chuck Rose

Junior

Country Day

Historian '58

Junior Editor '59



Yeti, the Abominable Snowman

Yeti is a name given to a fabled mountain creature by the people in whose country it is supposed to exist. These people are the Sherpa. They live in eastern Nepal. His English name of Abominable Snowman is an accurate translation of the Tibetan name, Metoh Kangni. This name, innocent in its origination, caused Yeti to seem more mythical than real and brought prejudice in the minds of European scientists and mammalogists.

Many legends grew up in the superstitious Sherpa country. One tells that there were once many Yeti who caused the Sherpa farmers much trouble. They were forced to derive a plan to exterminate the Yeti. Around the fields were placed many jugs of "chang" or beer which the snowmen drank with pleasure. The next night, poison was put in the "chang" and all but one heavily pregnant female who could not come down from the mountains were killed. This story, of course, is supposed to explain their scarcity now. Another tale gives a defence to be used if a Yeti is met face to face; throw stones at him; he will catch them adeptly and be so weighted down that he cannot bother you.

The first report of Yeti came in 1889, and now, 69 years later, a positive, scientific identification has not yet been made.

Does he actually exist as an animal unknown now. Is he a common animal that has eluded capture or is he non-existent, merely a Sherpa myth? In 1925, Mr. A. N. Tombaiz wrote in a book that he saw a two-legged creature with a definite human form. Examination of footprints showed them six inches long, shaped like a man's, with

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five distinct toe marks and a heel that was hard to distinguish. He admits that the great glare from the sun may have distorted the image he and his porters saw but not the tracks. This is an exceptional report because Mr. Tombazi was skeptical about the existence of a Snowman before his sighting.

In 1937, Sir John Hunt came upon footprints he assumed to be human. At 19,000 feet, he even found a flight of steps, which he himself used, cut in the ice. Later, he found that no expedition had been anywhere near. In 1948, two men tried to lasso two large, hairy beasts, failed and were attacked, one of the men being bitten in the process. Later the men and their party agreed they had met two large apes.

Mr. Eric Shipton found an extremely long set of fresh tracks in 1951 which indicated an incredible climbing and jumping ability. His Sherpa guide called them Snowman tracks. In the same year, monks at Thangboche related a simple but realistic description of a Yeti which had been seen in the snow outside the monastery. They scared it away by banging on drums and blowing on horns.

Mammalogists and scientists have always been skeptical of unknown animals. Some called an animal such as Yeti impossible, without making any investigation. Others dismissed it as a Langur monkey or a red bear so common in Tibet just the other side of the mountains, and proclaimed that the Sherpa would say anything they thought would please a white man.

When Charles Stoner was close to finding Yeti, he offered a reward dearly wanted and needed by the Sherpa to anyone who would give information about its habits. No one was willing to say anything. Another incident came about when footprints were found in the melted snow. No Sherpa porter would say that he definitely thought they were Yeti's, even though they knew it would please Stoner greatly. As for the Langur monkey and red bear, how could two such obviously different animals be confused? If Yeti were this bear, how is it that the Sherpa can recognize it in Tibet and not in their home country. The Snowman is most often seen in mid-winter when all bears are supposed to be in hibernation. Yeti is described as having different appearance and habits from the red bear. He does not bother livestock in Nepal, but in Tibet the red bear constantly preys upon the yaks.

The same is true of the Langur monkey. How is it that the Sherpa can recognize it outside their country but not within it. This monkey always walks on four legs, is extremely uncomfortable out of trees and has a long tail. Reports of Yeti describe him as a two-legged, ground creature that lives far above the tree-line and he definitely does not have a tail.

CHEVALIER

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Even though the Sherpa are superstitious, they are also a sincerely religious and truthful people. This is the description they give of the Snowman. They all believe that it is a real animal and not a spirit. The Tibetans call it Teh and two kinds are recognized.

The first is called Dzu-Teh and is the larger of the two. It is not found often in Sherpa country but very often in Tibet. Dzu indicates that it is connected with livestock. Cattle and yaks are preyed upon by them. The Dzu-Teh goes on all four legs, has reddish-brown, thick, shaggy hair, and has the same build as the Himalayan black bear. This animal which is held in captivity in some Tibetan cities is dangerous and aggressive towards man.

The second is the Mih-Teh. Mih means man and connects the animal with man but no one knows exactly why. This is the kind found in Sherpa country and is called Yeti and Abominable Snowman. The Mih-Teh lives above the tree-line and below the permanent snow-line. It is about the size of a fourteen-year-old boy and is built like a human. The Yeti is covered with stiff reddish-brown and black hair, lighter on the chest. Most hair is on the head and at the waist. This hair is slanted upward above the waist and down below the waist. It has a pointed head, bear face, and the punched-in nose of a monkey. Mouse-hares, other small animals and insects are the main food of this very shy and intelligent mammal. He is a two-legged beast that drops to all fours when in a hurry.

Stoner carried pictures of animals around to Sherpa villages. Whenever he showed the picture of an Orang-Outang, he got the same excited cry of "Yeti, Yeti". Other pictures made no such impression.

One man tells the story of seeing the entrails of a freshly-killed mouse-hare, and then looking up to see a Yeti sitting on a rock, not far from him. This is only a human characteristic, never known of animals. Another heard it panting in a human fashion, much unlike any animal. The Yeti has been known to eat clay as roughage, a custom also practiced by primitive African tribes.

The Himalayas once had anthropoid apes; some might have reached a high level of evolution. The gorilla, chimpanzee, and Orang-Outang are all anthropoids which survived because they could hide in the great forests of Africa. Therefore, considering all the human traits that Yeti is known to have, is it not possible that an animal could have evolved to a high degree of intelligence in the protection of the remote alpine regions of the Himalayas?

CHUCK ROSE

— C L S —

It is not your position that makes you happy—it's your disposition.

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CHEVALIER



Henry Ackerman

Junior

Louisville Country Day

Historian '58½

Sergeant-at-Arms '59

Equality, Yes!

Our constitution states that all men are created equal, regardless of race, color or creed. Our constitution further provides that any matter dealing with the interpretation of the constitution or with conflicts between state and citizen, state and nation, or inter-state should be ruled on by the Supreme Court. When matters such as the recent disputes over segregation arise only the Supreme Court has jurisdiction. The Little Rock incident is a good example of Supreme Court action. As long as the schools were open, the negroes were protected by order of the Supreme Court; but when the schools were closed, the Court had no power to act.

Though the Supreme Court endeavors to provide equality for all persons, yet in matters in which it has no jurisdiction, this equality is often denied them. Equality has rarely been achieved in a practical sense in this country because of the deep-seated prejudices of many people—prejudices which, in most cases, have been handed down from generation to generation. In the minds of many men, equality applies only to those of their own race or creed.

In the light of the fact that the American nation is composed of people of a variety of races and creeds, it is apparent that something should be done about racial prejudices to bring about harmony in our nation. Today some of the finest scholars, greatest athletes, and ablest politicians are of races and creeds considered inferior by many people in our country. Recognizing this fact, are we going to allow such injustice to continue? If our nation is to thrive, there must first be contentment within. Equality must become more than an ideal. It must become a reality.

HENRY ACKERMAN



David Owen

Junior

Louisville Country Day

Snapshot Editor '58 & '59

Critic '59

The Elves' Handiwork

I am without wife, home or profession. I have only one pleasure in life. I am an enthusiast. My only goal is to drive, drive, drive my M.G. Nothing else gives me any pleasure: nothing else is so completely satisfying.

The most irritating thing—as anyone with a car of such a calibre as mine knows—occurs at stoplights, when a Detroit driver races his mill a few times, makes some snide comment, and takes off. To save myself from being sucked up in his exhaust and digested through the carburetor, I have made many quick unsignaled turns to avoid embarrassment, as one of these six liter tanks takes off. One incident stands out particularly in my mind.

At a stoplight, this big business with sideburns leaned out of his window and yelled, "Hey, Dad, I've got a cool five says your bug can't keep up with mine, even on a winding road." I should have told him to go scratch a bird, but I didn't. Instead, I shouted, "Buddy, you've got a bet. Turn left at the next corner. We'll start out neck and neck and I'll wait for you and your five at the end of the road." That night I went home with that empty feeling, particularly in my wallet.

The next morning I started scheming. All I needed was a V-W and I would take care of the rest. Finally, the day came and my Volkswagon was ready for the kill as it stood in my driveway. It attracted quite a crowd because of the large key protruding from the rear deck. One of the onlookers came up to me and said, pointing to my little gem, "What the heck is that?" I replied, "Haven't you ever heard of a spring drive?"

1959 The Pegasus

With this, I walked over to my car, turned the key a couple of times, hopped in, and drove off. At the first stoplight, one of those chromobiles pulled up alongside of me. I hopped out and turned the key a few more times. The other driver burst into laughter. The light turned and my bomb and I jumped across the intersection as if we had been stung by a bee. The other driver stopped laughing. At the next stoplight, he pulled alongside again and asked, "What in tarnation do you have under that thing?" As the light changed, I yelled back, "Big Spring!" That night I went home with a much better feeling.

Actually, under the hood was a big spring with a high variety of assorted gears. But this was not the real power plant. When the Killer, (my nickname for the Volkswagen) was in motion all of the gears and the key moved, being connected to the rear wheels. The only noise that could be heard was a loud "click, click, click." But, completely concealed under the rear seat was a specially developed, noiseless, powerful and efficient steam engine. The drive shaft was so placed that it looked as if it came from the gears of the spring engine.

There was one guy I still wanted to meet—Sideburns. The day came when I saw him in a gas station. I pulled up and went inside on one pretense or another. When I came out, Sideburns was looking at the key. He let fly with the snappy remark: "What did you do, trade in your alarm clock?"

I replied, "She'll take your bus any day."

"Hold on a minute," snorted Sideburns, "I'd hate to have to show you up again."

"Put a ten-spot where your mouth is," I snapped back, "and we'll see what your chrome-plate can do."

He started to laugh and said, "It's a bet but what kind of a motor have you got in it?"

"I don't have any motor at all. All I have is a big spring."

"Come on then," said Sideburns, "let's go out to the strip so I can collect your ten bucks."

"You lead the way," said I.

When we got to the strip Sideburns yelled confidently, "Are you ready?"

"Not yet." Then I got out, went to the key, and began to wind. Finally I stopped as I muttered, "I think that's tight enough to take you. Now let's go."

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Sideburns and I started out neck and neck and then I gradually began to pull away. I kept my V-W out in front by just a few feet without even flooring it.

At last I yelled over to him, "Let's go back now. I think you got off to a bad start." We turned around and went back to start again.

Now was the time for the kill. We both got off to a good start but by the end of a half-mile I was twenty car lengths in front of him. When at last he gave in and we stopped, I chuckled, "A good thing for you that I forgot to tighten the spring or you would never have caught sight of me."

With a puzzled look, Sideburns jumped out of his car, ran over to mine, looked under the hood, in the trunk and under the chassis. When he came out from under "the Killer" he started muttering, "Big spring, big spring." After a while he asked in amazement, "Where did you get that thing?"

Laughingly, I whispered in his ear, "It was made in the woods by elves."

After I had collected my money, I got in my car and was starting to drive away when I saw Sideburns running around his car, and flapping his arms, and yelling, "Click, click! click, click! click, click! click, click!"

Yes, the sun shines brightly on me. I have garaged the Killer and drive my M.G. all of the time now. However, when I happen to run into a character like Sideburns, I pull out my V-W, with its concealed, specially developed, noiseless, powerful, and efficient steam engine, and make a mental case out of him.

DAVID OWEN

—C L S—

Television is called a medium because so little of it is either rare or well done.

—C L S—

In most cases, all that an argument proves is that two people are present.

—C L S—

It is much easier to believe a lie that one has heard many times than to believe a truth that one has never heard.

—C L S—

It is easier to try to stand on your own feet than to try to squeeze into another's shoes.

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CHEVALIER



Ronnie Wolfe
Junior
Atherton
Historian '59

Chevalier Sans Peur Et Sans Reproche

Several years after the "Hundred Years War" France was a scene of vast destruction. Periods of peace were invariably followed by campaigns of frightful destruction. The peace-loving King Louis XI, for example, was followed by kings who set out to lay conquest to Italy and Spain.

During this era, around 1500 A.D. one of the most colorful figures in French history came into prominence. He was known as Bayard the Knight. He came from a family that was known throughout the nation for its military prowess and success.

On one occasion, the French army, led by Bayard came to the banks of the Garigliano River. On the other side was a detail of some 200 Spanish soldiers. Only a bridge stood between Bayard and the Spaniards. The Spanish troops attempted to take possession of the bridge. This was too much for the vallant knight. He jumped on his horse and crossed the bridge at a gallop to face the Spanish troops single-handed. Swinging his great sword right and left he mowed the enemy down one by one. But the odds were too great. In the nick of time his French comrades put in a hasty appearance and the Spaniards were vanquished. The Spaniards were so impressed with the valor of this intrepid knight that the rumor soon spread abroad that it was the devil himself who had prevented them from capturing the bridge.

The French, until this day, are justly proud of the courage of the good knight Bayard. He became known as the knight without fear, and above reproach,"—le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

RONNIE WOLFE



Steve Davenport
Junior
Louisville Country Day

Being on Your Own

College! Here it was; the hour for which Tom had been looking forward for years. As he walked across the campus towards the administration building, Tom thought about all the things that had led to this big moment. His life, at home and at high school, his friends, and all of the social clubs. They had been fun but now he was making a big step by crossing the threshold into manhood. He told himself as he mounted the steps that he was really going to buckle down and make straight A's. He would take extra courses. He would show them!

In the administration building were many other young men who, like Tom, were beginning a new span of life. Tom got in line and was given a piece of paper with his room number and the name of his roommate on it. His roommate's name was Cliff Hicks. Upon entering room 207, Tom saw a redheaded boy sitting on one of the beds.

"Hi," said Tom, "I'm Tom Ellis; you must be my roommate Cliff."

"Yeah," answered Cliff with a sneer, "I guess we're both stuck here at this dump together."

"I don't know. It looks like a pretty good place to me," said Tom: "I hope to do well."

"Not me," said Cliff, "The sooner I'm out of here the better. College is no place for me. I just came looking for a good time; heard this place is wild at parties. Well, we had better get unpacked, then we'll have to go and get briefed-in on how the place works."

They unpacked and went over to the auditorium where a professor made a long speech.

Everything went along fine for the first two weeks. Tom found the work hard but was doing quite well for a freshman. He found that for all of Cliff's remarks and mannerisms, he was a real "brain." Almost every night Cliff went out to a party and had a wild time, but he always seemed to have all his work done and was maintaining a B plus average. On papers for English and history, Tom would work for hours writing up first drafts, and so forth, while Cliff would write them in twenty minutes. Tom's paper always received between a D and a C plus, while Cliff had A's and B's.

One Wednesday night Cliff came into the room and found Tom studying hard for a history test.

"Hey Tom, there's a drunken blast over at Pete's; come on over. Free beer."

"No thanks, Cliff; I've got a lot of work to do. Got a test tomorrow."

"Aw Tom, this is a great party. Tomorrow morning you can get up at five and study, you'll have about three hours. That's more than enough."

Tom nodded, and said, "That's a good idea. I'll be more refreshed in the morning anyway."

Tom had a great night at the party but the time really flew. By the time they had dropped their "dates," whom they had picked up at the party, and had come staggering in, it was nearly three-thirty in the morning. Tom didn't wake up until seven forty-five and then only after Cliff dragged him out of bed. He made a C on the test only on account of sitting next to Cliff.

Tom felt now that he had better work hard. But a few nights later Cliff came in and talked him into going to another party. This began to happen more often and Tom was having a hell. But his grades began to fall off and he depended on Cliff more and more for help. He now was doing less and less work.

One morning, about two months later, Tom was called into the Dean's office.

"Sit down, Tom," said the Dean. "What's been happening to your grades? You seem to be slipping."

"I don't know sir," answered Tom. "The work seems to be getting harder. I never seem to have enough time to study."

"I've been getting some bad reports about you and your roommate. So, for your sake, I'm going to move you, in order that you can do more work on your own."

So Tom was moved. Now, without Cliff's help, he was lost. He had come to depend upon him so much that he didn't know any of his school work. Now his grades really fell; and when the first semester was over, Tom was one of the first to flunk out.

In spite of all of his promises to himself, Tom had failed to live up to his responsibility of being on his own, which is one of the things that comes along with manhood.

STEVE DAVENPORT



Curt Neat

Junior

Fern Creek

Why Onward?

We ask ourselves why should we try
To brave defeat and continue forth
When all the time we merely lie
And encourage even more of little worth.
We ask why man should fight to win,
Fight to love, and fight to gain,
When it but leads to mortal sin,
And man must fight to fight again.

The spider can solve this enigma,
He attempts a web from wall to beam
And although the web, his astigma,
Breaks and makes it seem
That all is lost for the little guy,
He works up to his goal, the fly.

MIKE DENNIS



Embry Rucker

Junior

Louisville Country Day

The Song

It was in Omian, where the Otz Mountains rise to enclose the Valley Dor. From the Dor the great ice barrier of Jupiter extends a hundred miles southward, where it ends abruptly as a sheer wall eleven thousand feet high; and from its base stretches the level Otz Valley, rumpled here and there by low rolling hills, dappled by forest groves, and watered by tiny rivers fed by the melting face of the ice barrier. In the exact center of this valley, which is a mighty depression, lies the Lost Sea of Korus; and on the shore of this sea stands the Golden Temple of Iss. This was the Land of the First Born.

There in the Otz Valley lay the domain of the newly-crowned Thurid Xodar, first of the First Born. There in the beautiful valley of Otz did the people of the First Born find a quiet refuge from the harsh natural elements which surrounded them.

Xodar was impatient of the easy, quiet life in the valley. He had not yet accomplished a mighty feat of war, as was required by tradition of a new king. On a long wall in the Golden Temple of Iss was inscribed by the searing breath of Iss himself a description of the earth kingdom of Kubla Khan and a decree. The decree pronounced that whoever should conquer the Khan and raise the blue flag of Jupiter beside the River Alph would become the leader of all of Omian. As the mighty chief of the First Born, Xodar felt he was predestined to lead an expedition to Xanadu, the kingdom of the Khan.

"Let there be horses to carry us through space", he cried. And there were. "Let the people of the First Born prepare themselves to follow me". And they set to.

The expedition hurtled through the darkness of space toward the bright planet of earth. Daily it seemed to grow in size as its brightness diminished. When the continents appeared to the naked eye and began to grow green in color, Xodar signaled for rendezvous; and the expedition hovered in space while battle orders were issued. Then Xodar and the First Born drove downward on Xanadu, their mighty carriers sounding of Jupiter.

Horrible, screeching, screaming, torturing sounds filled my mind. In a vague, sub-conscious sense I felt, or rather knew, that they were in some way very familiar. Indeed, as the increasing nearness of the sounds added to their volume and also to their clarity, they seemed almost a part of me—so piercing was their tone. Suddenly, they had patterned themselves into a melody! And I knew!

It was the song of Mount Abora, which the Abyssinian maid had sung and played on her dulcimer.

FRANK STARKS

Miles Franklin

Junior

Atherton

Alumni Editor '59



A Strange Creature

Every summer there appears on the American scene a strange creature which apparently hibernates all winter and which is loosely referred to as a "lifeguard". The common belief is that the lifeguard is an immobile animal which spends the day sitting around getting a tan, earning money and surrounded by girls. Actually, the lifeguard is very talented and industrious. After one summer's experience, it could easily qualify as a proficient garbage man, baby-sitter, gardener,

painter, medic, hod-carrier, electrician, tree-trimmer, or mountain climber.

At the Lakeside pool, where this animal is readily observed, it has been known in one day to pick up several tons of assorted trash; paint an infinite number of benches, lemon-lines, and signs; haul, in one load, twenty cylinders called "garbage-cans"; and blow its whistle five-hundred times at wrong-doers, six times at girls. Every few weeks it goes "on safari". This consists of stopping off at the "Goodie Stand" to get provisions, then scaling the cliffs to cut grass, trim trees and fight mosquitoes in the depths of the wilds surrounding the lake.

As they are very gregarious, lifeguards are often seen gathered in small groups which they call "friendly, little get-togethers" but which the boss calls "poker games" or more simply "fights".

In spite of the obvious hardships of their life, guards are happy creatures. In their lighter moods, they can be found clowning in the guard-room, throwing rocks at pigeons, reading science-fiction, playing "commandoes" and, in rare instances, even swimming.

Once the summer is over, however, the lifeguard, counting its money and complaining about taxes, again disappears, perhaps to spend the winter trying to write an article for a literary magazine.

BILL LAWRENCE



Tony Miniea

Junior

Waggener

Too Late

"Faster! Can't you drive faster, driver? This is a matter of life or death!" Jim Walker slowly sank back in his seat. He was tired, dead tired. For the past week, Jim has searched the entire city—seeking the only witness that could save his brother Tom from death in the electric

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chair at one o'clock this very morning. Only four hours ago, his efforts had been rewarded; the Governor had pardoned Tom on the evidence revealed by a mysterious witness. However, all communications had been severed by the severe thunderstorms, which even now hindered his progress to the prison by police car. The gates suddenly loomed ahead. Madly, Jim began to sprint to the warden's office. Then, abruptly, he stopped. The clock in the tower struck one.

FRED KAREM

Larry Albright

Junior

Fern Creek



The Library

"Everywhere I have sought rest and found it not, except sitting apart in a nook with a little book."

These words were written by Thomas a Kempis.

Immense collections of books were gathered together by the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians. The public was not allowed to use these precious accumulations. The kings, noblemen, scholars, and priests were the only ones possessing enough authority and capital to amass such collections. Even if these libraries had been opened to the public, the masses of people would not have used them. For even several hundred years after the birth of Jesus, few people could read intelligently. But you do know how to read, so use your library to great advantage.

