



# Waggener High School



## 1960 Dignitas

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

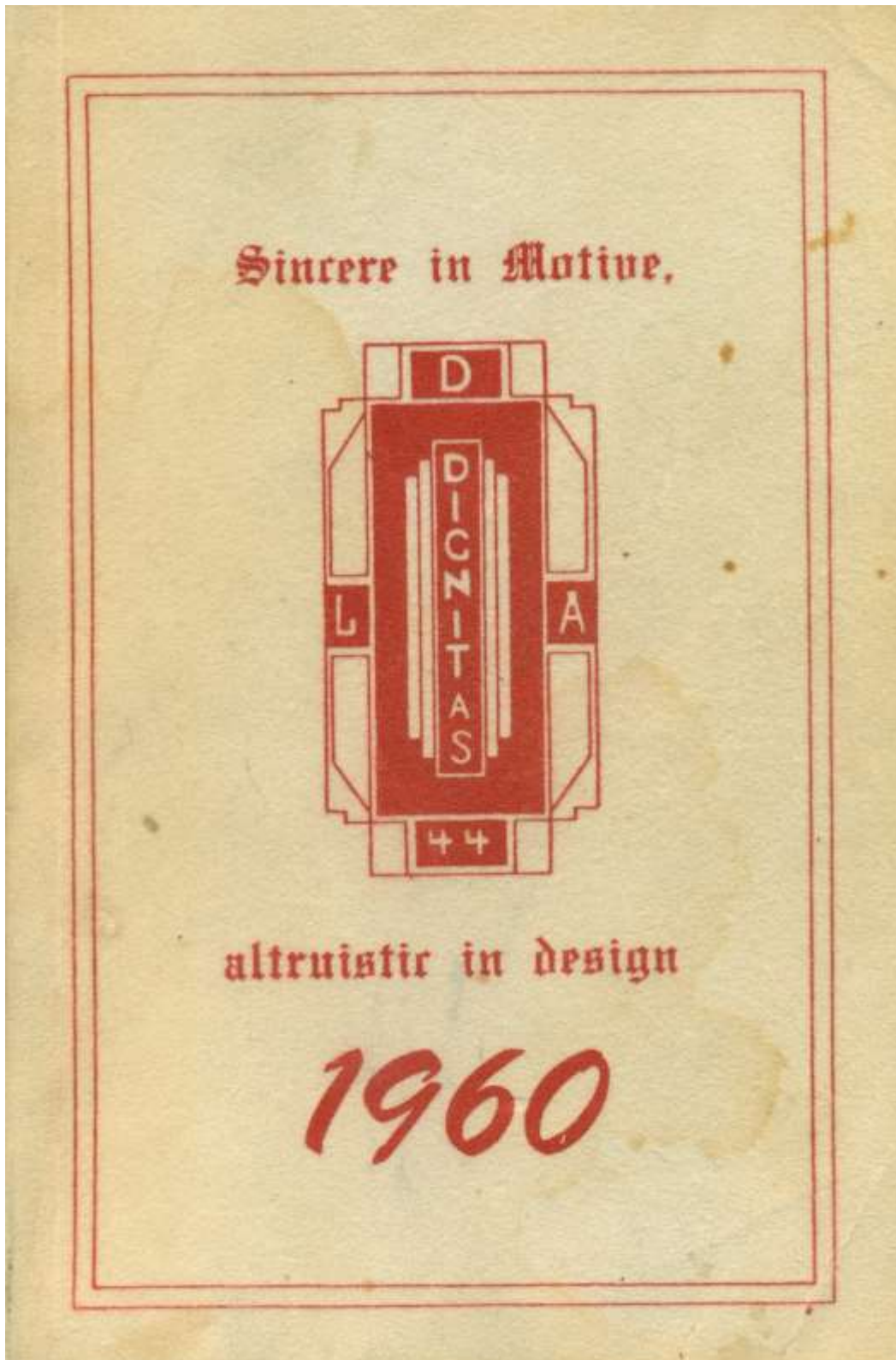
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have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

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

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

19560 Dignitas



# THE STAFF

*Editor*

TED FRITH



*Business Manager*

STEVE CATLETT



## DEDICATION

The DIGNITAS LITERARY ASSOCIATION is proud to dedicate this, the 10th edition of the Dignitas Magazine to Stanly Schultz, editor of the Dignitas Magazine 1959. Due to his co-operation and leadership a typical example of Dignitas at its best was presented.

*Waggener*

BOBBY SEXTON

*Atherton*

BILL HOWARD

*Country Day*

JIM STONE

*Eastern*

CHARLES RANDOLPH

*Alumni*

MIKE BROWN

*Humor Selection*

GENERAL STAFF

# 19560 Dignitas

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1959-1960

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Louisville, Kentucky

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The **DIGNITAS**  
Magazine

### THE JOYS OF TRAVEL

Buck sat in the corner of the flatcar, the cold piercing wind was torturing him as he sat motionless.

"I've got to move" he thought, "I've got to have a smoke. He eyed the two others as the car that was now going uphill over a snow covered pass. One was about 30, maybe more, he was unshaven with ragged clothes and seemed to have been on the road a long time. The other was about Buck's age, 20, he was a well built fellow with a heavy car coat and ear muffs. He too was unshaven, but he didn't look sloppy in contrast to the first man.

Buck moved slowly towards the younger man, "hey fella, you got a light." The man turned sharply, "yeah, but it won't work in this wind." "I guess you're right" replied Buck, "well I've got to do something to keep from going crazy from this cold, "where you coming from?"

The stranger instantly warmed and seemed to want to talk. "Denver" he said, "before that I was in Baton Rouge, I was at L.S.U."

Buck wondered why he had left, the stranger seemed to notice his question; "I went there to play longball, but it was too rough and anyway they didn't offer me nothin scholastically."

Buck realized how much this boy was like him, for he had dropped out of school because he didn't want to study.

They talked some more, Buck never being over-friendly enjoyed this boy's company.

Finally the stranger said "I'm glad I found you, I haven't talked to anybody since I left school, I don't really know my way around yet."

They were coming to a high trestle bridge and the stranger rose to the edge of the car for a better view. "Get down" shouted Buck, but it was too late and down he went into the abyss.

Buck turned to the other passenger. "I forgot to ask his name," "Oh, well, do you have a light."

BOBBY SEXTON, '60

## LEO

Leo leaned back in his cloth chair and wiped some dust off the base of his shop window. It was a hot sweltering day and he didn't add to its appearance, for he was repulsively fat and the sweat which was rolling off his body kept his nylon shirt plastered to his chest.

Leo owned a pawn shop and was a very proud man, for he had never been taken.

From his chair he could see a young man who was slightly chubby and was wearing gray wool slacks and a faded blue shirt. He twirled a small chain around his index finger as he slowly backed against an old brick building.

Leo pushed himself up from the chair and stood stretching in the sun. He wiped his face with a dirty handkerchief and turned to look down both sides of the street, but there were only a few people in his block, one being a soldier, with hands in back pockets, gazing in every window while nearing Leo's shop. Leo quickly wiped his face and stuffed the handkerchief in his back pocket. He hastened into the shop while tucking his sweaty shirt into his pants. Behind the display window he dusted a sign and carefully hung it in the window; Close Out Sale, 50% Off! Leo grabbed his best pair of field glasses and from the sidewalk began to observe the buildings on the opposite side of the street.

The soldier passed Leo's shop, but after observing the sign walked back to look over the display window. After a short time he entered the shop, closely followed by Leo who showed him anything he seemed interested in. Asking to see a wrist watch the soldier examined it with the precision of a diamond cutter. Leo realizing he knew nothing of its value watched him observe it at every angle. While helping the soldier the young man with the faded blue shirt strolled in still twirling his chain. He stopped to look at a camera, but Leo left the soldier holding the watch and

told the young man to leave his shop. An argument developed and it was very plain to see they were on the worst of terms. The young man was waving money before Leo's face, but all the time Leo screamed that he would rather take a loss than sell the camera to him.

The soldier appeared uninterested, but he hadn't put the wrist watch down since the argument started. Leo, still cursing, grabbed the camera from the man's hand and asked the soldier if he would like to buy the camera for a third of its price. He explained the circumstances while showing him the ninety dollar price tag. The soldier quickly sensed a good deal and accepted the terms. While Leo talked to the soldier the young man walked out of the shop in despair. After he had signed the sales slip the soldier rushed out to the street to resell the camera for a quick profit, but the young man was nowhere to be found. He looked both ways and then began running down the sidewalk.

Leo went to the display window and carefully removed the sign, but a few minutes later the soldier returned with the camera. After a brief argument, with Leo producing the sales slip and pointing to a no return sign hidden behind some two dollar coffee pots, the soldier walked out cursing with his worthless camera. Leo dusted a few of the glass cabinets and then walked out to his chair which was propped up against the display window.

After a short while the young man with the gray wool pants and faded shirt appeared on the opposite sidewalk. The young man stopped, leaning against the building opposite Leo's shop, he waved. Leo smiled, and nodded his head in reply as he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe the sweat from his face.

TED FRITH, '60

## "BEAT"

He was just one, one of many. His name was Jerome Jacowitz, or that's what he said it was; it was probably John Smith or Bob Jones. They were all alike, these beats, everything from their phony foreign names to their suit of clothes. This suit consisted of soiled slacks, turtle neck sweater or sweat shirt, "shades", and berets.

Well, to get down to this one particular beat Jerome, What's his name, he seemed to be the leader, if they had any leader. He was a way-out man, he dug everything from Shelly Mann to "H".

That's when the trouble started, when he dug "H", opium, and other "dope" or narcotics which have different effects on different people. Some it makes very quiet and serious, but with our man Jerome, it was just the opposite. Usually, the beats were quiet and nonchalant, but when Jerome got some "H" he went wild, he did as he pleased, regardless.

The trouble started one night when he had some "stuff". He was at one of our cities' many expresso restaurants. He had several cups of "loaded" coffee and was rather high when he left. He jumped into his car and was off for his beach pad. On his way out there was a red light. He either didn't see it, or didn't care because he paid no attention to it what so ever. Then as he sped over the crosswalk, if you would have been a few blocks from Oak and Vine you could have heard a horrible yell, but Jerome never even slowed down, he didn't even know what had happened.

When he awoke the next morning he got into his car and drove off for a cool pad called Otto's. As he drove down the highway he began to think about the previous night. Then he remembered the red light, the horrible scream, and then he saw a police car pass on the other side, quickly stop, turn around, and then he heard a siren in his pursuit. He sped up and gave the fuzz a fair chase but it was no use. He was pulled over to the side and jerked out of the car. He was frisked and he barked, "What's the rap?". "Hit and run", replied the fuzz. "What, you'll never get that rap on me". "Yea, you think not. Come here, ya damn killer". He grabbed Jerome by the arm and pulled him to the front of the car when he saw, hanging on to the bloody fender, an arm of an innocent woman.

FORD REID, '62

### HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

For nearly 300 years the people of America have experienced a freedom never before known to civilized man. During this time America has prospered and grown to be the greatest nation in the world today.