Librarians, architects, and school administrators have devoted much experience and ability to planning the school library. They have supplied it with books of all kinds to help you with your studies.

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Others have also realized that no school would be complete without a library.

The world of past eras comes easily within our grasp when we use the library. For this reason the library is referred to as the memory of the human race. All that man has been and done, every thought, dream, and discovery is recorded in these valuable sources of information. While keeping accounts of the past, the library is adding recent knowledge for future service. It is a spot where students may gather wisdom and knowledge.

In the library you may go back to the time of the Roman Empire, or go on an adventure with Marco Polo. It is possible to be fighting with the newly formed American Government against her mother country and to be seated with George Washington while he plans his next strategic move. Along with that, you may delve into mystery and intrigue. You may play the part of an amateur detective solving an entangling case. However, be not always thinking of the past; the library also holds books of the future. Travel on a spaceship to places of unknown origin, or be the first "earthling" to land on the moon!

The library has books designed for finding facts quickly. They include encyclopedias, dictionaries, yearbooks, atlases, gazetteers, and almanacs.

Magazines are also available to take out of the library overnight.

Your library contains books that will be of great assistance to you; use them well and you will be rewarded. They have the power to convey your thoughts upon any subject. The librarian will be more than glad to help you with your selection from the excellent assortment of books.

Remember, "Books are the key to wisdom's treasure."

MIKE DENNIS

—C L S—

He who asks a question is a fool for five minutes.

He who never asks a question is a fool forever.

—Chinese Proverb

—C L S—

Modern artist: A man who can smear a lot of daubs of paint on a canvas and make it look like a lot of daubs of paint.

—C L S—

Liberty is not handed down like the family silver. It must be fought for, and won, in every generation.



Charles Chaney

Sophomore

Atherton

Business Manager '59

In Defense of Little Sisters

In this essay I shall try to defend the reputed villain of the American family, the little sister. Since I am basing this essay on experience and because this essay concerns their influence on their brother, I shall narrow down the topic to little sisters. I shall not attempt to refute what such comic strips as "Little Iodine" and "Little Audrey" have said about little girls, but rather I am going to show the propitious effect these characteristics of little girls have on their older brothers.

First of all, I believe a little sister prepares a boy for the problems of adult life, and second, I believe a little sister prepares a boy for married life.

A little sister prepares a boy for the problems of everyday life because in order to be in the same house with her, you must be as patient as a saint and as cool headed as a parson. Both of these aforementioned qualities are essential factors in meeting the problems of everyday life. I think I can illustrate this first point by an incident that happened a few weeks ago. I had laboriously prepared several sheets of cardboard of just the right size for a geometry construction, and just as I had gotten them ready, I had to go to supper. When I returned to start construction, I found my little sister with the scissors in her hand, grinning as she said that she had cut all of the cardboard pieces in half so I would have twice as many. Naturally my first impulse was to "slug" her, but I decided that my parents would take a dim view of this, so, muttering things under my breath, I stormed out to my room before I committed soricide.

I believe a little sister will prepare you for matrimony, for when I look at the women's hats and listen to bridge-party chatter, I can only draw the conclusion that women are little more than the mind of a little girl in a grown body. Therefore to understand your little sister now will be invaluable in understanding your wife later. Actually, when I say understand them, what I really mean is that you become convinced they cannot be understood. I could illustrate this latter point with numerous incidents, but I shall relate only one such occurrence which happened on a Saturday morning.

I was playing around with my little sister, and somehow in the heat of struggle she caught a foot in the abdomen. I failed to see any cause for great alarm, but she began yelling as if she had been run over by a train. After having "ratted" on me to mother and daddy, she began to calm down somewhat. She was storming around the house yelling that she hated me, and by way of proving what a monster I was she said, "And Mama, he didn't even say, 'I'm sorry!'"

By this time I was in dire need of some domestic tranquility, so I decided to give in. I began to look like a penitent brother and in my most loving tones I said, "Karen, brother's sorry he hurt you."

Then my little sister came through with a masterpiece of sisterly love. "Shut up!" she said, "It's too late now!"

CHARLES CHANEY



Steve Simpson

Sophomore

Atherton

The Night Before Christmas

(A Parody)

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the hut
Everything was "rocking" even our mutt.
The nylons were hung by the smokestack with care.

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In hope that "Fats" would soon be there,
The kids were hopping around the bed,
While visions of temple bombings danced in their heads.

Ma in her mud-pack, and I in my dover,
Had just settled down to sleep off a hangover;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I rose from my bed to see what was the matter.
And off to the window I staggered right quick,
Threw open the window and fell over, sick.

Then what to my bloodshot eyes should appear
But a hopped-up sleigh and eight prancing reindeer.
Then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The thudding of each size twenty-four hoof;
As I drew in my head and was turning around
Down the chimney he fell with a sickening sound.

His eyes how they twinkled; his manner how cozy,
I could tell that he'd had a fifth of Four Rosy.
His cute little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And his peroxidized beard was as white as the snow
He was both fat and sloppy; a right screwy elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

He spoke not a word but went straight to work,
And filled all the nylons, then turned with a jerk.
Then laying a finger aside of his nose,
He poked out his eye while up the chimney he 'rose
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"My Lord, what a night, what a miserable night."

STEVE SIMPSON

—C L S—

Dad to Mother: I would like to get Watson something for his car that he would never think of getting for himself—like gasoline.

—C L S—

I love a finished speaker,
I really mean I do;
I don't mean one who's polished,
I do mean one who's through.

—C L S—

The way to achieve happiness is to have high standards for one's self and a medium standard for everyone else.

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CHEVALIER



Mac McLaughlin
Sophomore
Atherton

War Clouds

That day had been one that nine-year old Jimmy wished to forget. All day at school, his teachers had continuously discussed the Russian attack on England. They tried not to mention it within hearing distance of the pupils, but to no avail. His Little League baseball game in the afternoon had been called off because the coaches had emergency National Guard meetings. Now as he lay in bed, Jimmy could hear the worried conversation between his parents. He heard his father say that he might have to go away; his mother began to cry. The little boy folded his hands and began to pray.

FRED KAHM

—C L S—

A woman will look into a mirror almost any time except when she is about to pull out from the curb.

—C L S—

Service station—a place where you fill the car and drain the family budget.

—C L S—

Golfer: "I don't seem to be playing my usual game today."
Caddie: "What game do you usually play, sir?"

—C L S—

Keep on going, and the chances are you will stumble on something, perhaps when you least expect it.

—Charles Kettering



Splinter Collins
Sophomore
Louisville Country Day

The Disappearance of Johann Duvencik

On March 19, 1898, the foremost newspapers of Vienna announced in glaring headlines the disappearance of the world's most famous contemporary musician and composer, Johann Duvencik. Underneath, in smaller type, the papers explained that Duvencik had been missing for five days and that his valet, becoming anxious, had notified the police. A full description of Duvencik was given and a large reward offered for any information concerning him.

On April 2 the disappearance of Duvencik had not yet run out the usual short life of the sensational story. Not one clue had the baffled police found. His disappearance seemed supernatural. The papers published an account of his rapid rise from the poor sixteen-year-old peasant boy studying at the free musical institute, to the man of thirty whose creative genius critics the world over deemed limitless.

Thus spoke the newspapers. What they did not know was that Duvencik's gift for composing was slowly driving him mad. On the night of his disappearance Duvencik had tramped into the heart of old Vienna in the clutches of the relentless urge of melody. At such times as these he would hear, far away, a melody, very faint, very elusive. He would hear it again and again—always losing it. Try as he would he could not put it on paper could not even hum it. For hours, even days, this would go on. He couldn't escape it. Always it was there.

On March 15 Duvencik had stumbled into a tiny alley, trying vainly to elude the urge. Suddenly a melodeon began to play and to pour out its soul into the night. A light shone from the window of

the house. That looked like home to Johann; he would go in. He had knocked, entered, and in a burst of confidence had told his tale to the old wood carver who lived there. The old man understood him, sympathized with him, and advised Johann to give up his old life and try hard bodily labor instead. He knew that only in hard work would Johann find relief.

At present, in Vienna, the disappearance of Johann is an unsolved mystery, and Johann Duvenck the musician is a legend, his works a living memorial to him. But in the heart of old Vienna, Johann Duvenck, the wood carver, had found peace.

SPLINTER COLLINS



John McCall

Sophomore

Atherton

Barnard's Lincoln

Today, a heroic statue of our great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, rests upon the simple stone walk of the Louisville Free Public Library facing Fourth Street. This sculpture, which is not only a figure of historical interest and inspiration but also one of the finest works of art in existence, was created by the genius of George Grey Barnard and officially donated to the city of Louisville on October 28, 1922, by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac W. Bernheim. No more appropriate place than our city, the borderline between the North and the South, could have been selected for this brave figure of the man who has meant more to this country than any other individual.

The foundation of this masterpiece is a solid block of concrete, eight feet on a side and nine feet two inches below the ground. On the

top of this stands a pedestal of solid granite from the hills of Connecticut. Barnard scrutinized the cutting of this granite, which, standing three feet above the walk, weighs nineteen thousand eight hundred pounds. The statue itself, made of bronze, weighs three thousand eight hundred pounds and measures thirteen feet two inches.

Lincoln is wearing the simple apparel of that day. Large boots accentuate his feet, which like the hands seem immense. One hand is pushing back the sleeves of his coat and shirt, as if he were ready to work. Wrinkles, evident in Lincoln's wonderful face, make the deep-set eyes noticeable. The unruly hair completes the figure of this great American.

Barnard had said that this statue would not be a replica of previous ones in Cincinnati, Ohio and Manchester, England. He intended to select all the points of the other two that he thought to be correct and to incorporate them into an original statue. Therefore, when observation indicated that the Louisville image of Lincoln was identical with photographs of the Cincinnati statue,—which many considered grotesque—Barnard was questioned about the resemblance. The sculptor replied, "The truth cannot be modified." He went on to say that he had tried to bring out the character of "Lincoln, the man, . . . and to emphasize those qualities which have become attached to his fame.

When Barnard revealed his production to the world, there was a chorus of praise mingled with the criticisms of some who refuse to accept the rugged figure as a piece of art. The noise of these critics has grown fainter though, and the sculpture is now a subject of general praise.

William Howard Taft commended it highly: "Barnard's Lincoln portrays the unusual height, the sturdy frame, the lack of care in dress, the homely but strong face, the sad but sweet features, and the intelligence and vision of our great American patriot. He has, with success, caught in the countenance and in the form the contrast between the pure soul and the commanding intellect of one who belongs to the ages, and the garb of his origin and life among the plain people."

Dr. Frank Crane wrote of Barnard's work in the *New York Globe*: "His frame is gaunt, ungainly; his hands and feet are big; his face is not delicately fine; it is as though you saw a country lawyer rising to address a jury, or a Methodist circuit rider ready to begin his appeal to the farmers in campmeeting."

Many more critics applauded this artistic object. The *Philadelphia North American* said, "Perhaps no one ever thought of Abraham Lincoln as an inspiration to a new epoch in art." Mr. C. Lewis Hind, in

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the *Saturday Review* (England), spoke of "the Gothic sincerity of George Grey Barnard's statue of Lincoln." To the public, Barnard's Lincoln expressed Lincoln's attributes of greatness, his character, his love for humanity, his patience, his firmness.

Yes, this is a statue of Lincoln the man. It shows his big, sturdy feet which he had acquired from plowing the fields and trudging over the country roads. It shows his huge hands which he had developed splitting rails and chopping wood—hands which represent his upward struggle in life. There is his kind face, full of compassion and sympathy and heavy with responsibility—the face of a man who was a friend to all, a man to whom you might go with your problems and be sure of finding an understanding friend. Finally, it shows the entire Lincoln, for there is no concealment of Lincoln's unusual physical features.

Barnard's Lincoln is a fitting symbol of American life and great deeds done. It is only proper, then, that another great American's words are probably the best description of this statue. Over thirty-five years ago, Theodore Roosevelt declared, "Here is the living Lincoln; Lincoln revealed."

FRED KAREM

Jim Bersot

Sophomore

Atherton

Kentucky

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!

—Sir Walter Scott

CHEVALIER

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That's how I felt the other day as I was reading a book on the State of Kentucky. Of course I knew that our state had many natural resources, that it is one of the leading coal producing states in the nation; that it has many miles of navigable water; that the rich and beautiful bluegrass region draws tourists from all parts of the world; that it has an extensive cave region including Mammoth Cave, one of the largest in the world.

From my study of history I could also remember that Kentucky was the first state to insist on the Louisiana Purchase. I remembered, too, that our state had more soldiers in the Texas Revolution than had any other state. History records that it was Kentucky that insisted on demanding apologies and reparations from the English in the early nineteenth century, and that it was a Kentuckian who planted the Stars and Stripes above the Halls of Montezuma, and a Kentuckian, along with three other men who raised the flag on Iwo Jima.

What I had not fully realized was the fact that Kentucky has provided a surprising number of leaders in such a variety of fields. Among the statesmen who claimed Kentucky as their home or their birthplace are to be numbered the following: Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States whose name is still revered around the world; Henry Clay the "great commoner" and famous orator; Zachary Taylor whose body lies in a National Cemetery here in Louisville and who was also a President of the United States; Jefferson Davis who became, for a few short years, the President of the Confederacy.

Other Kentuckians who have brought honor to our state include surgeons, explorers, inventors, sculptors and authors. John Fitch built the first steamboat. Ephraim McDowell, who practiced in Danville, was a pioneer in modern surgery, and performed the first ovariectomy in medical history. The "Triumph of Chastity," one of the greatest pieces of sculpture in the United States, was the work of Joel T. Hart. George Rogers Clark was largely responsible for the turning of the tide of battle in the Revolutionary War when he led an intrepid band of one hundred and thirty men at Kaskasia and Vincennes and was victorious. These were all Kentuckians. They have left us a heritage of which we may all be justly proud.

STEVE SIMPSON

—C. L. S.—

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

61

CHEVALIER



Choose Taurman

Sophomore

Waggener

A Scientific Wonder

Within the past ten or fifteen years, the growth of the television industry has had a more pronounced effect on the lives of Americans than the development of nuclear weapons has had upon the world's attitude toward war. At present, the vast majority of American families own at least one television set and a large number of these families own two or more of these scientific wonders. TV sales are still rising and will doubtless continue to rise. Is this growing popularity of television an unmitigated good for our country? Aren't there two sides to the television question?

The "pro" side to the television problem is evident. Television has many everyday advantages. Parents favor television because it provides free entertainment after the initial cost of the set. The children do not have to be begged to stay at home when they can watch Dick Clark or Pat Boone. The TV set brings the world of "rock'n roll" right into his living room. The educator sees that the possibilities of educational programs on television are practically unlimited. Finally industry applauds television because of the employment it has afforded many thousands of Americans including craftsmen, electricians, salesmen, repairmen, script-writers, technicians, and announcers. The entertainment industry, "show business" has received a very decided "shot in the arm" because of the popularity of this new medium. Manufacturers have learned that one good way to boost the production and sale of merchandise is to advertise over the air.

On the other side of the discussion, the growing popularity of television is beginning to give considerable concern to more and more people every day. These people are quick to point out to their

neighbors—ardent fans of the "Late, Late Show" that there is also a "con" side to the television question. Granted that families may assemble every night in their living room to watch a show, who dares to carry on a conversation during a program? If anyone has the temerity to say a few words he is immediately commanded to "hush up." So the family sits together throughout the evenings—but they sit in silence. Mother can't keep her mind on her sewing, the children cannot concentrate on their lessons, and Dad cannot enjoy his nap.

A still stronger argument against television is the fact that watching the programs has taken up much of the time that was once spent in reading books and other literature. Television tubes burn out these days far more often than do book covers wear out. What difference is it that there is trouble in Berlin? Ricky Nelson is on television.

Television has both its good points and its bad points. The whole matter may very well be summed up by pointing out that television is like any other privilege in life. It is wonderful if we use it intelligently. It is a liability if we abuse it. When Americans learn this, the value of television to the nation will increase tremendously. Until then, turn on those radios.

FRED KAREM



Monte Tiller

Sophomore

Atherton

Education

What is education? Webster defines it as "discipline of mind or character through study or instruction." This definition tends to give the false impression that education is gained only at an institution of learning. An appetite for knowledge is present at birth, no matter how long one lives, it will never be satisfied. The first instruction,

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which comes from parents in pre-school days, is immediately put to use in the first step to maturity. Next, comes the formal education, where many specific skills are obtained to ease the first encounter with life as a man. After completion of this schooling, training continues, not only through further study, but through meeting new friends. Of all the requirements of society, very few are learned in school, and without the desire for self-education, a person will find himself lost among the more ambitious.

TOM STURGEON



Chuck Sehlinger

Sophomore

Atherton

Despair

He sobbed and sighed and gurgled. Unashamed, the middle-aged man allowed the tears to flow down his face. No one was around to see this piteous sight. This the man regretted. For the first time in his life, he wished he hadn't avoided the cordial friendship offered to him by his fellow office employees. Oh! what he wouldn't give to have a friend nearby! Oh! what he wouldn't give to have anyone nearby! Suddenly, the poor man quit thinking and worrying. He sank below the surface of the water; the bubbles ceased to appear. All was quiet.

FRED KAREM

—C L S—

Teacher: "Johnny, give me two prooouuz."

Johnny: "Who, me?"

Teacher: "That's right."

FOR

INTELLECTUALS

ONLY



Explanatory Remarks

One of the original purposes for the formation of Louisville high school literary associations and societies was to "publish annually a magazine of literary quality." In recent years, as more and more of these organizations have come into existence, the competition has become more keen. Competition in itself is a healthy circumstance. Unfortunately, however, it has tended to cause these magazines to become saturated with humor at the expense of literary quality. In an attempt to regain the high standards of a true literary production, we are including in the following pages a number of research papers, all of which received a grade of B plus or better.

—The Editors

Elizabethan Music

Hugh Peterson

The period from 1550 to 1625 was vital to the growth of a distinctive musical culture in England. During this era, which is generally known as "the Elizabethan Era," the anthem was created and the English madrigal was perfected.

Until 1600, English music consisted primarily of unaccompanied vocal compositions. In fact, the age immediately preceding the beginning of the seventh century is often referred to as "the golden age of a cappella." Elizabethan vocal music was arranged with one or more parts in harmony with the melody. This style of composition is known as "polyphonic" or "contrapuntal." However, in the seventeenth century, the outstanding composers (such as William Byrd and Thomas Morley), put a greater emphasis on instrumental music and made less use of vocal counterpoint. Throughout the entire Elizabethan period, instrumental music remained relatively simple, though it did become increasingly difficult to play as the awkward instruments were improved and refined to allow intricate chromatic fingerings.

Most of this instrumental music remained within the range of the human voice and contained no awkward intervals or fast tricky rhythm.² During this period there were two basic styles of composition, at least one of which was used by all of the favorite composers of that day. The recitative style, which employed the principle of monody, had no definite rhythmical arrangement and no decided or strictly constructed melody. Instead, it approached the sound and rhythm of the human voice. The accompanied recitative style differed only in that it included an accompaniment (usually played by a lute) which was always kept subordinate to the vocal melody. Because of the scarcity of printed music, the sixteenth century musician had to be unusually gifted and genuinely creative so that he could compose some portions of his music and remember other portions.

During the first decade of the seventeenth century, printed music became more widely available. In those days, instrumental scores were nothing more than crudely printed tablatures³ in which the surprisingly large notes represented fingerings rather than specific tones. Both the instrumental and the vocal scores lacked bar lines which, in modern music, set the notes off into groups, each containing a given number of beats. Most of the scores in that day did not even specify the range of voices or the kinds of instruments for which the music was written.

Although most of the popular music of that day was of foreign origin, there were a few outstanding English composers. Byrd and Morely, for example, published some well-liked collections of

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madrigals. Morley also wrote some of the first books of musical theory to be published in England, the most famous of which is *A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*, which sold at from three pounds to four pounds ten shillings per copy (nine to fifteen dollars at the present rate of exchange).⁴

It was in this period that William Shakespeare wrote the lyrics of many songs, such as, "O Mistress Mine" and "Three Merry Men Be We," which appeared in "Twelfth Night" and are well known even until this day. Shakespeare was fond of creating certain effects with music to suggest the mood of mystery, or insanity, or awe, and so forth.⁵

In the days of Queen Elizabeth I the musical instruments were clumsy, and undependable, and oftentimes out of tune with themselves. Their tonal quality left much to be desired. At that time, the reed instruments were not equipped with the convenient pad and lever system, and the brass instruments were not fitted with valves as they are today. The virginal, a piano-like instrument with steel strings but somewhat smaller than our modern piano, was by far the most popular musical instrument of the Elizabethan era. Mary, Queen of Scots, and even Queen Elizabeth played the virginal quite well. The clavichord was another popular musical instrument of this period. It closely resembled the virginal but had a much softer tonal quality. It differed from the virginal also in that its strings were not plucked but were struck.

The organ, although it had been in existence for some four centuries prior to the Elizabethan period, was still a long way from perfection. Organs usually had a set of short pipes, numbering from ten to fourteen, a bellows, a device for letting wind into the pipes, and a crude wooden keyboard.⁶ They were, of course, too expensive for the common people and were found only in churches and in the chapels of the nobility.

The stringed instruments of our own day have not undergone many changes since the days of the Elizabethan period except in name. What we now know as the cello was called the viol de gamba—the viol for the knee. The modern guitar is a descendant from the Elizabethan lute which was quite widely used both by the commoners and the nobility. Various combinations of viols (called consorts) were used to play a type of chamber music which was very much the vogue in the seventeenth century.

In Elizabethan times, the English horn, the hautboy (oboe), and the bassoon (all of which are double-reeded instruments), and drums were used to accompany marching troops. The sackbut (trombone) was used chiefly for fanfares and hunting calls. It had not yet found its way into "legitimate music." The recorder, an early wooden

flute, was often used in combination with the lute to accompany vocal groups.

In this period there were three distinct types of religious music. The first type, the mass, was composed of standard portions of the Catholic mass set to music. When the Catholic Church was denounced by Henry VIII, motets, the second type, were introduced. Motets, which are closely related to the modern anthem, were sacred texts, arranged in parts and set to music. They are usually sung in English. The third type, the magnificat, a Latin song of biblical derivation, was written in the same polyphonic style as the first two types mentioned above.

Usually, sacred music was performed in the churches and in the private chapels of the nobles. The royal chapel choirs of Queen Elizabeth were among the most outstanding religious groups of this period. Occasionally, religious music in the form of folk carols was sung by the common people during the Christmas season. Until the Elizabethan period, there was very little secular music throughout most of England. However, the suppression of the Catholic monasteries by Henry the Eighth scattered many musicians throughout the country and gave great impetus to a more popular appreciation of music in general.⁷

The common people developed their characteristic folk songs which celebrated love, hunting, drinking, and many other everyday experiences and pursuits. These folk songs were usually sung as a round or "catch," all voices singing the same melody but with different sections of the group taking up the song at different times, progressively. Besides folk music there was music for almost every occasion. Indeed, it was not at all uncommon for the barber shops of that period to provide the customers with a lute or a cittern for them to play while they waited for service.⁸

Music was no less popular with the nobles of this era. Most of the gentlemen memorized a number of madrigals and many of them played either the virginal or the lute. In addition to this personal participation in music, the nobles frequently hired professional musicians to play a cheerful pavane or a tuneful galliard, both popular dances of the day.

It was during this period that the true "amateur musician" came into being. The Harpsichord School which flourished from 1560 to 1620⁹ was comprised of both skilled amateur musicians and professional, who composed for the amateur musicians' guilds, or leagues, that were called *collegium musicum* (college of music)¹⁰ and which catered almost entirely to lower-class and middle-class audiences. Both amateur and professional groups played chamber music which is defined by Homer Ulrich as "... instrumental music written in

the larger forms for combinations ranging from two to ten players, having one player on a part, and designed to be heard in a small room or a chamber."¹¹

For centuries music had been used in royal courts to announce dignitaries and by armies to accompany marching troops, but it was not until the Elizabethan period that military bands, as such, were organized in England.

The growth and development of music in England during the Elizabethan period was greatly stimulated and given direction by William Byrd. His psalms, sonnets, and songs are widely studied until this day, though they are rarely sung. Although Byrd was rather versatile and composed various types of music, he is best known and most widely honored for his liturgical works. The only other composer who stood in the same company with Byrd in England during this period was one of Byrd's pupils, Thomas Morely. He, too, composed all types of music. He even wrote some incidental music for Shakespeare's plays. His chief claim to musical fame, however, lies in his numerous books on musical theory.

Considering the progress made during this period—the introduction of serious instrumental music, the improvement of musical instruments, the beginning of an instrumental musical style, the streamlining of vocal style, the conversion from crude tablatures to more modern musical notation—it is easy to understand why the Elizabethan period is often called the "golden age of English music."

1. Ulrich, Homer, *Chamber Music*, Columbia University Press, New York, 1945, p. 12.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
3. Finney, Theodore M., *A History of Music*, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1935, p. 160.
4. McElrath, Hugh T., *Elizabethan Music from 1550 to 1625* (personal interview).
5. Scholes, Percy A., and Erkhart, Will, *The First Book of the Great Musicians*, Oxford University Press, New York, 1931, Part II, p. 55.
6. Finney, *op. cit.*, p. 158.
7. Morely, Thomas A., *A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music*, J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London, 1952, p. xi.
8. McElrath, *op. cit.*
9. *Ibid.*
10. Ulrich, *op. cit.*, p. 18.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 8.
12. McElrath, *op. cit.*

— C L S —

Happiness is a state of going somewhere whole-heartedly without regret or reservation.

—William H. Seldon

Sir Walter Raleigh

The Typical Elizabethan

Frank Starks

Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, scientist, soldier, poet, historian, explorer, administrator, colonizer, free-thinker, was "a living example of the belief of his age that a man should develop all his potentialities and realize his whole personality."¹ It is not surprising that one biographer, F. Tupper, has compared him to Theodore Roosevelt.

Raleigh's favor at the Court of England supposedly began when, in order to attract the notice of the Queen, he spread his cloak over a puddle for her to walk upon. He is said to have scratched verses with a diamond upon a pane of glass in order to attract her attention. But cloak or no cloak, Raleigh pushed himself into notice; and, once noticed, his abilities were such as to insist upon recognition. He was knighted by Elizabeth, made Lieutenant of Cornwall, made Vice-Admiral of Cornwall and Devon, made Captain of the Guard, and made rich by her grants to him of monopolies in the licensing of wines, in the exporting of broadcloth, and in the control of the tin mines in the west country. At no time, however, was Raleigh an adviser in affairs of State.

Raleigh earned his reputation as a soldier and explorer by his efforts with the Huguenot army in France, and by his expeditions to Cadiz, Portugal, Guiana, the Azores, and America. In Virginia he was instrumental in colonization. In England he was twice arrested for dueling. In Ireland he was ruthless in suppressing rebellion.

While Warden of the Stannaries (tin mines) Raleigh exhibited great administrative ability. He increased the efficiency of the mines and was extremely fair to the miners. He introduced the use of tobacco and the cultivation of potatoes to England. He had a chemical laboratory where he invented a quack "elixir". He served twice in Parliament, where he was an advocate of religious toleration and a bold critic of fiscal and agrarian legislation. Raleigh was an active man and a man of broad interests.

There is much more to be said of Walter Raleigh than that he was a man of action. He was close to the intellectual life of his time and was zealous in seeking knowledge. David Lloyd said, "Five hours he slept, four he read, two he discoursed, allowing the rest to his business and necessities."² Raleigh was greatly interested in history, and his *History of the World* is one of the major achievements of his life. He spent years at the work. In its time his *History* was a great and original contribution to the study of man.

Raleigh was associated with the Society of Antiquaries, a histori-

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cal society of which he may have been a member. He delighted in surrounding himself with scholars. He patronized the mathematician Thomas Harriot for several years. He was influential in obtaining a pension and royal aid for Spenser so that he could finish the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*. He gave to the arts with his money and with his own talent in verse. He was in close association with Spenser, Marlowe, and Jonson, three of the great poets of his time.

Another side of Raleigh is the Raleigh of controversy. Walter Raleigh was a man of moral contradictions; he was "capable of being magnanimous, splendid, and honorable, as well as petty, ruthless, and hypocritical".³ He was constantly striving for money, position, and power for himself, yet he condemned this in others. Raleigh's motives were mixed, often tangled. For instance, the motive behind his colonization efforts could have been personal profit and power, desire to extend man's mastery over nature, nationalism, or simply the Elizabethan spirit of adventure.

At one time Raleigh was the most unpopular man in Europe because of his greed, haughtiness, and his alleged disbelief in religion. Many accused him of being an atheist, of conducting a "School of Atheism"; but close attention to Raleigh's own words clear him of the charge and suggest him to be a sincere and fundamentally orthodox Christian. Raleigh was associated with the "avant-garde" of the scientific movement which eventually broke down the medieval Christian attitude of mind. His haughtiness of manner, determination to question things, lack of restraint in expressing his opinions concealed from his contemporaries his genuine and profound piety. Science was still a suspect occupation in Raleigh's day—an impious prying into the secrets of Creation, an arrogant presumption, and a seeking for a power that God did not intend man to have. In Chapter Eleven of the first book of Raleigh's *History of the World* he includes a spirited defense of "lawful magic" as distinguished from black and devilish arts; a defense, in fact, of the fundamental piety of proper scientific investigation. Raleigh's beliefs were free from the theological conflicts to be expected in one who so enthusiastically fostered the new science. He believed that scientific knowledge might be used to confirm the truth of the miracles and mysteries of the Christian faith; but that when it conflicted with doctrines of the Bible, it should not be pressed further.

John Harrington was one of only a few of Raleigh's contemporaries who recognized that Raleigh was an independent thinker yet not a revolutionary in religion, and Harrington declares, "I think also that his heart is well fixed in every honest thing, as far as I can look into him".⁴

There remains yet one side of Sir Walter Raleigh to which we

shall turn. In addition to his *History* and his accounts of expeditions, voyages, and colonizing efforts, Raleigh achieved great stature as a poet and as a writer of meditative prose. His prose of action, consisting mostly of accounts and exploits in which he took part or had particular interest in, was not written as literary endeavor, but rather as letters to friends or as advertising for his colonization and exploration schemes. His prose of reflection consisted of many essays on political subjects. They were often tedious, derivative, inconsistent, and uninteresting. His *The Prerogative of Parliaments in England* was written to the King. To his son he wrote *Instructions to His Son and to Posterity*. Other notable works of Raleigh are *The Discovery of the Large and Beautiful Empire of Gulana*, *The Report of the Truth of the Fight About the Isles of the Azores*, *Today a Man, Tomorrow None*, *Judicious and Selected Essays and Observations*, *Observations Touching Trade and Commerce*, and *The History of the World*. His *History* was probably his greatest literary undertaking. It is referred to in *British Authors Before 1800* as "the first attempt in English at a unitary history of the world, treating all of the past as a whole, with its interrelations and correlations".⁵ History for Raleigh was not a story of romance, glory, or greatness; but rather a sad story of ambition, greed, lust, selfishness, and blindness.

Raleigh wrote voluminous court poetry, much of which has been lost. The authorship of much that is left is uncertain. About thirty short pieces survive in addition to *The Ocean to Cynthia*, a long poem of many books expressing devotion to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote the introductory sonnet to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, also. Since so much of Raleigh's poetry has been lost, it is difficult to determine how much he wrote or whether what we have represents his best work. According to *English Authors Before 1800*, "He was an indefatigable reader and few men so constantly engaged physically have found time to write so much".⁶

Raleigh's poetry was not highly imaginative, nor was it concerned with deep and subtle problems. Instead he used broad and general themes, such as: the transitoriness of life, the instability of happiness, and the impermanence of youth, time the destroyer, the vanity of desire, love betrayed, corruption in society—such were his themes. He was more turbulent and impulsive in his private poems and paid less attention to logic or grammar, but in his public poems there is a carefully ordered lucidity or argument and syntax. His poetry tends to be insistent and dogmatic; but though he was a powerful writer, he was a plain man's poet, writing about everyday life and what is permanent and factual.

Images stand out in Raleigh's poems because they are unusually specific and fanciful, yet in another poet they would seem plain enough.⁷ Such an image is in "The Lie", where the court "glows

and shines like rotten wood". This poem proclaims how all the world is corrupt and tainted. Raleigh shows himself to be something of a cynic in this attack upon the established customs of society. It is like a series of relentless sword thrusts. He says, in substance, "Go, Soul, upon a thankless errand, with truth as your authority, and give the lie. Tell the Church that it tells what is good, but does no good; potentates that they prosper from others' action; men of high estate that their purpose is ambition; law that it is but constant wrangling; arts that they have no soundness; the court that it is rotten underneath. Go, and give the lie to honor, beauty, wisdom, charity and faith."

"The Wood, the Weed, the Wag" was written by Raleigh as a warning note to his own son. In this poem he counsels his son that there are three things which grow well by themselves, but which mar each other when they meet. They are the wood, which is used for the gallows, the weed from whose fiber the hangman's bag is woven, and the wag such as his own son was, or any youth full of his oats. When they meet, the timber rots, the halter frays, and the youth chokes.

"The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd", Raleigh's most quoted poem, provides "the best as well as the most reasonable rejoinder"⁹ to Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love". Marlowe's shepherd's "Come live with me and be my love" offers every material enticement and physical joy that youth offers to youth. Raleigh bases his nymph's reply of refusal on the impermanence and untrustworthiness of youth. She tells him that his pretty clothes and poems will soon be forgotten and are "in folly ripe, in reason rotten". In the last stanza, which summarizes the poem, she says that if youth could last and love still be present, then, and only then, she might be moved to live with him and be his love.

Raleigh's poetry was highly praised by his contemporaries, and Ben Jonson called him "his father in literature". "And he was a true poet, 'most lofty, insolent, and passionate'",¹⁰ was said in the *Arte of English Poesie*. Edwards calls him not one of the greatest poets, but he ranks him high among the poets of his day.

Edwards ranks Raleigh even higher as a writer of prose than as a poet, however. He says, "Though his prose cannot show Nasbe's exuberance, Hooker's grace, or the terseness of Bacon's essays, it surges, sweeps the reader on for sentence after sentence on a succession of subtly varying cadences".¹⁰

The Last Fight of the Revenge was Raleigh's first published work in prose and concerns an action in which he took no part. It is an account of the last battle of *The Revenge*, which was fought against

a Spanish armada. *The Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, the vice-admiral of the small English fleet which included the *Revenge*.

The battle took place in the fall of 1591, near the Azores, where the English were lying in wait for the Spanish treasure ships from the Indies. When the fleet received the news of the approach of Spanish warships, all ships but the *Revenge* set sail to flee. Grenville vowed he had rather die than to dishonor himself, his country, or his Majesty's ship; and he sailed into the midst of the Spanish squadrons. *The Revenge* was laid aboard by ship after ship all through the afternoon and night; but she fought them all off, inflicting heavy damages, until Grenville himself had been wounded, forty of the crew killed, all the power expended, and the *Revenge* reduced to water level. Grenville commanded the master gunner to split and sink the ship so that no glory or victory might remain for the Spaniards. The Captain of the ship and the majority of the remaining crew resisted him in this, declaring that the ship would soon sink anyway.

The Spaniards greatly admired the valor of the English and gave them favorable terms of surrender. Their lives were spared and the company sent to England. Grenville, wounded in the body and head, was taken aboard the *General* and, though given excellent care, he died the third day aboard. Raleigh said of Grenville that the comfort which remained to his friends and family was "that he hath ended his life honorably and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor".

The versatility of Sir Walter Raleigh points to the ideal of his age that the courtier or "complete gentleman" should strive to fulfill all the functions open to a man. He was not a model of Christian behavior. He was never officially a statesman. But he did demonstrate his capacity for excellence in many spheres.

Edwards says, "It is hard to think of any one person who better embodies the various elements, the conflicts and contradictions of old beliefs and new attitudes, who better sums up in himself the inimitable imagination of this period of stress that we call the Renaissance in England, than Sir Walter Raleigh. He is the ideal Renaissance case-history."¹¹

In *British Authors Before 1800* it is said of him, "If there could be but one completely typical Englishman of the Age of Elizabeth, it would be Sir Walter Raleigh."¹²

1. Edwards, Philip, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, Longmans, Green, & Company, London, 1953, p. 48
2. *Ibid.*, p. 48
3. *Ibid.*, p. 172

4. Ibid. p. 63
5. Raleigh, Sir Walter, *British Authors Before 1800*, 1952, p. 428
6. Ibid. p. 428
7. Edwards, *op. cit.*, p. 80
8. Untermeyer, Louis, "Marlowe, Christopher," *A Treasury of Great Poems*, Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York, 1955, p. 321
9. Sir Walter Raleigh, Also, *The Arte of English Poesie*, *op. cit.* p. 428
10. Edwards, *op. cit.*, p. 174
11. Ibid., pp. 46-47
12. "Sir Walter Raleigh", *op. cit.*, p. 428

—————

The heart has reasons which the reason does not know.
—Paschal

— C L S —

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
—Emerson

— C L S —

No man ever thinks—unless he has to.
—John Dewey

— C L S —

Patrons

Sharon Applebaum	Albert Chandler
Kim Babcock	"Charlie"
Patti Berg	Douglas K. Clay
Jane Berry	Jacks Conlan
Mr. and Mrs. A. Bertoli	Linda Davis
Honey Bessire	Sissy Davis
Mr. and Mrs. John Black	Caroline Danby
David Brooks	Judy Deck
Ann Burks	Carole Deck
Lee Burstyn	Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Dennis
Caren Campbell	Dick Dennis

"Our Town" The Nonconformist

Fred Karem

A comparison of the "peculiarities" of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" with Francis Beaumont's The Knight of the Burning Pestle and with Chinese play performance.

When Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" first appeared in 1938, many Americans were amazed at its unconventional manner of presentation. However, although Wilder's method was unprecedented in American drama, the Chinese had successfully used a similar one since the thirteenth century.¹ A more recent example which employed "peculiar" characters resembling those of "Our Town" was Francis Beaumont's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, a play written during the Elizabethan Period. Wilder's mode of staging, although not conforming to the usual trend, was definitely not unique.

It is only because "Our Town" employs "no painted houses"² that Wilder has so excellently depicted a few days in the life of some typical New England citizens as those days were lived near the beginning of the nineteenth century.³ Since a curtain is not used, early arrivals in the audience observe a nearly bare stage, without the slightest trace of scenery. A man is calmly arranging the few simple tables and chairs which, in addition to two rose trellises, two stepladders, some stools, and a board, are the only other properties used throughout the entire play. When "Our Town" begins, the man casually sets the scene, tells the audience what the visible properties represent, and points out where the invisible properties are located. Through this man's descriptions and the audience's use of its imagination, Groves Corners comes to life; "without any properties except two rose trellises he (Wilder) brings to us the wind-blown hills, the well-plowed fields and the quiet security of Groves Corners in New Hampshire."⁴

Wilder brings the Stage Manager from backstage and makes him an integral part of the play. The jobs of this stage Manager are many for, besides setting the scene, he introduces the other characters, describes happenings, comments on the play as it proceeds, and even assumes various parts during the performance. The Stage Manager selects the scenes which he wants the audience to see, and he politely stops the action and asks the actors to depart after the desired effect has been transferred to the audience.

Wilder employs the technique of placing actors in the audience to his advantage. The Stage Manager conducts a question-and-answer session between the three actors situated throughout the audience—the woman in the balcony, the tall man at the back of the auditorium, the lady in a box—and the two members of the cast on the stage—

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Prof. Willard and Mr. Webb—who have just given a few facts about Grovers Corners.

There are three other evident "peculiar" aspects of "Our Town." The first is the representation of the Dead in Act Three as actors who sit facing the audience on chairs. The Dead converse with each other and with the Stage Manager, discussing life and the people in it. Another departure from the customary play procedure is the exit of the Newlyweds at the conclusion of Act Two. Instead of going off the stage into the wings, George and Emily descend into the auditorium and run up the aisle. The third irregularity in the staging of "Our Town" is the great use of pantomime by the actors, such as when the wives prepare breakfast, or when the boy delivers newspapers, or when the Stage Manager fixes George and Emily sodas.

"Our Town" and Chinese play performance have many similarities, a major one being that the scenery which was missing in Wilder's play is considered by the Chinese as "a silly and unnecessary bother."⁵ Their plays are presented on a plain platform with a painted background for the entrance and exits of the actors and, like "Our Town," without a curtain. A curtain is superfluous since Chinese plays are "non-climactic,"⁶ being an endless succession of brief acts. The Chinese also only use simple objects which serve imaginatively as properties. The chairs used to represent the kitchens of the two families in "Our Town" would signify hills in Chinese play performance; George climbing the ladder to reach his room would represent an actor climbing to heaven.

The actor in the Chinese theatre is a marvel himself. Until recently, there was no mixing of sexes in casts, and the men played the parts of women in plays. The actors wear masks and their lavish and astonishing costumes are all unrealistic. Certain distinguishing marks tell the audience who an actor is: a white chalk face signifies a villain, a streaked face indicates a robber, and strips of paper hanging from the right ear denote a dead person who has returned for an appearance. Since there is a symbolic meaning for every gesture made and a different method of acting for each type of character, the actor must undergo extensive training because it is his responsibility to be able to "fight a duel with an imaginary opponent, using imaginary weapons, fall dead, then rise and walk off the stage in such a manner as to make it quite clear to the audience that his body is being carried away by four bearers!"⁷

The two most important characters in a Chinese play are the Property Man and the "chorus."⁸ The Property Man, completely dressed in black, is supposed to be invisible to the audience. He very obviously wanders around the stage, helping an actor take off his

coat, moving a stool into the proper position, and doing everything he can to help the actors. The Chinese "chorus" is a single actor who appears frequently to explain the pantomime of the players or to moralize upon their conduct either in song or with an informal speech. Wilder combines the Chinese Property Man and the "chorus" into one character, the Stage Manager.

Everything connected with the Chinese play performance has a definite purpose. Properties, costumes, actions—all are based on conventions. The shrill, unmelodic, and endless music is as meaningful as the play itself. The dialogue is spoken or acted to its rhythm. In "Our Town," music such as "Blest Be the Tie that Binds" also adds to the meaning of the play.

One must use his imagination if he hopes fully to understand the acting of the Chinese players and the poetic descriptive passages of their play. A viewer of "Our Town" must create a mental picture of Grovers Corners in order that he may follow Wilder's words which approach poetry.

The twentieth century "Our Town" has a few things in common with *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, a play written during the first years of the seventeenth century by Francis Beaumont. Beaumont's play is a comedy in which a grocer's apprentice leaves the audience and performs noble deeds in the play to satisfy his employer and his employer's wife.⁹

The Prologue in the Induction of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* resembles the Stage Manager at the beginning of Act One in "Our Town." Both set the scene of their respective plays and converse with members of the audience; however, the Prologue's job is completed after the Induction.