The American way of life has withstood the repeated attacks of power-crazed individuals and should be prepared to protect itself from the further onslaughts of tyranny which we know are inevitable.

A quick look through the pages of history books will show numerous empires and ways of life which have risen and then fallen due mainly to the lack of strength in the ideas upon which they were based.

The nation of America was created by people who were seeking freedom and democracy. I believe this idea of freedom and democracy is the strongest ever conceived by man.

It is said all good things must come to an end and surely freedom and democracy is a wonderful thing. But will this old saying hold true? Only time will tell.

It is my hope that the American way of life should spread to all parts of the world and its idea of freedom and democracy be everlasting.

MIKE SKELTON

### CONCESSION MAY BE DEFEAT

As a senior in high school I do not pretend to know much about the world and her problem, that is East vs. West. I do, however, profess to know that in 1938 Britain's prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, literally gave world peace away because neither he nor his country had the courage to stand and face the aggressor of that day with a resolved purpose and will. Are we not to learn from this grave mistake that peace cannot be gained by appeasement? Shall we back up from our enemies each time they make a threat or produce a crisis as did the democracies before the Second World War?

If in the Big Four Conferences which will undoubtedly take place in the near future, the Free World makes any concession to Russia on the Berlin issue or on any other issue or in any way backs down from its former stands, it will not only weaken and deceive itself but also strengthen Russia, and greatly increase the chances of war. I believe that if the United States would face her immediate enemies whether it be at Geneva, or at Berlin, or at Quemoy, with an opposition, a strong opposition, from fierce words to ready guns, the world and all of its tensions would rest in more peace than they have for many years. If right now the United States and her allies don't say strongly what they stand for and if they don't "say it like a man" they may never again say anything of any importance.

MIKE BROWN, '60

### HOW TO AVOID CANCER

In recent years, there have been many theories pertaining to the causes of the dreaded disease, cancer. All of the theories have been derived from the research of learned men of the medical profession, and of scientist working for the American Cancer Society and other organizations.

No doubt, some of the causes of cancer that have been described in newspaper articles and other sources have been very erroneous, but some have been valid also. One of the most common being smoking, if this one is true, many of us need the services of a doctor. Another theory is that the exhaust gases from automobiles have been linked with lung cancer. So if this one is true, the air in our city is dangerous to our health. The two most recent ones are the burning of leaves, which also pollutes the air, and shaving.

You now probably think, "if those causes are true, I've had it." But don't sweat it! There is a simple solution, that if followed, will solve the cancer problem.

This treatment takes only one day, and if it is administered correctly, you will never be a victim of cancer. **DON'T BREATHE AIR!**

KIRK WILLIAMS, '61

### "SWEET YOUNG LIFE"

The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and to keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed by every boy in town since she was twelve years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret, and drinks mean corn-liquor when she is out joy riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew, or keep house.

The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number eight patent-leather shoes matched his state in tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle-grease polish of his hair. In

addition to his jag he carried a pocket-knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.

The bride wore some kind of white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end. The young people will make their home with the bride's parents, which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing. The happy couple anticipate a great event in about five months.

JACK GLASS, '62

### MY COLLEGE GOALS AND PURPOSES

My goals in education seem to grow with my goals for life. Mainly, I want to learn how to choose my experiences, while keeping my mind open to new ideas. I want to learn to appreciate and use sound logic. I want to learn and to recognize the practical truths and laws that guide human living. I want to acquire a background so that I may judge and discriminate with authority. I hope to learn how to express myself with ease and clarity, and I want to know how I may better myself so that I may put other people at their ease and bring out their better qualities.

I think a college education will increase my intellectual curiosity and will establish ideals of thinking and conduct so that I can continue my thinking on more advanced levels. I feel that the most useful education is one that will open doors to new interests that will enrich my whole life. This kind of education is not achieved by any narrow or shortcut means, but in order for me to gain an education that is useful in the best sense, I must receive every aspect of attention.

If I am to find satisfaction in my work, and in the human details it involves, I must be able to rise above these details. I feel that a college education will prepare me with the means of elevating myself.

I feel that in order for me to make the long climb to become successful in my profession, all college education experiences will make their contribution.

The acquiring of new ideas, methods, and information contribute to the great enterprise of living. These elements, I feel, a college education will present to me.

RAYMEY SIMPSON, '60



### THE NEW EARTH

It had been 436 years since the ship had left the earth. Life had gone on. Babies were born, people died. To John Watson the hulking interior of the space ship had been his earth. Earth, what was earth? The real earth had been destroyed by atomic war when the giant ship had left earth and headed for the void of space and the search for a new planet on which civilization could again start. There was no more earth just a sickening memory of what it had been like at the end.

Aboard the ship were 500 people, each living his own life with his own family in their assigned compartments. The men worked in the numerous sections of the ship with a privileged few becoming members of the crew.

John Watson was not well liked mainly because he was different from everyone else, and being a non-conformist was considered a minor crime.

John remembered how at the age of 18 he became an adult and was told of the destruction of earth and warned that any future civilization he might become a part of must never end as earth did.

Located in various different places around the ship were numerous dark corridors which were off limits to non-crew members. Being a man with a spirit of adventure and great curiosity John decided to explore one of these passages. He knew full well if he was caught, a few operations by the ships surgeons on his brain would make him the most docile and least curious person aboard the ship. As he started down the corridor he was seen by a crew member. John immediately began running deeper into the passage trying to elude the man. The crew member who spotted John summoned other members of the crew and together they began chasing him.

As John ran further into the passage he noticed the floor was covered with inches of dust and he wondered how many hundreds of years it had been since it was last used.

After many hours of running in the musty corridor John finally reached the end, a massive grey door labeled AIRLOCK. Unlocking the door he quickly stepped inside just as the pursuing crewmen came upon the scene.

Once in the lock John had time to think and came to a decision. He would never go back to his cramped existence and the punish-

ments in store for him. He would die in the great void of space. As he turned the numerous controls needed to open the outside door he could hear the men outside the airlock trying to open the door but he knew it was locked and would stay locked. Pushing the control which opened the door he closed his eyes and jumped through the port into space.

The feeling was one of falling through space rather than exploding as he should have. And then he hit the ground.

Gathering his senses he looked up and saw the massive hulk of rusted steel which had been the only home he had known. And then John looked around and surveyed the strange new planet on which the ship had landed who knows how many hundreds of years ago. On board no one knew the truth but the crew and they would never reveal their secret for they were afraid of creating another earth with its horrible ending. All this John Watson realized as he walked off into the sunset created by the two blue stars.

MIKE SKELTON

### THE WORST OF EVIL

Joe and I were pretty good friends. We both had attended the same high school and had had many classes together during our four years. There were a few differences of opinions between us, and especially one main one. This one was cheating for grades at school.

Many times during those four years I would see Joe before a class and ask him if he was ready for the big test. He would say that he had his cheat sheet all made out. I would say something to the effect that cheating will get you nowhere and that it would only hurt you in the long run.

But Joe didn't care. He said he wasn't going to take any more of this course after this year and he wouldn't need it any more. So why take a chance of getting a bad grade and having my parents mad at me.

As you can see he had his point. However, you can also see that his point wasn't too good.

Joe cheated most of his way through high school. Everything was fine. He had good grades, his parents were proud and Joe thought that he was pretty clever. However, Joe doesn't end up too happy. Even though his college board scores weren't too good he

was accepted at a pretty good college, that is for awhile. Joe's parents just couldn't understand those terrible grades.

This little story happens an awful lot throughout the United States. Too much emphasis is put on grades, and naturally most people don't want to be thought of as dumb.

Now Joe really had a pretty high I.Q.; yet he was actually just too lazy to study and the cost of having a low grade once in a while was too much for him.

Don't let this happen to you! The next time you see someone receive a good grade that doesn't deserve it, just remember that he might be popular now but just wait a few years and the story will change. You have a right to be mad, but you can say you earned yours and he didn't and that's what really counts in the long run!

PAUL KEITH, '62

### ARE YOU REALLY LIVING?

Are you really living? Would you change places with anyone if you were given the chance. If you would, you are not really living. If you do not understand the term living a few examples may help.

Several years ago at Annapolis an electronic genius enrolled. Within a year after his enrollment, with the help of the floor plans of the institution and his own cleverness, he was able to wire and tap all the communications, elevators and class bells. He was able to ring the morning tardy bell ten minutes early and make several hundred midshipmen late to their classes. His favorite trick was to cut the electricity to the elevators while some top brass were between floors. His practical jokes made him the envy of the select circle he informed of his activities. However, through carelessness on his part his set-up was discovered and he was formally dismissed. Within a year he committed suicide. Was he really living? Before his death his friends at Annapolis thought he was, but was he?

Another example would be that of the high school student who bragged to his friends that he would make a million dollars before he reached forty-five. His ambition was satisfied at the age of forty-three. Although he had a million dollars he had no friends that would associate with him except strictly for business. Many looked up to him, but was he really living?

The last example subtends the preceding one. Working for one of the leading corporations in town is a man who many of his co-workers greatly admire. After work each day he disappears from the office to his small home where his wife is waiting. His entire life is like clock work. He has not been late to work a single time in the last five years. On Saturday he waxes his car and every Sunday he goes to church. He never goes out at night, has not been on a vacation in years, and saves every penny he can. For what? He does have a particular reason. He got in the habit of saving when his wife and he were first married and does not seem to realize he is so tight with his money. Is he really living? Are you?

STEVE MOWRY, '60

### FARMINGTON

In 1956, a foundation was formed by a group of public-spirited citizens who secured enough money to make a payment of principal and interest, and a house, which had been built in 1810, became another reminder of Kentucky's heritage. This home is better known as Farmington. It was designed by Thomas Jefferson and built by John Speed. It was here, during one of the most critical periods of his life, that Lincoln visited his friend, Joshua Speed. It is the opinion of the trustees of this foundation, and many Kentuckians, that the preservation of Farmington deserves our utmost effort.

Immediately, research, vitally needed repairs, and restoration were begun. Much still needs to be done. Repairing, furnishing and restoring the physical plant, so that it may be shown to visitors as nearly as possible in its original form, has required substantial outlays of additional funds. This is being collected through contributions as well as admission fees.

Many people have been alarmed that in the clamor of progress, the past is being too hastily swept away. Americans everywhere are awakening to the fact that we must preserve and restore our historic landmarks.

Farmington is a home-town venture—it is located on the northeast corner of the Watterson Expressway and Bardstown Road. It's well worth the fifty-cent admission fee, and your presence there will help this historic home to remain a landmark for the future generations to enjoy.

MARSHALL HEUSER, '61

## A TEXAS JUDGE SENTENCES A MAN TO DEATH

"Hear ye! Hear ye! This honorable court is now in session; and if any galoot wants a snort before we start, let him step to the bar and name his drink. Oscar, serve the gentlemen."

"Carlos Robles, it is the findin' of this court that you are charged with a grave offense against the peace and dignity of the law West of the Pecos and the State of Texas, to plede: cattlerustlin'. Guilty or not guilty?"

Not being able to speak or comprehend English, Robles merely grunted.

"Court accepts your plea of guilt. The jury will now deliberate; and if it brings a verdict short of hangin' it'll be declared in contempt. Gentlemen, is yore verdict ready?"

The twelve nondescript citizens cleared their throats in unison. "It is, your honor," several spoke.

"Thank you gentlemen. Stand up, Carlos Robles, and receive yore sentence. You got anything to say why judgement shouldn't be passed on you in this court?"

Of course Carlos had not, in view of the fact he had only the vaguest idea of what was transpiring.

"Carlos Robles," the Judge continued, "you been tried by twelve true and good men and they've said you're guilty of rustlin' cattle. Carlos Robles, it is the order of this court that you be took to the nearest tree and hanged by the neck till you are dead.

JACK GLASS, '62

## THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE

The greatest day of my life was the day I received a letter which read like this:

Dear Buddy,

You have been elected to become a member of the Dignitas Literary Association. Membership in Dignitas constitutes one of the highest honors a high school boy may receive and is therefore open to only a select few. Traditionally the ranks of Dignitas have included only those young men of the highest character and ability; mature individuals possessed with the fundamental qualities of good leadership and impartial judgment. We believe you fulfill these requirements.

We of Dignitas feel that in order for anyone to become a good leader he must first learn to be a good follower, willing to carry out orders and respect his superiors. For this reason it is the policy of Dignitas to hold a pledgeship period of two weeks, during which all prospective members will be oriented and become familiar with Dignitas principles. You may resign for this pledgeship at any time without obligation to the Dignitas Literary Association.

If you wish to become a member, please contact the president. It will also be necessary for your parent or guardian to sign the form on page two and return it to the Secretary of Dignitas prior to September 27, 1959.

Whatever your decision, best of luck always from Dignitas.  
BUDDY FRANKENBURGER, '62

## BELIEF

During an open discussion in an advanced chemistry class, the ever-lasting debate of religion was brought up. Those opposing the realism of an actual God in Heaven began first.

"When the temperature is below freezing and water is placed outside, I believe it will freeze. This can be tested and proven. If what Jesus said was true, being that no one had or will ever see God, then why should I believe in something that cannot or will never be proven. I believe that man invented God to benefit himself directly. Basically, all of the rules of Christianity state; "If you love me and respect my property, I will treat you equally." This mutual agreement is needed among civilized people. Therefore, I believe in the doctrine of religion but not in a God in Heaven."

"Man could have been placed on this planet by some master race which controls us like puppets on strings. They invented man and hold reins over our actions and even our minds. The impossible phenomena of nature are governed by this master race. I do not believe this but it could be an answer."

"The earth with it's plants, animals and everything else, is just an accident of nature. There are an infinite number of planets the same size as the earth. It has been proven that climate similar to ours is found on Mars, while water has been discovered on Venus. I believe the earth and it's characteristics which make it perfect for us, is that one chance, in the infinite number of chances, where everything came out perfect.

How those in favor of the question began.

"Man could have invented religion. He could have seen that there was a need for religion. Therefore, he could have invented a god to explain all the great phenomena of nature that his science could not. Franklin once said: "Jesus of Nazareth's system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, is the best the world ever saw, or ever will see". Jesus, Moses, and the other great leaders could have seen a lacking in the lives of men and tried to set a code of ethics and a purpose to strive for in life. I believe that no great men could have laid down such perfect rules, which would still guide men's actions twenty centuries later, without the help of God."

"I cannot prove there is a God and no one can disprove it. We all believe in the atomic theory. We use it's corollaries every day in chemistry. We cannot see atoms but we believe they exist. I cannot see God but I believe He exists. To those of you who would accept the word of a great scientist over your minister, this may interest you: "Newton, Pascal, Bossuet, Racine, Fenelin, that is to say some of the most enlightened men on earth — in the most philosophical of all ages — have been believers in Jesus Christ. And the great Conde', when dying, repeated these noble words, "Yes, I shall see God as He is, face to face" — Vauvenargues. I believe exactly as Byron does: "Indisputably the believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter: and if there be no hereafter they can be with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment."

The bell rang and the discussion was abruptly halted to be taken up again on some later date.

STEVE MOWRY, '60

### AN AMERICAN DUTY

Today we Americans live amid a world so concerned with its own pleasures and interests that it fails to see any need of reform. We lack the foresight to realize the devastating effect this happy-go-lucky society will have on future generations. America is great and holds a place of prestige among nations now because of the many achievements, discoveries, and hardships of our ancestors. Shall we uphold these standards which have been set for us, or

shall we take unfair advantages of them? Will we strive toward new and better things or are we content with merely giving this responsibility to someone else other than ourselves? This is not a matter of what we might do, but a matter of what we must do if our posterity is to enjoy the same benefits of the American way of life which we now so abundantly have.

DAVE KUHN, '62

### A HOUSE DIVIDED

"That, my dear friend, is the story of my life, and you are the only one I have ever told".

Many years later, Albert Griffin died and left no relatives to mourn him so I should like to tell his story to you.

This began a long time ago, to be exact, in the 1850s, when Mr. and Mrs. Griffin and their two sons, Albert and David, lived in one of the border states between the North and South. They were in moderate circumstances, owned a small farm and a few farm animals, with which to do their work, and furnish enough food to take care of their needs through the year. They kept no slaves, and deep in the father's and mother's heart they were opposed to slavery, but their friends and neighbors did have them and so long as they were well treated, there was very little thought given to it, one way or the other; especially by the younger generation.

Albert, the older of the two, and David were happy, healthy boys in their early teens. They were very devoted brothers, liked the same amusements; swam in the nearby stream; in summer when their work was through, and hunted rabbits and other wild game, in the wooded area. They loved to ride horseback through the field and over the country roads. Sometimes they raced from the pasture, where the horses grazed, to the barn; but one day a race ended in disaster. There was a small stream in the field, and the boys would have their mounts jump over it on the way in to the stable. On this particular day, David's horse fell and threw him. They picked him up for dead, but he did survive, but with an injured back which left him a cripple for the rest of his life.

He was able to get about, go to school, and do very light chores. He was a bright student and often helped other boys and girls with their school work. Schools then were not much like the ones we have to-day. There was one room and one teacher who

taught all grades, from the first on up. There were not many children in school then as the country was sparsely populated, and those who could afford it either had private tutors or sent their children away to boarding school. There was, however, a lovely little girl, Mary Ann Goode, who lived not too far from the Griffin farm, and went to school with Albert and David. They were very good friends, and when Mary Ann and Albert had finish their schooling they continued to see each other, and as you may have guessed, they fell in love and were eventually married. They, like all young people starting their lives together, thought they would live happily ever after, but as is often the case, it just didn't work out that way.

Not long after they were married, the South seceded from the Union over the slavery problem, and Albert felt it his duty to enlist with the Union. He regreted having to fight against his friends in the south, but being opposed to slavery he had no choice, so he left his family, his friends and his bride, to fight for what he thought was right.

Mail or any other form of communication, was difficult to send or receive. It was hard to get mail from the South to the Union soldiers, and was even more difficult for a soldier from the South to write to his loved ones, as every one was so closely watched, and he might have been taken for a spy.

Time passed, as it does, and Mr. and Mrs. Griffin both contracted typhoid fever, and due to the lack of proper medical care and nursing, they both died, leaving young David and Mary Ann to carry the burden of the farm work and the care of her and Albert's baby, whom he had not seen, nor even knew existed.

Albert was a good soldier and within a short time he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. He was well liked by both his superior officers and the enlisted men alike, but he worried about his family, and dreaded the day that he felt would surely come, when the Northern troops would invade the South. But the day he had been dreading came, and to his own company, and as they marched he both hoped and feared that they would pass through his own home, and that is exactly what happened. When they came near the place, his Commanding Officer ordered Albert to take a few men and go into the house and get all of the food stuff they could find, as the marchers were running low on provisions, and if they met with any resistance, to either take them prisoner, or shoot to kill. So,

being in the army, there was nothing to do but to obey. And with their heavy muddy boots they tramped into the house, without so much as asking permission, looked about for food, gobbling up everything they could find. But Albert was more concerned about his family, but didn't dare let anyone know it was his home. When he saw no sign of life, he decided his family had gotten some warning of the approaching troops and had taken refuge elsewhere; for which he was very thankful.

Finally some of the men thought of looking in the cellar for more food, that might have been stored there for winter use, and down they went into what looked like a dungeon, having come in out of the bright sunlight. When they reached the floor, Albert thought he heard a tiny whimper coming from a far corner, and some of the men called out, 'who is that down here? Come out or we'll shoot'. And with that some over anxious men shot into the darkness, as Albert lighted a torch to look around. There huddled in a corner was a man, bent over a small bundle in his lap, and a woman slumped beside him. The Lieutenant stepped over to the little group and raised the man's bloodstained face, to find that he and his men had wiped out his entire family with one blast.

PAUL LONG, '62

### "BOTTOM OF THE NINTH"

My name is Thomas Podofski. I was born thirty-two years ago in the city of Warsaw in the country of Poland. At the age of ten, I came with my immediate family to the United States. My father was a jeweler, my mother worked in the library five days a week. I, along with my older brother and two sisters, one younger and one older, attended school at a school in the Bronx.

After three years in New York, my father died of a heart ailment. That left the burden of raising four children solely on my mother. My older brother, Jon, was nineteen years old. He had been fortunate enough to complete high school, and, because of his superior grades, he was accepted on a four year scholarship at Dartmouth College. My mother only made \$325.00 a month; therefore, she could not afford to raise the three of us.

I got a job at the New York Times as an errand boy. Occasionally I would receive a significant tip. This, with my \$57.75 a week pay check, helped my mother somewhat, but we were still barely able to live reasonably comfortably. On my sixteenth birth-

day I got a job in the press room, here all the reporters apply all alterations or additions that their stories need.

One day a popular sports columnist, "Jud" Knox, got sick and could not go to Yankee Stadium to do his daily coverage of the baseball game. Naturally, the coverage had to be made, so Phil Harper, a new reporter, was given his chance. It so happened that Phil was a good friend of my brother, Steven. Steven had asked Phil to take good care of me and make sure that I stayed out of trouble. Phil asked me to go to the game with him.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I got there and saw 62,500 people cheering nine players in the Yankee uniform. I knew right away that this was to be my career. Every chance I got, I read about and studied the intricacies of baseball. Despite the fact that I could be a failure, I knew that I wanted to be a baseball player. I am six feet tall, and I weigh 180 pounds. Every chance I got, I practiced hitting and fielding.

After two years of continual practice, I went to George Weiss, the owner of the Yankees, and asked him if I could try out for the Yankees or one of their farm teams. He said he needed some office help, so I quit my job at the newspaper and joined his office staff. When spring training time came around, I made the trip to St. Petersburg, Florida. The Yankee owners were not particularly impressed with my talent, but they sent me to a farm club in Dallas, Texas. The season started with me on the bench.