The major similarity between the two plays is the usage of actors planted in the audience by both authors. The three actors who ask questions in "Our Town" have minor parts, but the citizen and his wife in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* even leave the audience, ascend to the stage where they sit on stools with other prominent spectators, and become an essential part of the play.

On the stage, the citizen and his wife assume many of the powers possessed by Wilder's Stage Manager. They select scenes in which the citizen's apprentice appears; the Stage Manager chooses scenes which reveal life in Grovers Corners to the audience. The citizen and his wife interrupt the action in their play and comment on what they have seen; the Stage Manager ends certain scenes when they have served their purpose. The other actors in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* "freeze" during the conversations between the citizen and his wife in the same manner as the other actors in "Our Town"

"freeze" whenever the Stage Manager remarks on the play to the audience.

A final similarity in the staging of the two plays lies in their divisions. "Our Town" is divided into three acts which do not contain scenes. Although the sets of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* now are divided into scenes, the old editions of the play divided it into acts only.¹⁰

As the previous pages have shown, Wilder radically departed from the traditions of the American theatre in presenting "Our Town" to his country. For this reason, many phases of his play seem "peculiar." But his purpose was to reveal to the audience a village which could be located in any part of the United States, and this was the manner in which he chose to accomplish his aim. Alexander Dean gave the best reason for Wilder's unconventionality when he said, "The world has no three-wall limitation, and neither could 'Our Town' have."¹¹ Wilder's usage of actors placed in the audience and of the Stage Manager as the main character resembles Beaumont's manipulations in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. The Stage Manager, no scenery, and few properties make "Our Town" similar to a play produced in a Chinese theatre. All these things—"Our Town's" departure from tradition, its resemblance to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* and to Chinese play performance, and its wonderful story-combined to win the Pulitzer Prize for Thornton Wilder and "Our Town."

1. Martha Fletcher Bellinger, *A Short History of the Drama*, (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1927), p. 103.
2. Alexander Dean, *Our Town on the Stage*, *Yale Review*, Summer 1938, 27:838.
3. Thornton Niven Wilder, *Our Town*, (New York: Coward, 1938).
4. E. Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt, *The Drama*, *Catholic World*, March, 1938, 146:729.
5. Kate Buss, *Studies in the Chinese Drama*, (New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, 1930), p. 73.
6. Edmund Fuller, *A Pageant of the Theatre*, (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1941), p. 49.
7. Fuller, *op. cit.*, p. 47.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 47.
9. C. F. Tucker Brooke and Nathaniel Burton, Eds., *English Drama*, pp. 688-722.
10. Brooke and Paradise, eds., p. 688.
11. Dean, *Yale Review*, p. 836.

— C L S —

An ounce of good deeds is worth a ton of good intentions.

— C L S —

No man knows how good he is except himself.

—West African Proverb

CHEVALIER: Old Grads

ALUMNI

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

OLD GRADS LIST

REMARKS CONCERNING COLLEGES



1959 The Pegasus

Alumni '58

Rob Beard '58

Rob is now at Williams College in Massachusetts.



Brooks Brown '58

Brooks is now attending Georgia Institute of Technology.

Bruce Miller '58

Bruce, a past president, editor, secretary, and still a fair golfer, is attending Vanderbilt.



Roger Peoples '58

Roger is a freshman at the University of Kentucky where he is pledging Phi Delta Theta.

Jim Thomas '58

Jim is going to the University of Louisville.



Harry Armpits '58

Harry, who did not make it to college this year, is still at the Greendale Corrective Institution.

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Alumni '57

WALTER DRAPER, '57

Walt, president in '57, is a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy.

LEON GLEAVES, '57

Leon is a sophomore at the University of Louisville where he is a member of the A.F.R.O.T.C.

PETER LIBBY, '57

Peter is attending Duke University where he is in the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

RYDER MCNEAL, '57

Ryder is majoring in economics at Kenyon College where he is a member of Alpha Delta Theta.

JON MUMFORD, '57

John is a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. He has made the Dean's list and is a member of the debate team.

DOUG OWEN, '57

Doug is a sophomore at Centre College and a member of Beta Theta Phi.

MORRY SHEERAN, '57

Morry is a student at Dartmouth University where he is in Sigma Chi.

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Alumni '56

CHARLIE CARDEN, '56

President in '56, Charlie is attending the University of Kentucky where he is pledging Phi Delta Theta.

BOB GIESLER, '56

Bob is a junior at the University of Kentucky where he is a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity.

BILL SHUMANN, '56

Bill is at the University of Kentucky where he is in Phi Delta Theta.

KENNY SIMPSON, '56

The ole pro is now a junior at Centre where he is a member of Beta Theta Phi.

LARRY SMITH, '56

President in '55½, Larry is at the University of Kentucky.

TOM YOUNG, '56

Tom is majoring in commerce at the University of Kentucky where he is in Phi Delta Theta.

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President's Page

1948.....	Donald Walker
1948½.....	John Broffitt
1949.....	Theodore Guiglia
1949½.....	Raymond Glass
1950.....	William Stephens
1950½.....	Robert First
1951.....	Joseph Myers
1951½.....	Richard Holt
1952.....	John Carpenter
1952½.....	David Chadwick
1953.....	Bernard Sams
1953½.....	Jack Thompson
1954.....	Donald Carmichael
1954½.....	Stephen Issacs
1955.....	Henry Faurest
1955½.....	Lawrence Smith
1956.....	Charles Carden
1956½.....	Peter Libby
1957.....	Walter Draper
1957½.....	Bruce Miller
1958.....	Robinson Beard
1958½.....	Fred Karem
1959.....	Peter Myll

Old Grads

Arriernburn, Burris.....	'49	Lindenmeyer, James.....	'55
Baughman, Robert.....	'55	Long, Jack.....	'55
Bosung, Robert.....	'49	Long, Barney.....	'57
Beard, Robison.....	'58	Long, Earl.....	'58
Brassfield, Robert.....	'52	Lutes, Charles.....	'57
Brown, Brooks.....	'58	Mann, Horace.....	'49
Byck, Daniel.....	'54	Mayhall, Wendell.....	'50
Carden, Charles.....	'56	McIver, Dudley.....	'57
Carmichael, Donald.....	'54	McNeal, Ryder.....	'57
Carpenter, John.....	'52	Miller, Bruce.....	'58
Chadwick, David.....	'53	Minish, Tad.....	'56
Cootes, Paul.....	'52	Morton, Eugene.....	'52
Cole, William.....	'50	Mumford, John.....	'57
Cornell, William.....	'58	Myers, Joseph.....	'51
Daniels, Kenneth.....	'52	O'Bannon, Earl.....	'52
Dillon, Harry.....	'53	Owen, Douglas.....	'57
Donley, James.....	'54	Peege, Richard.....	'53
Dorton, William.....	'48	Peleski, Leo.....	'48
Draper, Walter.....	'57	Peoples, Roger.....	'58
Easterly, Thomas.....	'58	Polhill, Mae.....	'51
Faurest, Henry.....	'55	Proffitt, John.....	'49
First, Robert.....	'51	Rinehart, Jack.....	'49
Fish, William.....	'51	Roos, Louis.....	'57
Giesler, Robert.....	'56	Sams, Bernard.....	'53
Glass, Kenneth.....	'52	Scheirich, Joseph.....	'52
Glass, Raymond.....	'51	Semonin, William.....	'48
Glaves, Leon.....	'57	Shackelton, Robert.....	'54
Gray, James.....	'49	Shaver, Thomas.....	'54
Groves, Robert.....	'57	Sheehan, Morry.....	'57
Grubbs, William.....	'55	Shumann, William.....	'56
Guiglia, Theodore.....	'49	Shumann, Noel.....	'54
Hayes, Buddy.....	'56	Simpson, Kenneth.....	'56
Harr, Conrad.....	'48	Smith, Lawrence.....	'56
Hertzfeld, Robert.....	'51	Stephens, William.....	'50
Holt, Richard.....	'52	Sumner, William.....	'53
House, William.....	'49	Sutherland, Bonnie.....	'58
Hunt, Jack.....	'54	Swindler, Benjamin.....	'49
Issacs, Steven.....	'55	Thomas, James.....	'58
Jaegers, Kenneth.....	'53	Thompson, Jack.....	'54
Jaegers, Eugene.....	'57	Vance, Lecker.....	'54
Jones, Douglas.....	'51	Vandertoll, Ronald.....	'51
Jones, Howard.....	'51	Walker, Donald.....	'48
Knight, John.....	'52	Walker, Orion.....	'51
Koch, George.....	'48	Walkley, Thomas.....	'54
Koons, Lawrence.....	'56	Wells, Rondey.....	'54
Kremer, Eugene.....	'55	Whittier, Ronald.....	'50
Krueger, Carl.....	'49	Willoughby, Elliot.....	'51
Layne, Bruce.....	'55	Wilson, Jack.....	'49
Libby, John.....	'58	Young, Thomas.....	'56
Libby, Peter.....	'57		

Duke University



Peter Libby, '57

Duke University, which was founded in 1838 as Union Institute, got its present name in 1924. In 1925 the Women's College or East Campus was completely rebuilt. West Campus, the Men's College, was started in 1927 and finished in 1930. The University got its original backing from the Methodist Church and has been a Methodist affiliated institution ever since. The symbol of the University is the beautiful Gothic styled church at the head of the main quadrangle.

The University is located at Durham, North Carolina, a city of some 80,000. The school offers the student body every possible extra curricular activity. Usually, however, it also offers the students enough class work to keep them from participating in these outside activities. The academic work is about the same as in any other ranking institution—hard. A big time athletic program adds to the national prestige of Duke.

Such social events as homecoming, "Dad's Weekend," and the "Shoe and Slipper" in the fall, along with "Joe College" and the beach weekends in the spring add color and relaxation from regular every day routine. Fraternities, which are somewhat restricted by the administration—there are no fraternity houses — are still a fruitful source for gaining friends and intensifying school spirit.

The University itself is composed of the Women's College, Trinity College, and the College of Engineering. Practically all classes are co-educational on the undergraduate level, with the student body representing every state and many foreign countries. I suppose all of the thirty-six hundred undergraduates have their "pet peeves," but, nevertheless, all of them are proud to say they go to Duke.

The United States Military Academy



John Mumford, '57

The United States Military Academy at West Point was established in 1802 for the purpose of training officers to serve in the Army. In its one hundred and fifty-seven years of existence the Military Academy has graduated more than 22,000 officers of the United States Army. It numbers among its graduates many of the nation's presidents.

The Military Academy seeks to develop the cadet in three major fields. These are mental, moral, and physical. It is felt that these are the essential, inherent qualities of a good officer and man.

West Point's academic system is unique. Cadets are divided into 12-15 man sections for each course on the basis of individual merit in a particular subject. A cadet is required to prepare the day's assignment in advance without help from an instructor. He recites in class every day and receives a grade on the basis of this recitation. At graduation the cadet receives a bachelor of science degree. This year West Point produced five Rhodes Scholars.

The cadet's moral training is based upon the West Point Honor Code and Honor System. The Cadet Honor Code states simply that, "A cadet shall not lie, cheat, nor steal." Any violation of this code results in separation from the Corps of Cadets. The Honor System is the method of administering this code. The responsibility for the Honor System rests principally upon a committee of twenty-four first classmen who comprise the Cadet Honor Committee. It is this committee which rules on all matters of interpretation of the Honor Code.

The West Point physical development program is the responsibility of the Department of Physical Education. Each cadet receives a four-year course of instruction in physical education. The course includes instruction in boxing, wrestling, swimming, gymnastics, handball, squash, basketball, golf, and tennis. Each cadet company sponsors intramural teams which compete in nineteen sports in the course of a year. In addition, the Army Athletic Association sponsors intercollegiate teams which compete in seventeen sports. The 1953 intercollegiate football team was undefeated and produced three All American players.

West Point has one of the most concentrated courses of instruction of any educational institution. Cadets are qualified in every subject ranging from operation of the most modern weapons of warfare to elementary psychology. West Point is recognized as the finest military academy in the world and one of which our nation may be justly proud.

Vanderbilt University



Bruce Miller, '58

It is time for the students of this country to take their bearings. The abrupt advancement in the Russian educational system confronts both the student generation and the advanced educational institutions of our time with a difficult challenge. One of the major problems which the student faces is the choice of an institution in which to further his education. Each type of educational institution has advantages that may be cited, and each has its limitations. If the older colleges are bound by tradition, the younger ones lack

experience and historic growth. The State schools are liable to political interference while ecclesiastical foundations are in danger of being narrow.

My choice after much deliberation, a year ago, was Vanderbilt University, of Nashville, Tennessee. Here are the reasons for my choice.

Among the brightest signs of a vigorous university is a zeal for the advancement of learning. Upon my initial visit to the beautiful campus in central Tennessee, I found a prevailing atmosphere that lent itself to the free pursuit of knowledge. The traditional English architecture reminded me forcibly of such outstanding educational institutions as Cambridge, and Harvard, and Oxford, and Bologna. I felt within myself a deep yearning for wisdom and understanding.

But I was vitally interested in much more than the physical properties of the school I was about to enter. I was concerned about the teachers who would guide me in my studies. Glancing at the list of instructors I was astonished to discover that every professor was required to have a Ph.D. degree in his chosen field.

It is the function of a university not only to acquaint its students with the facts of history, and science, and culture but to present these facts in a modern, timely, and intelligent way and to interpret them accurately. I found that the illustrious faculty at Vanderbilt was fully qualified to do this. The university president, a Rhodes scholar, and the holder of a Phi Beta Kappa key, has the distinction of being listed as one of the ten most intelligent, native Americans.

The spirit of Vanderbilt is captured by a plaque in the athletic office bearing the famous words of the late Grantland Rice, an alumnus:

*When the Great Scorer comes
To mark against your name,
It matters not whether you won or lost
But how you played the game.*

In textbooks, libraries, courses of study, methods of discipline, the qualifications of teachers, the value of rewards, honors and examinations, the voice of a truly great university will be heard. I heard this voice at Vanderbilt. A man of varied experience in educational affairs once said that a great university should be "the best place for education, the greatest machine for research, and the most delicious retreat for learned leisure."

Although Vanderbilt has no "Big O," or "Wilt the Stilt," or "John Cox," no record of eighteen consecutive Southeastern Conference basket-ball championships, no forty-six-game winning streak in football, no all-time Americans or "man in the brown suit" tradi-

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tions, it does have an educational program that I believe is unparalleled in our country. I chose Vanderbilt because in it I found an institution in which I could mature spiritually, morally, and mentally into a well-developed man so I could face the world and say

I have gained for myself a "real education" and now I challenge anyone to deprive me of it.

*The world is too much with us,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.*

—Wordsworth

—C L S—

Character is the power and the unselfishness with which one behaves.

—Ligon

—C L S—

Patrons

Elizabeth Anne Dennis	Carol Gatterdam
Mr. and Mrs. W. Paul Dodge	Nancy Goepper
Will Dowden	Adrian Gooch
Suzanne Dudley	Jackie Gornall
Larry Edge	Jenny Graves
Carol Eggenpiller	Channie Gray
Judy Faucette	Hannah Hallerberg
Milton Freiberg	Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Hargadon
A friend	Lois Holmann
A friend	Bill Houston
From Friends	Anne Jacobson
Jim Fuller	Sharie Johnson

CHEVALIER:

PHOTO FEATURE
FEATURE STORY
BOOK REVIEW
HISTORY
PLEDGE
OFFICERS' PAGES
CARTOONS
VITAL STATISTICS
EDITORIAL
SNAPSHOTS
FAMILY PAGE

**And
Now
It's
Your
Pleasure**



For Us To Present Us !!!

Chevalier

PHOTO FEATURE



In response to numerous requests Chevalier has once again delved into the annals of sports lore to intensify the ever-mounting teenage interest in the ubiquitous sport of basketball. We have this year supplemented our exclusives on THE GREAT SNOW BALL FIGHT and THE GREAT GOLF MATCH with these revealing pictures of

THE GREAT BASKETBALL GAME



C.L.S. ANTHEM
BOTH TEAMS MAKE A REVERENT PAUSE AS THE MELODIC STRAINS OF THE C.L.S. ANTHEM DRIFT OVER THE SHINY HARDWOOD. (NOTE "EASY" WATSON ALLIGER, THE ONLY REFEREE WITH A HEART.)



THE "GOODS"

THE HIGHLY-REGARDED "GOODS" SNAP THROUGH THEIR PRE-GAME DRILLS. (ACTUALLY THESE ARE THE "CLODS" WHO WOULDN'T GO ALONG WITH THE GAG.)



THE "BADS"

THE POORLY COACHED, BUT DETERMINED, BADS EXPERIMENT WITH THE NEW "BLIMP" OFFENSE.

CHEVALIER



PRE-GAME HUDDLE

HAVING LOOSINED UP WITH EYE-FLEXES AND FINGER BENDS, THE "BADS" BEGIN THE GAME.



TIP-OFF

AFTER "EASY" POINTS OUT THAT THEY HAVE BEGUN THE WRONG GAME, THE "BADS" PRE-FARE FOR THE TOSS.



54-QUICK
AFTER GRABBING THE TIP-OFF STARKS DRIVES FOR A LAY-UP, USING HIS INTERFERENCE TO HIS UTMOST ADVANTAGE.



FOUL PLAY ON FOUL SHOT
EVER-EAGER WOLFE MAKES A PREMATURE ATTEMPT TO TIP-IN McCALL'S ANGEW CHARITY TOSS.



HEAVE HO
STUDENT-MANAGER STUEDGON BANISHES DESPONDENT WOLFE FROM THE CONTEST.



SNOWBIRD BACKFIRES
AFTER SUSTAINING SEVERE HEAD INJURY "CHESTY" CHARLEY CHANEY, MISTAKENLY GUARDS HIS TEAMMATE.

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THE ONLY WAY KAREM CAN SCORE

KAREM MAKES USE OF HIS EDUCATED TOE IN AN ATTEMPT TO CONVERT THE TECHNICAL FOUL INCURRED BY "CHESTY."



HAVOC

DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF INNUMERABLE Hordes OF "BADS" KAREM TALLIES.

CHEVALIER

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AT IT AGAIN

THE "BADS," NOW THOROUGHLY DISCOURAGED, RESUME THE MORE POPULAR GAME OF CHANCE.



BEDLAM AND CHAOS

"EASY" AFTER A FEW BAD CALLS, ENCOUNTERS DIFFICULTY AT MIDCOURT, THUS ENDING THE GAME.

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CHEVALIER

FEATURE STORY

A Brilliant Fool

My name is Bill Pulaski. I have a story to tell; a tale of perfect irony. I am not sure where to begin relating my troublesome adventures. Maybe I should begin at the inception of my senior year at Farmington High School. Yes, indeed, that is where I will start my story . . .

In the first place, Bill Pulaski has never been known as an athlete, nor is he interested in many extracurricular activities. The boys' chorus is about the only school-sponsored organization in which I participated. To be perfectly honest, there is only one field in which I truly excel—grades. I have always been pretty good at school work. Due to a late start in school work which allowed me more time for mental development and maturity, I have always been able to stay at the top of my class scholastically. Yet, I don't boast about my grades nor do I look down upon athletes. The fact is that there are some people who are endowed with special mental abilities while others are gifted with athletic abilities. That's what makes the world go round.

Now, take Chuck Cones, for example. Chuck is my best friend and also the best athlete at Farmington High. He excels in everything: football, basketball, golf, tennis, swimming. You name it; he can do it better than you. Chuck and I have known each other since grade school and two entirely different sets of interest haven't hindered our friendship at all. Oh yes, Chuck and I do differ noticeably in one respect: it seems that Chuck is always so involved in sports activities that he has no time for girls. But I do.

In my opinion girls rate equal with grades, even higher. Yet I don't have too much luck with them. They go for Chuck though. I guess that any girl in school would swoon if Chuck were to ask her for a date. But he never does. Consequently he never has any troubles. But I do.

My biggest headaches began about six weeks before mid-term grade cards. I was walking into the lunch room a little late because I had stopped to talk with my chemistry teacher after class. Very few people were buying their lunches so I quickly filled my plate, paid for the meal, and started looking for a seat. All of the tables were full and I couldn't get a seat with Chuck or any other of my close friends.

Fate must have been guiding my steps that day for, when I walked

over to a less crowded corner of the room I got an eyeful. Sitting alone at one of the tables with her head resting lightly on her propped-up elbows was the most beautiful girl that Bill Pulaski had ever seen. Her hair gave the appearance of spun gold, flowing gracefully down to her beautifully wrought shoulders. Her complexion was perfect and I could see at a glance that she did not have to depend upon cosmetics. A graceful Greek nose was placed exactly where it should have been—on her face between her eyes; and her eyes—they were more bewitching, more exotic than the eyes of a cat in the moonlight.

Let it never be said that Bill Pulaski passed up a chance like this. Within seven seconds, I had seated myself at the table, introduced myself, and begun a conversation.

"What's your name?" I wanted to fire out questions like bullets from a machine-gun—address, telephone number—but I managed to speak calmly and deliberately.

"Marilyn Hester," she returned. I thought to myself that she was another Miss Monitor.

"You're new here at school, aren't you?" I queried hopefully.

"Yes, it's my first day," she replied, and added, "I haven't met any people yet."

"Well, you're meeting me now. I'm people."

"Oh, I know; I mean I haven't made any friends here."

"What do you mean?" I asked indignantly, "I'm your friend."

"How nice! Shall we dance?"

"Now, wait a minute," I warned. "I'm not trying to be fresh. I am just trying to be friendly. You looked so lonesome over here."

My thoughts weren't concerned about how cutting she was. A spark of love was beginning to kindle within me. This might be *the* girl.

"How long will you be in town?" I inquired, hoping that she would be around for a long, long time.

"Oh, I probably won't be here more than six months," she answered. Her answer sounded as though it had been practiced over and over again. "My father is a civil engineer in the State Highway construction crew. His job takes him all over the state and my mother and I like to travel with him. My name is on the roster of about twenty-seven different schools."

I must admit that I was becoming strangely attracted to this girl, but then Marilyn said something that rocked me out of my seat. I was so startled that I dropped my salad-plate in the soup bowl.

"Listen," she said, "I've got to find some boy here to go steady

1959 The Pegasus

with until Dad leaves again. Can you help me?"

You can imagine how stunned I was. So that is the kind of girl she is, I thought to myself; an extremely egotistical social climber. But somehow I overlooked her brash approach and asked myself why that boy shouldn't be me. There seemed to be no good reason so I put the question to her.

"What about me?" I stammered hopefully.

"I don't know," she replied rather directly, "what about you? You see, I realize how beautiful I am, and I just don't want to waste my time on just anybody."

She paused for a moment and then she asked, "What are your qualifications? Are you good at sports?"

I stammered a minute and then meekly explained that my athletic ability was quite definitely sub-par.

"What about money, or a car? Do you drive?" she went on.

Again she had me stymied. I had to tell her that my family didn't live in a very expensive neighborhood and that we could only afford one car—a 1949 bucket of bolts. You can see how stupidly honest I am.

"Then what do you have to offer?" she asked quite pointedly.

"I make good grades," I offered hopefully.

"Is that all? Do you expect me to go out with you just because you make good grades?" she smirked.

"But I make the best grades in the school," I snapped.

"Prove it," she fired back.

About now I started to ask myself if she was worth it but then I took one look at that beautiful defiant lower lip and I knew that she was.

"You'll have to wait until the end of the semester," I explained.

"I can't wait that long," she complained, "you will just have to find someone else for me until you can prove it."

My mind started whirling. I shouldn't let this girl get away. Yet, how could I keep her in "cold storage" until the report cards came out? Suddenly I had an inspiration, Chuck! Good old Chuck! If I could coax him into keeping Marilyn until mid-term, my problems would be over.

The next day I spoke to Chuck after school.

"Chuck, I've got a proposition to make to you."

"What about?" said the verbose Chuck.

"A girl," I said laconically.

"No thanks Bill," was Chuck's immediate retort.

"Now, listen Chuck," I pleaded, "think what I've done for you. Who lets you copy his homework every night? Who tutored you to keep you eligible for the basketball squad? Who has been your best friend for the past eleven years?"

"O.K. Bill," Chuck assented.

"Thanks, a lot buddy," I effervesced. "Now here's what I want you to do." . . .

So for the next six weeks Chuck and Marilyn went to all of the school dances together, all of the sock-hops, and all of the parties. In fact, I was getting a little worried that Chuck was going overboard on this "togetherness" bit. Marilyn's eyes gleamed a little too brightly when Chuck came on to the football field or the basketball court. Chuck seemed a little too inspired by Marilyn's presence at the games. But I still had faith in good old Chuck's loyalty.

The day for the final examinations finally came and I walked proudly to school. As soon as the tests were over, I could claim Marilyn. I met Chuck on the way.

"Well, Chuck," I boasted, "after today I get Marilyn."

"I don't think so," drawled the verbose Chuck, "Marilyn and I have been talking it over and we have decided that we'll stay together."

"Oh now, don't joke, Chuck," I begged, "that isn't funny."

"I'm not being funny, Bill. Marilyn and I have decided."

I was shocked. I was crushed. I couldn't think straight. When I went in to take the exams I couldn't even remember Washington's first name. I failed miserably.

My parents were terribly puzzled and, after learning the reason for my failure, terribly angry.

I was mad at Chuck. For a time I was mad. Then I realized that I would probably have done the same thing had I been placed in his position. There comes a time when every boy takes a liking to the

girls. The spell had come over Chuck at the wrong time as far as I was concerned.

Marilyn was a terribly jealous girl and somehow she got the idea that Chuck was becoming interested in Lou Ann Giffen, a Farmington High cheerleader. Since Marilyn had not been in Farmington long enough to cultivate any respect for the school, she defaced all of the portraits in the building. Then, she purposely dropped Lou Ann's sorority pen by the portraits to make it appear that Lou Ann was the vandal.

The next morning the school was in an uproar. A mass meeting of the student body was called and Lou Ann was embarrassed before the entire school. Lou Ann was called to the stage. She was crying hysterically. A crucial point was reached in the questioning when Lou Ann denied everything and declared that she knew who the culprit was. I did too but I couldn't bear to see Marilyn laughed out of town. For some reason I jumped to my feet and shouted that I was the guilty person. Everyone was speechless—even Lou Ann, thank goodness.

The news spread like wildfire. Before I knew exactly what had happened I had been expelled from school and had lost all my friends.

Now you know who the brilliant fool is. Imagine, this all happened when I met a pretty girl in the cafeteria. My mind was again in a whirl. I didn't know why I had done it but I imagined I had helped Marilyn. She seemed to think so too. She called me.

"Bill, I want to see you right away." Her voice oozed out of the receiver like honey from a honeycomb.

I flew to her house. When I reached her front porch, she met me with a smile that would have melted the heart of an ogre.

"Bill, I know what you did for me," she purred. "I can't tell you how thankful I am. No one has ever been so nice to me before. Chuck would never have done a thing like that. I'll start going with you if you'll have me."

Again, my mind was whirling only, this time, it was rising in spirals and not just a chaotic mass.

I hopped lightly down the street toward home, undoubtedly the happiest, and the dumbest, boy in the world. When I reached home, my parents were standing in the doorway.

My father spoke words of wisdom. "Bill Pulaski, you are a disgrace to this household. You have failed your mid-term exams; you have been expelled from school"—he stopped for a moment to wipe

the froth from his mouth—"you have been rejected by society. You, my boy, are going to military academy!"

As I write this story I am sitting in my dormitory room at Georgia Military Academy. My dream has been shattered. But there is one ray of hope. The highway that runs behind the academy is in bad need of repair. There is a slight chance that Marilyn's father will be called down to do the job.

Why should I go on. My story is one of irony—to you it may be one of agony. So the brilliant fool leaves you with this one remark born out of grim personal experience—"Women! Bah!"

THE EDITORS

— C L S —

They stole the clock from the operating room—or, no time for surgeons.

Texas nursery rhyme: The butcher, the baker, the Cadillac maker.

They crossed a duck with a lightning bug and got a fire quacker.

An eel is a fish with its tail all the way up to its ear.

Indian uprising: Sitting Bull on an anthill.

The car was so old they issued it upper and lower plates.

Want ad.—Ballerina wishes to meet Indian rainmaker. Object: dancing up a storm.

She stood on the hill with her hair blowing in the breeze—too proud to chase it.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

—Emerson

— C L S —

A man may have very sublime feelings and, at the same time, very erroneous theories.

—George Eliot

— C L S —

CHEVALIER'S ANNUAL BOOK REVIEW:

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial

Scene: General Court-Martial Room of the Twelfth Naval District, San Francisco
Time: Feb. 1945

A. Character Sketch —

1. *Lt. Commander Philip Francis Queeg*—Queeg's position during the court-martial was very precarious in that he had served about eighteen years in the U.S.N.R. with an unblemished record. He was quite proud of this; and when suddenly confronted with such a situation as occurred in the play, he became rather frightened that this incident might mar his Navy career. It was proved during the trial that he was extremely meticulous and a man with a degree of paranoia. Was he suited for Command of the *Caine*? That is the question.

2. *Lt. Stephen Maryk* — Maryk was the accused in the case and took this as an insult to his dignity. He was a man of few ideas or ideals and continually doubted the sanity of the attorney defending his case. He was easily influenced and became the puppet of another officer aboard the *Caine*.

3. *Lt. Barney Greenwald*—Being the defense attorney, it was Greenwald's job to win an acquittal for Maryk. He admitted that he was not overjoyed about the trial but showed himself to be an excellent lawyer. Barney was Jewish, and because of this there were some disgruntled people in the court room. However, after listening to Barney they soon lost this prejudice. Greenwald was undoubtedly a learned man and with a great deal of *savoir-faire*.

4. *Lt. Thomas Keefer* — Keefer was the "brain" of the ship. He kept a novel, "Multitudes, Multitudes," which he was writing, under lock and key. Keefer was a man who wanted to accomplish big things, especially destroying Queeg, but only by using the resources of others. Such a man would naturally ferret out Maryk who was easily duped into doing his will.

B. Plot Summary —

The *Caine* was a DMS (destroyer-mine sweeper) stationed in the Philippine Sea. Its commanding officer was Lt. Com. Queeg. During one of its combat missions the *Caine* became separated from her squadron and ran into the edge of a typhoon. The ship was in

great danger of sinking, and Queeg ordered the ship to be turned south (away from the storm). However due to the report of an expert ship-handler, it would have been better to head north in the last extremity (to get full use of the engine and rudder). A certain Lt. Maryk, having thought that Queeg was crazy for some time, thought that the ship should be turned north and went to the bridge to inform Queeg that he had been placed on the sick list. Queeg naturally was astounded at the audacity of the Lieutenant. When Maryk was asked on what authority he was committing himself, he mumbled something about Articles 184, 185, 186.

Somehow the *Caine* managed to survive and the play begins in the court-martial where Maryk is accused of mutiny.

To win the case, Greenwald brings out facts about Queeg or "Old Yellowstain", that show him to be a man of questionable behavior. For instance, Queeg was accused of standing on the opposite side of the deck when the ship was shelling the beach. He also became very nervous when coming near enemy installations and once had the ship searched from bow to stern for a pint of strawberries! Once he collected all the keys on board to try and find the one that had been stolen from the galley door. He spent hours on end, surrounded by thousands of keys, trying them in the lock.

It was on such grounds that Greenwald won an acquittal for Maryk, but only because he realized that the wrong man had been accused!

C. Critical Analysis —

The play was excellent in that it gave such a realistic account of Navy tradition and Navy procedure. Certainly informative as enjoyable, it kept the reader entranced with its humor, sadness, and touching ending. How Herman Wouk took a fictitious ship, several fictitious men, a fictitious setting, and wove them into such a life-like story is truly remarkable.

I suggest that everyone read the play who is interested in the actions and traits of men in the heat of battle.

by Herman Wouk

When a man is right he is much more right than he thinks.
—French Proverb

— C L S —

History of The Chevalier Literary Society

The Chevalier Literary Society had its beginning on December 13, 1947 when a group of boys at Louisville Male High School met to form a social club that would have as its purpose three primary objectives: to provide additional extracurricular activities to those that were already available in the school; to afford a wider range of social activities and social contacts for all of the club members; to promote serious literary endeavors. These fourteen young men were: Jim Dorton, Don Walker, George Koch, Conrad Herr, Ben Swindler, Lee Polosky, Horace Mann, Jim Gray, Jack Wilson, Ted Guglia, Bill Cole, Barris Arterburn, Bill Semolina, and John Proffit.

The name of the new club was inspired by the motto of a valiant French knight or Chevalier which fittingly expressed the ideals and the aspirations of the charter members. It read "Ceux sans peur et sans reproche"—being without fear and without reproach.

In 1948 the club rewrote its constitution to comply with the standards and requirements of Louisville Male High School and the new constitution was formally approved by the faculty of the school in the following year. In order to give expression to the literary emphasis of the young club the name was appropriately changed from Chevalier Social Club to Chevalier Literary Society. In keeping with this emphasis excellent literary programs were a part of the proceedings at each of the weekly meetings. For some time the Society published a weekly newspaper.

In 1951 the Society expanded the scope of its membership by severing connections with the Louisville Male High School to include on its roster of members representatives from Eastern, Atherton and Country Day.

Without relaxing its emphasis on scholastic standards or its concern for literary excellence Chevalier has participated rather extensively in athletic contests. On two occasions we have won the Literary Societies' softball crown.

In 1955 Chevalier recorded two important achievements. We led the way in abolishing the crude and highly undesirable institution of physical pledging, or "Hell Night" as it is popularly known, and replaced it with a formal and meaningful initiation service. During this year, also, the Society published its first magazine under the expert leadership of Bill Grubbs and Henry Faurest.

As we look to the past, we are proud of our history. As we look to the future, we are confident that the best years of Chevalier lie ahead.

The Chevalier Pledge

I pledge myself not only to assert but also to elevate the noble ideals of the Chevalier Literary Society to the fullest of my capacity. In like manner, I shall incessantly strive to emerge victorious from the most numificent encounter of all, that being the struggle for self-improvement in the field of literary achievement.

Furthermore, I resolve to remain steadfastly obdurate amidst the temptation of succumbing to complacency, and I shall treasure my membership in Chevalier until my dying day.

1959 The Pegasus

Chevalier Literary Society Officers 1958½

President	Fred Karem
Vice-President	Tom Lightfoot
Secretary	John Chamley
Treasurer	Frank Starks
Corresponding Secretary	Watson Alligier
Sergeant-at-Arms	Peter Myll
Critic	Chuck Rose
Historian	Henry Ackerman

Chevalier Literary Society Officers 1959

President	Pete Myll
Vice-President	Hugh Peterson
Secretary	Frank Starks
Treasurer	Watson Alligier
Corresponding	Bill Lawrence
Sergeant-at-Arms	Henry Ackerman
Critic	David Owen
Historian	Ronnie Wolfe

CARTOONS



C.L.S. "add-seekers" plan strategy



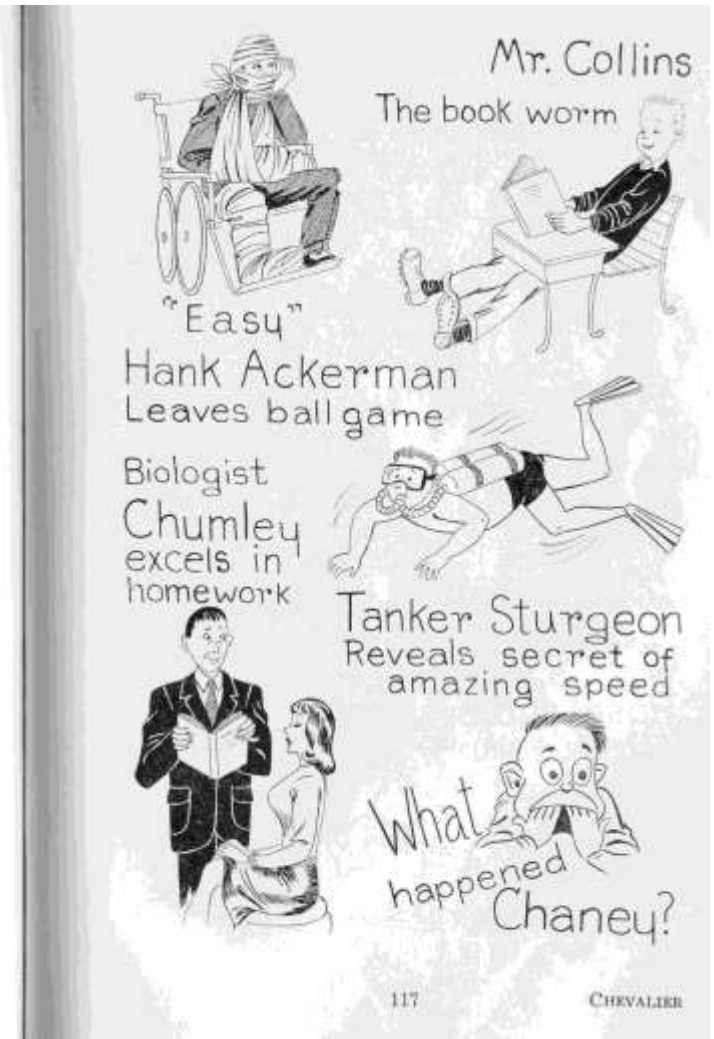
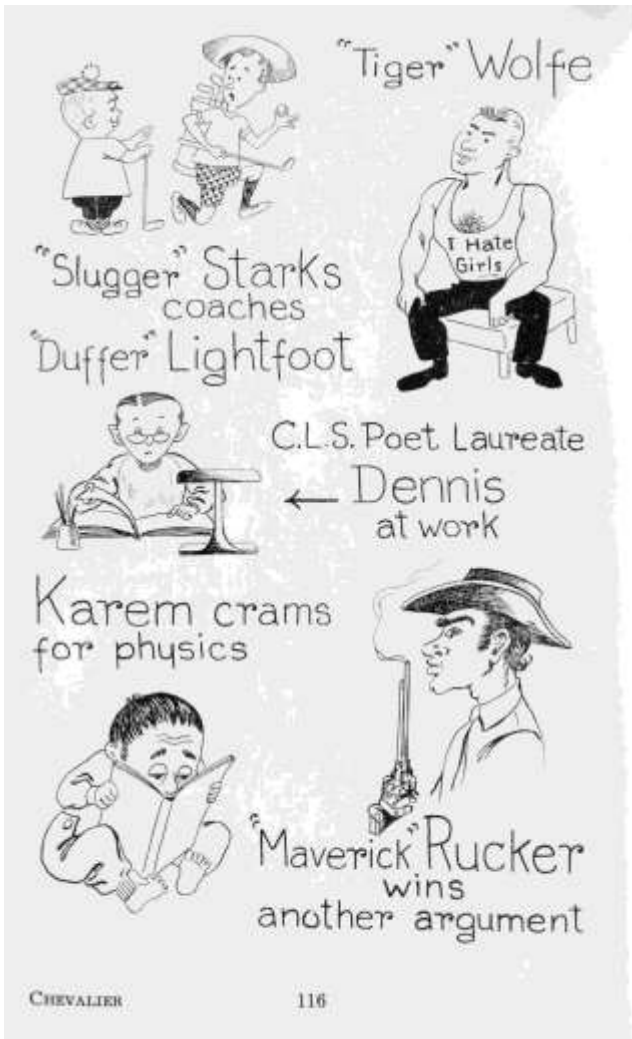
Dennis and Owen — indulge in a little pre-meeting entertainment

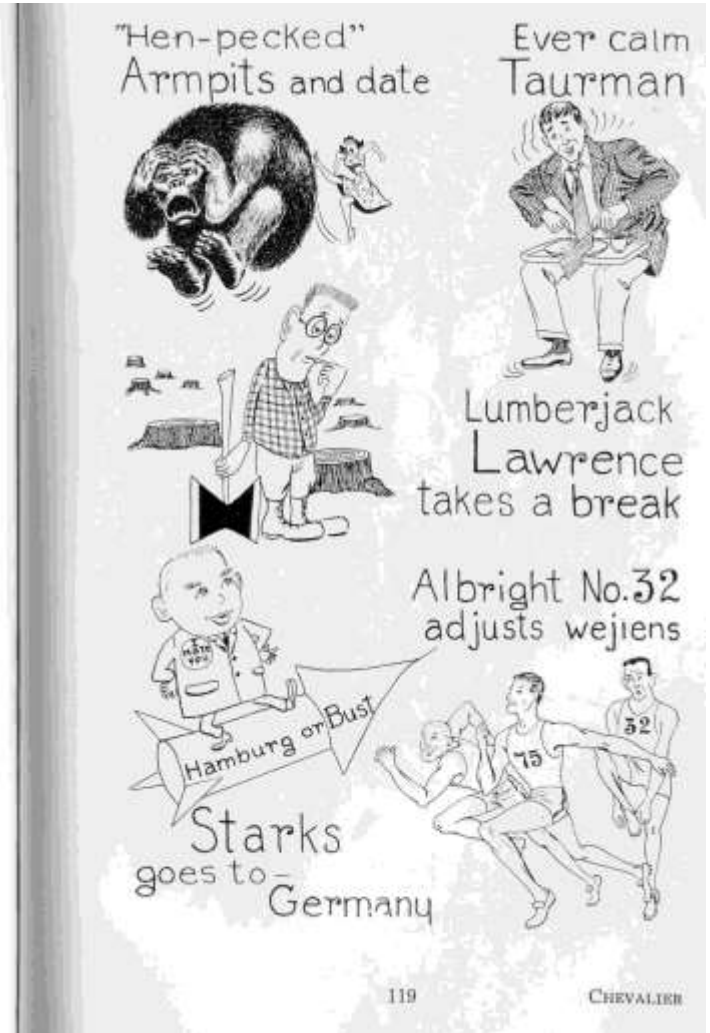


Lives in a world of his own



Lightfoot Chevalier's mental giant





1959 The Pegasus

Calm Down Curt!



Davenport's Big Experiment



Sadist Starks Reforms



What's cooking Watson?



The Red Lamb



Rucker C.L.S. Mechanic



CHEVALIER 120

Happy New Year



Bersot's Big Dream



Peterson puts finishing touches on the Mag.