We were a pretty good team in our own league. I was on the team three weeks before I got my first chance to play. With the score tied two to two in the bottom of the ninth, I came to bat with two men out and a man on second base. We were playing Oklahoma City for first place in the Texas-Oklahoma League. When my manager, Howard Jeffreys, yelled from his coaching box behind third base, "Podofski, get up there and bat for Sedowski," I almost fainted from surprise and fear. As I walked to the batters' box, I knew I had to get a hit so that I could remain on the team. I thought of the poverty I had lived in the past eight years. I thought of my poor mother and my two sisters. With these thoughts on my mind, I hit the first pitch into deep center field, the runner from second scored, and I was now a baseball player. My teammates congratulated me and made me feel welcome.

I had a good year that season. I played in about seventy-five per cent of the games that year. I batted .308, hit only six home-

runs, but drove in sixty-two runs. I received a one thousand dollar raise for the following year. I sent my money to my mother. Being thoughtful, she returned half of it and we both lived comfortably.

After two lucrative years in Dallas, I was promoted to the American Association team in Kansas City, Kansas. That year I played regularly and hit .278, with thirteen home-runs and seventy-nine runs-batted-in. I was given the information that I had been traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League. I was told that I was to be the regular right-fielder of the Pirates, with a salary of fifteen thousand dollars. I was so elated with the news that I bought a new house for my mother and sisters. I made the big leagues at twenty-six years old and I thought I could stay there for at least five full seasons.

The 1954 season began with the Philadelphia Phillies playing us in Pittsburgh. We won that game by five to one, as I got one hit, a triple, in four times at bat. The next day we were leading the Phillies two to one in the bottom of the sixth inning when I came to bat. There were two men on base, with one out. Previously that day I had struck out twice. I hit the third pitch deep into left-center field, I rounded first and was on my way to second when I felt a terrific pain in my chest. I disregarded this and rounded second and headed toward third. The throw was a bad one and it hit me in the shoulder. I was safe on third, but that was no consolation, so I had to miss two months of the season with pulled muscles in my chest and a fractured shoulder.

I spent those two months going from one doctor's office to another. When I returned to playing, I found that I had lost my co-ordination and could not hit regularly enough to warrant my staying with the team. I went back to Dallas in the Texas-Oklahoma League to regain my talent. I spent two lean years in which I hit .274 and .265, with twenty-five home-runs and eighty-nine runs-batted-in. The Pirates sold me to the Boston Red Sox. I played the 1957 season on the Red Sox farm club in San Francisco. I played only fairly well and I finally realized that I could not get back to the big leagues. I retired after the close of that season, because I only played in half the games and could only hit .262.

I am now living in a comfortable ranch-style home in the suburbs of Topeka, Kansas. I still vividly remember my past life and will never forget my first time to bat in the bottom of the ninth.

JIM STONE, '61

### ROBINSON CRUSOE DISCOVERS FRIDAY'S FOOTPRINT

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat. I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one.

I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thought by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

JACK GLASS, '62

### "?"

A little boy, running through the park, slipped and fell, bruising his knee. He quickly hobbled over to a nearby bench and sat down, tenderly caressing the scraped skin. A little trickle of blood flowed from his leg and he courageously fought back the tears. He suddenly looked up and heard, a few hundred feet away, a man speaking. Listening more closely he could just discern what was being said.

The man, addressing a few solemn passers-by, was on top of a bench, vehemently speaking on how the U.S. was wasting good taxpayer's money on foreign aid. He felt like yelling to the engrossed speaker, "I don't care about your dumb ole foreign aid, get me some first aid."

A little old lady leading a dog (or the dog leading the old lady) attracted his attention. The old lady was mumbling something about how embarrassing it was to have a disrespectful puppy dog, and how she was going to send him back to the pound if he didn't behave. Anyway, the dog kept on pulling till the leash broke and the old lady was left on the ground, staring at half a leash in her hand, while the little puppy scampered away to enjoy his newly earned independence.

Next, an old antiquated gentleman, with a long white beard, the kind you see in the Rip Van Winkle pictures, came by. He was saying something about how things weren't like they used to be. He timidly asked the little boy for a match, placing an Earl Marshal cigar in his colorless lips. When the little boy replied he had no matches, the old man simply muttered something about "the beat generation" and departed hurriedly, evidently forgetting the now somewhat chewed, but still unlit cigar entangled in his beard.

Next a couple of teenagers walked by, one of them telling the other an off-color story, and how he'd put a Gin bottle in Mrs. Sawyer's desk at school. As they passed the little boy they said in unison "Hi, Square." A voice from behind him suddenly called, "Come on Billy, we're going down to ole man Vrlie's and git some comics. The little boy, completely disregarding his bruised knee, jumped off the bench and scampered after his quickly disappearing cohorts.

DOUG TAYLOR, '61

### SNOWING

A few flakes of snow floated to the ground, but the dark clouds overshadowed any signs of happiness. He looked out the hospital window, for what else could a dying man do. There had been many doctors and a great deal of tests, but they had all led to nothing. They told him a few months of rest would make a new man of him, for they were brilliant doctors and could hardly be wrong. He was no specialist, for he wasn't even briefed in the field of medicine, but on his hand there were tiny white spots which he knew would be his doom. How could he know? An educated

man is not a believer of superstitions, and he was being attended by the finest of physicians. However, man has knowledge concerning the nearness of death, and therefore he knew.

While looking out the window he lifted his hands, but dropped them in despair knowing the white spots to be there. Sometimes when waking he would slowly release the grip of his hand, in utmost hope of not seeing what he knew would inevitably be there.

It was still early and the doctors had not found time to console him, as always, in their daily room to room check. They would soon be with him, but no longer would he question them as to his illness and no longer would he plead about the white spots. He was tired and the snow had almost ceased to fall.

They were with him now, and in their usual joking manner. His gaze, morbid as it was, could not break the smile on their faces. They underwent the usual procedure and told him of his remarkable progress. They put his pale body on a rolling bed and wiped his brow before wheeling him into the hall. He had come to enjoy this, for each day the broken plaster and chipped paint symbolized something different, but on this day there was no symbol to be found. The end was near, but no pain had stricken him, for there was no room for pain. They were at the end of the hall and his expression suddenly changed, as to almost reveal a grin. His eyes were concentrated on the tiny white spots on the doctor's hands that pushed him through the revolving doors. His face flinched and his hands tightened while his eyes slowly began to close, but suddenly he broke into uncontrollable laughter. The doctors whispered among themselves as his laughter became weak. The snow ceased to fall.

TED FRITH, '60

### GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY TO GET RICH

We are starting a cat ranch in Lacon with 100,000 cats. Each cat will sell for thirty cents each. One hundred men can skin 5,000 cats a day. We figure a daily net profit of over \$10,000. Now what shall we feed the cats? We will start a rat ranch next door with 1,000,000 rats. The rats will breed twelve times faster than the cats. So we will have four rats to feed each day to each cat. Now what shall we feed the rats? We will feed the rats the carcasses of the cats after they have been skinned. Now get this! We feed the rats to the cats and the cats to the rats and get the skins for nothing.

JACK GLASS, '62

### THE THEME

Two forty-five and I'm out of that class,  
 Everything is in line and I'll surely pass.  
 Just one theme to do in a week and a day,  
 That's no sweat, I'll make an "A".  
 Home after practice, time to get it done.  
 All I do is work, no time for fun.  
 I can't miss that TV show and I've got to take a bath  
 And after I do all this I've got to get that math.  
 That theme can wait till tomorrow night,  
 I've got six whole days; I think that's right.  
 Home after school and time to rest,  
 I've got to be in shape so I'll do my best.  
 We've got a big game tonight  
 And those boys will be rough,  
 We've got to be ready and be just as tough.  
 Home about twelve, no study at all,  
 Looks like my "A" might have to fall.  
 Three more nights have already gone by,  
 I still haven't even made a good try.  
 It's the night before and I'm working like mad,  
 Things aren't looking too good, it's going to be sad.  
 This paper isn't too good and I am afraid  
 That I am going to get a pretty low grade.  
 Well, the paper is in and I know what she'll say,  
 You guessed it right, I got a one-legged "A".

PAUL KEITH, '62

### THE WIDOW GIBSON

On a hill outside a small town stood a large red farmhouse with white shutters that had not been opened for many years. The Widow Gibson, who lived there alone, had not one friend in the County. When she came into town to shop, the housewives of the town turned their heads and looked the other way.

The townspeople weren't cruel people but they did have memories of the Gibsons. They could not forget how it was when the Gibsons first came from the big city and bought the elegant "Hillside Farm" nor the gowns and hats Mrs. Gibson wore. She made the other women of the town look simple and common.



The Gibsons had lived at Hillside Farm five years when the law finally caught up with Mr. Gibson. His neighbors were shocked to learn that he had been the ringleader of a mail robbery in the city. He was sentenced to prison for life and from then on the loneliness and sorrow of Mrs. Gibson deepened.

Mr. Gibson died in prison two years after he was sentenced. The incentive for running the farm was gone so Mrs. Gibson let all the hired help go and continued to live there alone. For several years Mrs. Gibson was a recluse. The people of the town seldom saw her and finally forgot her completely.

One evening a boy brought a telegram up to the farmhouse on the hill. The old widow opened the door and proceeded to read the message while the boy waited. He could see that the little old lady still looked fashionable. Her face was powdered and rouged but her hair style was that of several years before. "My brother is dead", she said. "That's all of the family now. I'm the only one left". "May I send an answer, ma'm?" asked the boy. "Oh, no, I guess not", she replied. As the widow handed the boy a small tip she noticed a bandage on his hand. "What's the bandage for?" she asked.

"A small tumor", he replied. "Does it hurt much?" "Yes, ma'm, it takes a lot of care." "Listen, son, my sister was always saying prayers for people. I've never tried it but maybe if I pray each day, your hand will become well again".

Several days later the boys noticed that the tumor was not so sore and within a very short time it was gone completely. Wherever the boy went he told the amazing story of the healing power of the little old widow. Soon people from all over the county were bringing their troubles to her, seeking help. Some were helped—some were not. However, there was no doubt that when the tumor vanished from the boy's hand, so did the loneliest and most friendless person from that town.

JACK KNIGHT, '62

### AN ATHLETE ISN'T BORN, HE IS MADE

Frequently after a great performance by a star athlete in any field of sports, someone always sighs, "Oh well, he's a born athlete." This may be, but more often than not, his skill is acquired through determination, constant practice, and proper conditioning. This particular person has set his goal and has taken every step to

achieve it. Often we consider feats accomplished by others impossible. However, if we would devote time and effort to a field which interests us, set our goal, then strive for perfection in it, we too might reach high standards. Therefore, through enthusiasm, energy and perseverance, a wish may become a reality and finally we ourselves might become stars in the field which we choose.

DAVE KUHN, '62

### HOW LUCKY WE ARE!

The title of this composition means exactly what it says.

Most everybody I know is always grumbling about how hard school is or how mean some teachers are and many other similar things. Nobody ever seems to realize how lucky they are. You probably say I have this told to me all the time but do you ever really think about it?

If you would ask most people they would say we are lucky because we are free. However, they let it go at that. They do not take into consideration how hard people fought to get that freedom. They do not know what it really means to be free because they have never been without freedom.