"shutterbug"



Owen goes Wild

"Ivy-Leaguer"




Rose — models New Look in vest and pants


CHEVALIER 121

1959 The Pegasus


Good ole
Monty




Taurman
entertains




Ronnie
Locates
a new penny



The Big Three
Simpson, Sehlinger
and Bersot

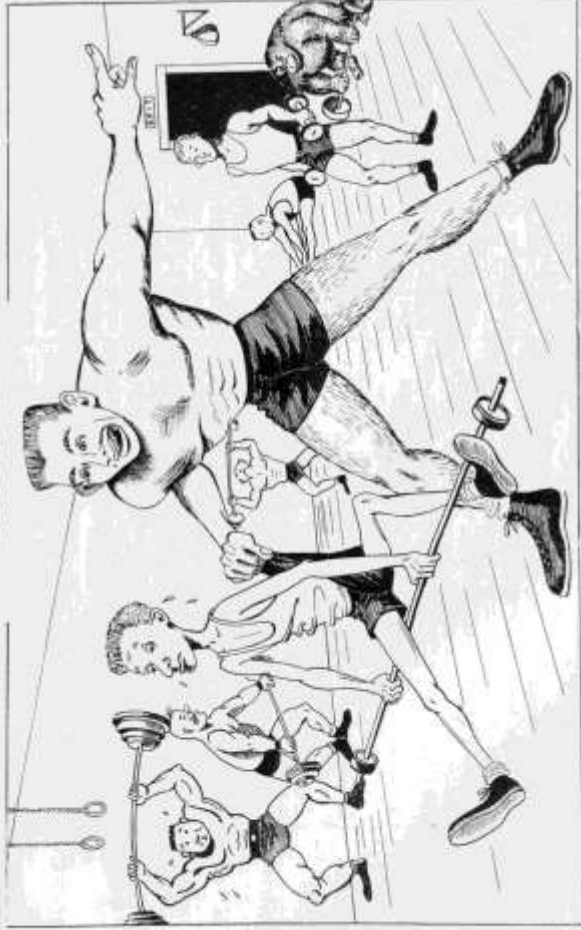


Meet
The New Pres.
Peter Myll



CHEVALIER 122

PETE'S GYM



CHANEY STURGEON
PETERSON, TILLER, ALBRIGHT, FRANKLIN, WOLFE, ARMITTS

123 CHEVALIER

VITAL STATISTICS

MEMBER	MOST RESEMBLES	CLASSIC QUOTE	AMBITION	NOTED FOR	CAN BE FOUND
ACREMAN	Lobbyist	"Look at me boys!"	Keep hidden in dug cage	Nothing	hitchhiking
ALBRIGHT	Censored	Censored	Censored	Censored	Censored
ALLORE	Garbage collector	"Walk a mile!"	To go to Newport	Laughing	ragging Wolfe
BERGOT	Big "O"	"Uh uh"	Get a trophy case	Looking down on him	Admiring his trophy
CHANEY	A farmer	"How are ya?"	Get fat	Wining off	Giving helioids
CRUMLEY	Underwear salesman	"Sit down Slapko"	Make easy money	Bladding boys'	Al Pody's
COLLESS	Yankee Derringer	"Sit at my house"	Get the "signature" out of his name	His cigarette holder	At his "office"
DAVENPORT	Motorcycle cop	"Can you get me a date?"	Get pictures off his back	Motorcycle boots	Under glass
DENNIS	Out hero	"I had a fix"	Be a fanatic	Strong convictions	With Miss Billman
FRANKLIN	A jockey	"Kiss me"	Ride in the Derby	Running after the girls	Nothing
GRAY	His airplane	"I must disagree"	Be a "quack"	Not attending meetings	We haven't seen him today
RAREB	A lover	"Aw, honey"	Keep it a secret	Katzen's harem	Without a pen
LAWRENCE	The All-American boy	"The girls eat it up"	Break the "water barrier"	Boottleging	Under water
LIGHTFOOT	Hurry Amputa	"Who else is going to stay?"	To sit out with the boys	New silver	Smearing numbers on slusher shirt
McCALL	Amphibian in Illinois	"Where'd she go?"	To find her	Being honest	Drinking—(water)

VITAL STATISTICS

MEMBER	MOST RESEMBLES	CLASSIC QUOTE	AMBITION	NOTED FOR	CAN BE FOUND
McLAUGHLIN	Big game hunter	"huh-huh"	Edit sex magazine	Staying in training	In his own type of outfit
MINIEA	Money	"I love plodging"	Get to know Chaney	While thundering	With a hat on
MYLL	Stockbroker Round	"Hold it down fellas"	To loaf	Working(?)	Organizing tele phone committees
NEAT	A corpse	"I don't know"	Put M.G. hair together	Heavy dating	Playing . . . golf
OWEN	First space woman	"Get serious"	To double in his M.G.	Careful driving	Knocking heads out of his car
PETERSON	Mc America	"That's cool"	Figure out girls	Musical talents	Admiring himself
ROSE	A crew	"Boo"	Stay single	Bring alone	Tangled up in electric milker
BUCKER	A employ	"Who owes money?"	To clean out cop's shoes	Train-fighting	Under his car
SEHLINGER	The morning after last night	"Oh, my head!"	To get his ads	Being serious	Laughing
SIMPSON	"Bush man"	"But I like my haircut"	Love himself in his hair	Serious golf playing	Getting a haircut
STARKS	A two-year old	"Take his pants"	Take the place of Enzac	Bumbles	In the "hook"
STURGEON	A telephone pole	"Not terrible"	Be even more "nut"	His dates	To graduate
TAUBMAN	A Britisher	"Yes, anyone?"	Ride his horse	His horse throwing him	With his "horse"
TULLER	Playboy	"Anybody want my autograph?"	To pass World History	Being a good judge	With Slingson
WOLFE	Cards	"Aw, come on"	Rule the World	His creditors	Making excuses

EDITORIAL . . .

Teen-Agers and The Ballot Box

There seems to be little question throughout the United States today that the extension of the right to vote to citizens who are eighteen years of age is both just and wise. The old concept that a boy did not reach manhood until he was twenty-one goes back to the middle ages. It began in medieval times, we are told, when serfs were permitted to farm their own plot of land upon attaining the age of twenty-one. At that age they were believed to have reached the level of growth and maturity which qualified them to assume both the privileges and the responsibilities of manhood. In recognition of this fact they were accorded the right to cast their vote in a democratic society. For centuries, in many countries, throughout the world, the legal age as far as voting was concerned remained unchanged. But the legal age for responsibility in other matters was gradually lowered as young people began to reach maturity earlier in life.

The eighteen-year-old has been required, for some years now, to pay income tax if he loses his status of dependency and earns beyond a stated amount. Eighteen-year-olds have also been allowed to marry without the consent of their parents. They have also been considered mature enough and responsible enough to hold automobile drivers' licenses. Most significant of all perhaps, for some time now, the eighteen-year-old has been called upon to bear arms in defense of his country in time of war. As Senator Dirksen of Illinois so clearly put it when advocating the extension of the voting age to eighteen years: "It would appear to me that since young men and women are already called upon to help bear the nation's burdens they should be permitted to share in its benefits and have a voice in shaping of national policies under which they must live and assume duties and responsibilities."

The State of Georgia was the first of the states to accept the logic of these arguments and to afford the eighteen-year-old the privilege of voting. We are justly proud of the fact that our own State of Kentucky, which is not always at the forefront in matters of innovation and progress, was the second state in the union to grant the eighteen-year-olds the full privilege of citizenship. Now it has become a provision of the federal law.

Not only is this a just law but it is a wise one too. As a matter of fact, every advance step that has been taken in the extension of "political suffrage" has proven beneficial to our nation. When it was

first suggested, for example, that women citizens should be permitted to vote there arose a hue and cry. What in the world would become of our country if the women were given the same rights as men had enjoyed through the centuries? The thirty-nine years that have intervened since the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution have given us the answer. Nothing but good has come from giving women a voice in the political affairs of the nation. We feel quite convinced that the same sort of benefit will come to the United States through the admission of teen-agers to the polls.

The run-of-the-mill teen-ager, for one thing, is an idealist. He is far more insistent than are his elders that things simply *must* be as they ought to be in this wonderful land of ours. He is constitutionally opposed to graft and corruption. He is wholeheartedly against short-sightedness in government. He despises the tendency to revere tradition just because it is tradition. He feels frankly that he is just as well-equipped for voting at the age of eighteen as he will ever be. Under the impetus of modern education he has already formed some quite definite opinions as to what sort of a country his country ought to be.

The teen-ager must, however, be forcefully reminded that every privilege entails a corresponding responsibility. We urge the teen-agers who will vote for the first time in the up-coming elections to take their rights seriously and to exercise them. One of the best ways for teen-agers to prove to the American people that they deserve the right to vote, and that they appreciate this right, is for every last one of them to turn up at the polls at the next election.

Let nothing hinder you. But, above all, vote intelligently. Study the issues. Become familiar with the character, and the viewpoint, and the political stature of each of the candidates on the slate before you. Don't vote simply for the party. Vote for the issues. Vote for the man. This is your country. Help guide its destiny.

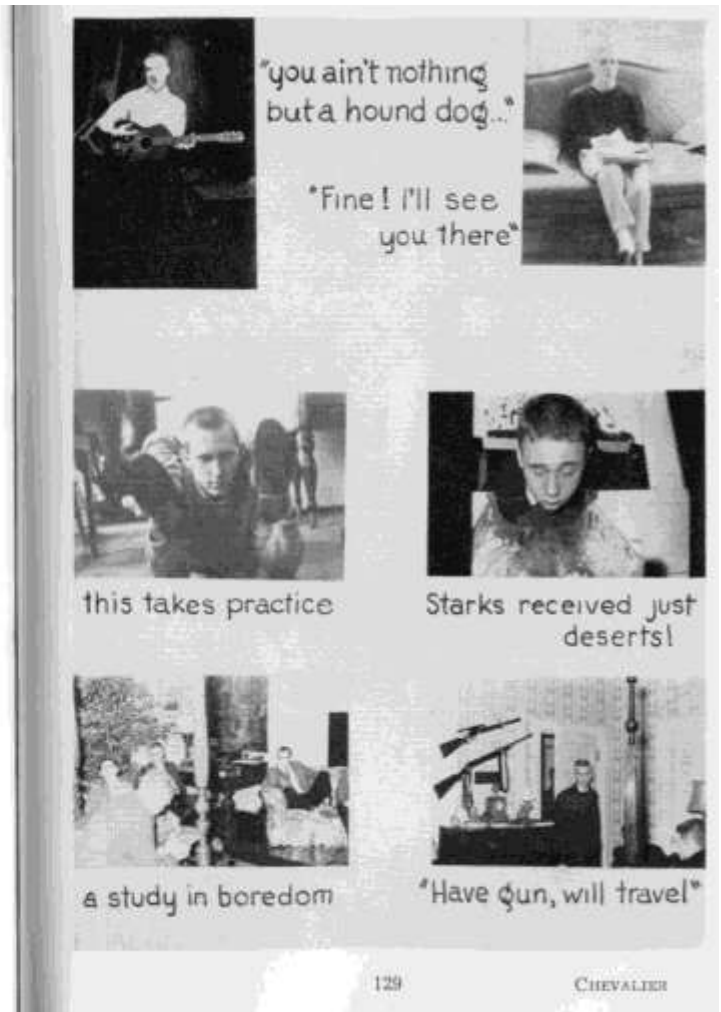
HUGH PETERSON, JR.

— C L S —

Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglect.

— C L S —

There are those who have an ocean of talk and a thimbleful of knowledge.





Rumble



Anybody got some suspenders



"Go home, Lightfoot!"



serious moments



censored



chow time

Revealing shots of C.L.S. "Hopeless Five"



Peterson scores



Dennis ... at the "Charity Stripe"



"Ow! fellows! its only a game"



time out for a pep talk



Lightfoot hits for two



It's Mike's turn again

1959 The Pegasus



The ringmaster



"Oh, yeah?"



"Congratulations,
Mr. President!"



Rose models new tie



"Oh, those elections"



"Big-Boy" Chaney
concentrates



why, yes I smoke
Viceroy's



"Boo!"



I need a hanky



two playboy
subscribers



Chevalier's own
Marlon Brando



Starks with new-
found friend

1959 The Pegasus



"Bold" Wolf limbers up throwing arm



"Crazy-legs" Peterson makes astounding catch



"Look what I found"



"Hi, Tommy!"




"I pledge myself not only to assert... but to elevate...."




the happiest boys in town (note old grad in background!)


CHEVALIER 134




allow me to adjust your tie



I'm cursed with fallen arches



Chevalier's three hams



Allgier's—short order restaurant

135 CHEVALIER

Family Page

Mrs. Sweets Ackerman
Dr. and Mrs. Guy W. Albright
Mr. and Mrs. Matt J. Allgie
Mr. and Mrs. Jasper L. Bersot
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Chaney
Dr. and Mrs. Jack Chumley
Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Cloud
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Collins
Rev. and Mrs. Steve R. Davenport
Dr. and Mrs. Elbert L. Dennis
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Franklin
Dr. and Mrs. Laman A. Gray
Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Karem
Mr. and Mrs. Everett R. Lawrence
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lightfoot
Dr. and Mrs. Duke K. McCall
Mr. and Mrs. Carl McLaughlin
Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Miniea, Jr.
Rev. and Mrs. Wilfred Myll
Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Neat
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas H. Owen
Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Peterson
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rose
Mr. and Mrs. Embry C. Rucker
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Schlinger
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth W. Simpson
Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Starks, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas Sturgeon
Mr. and Mrs. Chastian Taurman
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Tiller
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Wolfe

CHEVALIER: Humor *

JOKES

TEN CALORIE DIET

BEATNICK EXPRESSIONS

THE REPORT CARD

CURRENT EMPLOYMENT STATISTICS

TIPS ON SPECTATOR SPORTSMANSHIP

CRAZY RED RIDING HOOD

HARRY ARMPITS INTERVIEWS

MOTHER GOOSE



**Recommended by thinking men and women all over America.*

Jokes

MINUTE MAN: A guy who can make it to the refrigerator, fix a sandwich and open a coke and be back before the commercial is over.

Smorgashord dinners always did upset me. Nothing but decisions, decisions, decisions.

I won't say the room was rickety, but if you pulled down the shade, the wall came with it.

I'm working on an invention that's gonna make Christmas better than ever — GUIDED MISTLETOE!

The cancer scare is getting so bad the Indians are smoking filtered peace pipes.

Two sailors who were castaway on a desert island during the war for 13 years, lived a hermit's existence — never seeing a ship, an animal, or another human being. And then after 13 years, they looked out across the water — and there, floating in on the tide was a bottle — one of those new giant size coke bottles. They splashed out into the surf, scooped it up and then a look of unspeakable horror crept over their faces and one turned to the other and said: "Sam, Sam, we've shrunk."

Did you hear about the rich Texan who bought his dog a little boy?

Have you ever considered lacing up your mouth and renting your head as a football?

Most people don't want to keep up with the Joneses. They want to pass them like they were standing still.

We're getting another little sign just for Volkswagons. It says, "SCHTOP".

You're a little confused. Just because you have a head like a hubcap doesn't mean you're a big wheel.

The traffic situation is just impossible. I was telling one cop this morning: "You're giving me a ticket for parking? You should give me a medal."

More Jokes

The tramp wandered up to the door of the little British Inn, St. George and the Dragon. He knocked, and a hardlooking landlady came to the door. "Pardon me, Mum," he said, "but I haven't had a bite to eat in days. Could you spare me one?"

"Certainly not, you bum!" she snapped, and slammed the door. The tramp left.

A few minutes later he was back, tapping at the door. The landlady opened it again and glared at him.

"Pardon me, Mum," he said again, "but could I speak to George?"

A couple were just finishing up a sumptuous Chinese dinner. The smiling waiter brought them a tray of fortune cookies for dessert. The man broke his open and read:

"You will marry a beautiful girl."

His date blushed prettily, and then opened her cookie. On the little slip of paper she read:

"Help! I am a prisoner in a Chinese bakery."

A horse dropped into a local bar recently, and ordered a shot of rye. He downed it professionally, and then asked the bartender how much he owed.

"Two dollars," the bartender said.

The horse produced two singles and handed them over. As the bartender rang up the sale he shook his head, and remarked, "You know, I've been tending bar here for a long time, but this is the first time a horse ever came in for a drink."

"Yeah," said the horse, "and at two bucks a shot, it will probably be the last."

Is that a dimple in your cheek or is that where they blow up your head?

Drunk: "Whatcha doin'?"

Cop: "We're looking for a drowned man."

Drunk: "Whatcha want one for?"

Mess Corporal: "The garbage detail is outside."

Mess Sergeant: "Tell 'em to leave three cans today."

Peterson met Chumley on the street and noticed an enormous bandage on John's hand. He asked solicitously, "what happened?"

John grimaced. "I was downtown getting some cigarettes."

Pete said, "So what happened to your hand?"

"Some jerk stepped on it."

More Jokes

Everybody says business is looking up. What else can it do. It's flat on its back.

* * *

Men used to whistle at her like she was a Hollywood star— Lassie!

* * *

To give you an idea how cold it was, one day I saw a dog frozen to a tree.

* * *

She had eyes like limpid pools and a nose like a diving board.

* * *

She calls me Girdle because I'm always creeping up on her.

* * *

Did you hear about the penny-pinching girl who bought herself a one gallon economy-size can of spray deoderant?

Pressed the button and blew her arm off.

* * *

Flash! Fifty dogs run wild through the tobacco fields of Kentucky — Does your cigarette taste different lately?

* * *

Even dogs have troubles. One of them looked up at a parking meter and said: "You mean you gotta pay now?"

* * *

Albright — "I really don't know much about girls— just what I've been able to pick up."

* * *

They say women aren't what they used to be. Of course not, they used to be girls.

* * *

She said she had a blow out in front and a flat behind. I wonder if she was talking about her car.

* * *

After my first fight, the referee came over and picked up my hand. Then he picked up my leg — and my teeth — and my jaw.

* * *

Two birds were flying over Russia and saw Khrushchev, and one said: Well, what are we waiting for?

* * *

What a wonderful night. The moon was out and so were her parents.

More Jokes

He's a little guy with a wooden leg named Sam. I don't know the name of his other leg.

* * *

It's one of those small, off-beat clubs in Greenwich Village. You know how most places have two washrooms? This one has three — His — Hers — and Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide.

* * *

"Whar ya from?"

"Hawkshaw, Mississippi."

"Is that one of those hick towns where everyone comes running out to meet the train?"

"Train?"

* * *

Knock Knock!
Who's There? . . .

"Gorilla."

"Gorilla who?"

"Gorilla my dreams, I love you . . ."

"Mayonnaise."

"Mayonnaise who?"

"Mayonnaise have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

"Navajo."

"Navajo who?"

"You'll Navajo just how much I miss you."

"Jose."

"Jose who?"

"Jose, can you see, by the dawn's early light . . ."

"Albie."

"Albie who?"

"Albie down to get you in a taxi, honey."

* * *

There was a young lady named Carol,
Who liked to play cards for apparel.
The dealer's straight flush
Brought a maidenly blush,
And Carol went home in a barrel.

More Jokes

There once was a drunk who entered a hotel, staggered across the lobby, stepped through an open door and dropped 40 feet to the bottom of the elevator shaft. With great dignity he got up and looked up at the open door and screamed, "I SAID UP!"

I can still remember my college days. All four of them.

One day I got an "F" on my report card and I was happy. I thought it meant phenomenal.

But the teacher respected me. She had to. I was older than she was.

Then he threw six punches at me and I tried to weave. But the referee wouldn't wet me out of the ring.

I only have four toes on my right foot. One little piggie went to market and never came back.

Sounds like chamber music. Torture chamber.

He's the efficiency expert who says his prayers on New Year's Day and then says ditto the rest of the time and jumps in bed.

This guy was so rich, he's got a golden bathtub. Leaves a 14 carat ring.

I went to the drive-in movie and the picture was so good, some of the people were watching it.

They charge 25c for a T-bone. If you want the steak that goes along, it's \$8.00.

Sing: "The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home" — No roof.

Let a smile be your umbrella if you like to gargle in the rain.

A little song dedicated to the police department: Here Comes the Bribe.

More Jokes

Some people have waves in their hair. He had nothing but beach.

He used to sing for the Metropolitan and it was a good thing. Anybody who sings like that needs insurance.

They had to make him a 2nd Lt. Too young to be a private.

You can always tell an out-of-town car in Louisville. They're the only ones with fenders.

This car was so old it didn't have a clock on the dash—just a sundial.

What a car! You sit inside it and watch the pedestrians whiz by.

One woman driver signaled three ways and then went straight up.

When I take out my girl, I always drive with one hand. I hold up the fender with the other.

Now they're putting the license plates under the cars so you can read while you're waiting for the ambulance.

I don't understand how a tree can stand in one place for centuries and then suddenly jump out in front of a woman driver.

Cheap? He talks through his nose so he won't wear out his teeth.

We had a musical family. My father sang 1st bass, my brother sang 2nd bass, and I sang shortstop.

Now the latest thing in educational toys is one that is supposed to adjust a child to the world today. No matter how he puts it together, it's wrong.

The priest who asked a drunk what he was drinking, was told: "Three fathers, feather"

I call him bulova. He's a watch dog.

Ten Calorie Diet *

MONDAY

Breakfast—Weak tea
Lunch—1 bouillon cube in ½ cup diluted water
Dinner—1 pigeon thigh and 3 ozs. prune juice.

TUESDAY

Breakfast—Scraped crumbs from burnt toast
Lunch—Doughnut hole (without sugar) and 1 glass dehydrated water
Dinner—Canary eyebrows stewed (fat removed)

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast—Bolled out stains of tablecloth
Lunch—One-half dozen poppy seeds
Dinner—Bees knees and mosquito knuckles sauteed with vinegar

THURSDAY

Breakfast—Shredded egg-shell skins
Lunch—Belly-button from a naval orange
Dinner—Three eyes from Irish potatoes (diced)

FRIDAY

Breakfast—Four chopped banana seeds
Lunch—Broiled butterfly liver
Dinner—Filet of soft shell crab claw

SATURDAY

Breakfast—Two lobster antennae
Lunch—One guppy fin
Dinner—Jelly fish vertebrae a la bookbinder

SUNDAY

Breakfast—Pickled humming bird tongue
Lunch—Prime ribs of tadpole
Dinner—Tossed paprika and clover leaf (one salad)

*DIRECTIONS: 1. All meals to be eaten under microscope to avoid extra portions.
2. Second week — Reversed.
3. Third week — Funeral.

Beatnick Expressions

Please be seated while the room is in motion.

The more you explain it, the more I don't understand it.

Don't go away mad . . . just go away!

I'd love to help you out . . . which way did you come in?

You don't have to be crazy to work here . . . but it helps.

Work just fascinates me . . . I can sit and look at it for hours.

Before you louse something up . . . THINK.

Think or Thwm!

Keep your eye on the ball,
your shoulder to the wheel,
your nose to the grindstone,
your ear to the ground!
. . . now try to work in that position.

Those who go around in circles shall be known as wheels.

Why be difficult? With a little more effort you can be impossible!

I'm fairly stupid myself but I have a lot of very intelligent help.

I'm not hard of hearing . . . I'm just ignoring you.

Don't think . . . WORRY!

I may look busy but I'm only confused.

Do it tomorrow . . . you've made enough mistakes today.

Don't just do something, stand there!

Money isn't everything . . . but it's way ahead of whatever's in second place.

The Report Card

Hello! Hi Mom! Hi Dad! Well, you certainly can't say I was late to dinner this time. I washed my hands and face too and I hung the towel up. I put my bike in the garage too. Just like you told me to.

Hub? I mean—No sir, I haven't done anything I shouldn't. I was only doing what you told me to.

You sure look pretty in that dress mom. Can I pass you anything dad?

Why-er-er-yes, I did get my report card today. How did you ever guess?

Well, I guess it's very good, that is it isn't so bad. Well I'd better explain a few things before you see it.

It's in my pocket—Dad—wait—Well it isn't so bad. I got one A. I know it's gymnasium—but Gym is very important. No, I didn't get many B's. The arithmetic? That's just what I was going to tell you about. It's that old Puffins. No that isn't his name—we just call him Puffins because he puffs so . . . Like this . . .

I'm not making fun of him. I'm always respectful. But he always says my problems are wrong—Well, they couldn't always be wrong. Not as wrong as he says anyway. He gave me that D just for spite.

Er-er-that D in geography isn't exactly the same. That's where I sit in class. My seat is far back and I can't see the maps very well—and old goggles—no that isn't her name—I just call her that cause she wears glasses.

No spellin's different—I'm right down in front—I can hear it all right—but old twitchey—Yes mom that's Miss Carmichael. You know how she twitches her nose.

Well dad I wouldn't want to get a better report card than you ever did. It wouldn't be right, it wouldn't be respectful to get better marks than your dad did.

O.K. I'll study.

Current Employment Statistics

The population of our country is 180 million. There are 72 million people over 60 years old—leaving 98 million to do the work.

People under 21 total 54 million which leaves 44 million to do the work.

Then there are 21 million employed by the Government. That leaves 23 million to do the work.

There are 10 million in the Armed Forces—leaving 13 million to do the work.

Deduct 12,800,000, the number in State and City offices, and that leaves 200 thousand to do the work.

There are 126 thousand in hospitals, asylums, etc., and that leaves 74 thousand people to do the work; but 62 thousand of those are bums or others who will not work, so that leaves only 12,000 to do the work.

Now, it may interest you to know that there are 11,998 people in jail, leaving two people to do all the work—and that is YOU AND ME, Brother, and I am getting sick and tired of doing everything myself.

What a man really believes may be ascertained not from his creeds but from the assumptions upon which he habitually acts.

—George Bernard Shaw

—C.L.S.—

A smile is a light in the window of the face that shows that the heart is at home.

—C.L.S.—

Patrons

Harriet Jones	Edwin Perry
Peggy Kahl	Barbara Prets
Martha Kaiser	Bill Roof
Sarah Lloyd	Harold Rosenberg
Don Lovelace	Barbette Rothschild
Karl Marx	Sarah Lloyd
Marilyn Mazin	Jean Lukins
Marilyn and Millie	Kay Sorrell
Doug. McCall	Brenda Norman
Duke McCall	Mary Anne Dreye
Jean McClain	Sharon Applebaum
Mrs. S. A. Miniea, Jr.	Linda Davis
Steve Miniea	Jim & Chinky

Tips on Spectator Sportsmanship

With the advent of next fall's football season, you will want to consider your behaviour pattern at the football games. Here's an outline of suggestions for your help in achieving all the happiness and popularity that you want:

I. How to enjoy a football game

A. Most important tip: *Never watch the game.* To do so undermines the principles of the game and shows you don't trust the referees. Besides, there's a loud-speaker to keep you posted on the progress of the game.

B. Bring plenty of noise-makers. These are invaluable for drowning out the opponent team's signals. When the band starts to play, this noise will help cover up the bad notes. Be sure to make your noise in the ear of the person in front of you. It gives him an additional thrill.

C. Never cooperate with the cheerleaders. Anybody can cooperate; it takes ingenuity to be different. Here are some ways to be different:

1. Change the words of the yells and make up your own. Soon everyone will join you.

2. If you sit in the card section, you can have a lot of fun by sailing the cards around and hitting people on the back of the neck. Of course, the higher you sit, the more range you get. Above all, never pay any attention to the card section leader.

D. Shout at the referees loudly and wildly. This gives them a feeling they belong.

II. What to do if your team wins

A. Sit down immediately and collect your wits before you faint.

B. Saunter over to the opposing side and make friendly comments about the game.

C. Tear up all cards, goal posts, markers, etc.

III. What to do if your team loses

A. Find the dope who bet with you and collect your money.

B. Throw bottles, seat cushions, hats, grenades, etc., at the low-life that come over to your side of the field to jeer at you.

C. Tear up all cards, goal posts, markers, etc.

IV. Final suggestion

A. Be sure that your date can lead you back home.

Crazy Red Riding Hood

Here it is chicks and daddybirds—a bop fable. You know it—the bit about Crazy Red and her gone grandma . . .

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, in the land of Oobopsheham, there lived a lovely little girl named Red Riding Hood.

To give you an idea of what a sweet thing she was, I'll first say that she was not only a lovely little girl; she was a fine chick.

One day Red Riding Hood's mother called her into the kitchen and said, "Honey, your grandma is feeling the least."

"What a drag," said Red. "What's the bit?"

"How do I know," said her mother. "At any rate, I've fixed up a real wild basket of ribs. I'd like you to fall by grandma's joint this afternoon and lay the stuff on her."

"Crazy," said Red, and picking up the basket, she took off for her grandmother's cottage, going by way of the deep woods.

Little did Red Riding Hood know that a big bad wolf lurked in the heart of the forest.

She had traveled but a short distance when the wolf leaped out from behind a bush and confronted her.

"Baby," he said, grinning.

"Sorry, Daddy-o," said Red. "Some other time. Right now I have to make it over to my grandmother's place."

"Square-time," said the wolf. "Why don't you blow Grandma's house and we'll have some laughs."

"Man," said Red. "Cootie left the Duke and I'm leaving you. For the time being we've had it."

"Mama, I'm hip," said the wolf. "Dig you later."

So saying, the wolf bounded off through the forest and was soon lost to sight. But his evil mind was at work. Unbeknownst to Red Riding Hood, he took a short cut and in a few minutes stood panting before the helpless old grandmother's cottage.

Quietly he knocked at the door.

"That's a familiar beat," said Red Riding Hood's grandmother. "Who's out there?"

"Western Union," lied the wolf. "I have a special invitation to Dizzy's opening at Birdland."

"Wild," said the grandmother, hobbling across the room.

Imagine her horror when, on opening the door, she perceived the wolf! In an instant he had leaped into the house, gobbled her up and disguised himself in her night clothes.

Hearing Red Riding Hood's footsteps on the stones of the garden path, he leaped into the poor old lady's bed and pulled the covers up to his chin.

When little Red Riding Hood knocked he said, "Hit me again. Who goes?"

"It's me, Gram," said Red Riding Hood. "Mother heard you were feeling pretty beat. She thought you might like to pick up on some ribs."

"Nutty," said the wolf. "Fall in."

Red Riding Hood opened the door, stepped inside and looked around the room. "Wowie," she said. "What a crazy pad!"

"Sorry I didn't have time to straighten the joint up before you got here," said the wolf. "But you know how it is. What's in the basket?"

"Oh, the same old jazz," said Red.

"Baby," said the wolf, "don't put it down."

"I have to," said Red. "It's getting heavy."

"I didn't come here to play straight," said the wolf. "Let's open the basket. I've got eyes."

"I'm hip," said Red, "not to mention the fact that you can say that again, Grandma, what frantic eyes you have!"

"The better to dig you with, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, Grandma," said Red, "I don't want to sound rude but what a long nose you have!"

"Yeah," said the wolf. "It's a gasser."

"And, Grandma," said Red, "your ears are the most."

"What is this," snapped the wolf, "Face inspection? I know my ears aren't the greatest, but whudda ya gonna do? Let's just say somebody goofed!"

"You know something?" Little Red Riding Hood said. "I don't want to sound square or anything, but you don't look like my grandmother at all. You look like some other cat."

"Baby," said the wolf, "you're flippin'!"

"No, man," insisted Red. "I just dug your nose again and it's too much. I don't want to come right out and ask to see your card, you understand, but where's my grandma?"

The wolf stared at Red Riding Hood for a long, terrible moment. "Your grandma," he said, "is gone."

"I'm hip," said Red. "She is the swingin'est, but let's take it from the top again. Where is she?"

"She cut out," said the wolf.

"Don't hand me that jazz," said Red, whereupon the wolf, being at the end of his patience, leaped out of bed and began to chase poor Red Riding Hood.

Little did he know that the wolf season had opened that very day and that a passing hunter could hear little Red Riding Hood's frantic cry for help.

Rushing into the cottage, the brave hunter dispatched the wolf with one bullet.

"Buster," said Red gratefully, "your timing was like the end, ya know?"

And so it was.

Harry Armpits Interviews Mother Goose

Announcer.—This program is completely unheard of and unnecessary. The reporter is Harry Armpits, the person to be interviewed this evening is Mother Goose.

1959 The Pegasus

Harry Armpits—Good afternoon. On this typical Sunday evening we have as our guest, Mother Goose. She has been called the harbinger of evil in our country, the most controversial writer of our day and a harmless old bat, depending on the side of the fence from which the comments came.

H.A.—Mother Goose, it's good of you to visit us and tell the country what is meant by your writings.

M.G.—Yeah.

H.A.—Let's get to the point. In a recent statement, you said, "To market, to market, to buy a fat pig." Didn't you really mean every-one should immediately boycott the beef market?

M.G.—Hah!

H.A.—In your most controversial essay you wrote about "Old King Cole." Wasn't this advocating the overthrow of our present government and reverting to a monarchy?

M.G.—Well . . .

H.A.—Weren't you really saying our present lawmakers don't know what they are doing, and one man as king would do much better?

M.G.—Really . . .

H.A.—When you wrote about "Old Mother Hubbard" and said, "The cupboard was bare," weren't you really slashing at the economic position of our country? By the bare cupboard, didn't you really mean the present condition of the national treasury?

M.G.—I meant . . .

H.A.—Going back to that essay on King Cole; when he called for his pipe, bowl and fiddlers. Weren't you really advocating laxity in our government? That there should be more golf tournaments in which our lawmakers could participate, more secretaries for them to date, and more parties for everyone? Isn't that what you meant in that essay?

M.G.—Well . . .

H.A.—How about,

"Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house,
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches."?

M.G.—I was merely . . .

H.A.—Is this nothing more than condonement of thievery? When that starts, what is to stop the country from bootlegging again?

M.G.—But . . .

H.A.—A while back you wrote of the old woman in the shoe. Since then our enemies have seized on that to tell the world what conditions are in our country. We, so they say, force poor widows and orphans to live in old shoes, to starve and freeze. Can you deny this is what you were aiming for when you wrote that essay?

M.G.—Nothing . . .

H.A.—After that you wrote, "The knave of hearts, he stole some tarts." Were you not again condoning bare-faced thievery?

Here's a statement you made only yesterday: "Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub," and so forth. This has been interpreted by many as a direct slam against our navy, and the whole armed forces. Were you not in effect saying that our armed forces, especially the navy, are under-manned, and the equipment they use, again especially the navy, is inadequate and obsolete for the job to be done?

M.G.—Yes, but . . .

H.A.—You once said in another interview, "Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn." This has been taken to mean the Boy in Blue will blow his bugle, summoning the armies of the world together in a struggle to the death.

M.G.—I . . .

H.A.—You once maintained you wrote strictly for the entertainment of children. If that is your main purpose, you are doing the most dastardly thing in the world, corrupting the innocent minds of our children. Really!

H.A.—We'll return to mother Goose for a final word in a moment. But first, here's an announcement.

Announcer—Before the program started, Mother Goose told us she always ends the day with smooth tasting Fall Dail. Why don't you live a little and try it yourself? And now back to our program and a final message from Harry Armpits.

H.A.—Our thanks to Mother Goose for her few words on her writings, writings that have springboarded her from anonymity to international obscurity. Now for a final word from our guest.

M.G.—Aaah, you . . .

H.A.—Thank you and good night, Mother Goose. Next week we go after the big story, Is Jim Smith REALLY, REALLY Happy at Texas A. & M.

1959 The Pegasus

*Chevalier Extends Its
Compliments
To*

**Atherton's
Fighting Rebels**

*And
Its Congratulations
To*

COACH YEAGER

"Yea Coach!"

SCHOOL NOTES AND CLUB NOTES

Atherton
Eastern
Fern Creek
Louisville Country Day
Waggener
Collegiate
Kentucky Home
Sacred Heart Academy
Chevalier Literary Society
Athenaeum Literary Society
Delphic Literary Society
Dignitas Literary Association
Fidelian Literary Society
Sigma Literary Society
Dasmine Club
Kappa Theta Gamma
Pirette Social Club



Atherton High School

Atherton has had a very successful year under the able leadership of Fred Karem. The other officers of the council are:

- Vice-President Mike Dennis
- Secretary Patty Lewis
- Treasurer Jacquie Jones

The Senior Class was led by the following officers:

- President Keith Craddock
- Vice-President Judy Heaton
- Secretary Ruth Cook
- Treasurer Wally Wood

The record which our football team compiled last fall, does not begin to show the team's true worth. Atherton lost to Eastern, Male, Manual, and Trinity by only six points. Our new coach, Mr. Frank Yeager, was praised for his splendid coaching job. The basketball team also made a big step forward with an 8-12 record in regular season play. Both the football and basketball teams should be "loaded" next year, as they consisted primarily of underclassmen this year. Our swimming team finally achieved its goal of the State Championship this year. Sparked by Tom Sturgeon, who took first place in two events, and Bill Lawrence, Atherton's undefeated captain, they finished 32 points ahead of their closest competitor.

On February 27, the National Honor Society inducted 33 new members consisting of 9 seniors and 24 juniors. We are proud to say that our own Mike Dennis was one of these.

Atherton is also trying to acquire a new foreign exchange student, since we all enjoyed the visit of our previous exchange student.

Some of our other organizations at Atherton are: the Ariel staff, headed by Charles Gifford, the marching band, the orchestra, the chorus, and the yearbook staff with Barbara Bean as editor.

Finally, Chevalier would like to wish this year's senior class all the luck in the world in their future endeavors.

— C L S —

The noblest question known to man is, "What good may I do?"
—Benjamin Franklin

— C L S —

A gentleman is one who puts back into life a little more than he takes out of it.

—George Bernard Shaw

Eastern High School

Eastern has had a fine year under the leadership of our capable and industrious Student Council, the officers of which are as follows:

- President Frank Krull
- Vice-President Hawn Cooke
- Treasurer Jim Painter
- Secretary Lynn Broecker

We have had an excellent year in the realm of athletics. The football team completed an eight and two record in what was supposed to have been a rebuilding year. The basketball team won the district tourney, the County championship and 20 out of 25 games. The track team is continuing in its third undefeated season.

This has been an excellent year in every respect for the Number One school in all of Jefferson County.

Fern Creek High School

Fern Creek has nearly completed another excellent school year.

Our football team chalked up an impressive record — six wins and three losses. Our basketball team was hampered by injuries but did quite well. In completing the sports cycle we are anticipating a good showing in the Spring athletic activities.

The Student Council played an important role this year under the leadership of the following officers:

- President John Montgomery
- Vice-President Jim Svava
- Secretary-Treasurer Bonnie Norene

The annual staff is to be congratulated on a splendid edition of "The Tiger."

We feel quite sure that Fern Creek will continue to demonstrate real leadership in the coming year both in the field of education and in extra-curricular activities.

Louisville Country Day School

With the eighth successful year nearly completed, the students at Country Day can feel that they have accomplished very much physically and mentally. The Student Council, led by its president Bill Lucas, has solidified the discipline system which was effected last year. It has also started a clean-up the school program which has had some good results.

Last May, the senior class of 18 took part in the National Merit Scholarship competition. Of this number, two, Bill Lucas and Roger Chaffe were selected as finalists.

In November, the eighth annual Father and Son Banquet was held to present letters and awards to the outstanding members of the football team. During this banquet, Laman Gray and Bill Lucas were presented respectively the Coach's trophy and the Robertson Trophy for best athletic sportsmanship and most valuable player.

The school newspaper, the "Dayman," which was formed last year, has become a successful part of the school life. Roger Chaffe was elected the editor for this year and has been doing a good job.

As a second year team in The Kentucky High School Athletic Association, the Country Day football and soccer teams both completed a highly successful season. The basketball team, however, did not fare so well. Because all indications point to a very successful season, the school is optimistic about competition in its three spring sports, baseball, golf and tennis.

Again this year Chevalier feels that this has been a very memorable year for the students and faculty of Country Day.

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 this year. 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.

The Waggener football and basketball teams, comprised only of sophomores and juniors, continuously faced stiff competition and did exceedingly well considering their youth. Our excellent swimming team was the same one that captured the 1958 Kentucky High School Class Championship last year.

Waggener has much to offer the students scholastically, athletically, and socially. It is definitely an up-and-coming school in this area.

C. T.

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 supervision of Eleanor 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 Amazons again conquered the Louisville Field Hockey League, although a little hard pressed by Sacred Heart, and also kept "The Little Brown Jug" in their 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 Chevalier on a splendid edition of its magazine.

Ellen Miller

1959 The Pegasus

Kentucky Home School

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

Our two hockey teams, captained by Beth Monohan and Martlyn 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 "A" won first place.

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

Two important events coming soon in the KHS 1958-59 calendar are: May Day and Commencement. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these events.

Kentucky Home wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Chevalier on an outstanding edition of their magazine.

M. A.
F. R.

Sacred Heart Academy

The 1958-1959 school year at Sacred Heart began with the election of officers for the various activities. To lead us through the year, the seniors have elected as class presidents: Diana Deem, Dixie Gottbreath, and Sandra Saam. The co-editors of the Angeline News are: Mary Ann Kopp and Peggy Raptier. Starting the year off with the usual high spirits a "back to school" dance was given and the Senior Prom was held December 29.

The hard fought and well-supported hockey season this year gave us a second place in the league with four wins, one tie, and one loss. Our coach, Miss Caswell, helped make the season a very happy and a very successful one. The 1958 captains were Diana Deem and Lynn Steiden. The basket-ball team has had an excellent year with Gloria Schuler and Barbara Strause as co-captains and Miss Caswell as coach.

The cheerleaders were Nancy Butler, Judy Bernfich, Ann Hill, Karen King, Pam Butler, Margie Kabeeb, Margie Rueff, and Sandy Simmons. Substitutes were Diane Head and Rosalie Imorde.

Congratulations, Chevalier, on another excellent edition of your magazine.

J. K.

CHEVALIER

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The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...



Chevalier Humor is
Tops.

This man thinks for
himself.

Knows the difference
between facts and
fancy.

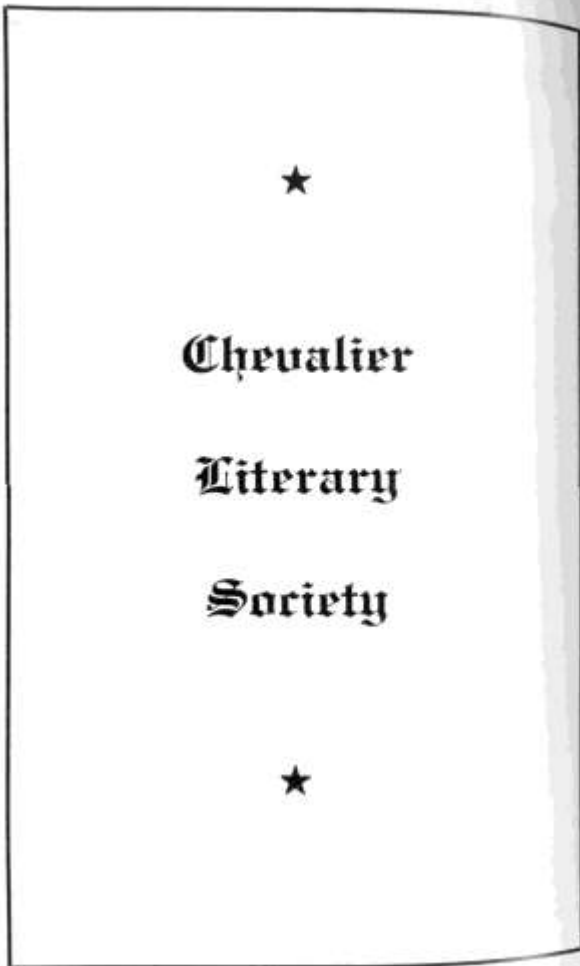
Trusts judgment, not
opinion.

Such a man usually
enjoys Chevalier's
Magazine. His rea-
son? Best in the
world. He knows for
a fact that only
Chevalier has a
thinking man's
humor.

Why don't you turn to
Page 137 and enjoy
Chevalier humor?