Most people take for granted that they can go to any church they want or have the privilege to go to a good school and many, many other things. These people seem to forget that there are millions of people on the earth that do not even have homes. So naturally they do not go to school, they do not have the right foods, clothes, and worst of all a lot of the people are ignorant of what freedom is because of their government.

So, the next time you find yourself groaning about a lousy teacher, stop and think. Think about some person in another country who doesn't even have a home not to mention freedom. Then think, "How Lucky We Are."

PAUL KEITH, '62

### MISCONCEPTION

One day as I was reading the newspaper I noticed that the headlines stated that fifteen young men, aged between twenty-two and thirty, were needed as guinea pigs in our nation's battle to be the first to send men into the great unknown of our universe. My job as a stockbroker was not as lucrative as I thought it should be.

I decided that I might as well give it a try, so I left for Washington, D. C. about three weeks after I read the article. When I arrived I immediately went to the Bureau of National Welfare so I could register. I was told to be there the following morning at nine o'clock sharp. I was so excited that I went to bed at seven o'clock that night and could not get too sleep until around two in the morning having to get up at seven o'clock. After spending such a turbulent night of insomnia, it was a gigantic effort to get up, wash, dress, have breakfast and leave by quarter after eight for the Bureau of National Welfare.

I was met there by a very amiable individual who introduced me to the one hundred and fifty-two other men who were in competition with me. All of these men were as excited as I was.

The following Monday we started our long series of physical and mental tests. After three weeks seventy men were eliminated. Fortunately, I was not one of those men. The tests continued and so did the eliminations. In two more weeks only twenty-six men were left. We continued our strenuous physical and mental contest until fifteen were left. Actually, I was the seventeenth man but two men came down with a serious infection, so two replacements were called for, of whom I was one.

The next two months were spent taking tests and more tests. We took these tests in an effort to combat the forces with which we would come in contact with in outer space.

Our destination was twenty-seven hundred miles out in the earth's atmosphere. We were to set up the controversial earth satellite which would take about one month. Operation Zelda was about ready to be enacted. At zero six hundred the following Monday we were to take off for our venture around

The thoughts running through my mind were varied. One minute I thought we would run into difficulty while in the same minute I knew we would succeed. I wrote my wife a long letter telling her about all the events to come. I told her that everything would be all right, and for her to take care of herself and that I would be home in one year. I went to bed and got very little sleep. I arose at six-thirty in the morning and was picked up by John Travis, a fellow guinea pig. As we were on our way to the testing grounds at Cape Canaveral, a 1960 Oldsmobile failed to stop at a traffic light and hit our car broadside. I felt a terrific pain shoot through my right leg. After I was helped from the wreckage and

taken to the hospital, I fell into a semi coma, which lasted for forty-eight hours. When I awoke I learned that John had been killed. Of course two other men were assigned to take our place. Operation Zelda had been postponed only one day.

At this time the satellite is somewhere in its orbit around the earth, with some twenty men finishing the job the original fifteen started. Our nation is at peace with Russia. Everyone is at peace with everyone else. Life is rosy, and wouldn't it be nice if this were true?

JIM STONE, '61

## A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid a dumb animal came from the lips of the late Senator George Graham Vest. The occasion was a trial over the killing of a dog, which was held in a Missouri town when he was a young lawyer.

Senator Vest appeared for the plaintiff, while Senator Francis M. Cockrell, then a country practitioner, represented the defendant.

Young Vest took no interest in the testimony and made no notes, but at the close of the case arose, and, in a soft voice, made the following address:

"Gentlemen of the Jury - The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to our faith. The money that a man has, he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry windows blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the

world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

When he concluded his remarks there were but few dry eyes in the audience. The case was submitted without further argument, and the jury promptly returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

RICHARD WILDER, '62

### TRUE LIFE DRAMA

Little Nudenik hated the government. He hated the men in blue uniforms and the fat commissars and every thing about them. He didn't know why, maybe because their lives were of plenty and his contained nothing. Sometimes he thought it was because he had high principles and they were wicked.

Nudenik was fifteen and the youngest in the family that lived in the lowest class area. He was by far the brightest and knew his books well and wanted to earn. He had high principles and hated the government.

One day with his father he walked to the Square where a fat commissar was shouting about their country's prosperity. Nudenik's father became angry and threw a snowball at the fat commissar. With this the crowd became angry and started throwing things also. Nudenik and his father ran when they saw the soldiers coming, but Nudenik was very proud because he had high principles and hated the government.

That night after their meager supper there was a knock on the door and a fat commissar entered with a soldier behind him. The commissar ordered Nudenik's father shot and his family to be taken away. Nudenik stood bawling in his hatred. The Commissar approached and said "you are a bright boy, why do you

help these traitors." Nudenik burned with wrath, for he had high principles and hated the fat commissars.

The fat commissar gave him some paper money and said "join us and come to our school, you will see that our way is best."

Nudenik, still burning with hatred, looked at the money. He thought of good books and clothes and good food and television and limousines and the nice rich girls he had seen and going to entertainments. Nudenik had high principles and he hated fat commissars and he said, "Yes."

BOBBY SEXTON, '60

### HOME FROM HEAVEN

He usually made the trip every Saturday night. Every Saturday night he would drive home with mixed emotions, an aire of happiness remembering the evening, and a sense of empriness at the thought of having to come down to earth to the routine of dingy life.

Heaven had been a relatively short search for him. He was lucky. He found heaven all he could have hoped for.

Once heaven had to move out. He thought heaven had really moved out, but after the first trip out he found heaven not hard to reach. All he needed was wheels.

After a few trips, the trips from "out," where heaven was, got to be like a skin which kept drawing tighter and tighter. It seemed to have to break some time. It wouldn't break if he were careful.

He was careful that Saturday night; he would bring a friend with him to keep awake, to keep the skin from breaking. He knew if the skin broke it would mean no more trips to heaven. He was careful.

His week end with heaven had been as wonderful as all the other times. The ride back to earth even with his cronie was still tiring and depressing. He thought, as he always did, the sooner the trip was made frm heaven back to home, the quicker his depression would be quieted through sleep at the end of the journey.

That evening the urge to sleep seemed to be greater than was the strength of the taunt skin. He seemed to want to make his journey end sooner.

Finally he reached his journey's end more quickly than he thought. He remembered a hard jolt accompanied by a loud crushing sound and the directional signals fruitlessly flashing. But

then that everlasting sleep was awaiting him. As he entered it, the last thought heard was his friend's terrifying screams along with his own voice repeating the name of his heaven.

STEVE CATLETT, '60

**THE ADD**

Hello sir, how are you today?  
 Would you like to buy an ad?  
 Come on sir, what do you say,  
 You don't want one, now that's too bad,  
 I would be so happy you see,  
 If you would buy an ad from me,  
 If I can't persuade you I shall use force,  
 For this ad, I can go to no other source.  
 Whoa! Now sir, put away that gun.  
 You act as if you want me to run.  
 Hold it sir, don't shout so loud,  
 For your hollering will draw a crowd.  
 Whoops! Too late, here comes a mob,  
 All of them screaming, "Buy an ad you slob."  
 Look, some of them have sticks and stones,  
 Perhaps they intend to break your bones.  
 Now sir, they have you on the ground  
 With all the mob milling around.  
 All they do is stand and shout,  
 I am afraid you will be carried out.  
 Well, thank you sir, isn't this grand,  
 He has placed twelve dollars right here in my hand.  
 All this dough will buy a full page,  
 Please sir, don't go into a rage.  
 Well sir, I must be on my way,  
 Perhaps to return another day  
 When I will ask you to buy another ad  
 For good old D. L. A.

RAYMEY SIMPSON, '60

**POTLEY**

Potley, workin on railroad,  
 supportin wife and kids,  
 ten kids.  
 Potley good worker  
 always did the job,  
 slight physical handicap,  
 he was deaf.  
 Toot Toot

SMASH . . . . . Freight Train

BOBBY SEXTON, '60

**WE HAD A WRECK**

There we were driving along,  
 Driving along singing a song.  
 Everything was so fine,  
 Until, too bad, we hit a sign.  
 Oh brother! Oh boy! Oh man!  
 What a mess.

MIDE BROWN, '60

**COME ALONG WITH ME**

If going to Heaven.....Aye!  
 If going to Hell.....Nay!  
 Come with me we will journey well.....

TED FRITH, '60

DIGNITAS

ENTERTAINMENT

You turn on the T.V.  
 And wouldn't you know  
 There's another Western  
 or some other cowboy show.  
 Paladin hands out calling cards  
 and Bat just twirls his cane  
 Gunslingers challenge Bart Maverick  
 But he's winning a poker game.  
 The rustlers and killers  
 Just may as well give in  
 No matter what they do  
 The good guys always win.  
 And, of course, the T.V. audience  
 Doesn't stand a chance.  
 Either station you turn to  
 You can easily tell at a glance  
 It's an honest to goodness Western  
 Made in the good old days.  
 You may like to kill the producer  
 But, they say that crime never pays.

JERE KIESEL, '61

AMBITION

A man of great fortune am I;  
 for I am ambitious.  
 One who will set the world afire;  
 for I am ambitious.  
 No obstacle shall hinder my goal;  
 for I am ambitious.  
 I will walk where no man would dare;  
 Ambitious Fool!

TED FRITH, '61



Sincere in Affaire,  
 altruistic in Design

# 1956 Dignitas

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DIGNITAS

**D** stands for dances which we present  
**I** for intelligence on which we're intent  
**G** is for good times in which we excell  
**N** is for nobleness which we impell  
**I** is for interest we have in our club  
**T** is for teamwork for which there's no sub  
**A** is for ambition we highly promote  
**S** is for studies of which we denote

DIGNITAS

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## DIGNITAS SONG

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

### MEN OF THE D.L.A.

COTY WAYNE, '51

Gather 'round the table of time,  
You men of the D. L. A.  
Drink ye full of the ageless spirit  
That grows from day to day.  
  
Sing your song and shout your praise  
Till it echoes to the sky.  
Make the world to know your name  
And creed of "Do or Die."  
  
Field your team of stalwart men,  
Then win the game today.  
Fight for War and Home and School  
And conquer in the fray.  
  
Honor and hold on high your name;  
Let never a cloud dismay.  
And always remember, my fellows brave,  
You're men of the D.L.A.

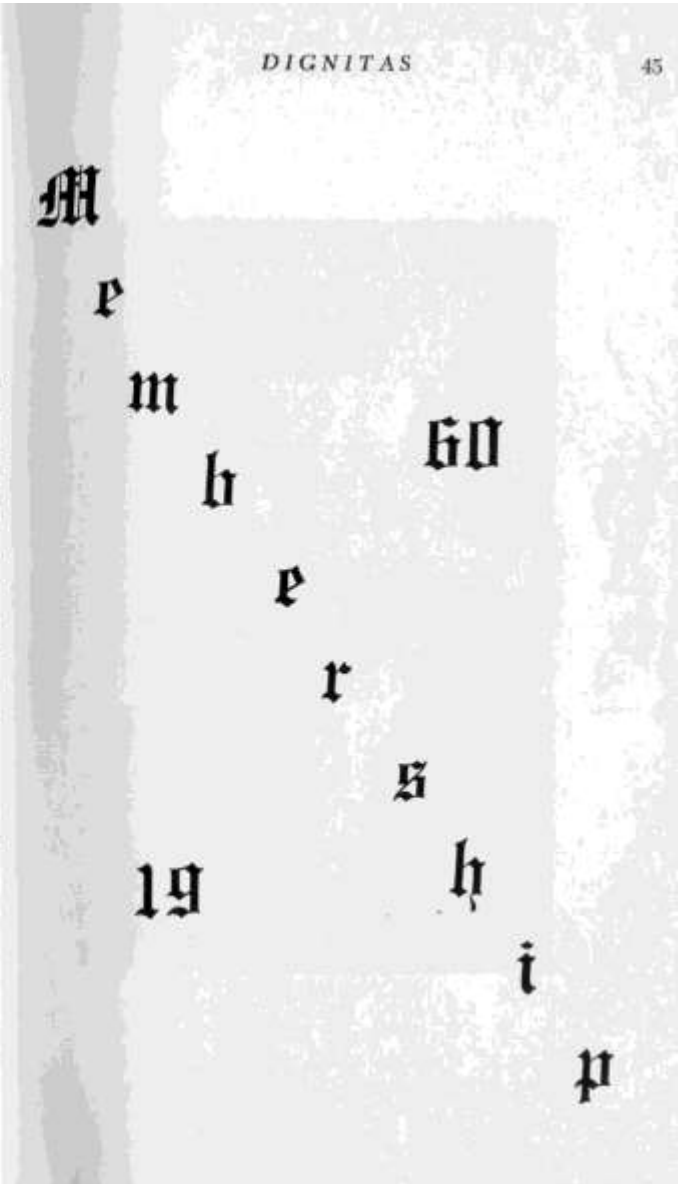
### REQUIEM FOR SENIORS

TERRY FOSTER, '58

Its almost done, my Dignitas.  
Its almost through, my comrades bold,  
The time has come for us to part  
And march upon a world so cold.  
  
The years we've loved behind us now,  
Those memories we'll save  
And bring them back in later years,  
And carry to our graves.  
  
The many times of comradship,  
So rare these troubled days,  
Were guided with a rein of trust  
To help them on their way.  
If there's a thing that I could wish  
Upon my mortal clay,  
It's that all my sons and after hem  
Be men of D. L. A.

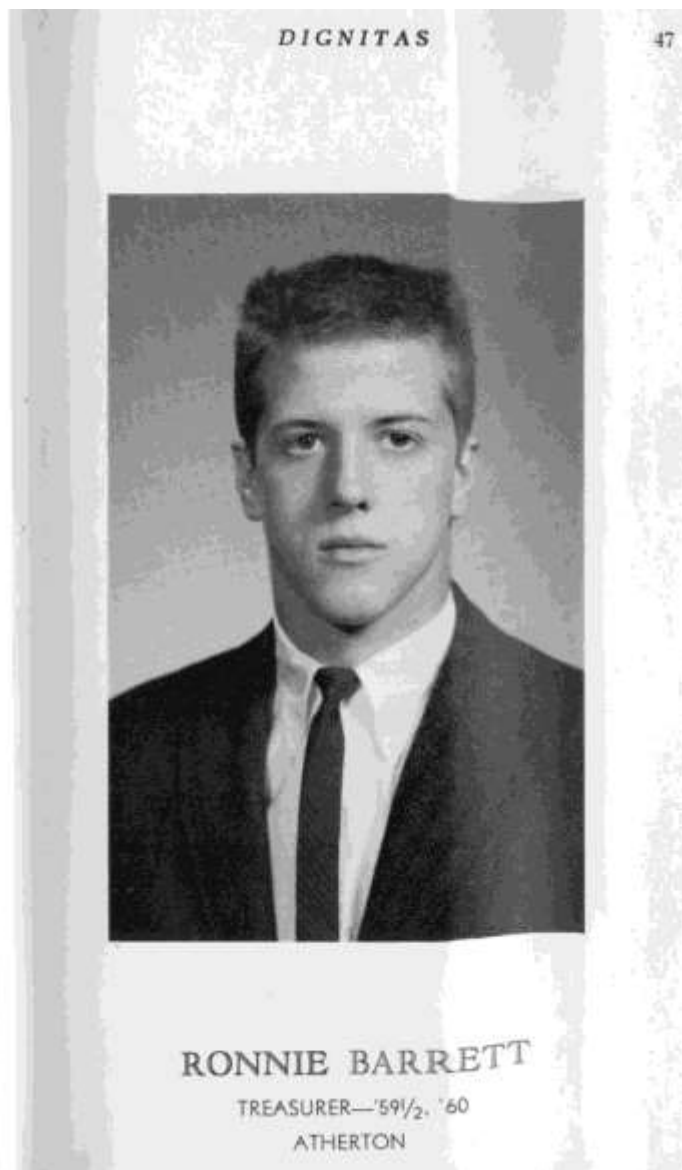
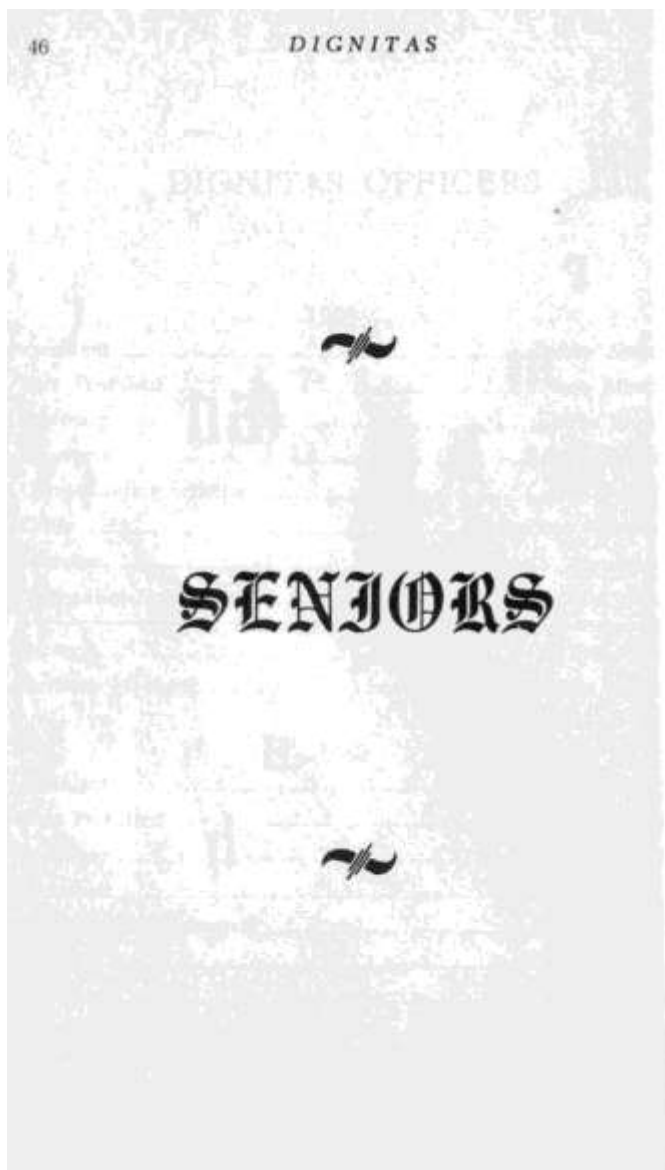
# 1956 Dignitas

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<b>DIGNITAS OFFICERS</b>			
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President .....	Bobby Sexton	Vice President .....	Steve Mowry
Secretary .....	Mike Brown	Treasurer .....	Ronnie Barrett
Corresponding Secretary .....	Bill Howard	Critic .....	Raymey Simpson
Historian .....	Jim Stone	Sergeant-at-Arms .....	Tom Elgar
<hr/>			
Editor .....	Ted Frith	Business Manager .....	Steve Catlett
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Corresponding Secretary .....	Bill Howard	Critic .....	Jere Kiesel
Historian .....	Jim Stone	Sergeant-at-Arms .....	Tom Elgar
<hr/>			
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DIGNITAS



**MIKE BROWN**

RECORDING SECRETARY—'59 $\frac{1}{2}$ , '60  
ATHERTON

DIGNITAS

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**STEVE CATLETT**

BUSINESS MANAGER—'59 $\frac{1}{2}$ , '60  
WAGGENER

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DIGNITAS



**TED FRITH**  
EDITOR—'59 $\frac{1}{2}$ , '60  
WAGGENER

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**BILL HOWARD**  
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—'59 $\frac{1}{2}$ , '60  
ATHERTON

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**STEVE MOWRY**

VICE-PRESIDENT—'59½

PRESIDENT—'60

WAGGENER

DIGNITAS

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**BOBBY SEXTON**

PRESIDENT—'59½

WAGGENER


# 1956 Dignitas

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**RAYMEY SIMPSON**  
CRITIC—'59½  
VICE-PRESIDENT—'60  
WAGGENER

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**JUNIORS**

1956 Dignitas



DAVID BENNETT  
'61  
WAGGENER



TOM ELGAR  
'61  
ATHERTON

HANK DIMMITT  
'61  
ATHERTON



MARSHALL HEUSER  
'61  
WAGGENER

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DIGNITAS



JERE KIESEL

'61  
ATHERTON

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PHIL SCHERER

'61  
WAGGENER

FRED PROGNER

'61  
EASTERN



JIM STONE

'61  
COUNTRY DAY

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DOUG TAYLOR

'61  
ATHERTON

KIRK WILLIAMS

'61  
WAGGENER



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SOPHOMORES





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BUDDY  
FRANKENBURGER

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ATHERTON



PAUL KEITH

'62  
WAGGENER

JACK GLASS

'62  
WAGGENER



JACK KNIGHT

'62  
WAGGENER

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DAVID KUHN

'62  
WAGGENER



CLARK POTTER

'62  
ATHERTON

PAUL LONG

'62  
WAGGENER



CHARLIE  
RANDOLPH

'62  
EASTERN

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FORD REID

'62  
ATHERTON

DON SCHERER

'62  
WAGGENER



MIKE SKELTON

'62  
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KEITH THOMAS

'62  
WAGGENER





**RICHIE WILDOR**

'62  
ATHERTON

**PARENTS PAGE**

- Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barrett
- Mr. and Mrs. Stewart J. Bennett
- Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brown
- Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Catlett, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. Addison Dimmit
- Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Elgar
- Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Frankenburger
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- Mr. and Mrs. John M. Thomas
- Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wilder
- Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Williams

# SNAP SHOTS



~ Bookworm ~



"Good pay too..."

Dirty rush!



1956 Dignitas



"And from



the earth



the bowels  
of



they appeared!

This page -  
Compliments, Kodak Film Co

Whazzat?



"Cedar Creek  
here we come"



"Rumble"



One  
straight arrow

• •  
• • Rabbit  
tracks!