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CHEVALIER



Chevalier takes pride in the fact that it has selected such able officers as the following:

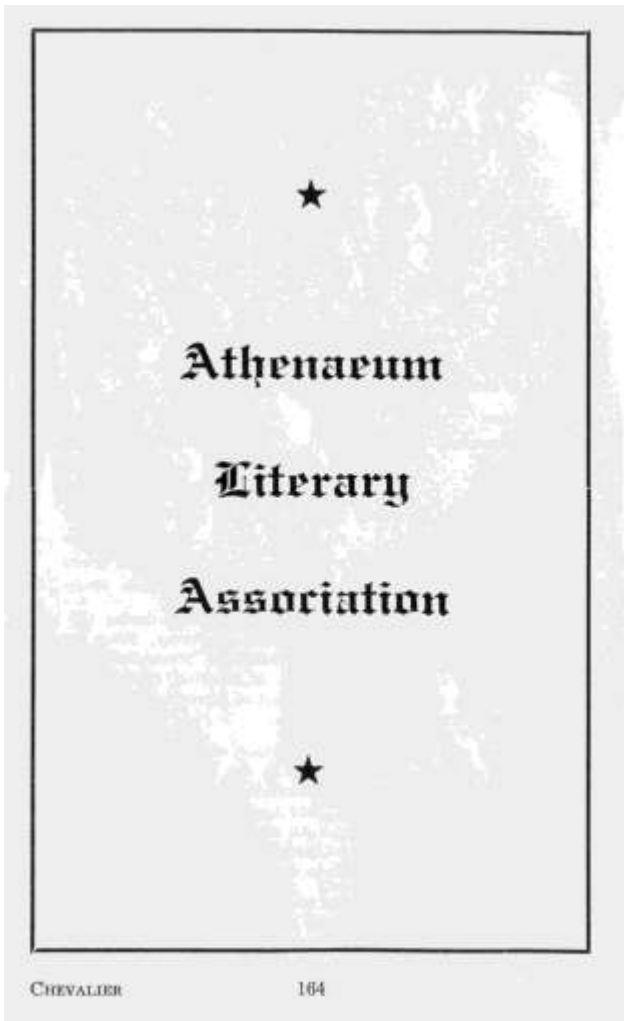
President	Pete Myll
Vice-President	Hugh Peterson
Secretary	Frank Starks
Treasurer	Watson Allgier
Corresponding Secretary	Bill Lawrence
Sergeant-at-Arms	Hank Ackerman
Critic	David Owen
Historian	Ronnie Wolfe

We have greatly strengthened our membership during the past eight months with the addition of: Bill Lawrence, Mike Dennis, Charles Chaney, Jim Bersot, Chuck Selinger, Steve Simpson, Mac McLaughlin, John McCall, Monte Tiller of Atherton; Choosy Taurman and Tony Miniea of Waggener; Curt Neat of Fern Creek; and Splinter Collins of Louisville Country Day.

Although our basketball team was not very successful this year with a three-way tie for third place in the Literary League, all of us who participated in the League enjoyed it immensely. Chevalier considered the "All Star Game," held April fifth between the Literary League All Stars and the Jewish All Stars, quite beneficial not only to the improvement of the relationship between the Jewish clubs and the Literary Clubs but also to inter-literary-league relationship.

This year Chevalier is proud to publish its fifth consecutive magazine, which we believe is of high literary quality.

H. P.



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:

President	Allen Norcutt
Vice-President	Bruzy Cooke
Critic	Frank Gay
Secretary	Keith Craddock
Treasurer	Bob Bond
Censor	Bill Fuller
Sergeant-at-Arms	Tyler Thomas
Assistant Secretary	Doug Kannappell

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

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 Chevalier Literary Society on another edition of the Pegasus.

K. C.

◆

**Delphic
Literary
Society**

◆



The following led the Delphic through a successful second semester:

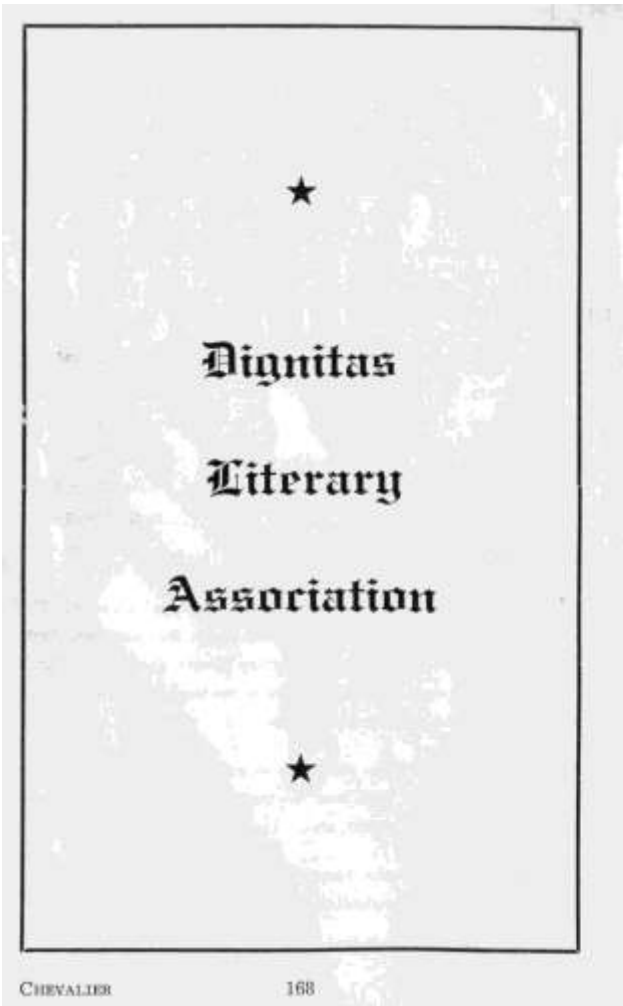
President	Pete Davis
Vice-President	Gerry Boland
Secretary	Bob Kaltenbacher
Treasurer	Woody Currens
Critic	Tom Walker
Corresponding Secretary	Jim Boland
Clerk	Judge Mosely
Sergeant-at-Arms	Joe Sprauer

Woody Axton, Jack Berulich, Dan Briscoe, Paul Downard, Jim Ferriell, Bill George, Jay Lukins, Randy Holtz, Bud Lemhan, Boots Martin, Jim Berrel, Buzz Morris, Geoffery Morris, Spencer Pottlitzer, and Tom Snow became active members at the beginning of the school year after completing their pledgeship.

Our football team was victorious in every game we played. Our undefeated basketball team won the traditional keg. We have high hopes for the softball season, also.

The Delphic extends hearty congratulations to Chevalier on another magazine of outstanding literary quality.

B. C.



DIGNITAS

SINCERE IN MOTIVE
ALTRUISTIC IN DESIGN

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

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

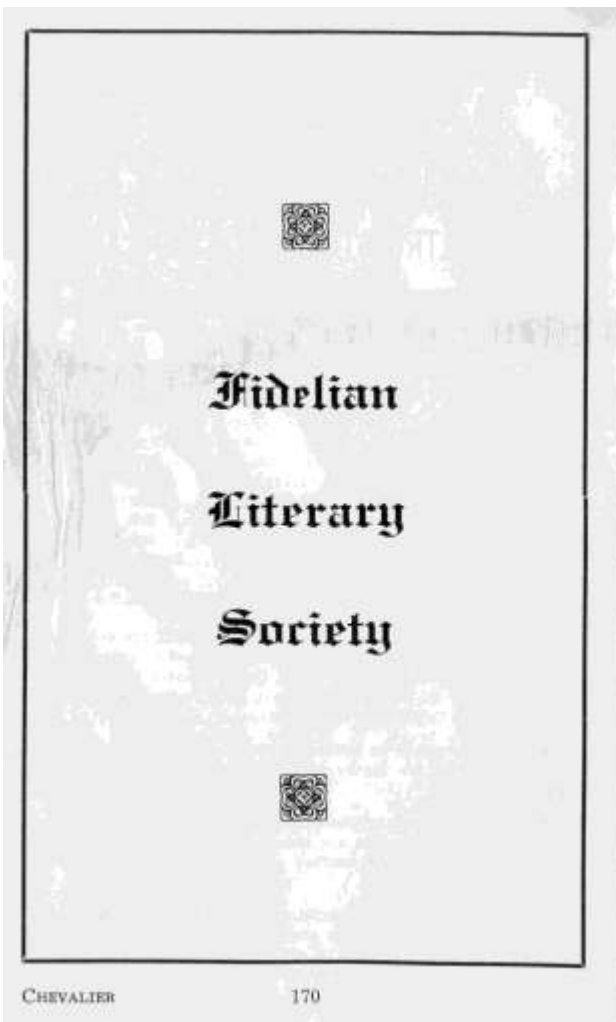
Enhancing our membership by the induction of ten outstanding young men from: Eastern, Atherton, Waggener and Country Day has gained further momentum. These are: David Bennett, Hank Dimmitt, Tom Elgar, Marshall Heuser, Jere Kiesel, Fred Progner, Phil Scherer, Jim Stone, Doug Taylor, and Kirk Williams.

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 Chevalier on another fine edition of its outstanding magazine.

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

The Fideilian Literary Society would like to announce the membership of eleven new boys pledged this winter. They are: Alex Farnsley — Atherton, Tim Maloney — Trinity, Brook Turner — Atherton, Fred Niekirk — Waggener, Jack Heun — Waggener, Joe Mitzloff — Cath, Country Day, Mike Buchart — Cath, Country Day, Bert Stokes — Waggener, Dave Marvett — Waggener, Les Snyder — Waggener, Spencer Dupree — Atherton.

We were happy to work with Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority to help them raise money for the blind. We hope we will be able to help again next year.

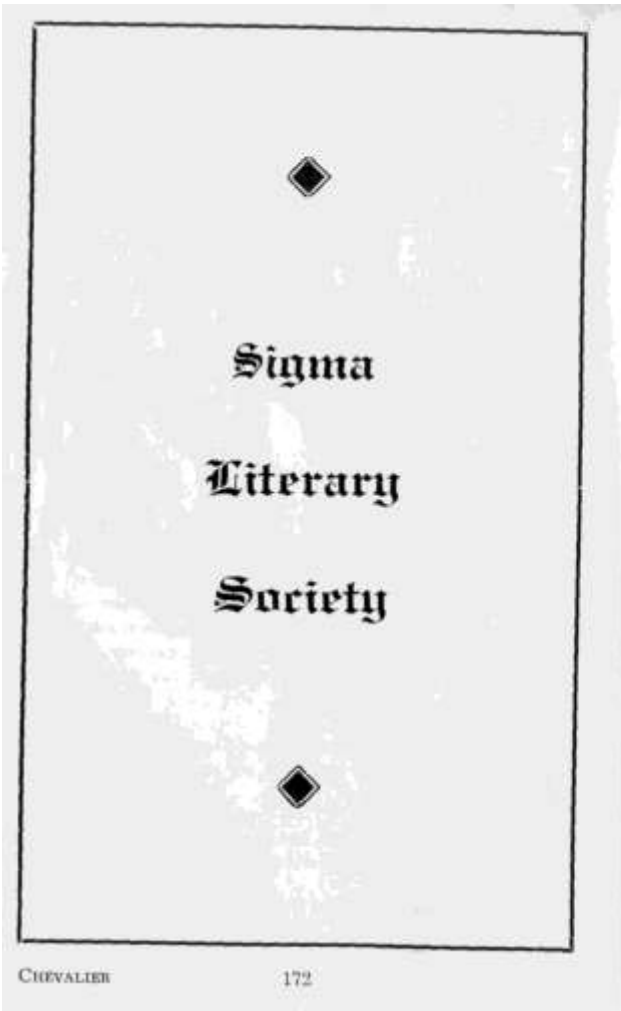
Our basketball season was fairly successful. We won one and lost three. We hope we can do a little better in soft ball.

Congratulations to Chevalier for a fine magazine.

J. H.

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CHEVALIER



Sigma Literary Society

The following officers have been elected to lead us through June 1959:

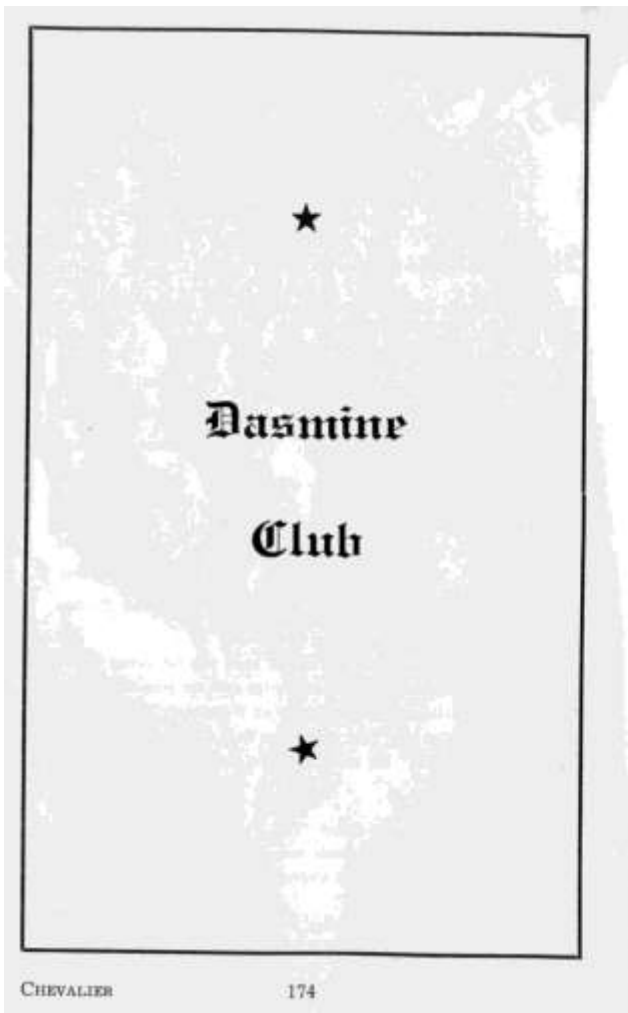
President	Carl England
Vice-President	Chuck Robinson
Recording Secretary	Howard Perkson
Treasurer	David Orr
Corresponding Secretary	Frank Howe
Chaplain	Andy Dixon
Critic	Pat Morrison
Historian	Bob Trabue

Since the beginning of the school year the following boys have succeeded in completing their pledgeships and are now Sigma actives: Gary King of Atherton, Andy Dixon at Waggener, Bob Trabue and John Speed at Country Day and Tom Ball, Dave Kremer and Bob Parkerson at Eastern. We are sure these boys will be an asset to the Society.

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

Congratulations to Chevalier on another fine edition of their magazine.

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Dasmine Club

OFFICERS

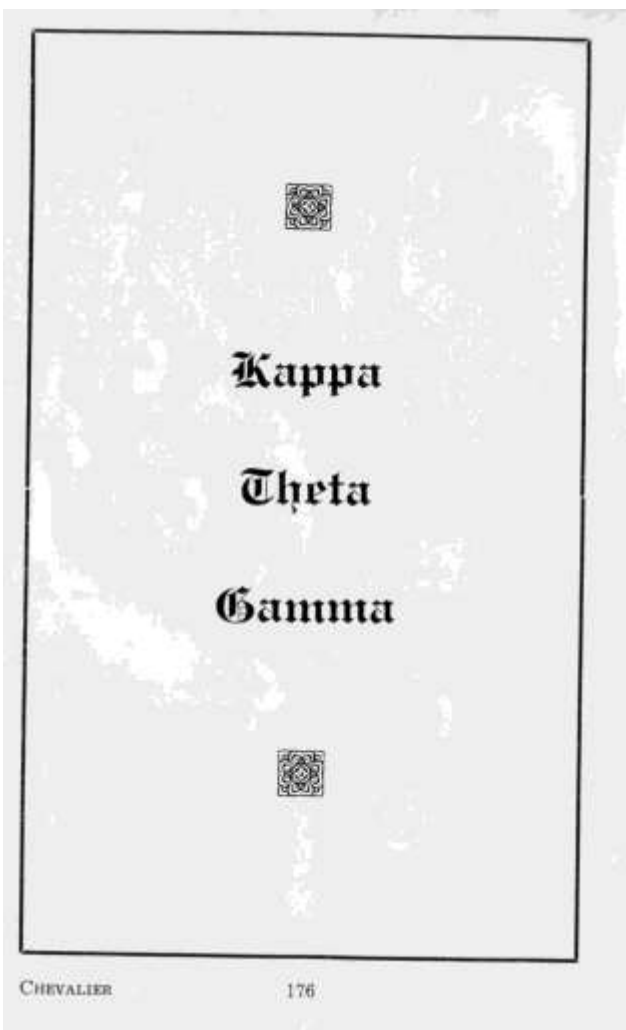
President	Jean O'Dea
Vice-President	Sue Kelsey
Social Chairman	Judi Kern
Secretary	Ann Goben
Treasurer	Jill Wolford
Sergeant-at-Arms	Jackie Demaree
Pledge Chairman	Sally Gibbs
Historian	Martha Chance
Publicity Chairman	Patty Lewis
Alumnae Chairman	Susan Wakefield
Representative to the Council	Mary Anne Drye

During the Christmas holidays we held our annual dance at the Brown Hotel. "Pops John" and his famous Dixieland band once again helped to make the dance a fabulous success.

We are proud to announce that Dasmine Club presented \$200 of the proceeds to Dr. Thomas Dooley who is working in Viet Nam, five miles East of the communist border.

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

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



Kappa Theta Gamma

President Judy Berutich
 Vice-President Diane Head
 Recording Secretary Nancy Lewis
 Treasurer Ann Hill
 Corresponding Secretaries . . . Lynn Woolson, Jane Flanagan
 Representative to the Council Sandy Swan
 Sergeant-at-Arms Carroll DeHart
 Business Manager Rosalie Imorde
 Pledge Chairman Nancy Mayer
 Historian and Publicity Chairman Ann McGrath
 Alumnae Chairmen Ruth Powell, Elizabeth Thurber

After initiation, Joyce Shewmaker and Bonnie Bertoll of Wag-
 gener were welcomed as active members.

During Christmas, K.T.G. held its annual Christmas tea at the
 home of Carolyn Roe. A Christmas party was also given for the
 children of the East End Day Nursery.

The sophomore class gave a slumber party for the juniors and
 seniors at the home of Karen Carter. No one got much sleep, but
 everyone had a feast.

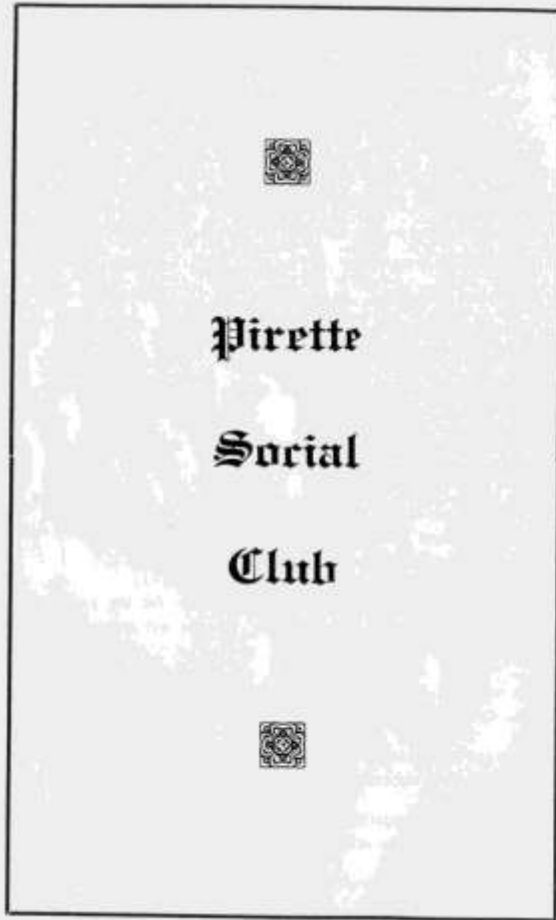
A tea for Kappa Theta Gamma mothers with a Washington's Birth-
 day motif was held in the latter part of February.

We are all looking forward to camp later this summer. The place
 has not yet been decided upon.

Everyone is cordially invited to attend K.T.G.'s annual dance,
 to be held early in the summer.

Kappa Theta Gamma congratulates Chevalier on another fine
 edition of their magazine.

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**Pirette
Social
Club**

Pirette Social Club

Pirette Social Club has elected the following officers for the spring term:

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

The following outstanding girls have been initiated to Pirettes and are upholding the fine Pirette tradition; Margie Rueff, Mary Lou O'Connell, Ann Burkley and Booper Meyer of Sacred Heart; Sally Deters, Cathy Osterman, Culla Jones and Penny Hertelendy of Ather-ton; and Joyce Greene, Linda Miller, Mary Ann Nathan and Gayle Hassman of Waggener.

During the Christmas holidays Pirettes held its Annual Alumnae Tea at the home of Mary Ann Nathan. The sophomores gave the juniors and seniors a party at the home of Linda Miller.

We are enthusiastically making plans for our spring dance to be held April 24 at the Fairgrounds' State Room. Everyone is invited to help us celebrate Pirettes' twentieth anniversary. The dance is invitational.

We are anticipating another "good year" in soft ball.

1959 The Pegasus

★

Compliments of

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SWIM TEAM**

Melinda Tuton	Ann Henderson
Sherie Burnett	Jean Todd
Ellen Sommers	Nancy Allan
Martha Robertson	Joan Orr
Sarah Lloyd	Peggy Leahy
Tina Rogers	Judy Dillon
Marty Schmitts	Sherie Silvey
Leslie Mills	Kay Stone
Phyllis Mills	Sally Lynch
Gayle Reichmuth	Peggy Burrows
Jean Henderson	Sandy Means
Elly Henderson	

Coach Wanda Callahan

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