1956 Dignitas



"Can I make a call???"



What harmony!



"Help, Weesel"

"Hay Weesel  
turb of..."



"To the woods,  
to the woods"

Caught in  
the act!



"Uh, do you  
smell something"

1956 Dignitas



Compliments of Columbia Gym



Compliments of Turners Gym



Compliments of Aupture Easement, Inc.



- Pop! -



Fun, fun, fun, E-

me first!



# 1956 Dignitas



"Go home, son....."



Shelbyville !!



"Well, it's hot"



Mom, I'm home!



No, I can't stop.....?

Who Worries?





# ALUMNI



## DIGNITAS OLD GRADS

- |                         |                           |                        |
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| Ackerson, Robert, '51   | Haldeman, Bruce, '54      | Russell, Fritz, '54    |
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 Paul Zeigler — 1946  
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 Thomas Wilborn — 1947½  
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 Don Williamson — 1949  
 Thomas Schoen — 1949½  
 Robert Bouse — 1950  
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 Ted Chenault — 1951  
 Mark Davis — 1951½  
 Evans Wilhoyte — 1952  
 Howard Dohrman — 1952½  
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 Perry Clark — 1956½  
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 Bill Mowry — 1957½  
 Jack Miller — 1958  
 Danny Carrell — 1958½  
 Edgar Straeffer — 1959  
 Bobby Sexton — 1959½  
 Steve Mowry — 1960

## Forever Onward

**HARRY BRUDER '58** — Harry, our vice-president in 1958, is a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania where he is secretary of the Delta Tau Delta chapter and is also very active in the Mask and Wig, the University's drama organization.

**JACK CRUTCHER '58** — Jack is a student at the University of Kentucky where he is a member of Delta Tau Delta and is on the golf team. He was recently made Flight Commander of the R.O.T.C. at the University.

**TERRY FOSTER '58** — Terry, the editor of the Dignitas magazine in 1958, is a sophomore at Vanderbilt University where he participates on the swimming team and is social chairman of Beta Theta Pi.

**BUZZ MILLER '58** — Buzz, who now resides in Darien, Connecticut, is a sophomore at Harvard University where he is on the Dean's List and active in different athletics.

**JACK MILLER '58** — Jack, who was our president in 1958, is a sophomore at Georgia Tech. He has been elected pledge master of Beta Theta Pi.

**BILL MOWRY '58** — Bill, Dignitas president in 1957½, is a sophomore at Vanderbilt University. He is assistant-treasurer of Sigma Chi and plays on his fraternity's basketball team.

**DAVID O'BRIEN '58** — David is a sophomore at Princeton University where he holds the positions of treasurer of the Orange Key, member of Cap and Gown, and treasurer of his class.

**GARY PAXTON '58** — Gary, our treasurer in 1958, is a student at Kentucky Wesleyan College.

**CARL RECKE '58** — Carl is attending the University of Louisville and plays in the U. of L. Dance Band.

**BILL SHAVER '58** — Bill, who served as our recording secretary in 1958, is a sophomore at the University of Louisville where he is studying business.

**JOE SPEIDEN '58** — Joe is a pre-medical student at Duke University where he is pledging for Phi Delta Theta.

**GARY BOCKHORST '59** — Gary, our vice-president in 1958½, is a freshman at Centre College and is a member of Beta Theta Pi. He has recently been elected into the Pitkins Honorary Society.

## Forever Onward

DANNY CARRELL '59 — Danny, who was president of Dignitas in 1958½, is a student at Davidson College where he is a member of Sigma Chi and of the freshman basketball team. Danny is third in his class and is on the Dean's List.

HAM COOKE '59 — Ham is also a freshman at Davidson College and he is on the baseball team and is a member of Beta Theta Pi.

JOE CREASON '59 — Joe, our recording secretary of 1959, is a freshman at the University of Virginia where he is a member of Kappa Alpha and is on the freshman basketball team.

RICHARD CURRY '59 — Richard, who held the office of critic in 1958, is a freshman at Duke University.

JIM HAMMER '59 — Jim, Dignitas' corresponding secretary in 1959, is a freshman at the University of Indiana where he is active in intramural athletics.

CHARLIE LONG '59 — Charlie is a freshman at Florida State University where he was the leading scorer on the freshman basketball team this past season. Charlie is now on the baseball team and he is pledging for Phi Delta Theta.

KENT MITCHELL '59 — Kent, who was our business manager from 1958½ until 1959, is a freshman at DePauw University where he is a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

LEE MUMFORD '59 — Lee is a student at Columbia Preparatory School in Washington, D. C.

GEORGE RYAN '59 — George, Dignitas vice-president in 1959, is a freshman at De Pauw University and a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

STANLEY SCHULTZE '59 — Stanley, the editor of last year's magazine, is a freshman at Kenyon College and has joined Alpha Delta Phi.

EDGAR STRAEFFER '59 — Ed, Dignitas president in 1959, is a freshman at Centre College where he is a member of Beta Theta Pi.

JOE WATERFILL '59 — Joe is at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis where he is on the swimming and water polo teams. Joe has recently been named to the Superintendent's List.



## LITERARY LEAGUE . . . FARCE OR FAIR?

During the past decade high school literary and social clubs have been subject to a great deal of ridicule and embarrassment. To the members and leaders of these organizations these questions have been posed: Why should these clubs be, when they exclude all but a few, thus causing cliques? Why not ban these organizations, for they have constant trouble with hazing and cause a public menace? Why not prevent their organization when they hinder school activities and in some cases close their doors to certain religious sects? What acceptable influence, if any, do these clubs have upon their members, and how do they reflect it upon society?

We, the Dignitas, speak only for ourselves, but we believe there are other organizations which thrive on similiar principles as our own. In our area there are several of these clubs, including Dignitas, which have bound together into a literary league. The league is headed by a council, which in turn provides certain standards for all the clubs, but each member organization functions almost entirely on its own.

Each year these literary organizations have a short rush season, and after careful consideration the candidates who seem able to offer more for the betterment of the club, along with those who will benefit from its processes, are selected for membership. If those who are chosen wish to join one of the various clubs, they proceed into a short pledgship. There have been a few incidents of misconduct, but none of them have been accompanied by injury to those involved or disgrace to the participating clubs.

These literary clubs must limit their membership. But why not? Life is no playground and competition of the modern day is

running in high gear. This competition is ever prevailing, young nor old is excluded, and the ones who can't live with it are the ones who speak against it; therefore are the ones who criticize the literary league.

There have been various methods in the process of hazing, but Dignitas has stuck with a rigid routine including physical pledging. Our only defense of this type hazing comes from the reputation and good name which we have built over the years. In every phase of life you get out of something what you put into it, and we feel this applies to our method of pledging.

As for causing a public-menace, we believe the public could stand a great deal more of our type influence. Juvenile delinquency is at its lowest keel, and actions to prevent it have ben ending in provoking failures. We, as do most of the organizations, have certain standards dealing with social behavior which must be upheld by all members, thus, we have acted to curb social problems within our own ranks where others have failed.

Do literary clubs prevent harmony in school policy? In a few instances members from certain clubs have received warnings from school officials, but possibly these officials could do better to promote these organizations, for the academic and social standards that must be upheld by the members of these literary associations are far better than those of the respective high schools. There are few grups indeed, while not directly associated with the high schools, serve to uphold the principles which the schools themselves observe.

Some of the literary organizations have been charged with excluding people because of their religious beliefs. We don't deny this charge, but we do defend it, on the basis that a person's religious beliefs influence a great many of his decisions and activities. One's religious convictions are supreme in his life, therefore why shouldn't he have more in common and be better organized in a group of people which shares his beliefs. There are many groups which retain our opinion and vast numbers of other organizations which pretend to have no religious barriers, but when one observes their membership there is little or no religious mingling to be

found. Who doubts the intentions of the Knights of Columbus or the Masons, but they have religious preference.

Let us not be too hasty in condemning the literary organizations, for in general they have done no more than provide fellowship and a means for social activity. They result in innumerable ways in which their members can acquire self-reliance. Making decisions on their own, publishing outstanding magazines which even the most radical of their criticizers have trouble in condemning. They also present very reputable dances and social events.

We, the Dignitas, hold with the strongest opinion that being a member of an organization in the literary league helps one in making friends, facing the experiences of everyday life and furnishing a basis for mental and social development. With the background these clubs afford we believe the majority of their members will lead a more mature and fulfilling life.

TED FRITH, '60 - Editor



## HISTORY OF D. L. A.

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

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

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

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

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

For the next three years Dignitas grew in name and reputation for having and carrying out its high standards.

In 1949 the President of Dignitas, Tom Schoen, was entrusted with the position of editor of the Brook' N' Breck, Male High School's paper. This marked the fourth consecutive year that Dignitas had controlled the paper. Also in that year Dignitas' vice-presi-

dent, Lewis Beard, was named editor of the Male High School Annual.

On February 22, 1950, Dignitas' first magazine was brought out. It was called the "Spectator," as were all of the other literary club's magazine. It consisted of only 63 pages, but it forwarded one of Dignitas' great prides; that of publishing a magazine. Also this year, Ted Chenault, President of the D. L. A., was named editor of the Brook' N' Breck.

In 1951 Dignitas accepted into membership boys from schools other than Male. They also published their second magazine, the first to be independently published, which appeared on May 23 and consisted of 95 pages. The annual Christmas dance was held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. In December of 1951, Dignitas' first old grad passed away. He was Howard Nuckols, who was attending Furman University at the time of his death.

In '53 the third magazine appeared consisting of 122 pages. The Christmas dance was given at the Brown Hotel.

In 1954, the fourth magazine contained 175 pages and a cache of literary work produced by members of the D. L. A. A fabulous Christmas dance was presented with a background of snow scenes for its winter theme. The large white tree with blue lights has become a symbol of the Dignitas Christmas dance.

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

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

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

# 1956 Dignitas

The seventh edition of the D.L.A. magazine was published in the spring of 1957. This edition exemplified the sincerity and seriousness of purpose that we, the members, feel for the Association. After the induction of a new class into membership, plans were made for the annual Christmas dance. It was again held in the Crystal Ballroom, December 23, in the surroundings of the traditional winter scene with the giant white Christmas tree.

On June 17 a highly successful dance was sponsored by the Association and held on the steamer Avalon. Later in the spring the magazine was published with a circulation of one thousand. On December 27th a reception and party was given for all of the old grads and their dates. It was the paramount of the social year in that it provided the opportunity for the active members and their predecessors of the Association to become better acquainted.

In 1959 the Dignitas ended another fine year under the leadership of Bob Sexton with its traditional winter formal dance. The D.L.A. also put out a 200 page magazine in keeping with its high standards.

Since the founding of the Dignitas Club, to the present day, Dignitas Literary Association has taken in boys not only because of the good that the boy can do the club, but also for the good that the club can do for the boy. Our primary objective is to help each individual to become a better boy and in later life a better man through the fellowship offered in the Dignitas Literary Association.

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

—Carlyle



*Diggie's*



**TWEEDY  
HUMOR**



A small truck loaded with glassware backed out of a factory driveway into the path of a large truck. Most of the glass was broken in the crash, and the driver seemed to be on the verge of tears. A big crowd gathered, and one benevolent old gentleman said compassionately:

"I suppose you will have to make this good out of your pocket?"

"I'm afraid so," lamented the driver.

"Well, well," said the gentleman. "Here is a dollar for you. Let me pass your hat and I dare say some of these kind people will help you out too."

Over a hundred people dropped bills into the outstretched hat. The driver, stowing the money away as the crowd dispersed, nodded toward the retreating back of the benevolent old gentleman.

"That's what I call a real smart man. He's my boss.

SCHERER: My girl and I had an argument last night.

BROTHER: And she gave you that cut on your ear?

SCHERER: Yeah I called her a two-bit streetwalker and she hit me on the head with a sack of quarters.

The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short and glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, "It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to the church. Won't you come with us?" he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About half way through the service the girl leaned over to the young man. "I didn't know you were so religious," she whispered.

"No," the young man replied. "No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either."

The alien craft landed in a field and several small, green men disembarked. Marching single file up to a nearby farmhouse, they knocked solemnly on the door. When the door was answered, one of the extraterrestrials said haltingly but in perfect English, "Take . . . us . . . to . . . your . . . bathroom."

The bartender noticed that his customer had a big carrot behind his ear, but he decided not to mention it. "Probably just waiting for people to ask him what it's for. I'll fool him," he thought.

For 27 consecutive days the customer appeared always with the carrot behind his ear. Then on the 28th day the man appeared with a banana instead of a carrot. The bartender could stand it no longer.

"What's the big idea of that banana behind your ear, fella?"

"Couldn't find no carrot today," explained the customer.

For classmate Barr

Please shed a tear

He cranked his car

'Twas still in gear!

"That's enough out of you," said the surgeon as he sewed up his patient.

Did you hear about the deaf mute who said so many dirty words that his mother had to wash his hands?

"Does anyone aboard this submarine know how to pray?"

"I do."

"Good. You pray. The rest of us will put on escape lungs. We're short one."

Leo Rock says alcohol and gasoline don't mix. "Actually, they mix," says Leo, "but they don't taste good."

Then there was the ghoul who sent his girl a heart for Valentine's Day—still beating.



I wish I was a Kangaroo  
Despite his funny stances;  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girlfriend brings to dances!

The college guy walked into the barber shop  
The sign he saw was queer  
"During Alterations  
We'll shave you in the rear!"

The two coeds who went for a tramp in the woods. The tramp escaped!

You can trust any man . . . for at least two hours.

Well I certainly made an impression on her," said the cane-bottom chair as the nude stood up!

Did you hear about Howard driving his Sunbeam . . . he stuck out his hand and ruptured a cop.

BROWN: "What's that in your pocket?"

BENNETT: "Dynamite, I'm waiting for Mowry. Every time he meets me, he slaps me on the chest and breaks my pipe. Next time he does it, he'll blow his blame hand off."

SALESMAN: "Do you wear nightgowns or pajamas?"

YOUNG LADY: "No."

SALESMAN: "My name is Sexton, Box Sexton."

SONNY: "Mother, Poppa wouldn't murder anybody, would he?"

MOTHER: "Of course not, child. What makes you ask that?"

SONNY: "Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, 'Let's kill the other two, George.'"

Home is where you scratch any place that itches.

"Was your friend over the death of his mother-in-law?"  
"Shocked? He was electrocuted!"

### SENTRY DUTY

There was the nervous rookie who was told that when anyone approached his post, he was to shout "Halt!" three times, and then open fire. Late that night, someone approached through the darkness. The rookie followed his orders; he shouted, "Halt-halt-halt BLAM!"

Another sentry, under the same instructions, heard someone approaching, shouted "Halt!" The man approaching identified himself as the Post Commander. The sentry saluted smartly, and the officer walked on. Suddenly the sentry shouted "Halt!" The CO asked what was the matter. The sentry said, "Sir, they told me to holler 'Halt!' three times and then open fire. You've still got one halt coming, Sir."

It was probably the same CO who was quizzing a sentry on his general orders. "All right, soldier," he said, "what would you do if you saw a battleship coming across that parade field?" The sentry could not remember the correct answer—to call the corporal of the guard. Finally he brightened, "I'd torpedo it, Sir," he said.

The CO snarled, "And just where would you get the torpedo?" The sentry shrugged. "Same place you got that damn battleship, Sir," he said.

On a picnic, little Walter strayed away from his parents and became lost in the woods. He wandered around for a long time and finally, becoming frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and drop something in his hand.

"Oh please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."

BROWN: "Hello, is this the Salvation Army?"

HEUSER: "Yes."

BROWN: "Do you save bad women?"

HEUSER: "Yes."

BROWN: "Well, in that case save me a couple for Saturday night."

The sophomore's father paid his son a visit. Arriving at 1 a.m., he banged on the fraternity house door.

A voice from the second floor yelled, "Whatdya want?"

The father said, "Does Doug Taylor live here?"

The voice answered, "Yeah, dump him on the porch."

SEXTON: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."

DATE: "Go hang yourself."

A few days ago Pedro wandered into his home in Caracas looking pale and haggard.

"Where have you been?" asked his wife, Carmelita.

"In jail," said Pedro.

"Jail?" said Carmelita, "porque? What have you done?"

"I was arrested for speeding," said Pedro.

"Speeding? Now you know we have never owned an automovil."

"I didn't say anything about automoviles. I was arrested for speeding on Meester Neexon."

The hired girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but she stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked the farmer's wife, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Mebbe she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

CATLETT: "It says here that in California last year they grew about 2,449,000 tons of grapes."

BENNETT: "Drink up, man, they're gaining on us."

"Oh, mamma, I saw the nicest man today."

"Who was he, dear?"

"He was the garbage man, mamma."

"And why was he so nice?"

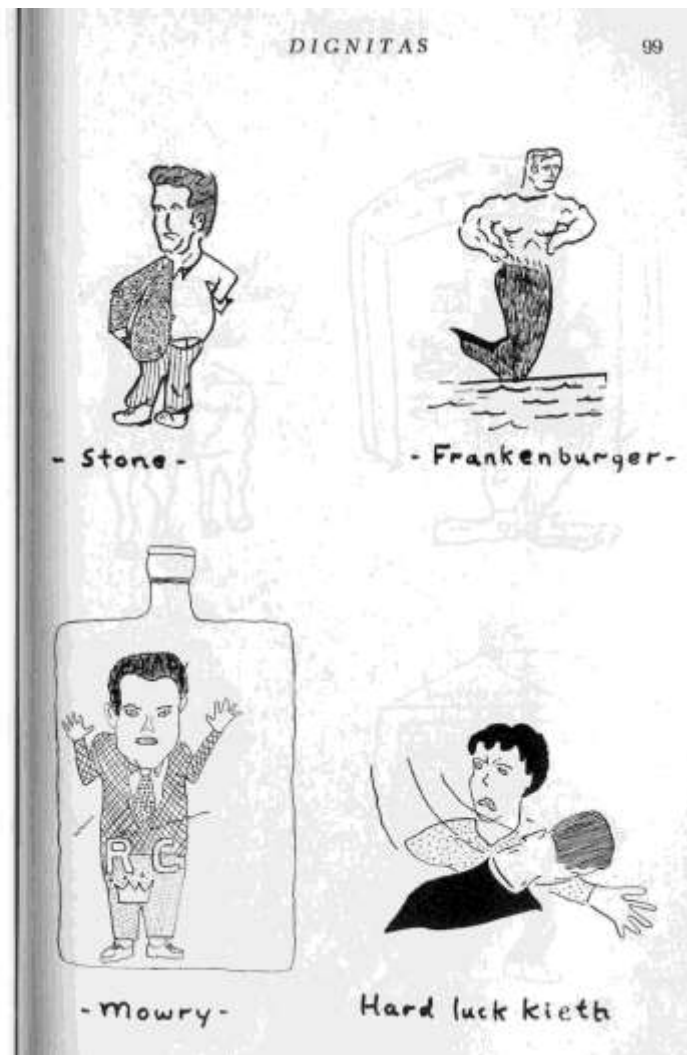
"Well, he was carrying a can of garbage over his head to the wagon and while he had it over his head the bottom came out and the garbage fell all over him, and he just stood there and talked to God."

# Impressions

by the

# STAFF

# 1956 Dignitas



1956 Dignitas



Putter home from the sea



Googly Peach  
- G. L. ...



Candy ---  
Thank -



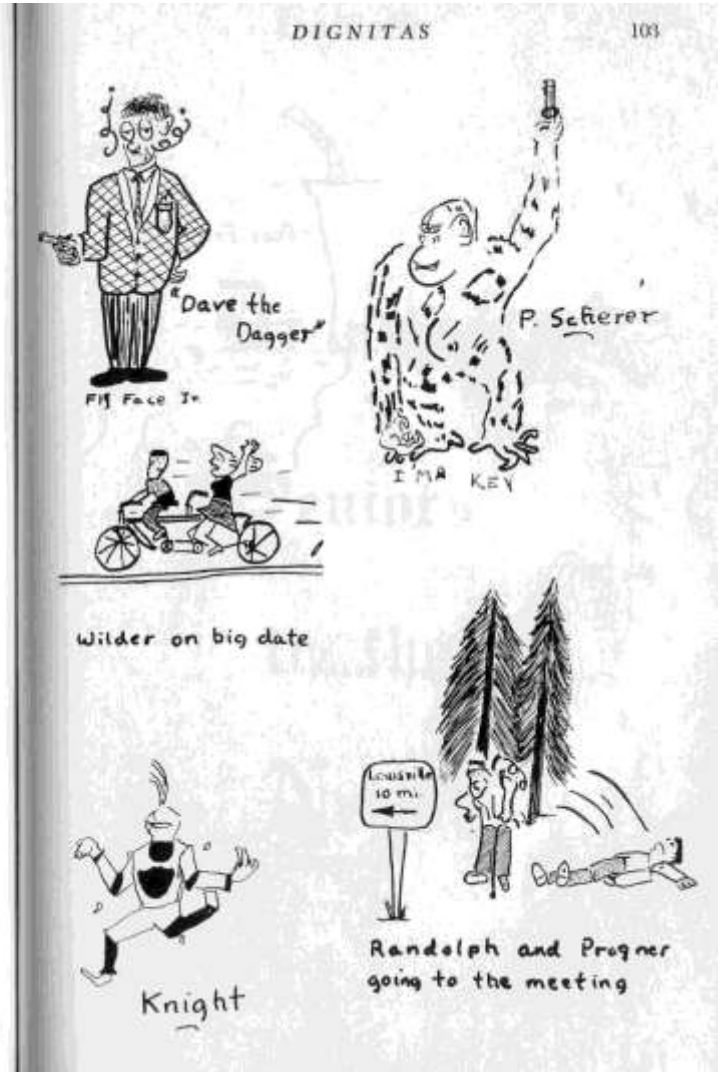
"Dry Game Kiesel"



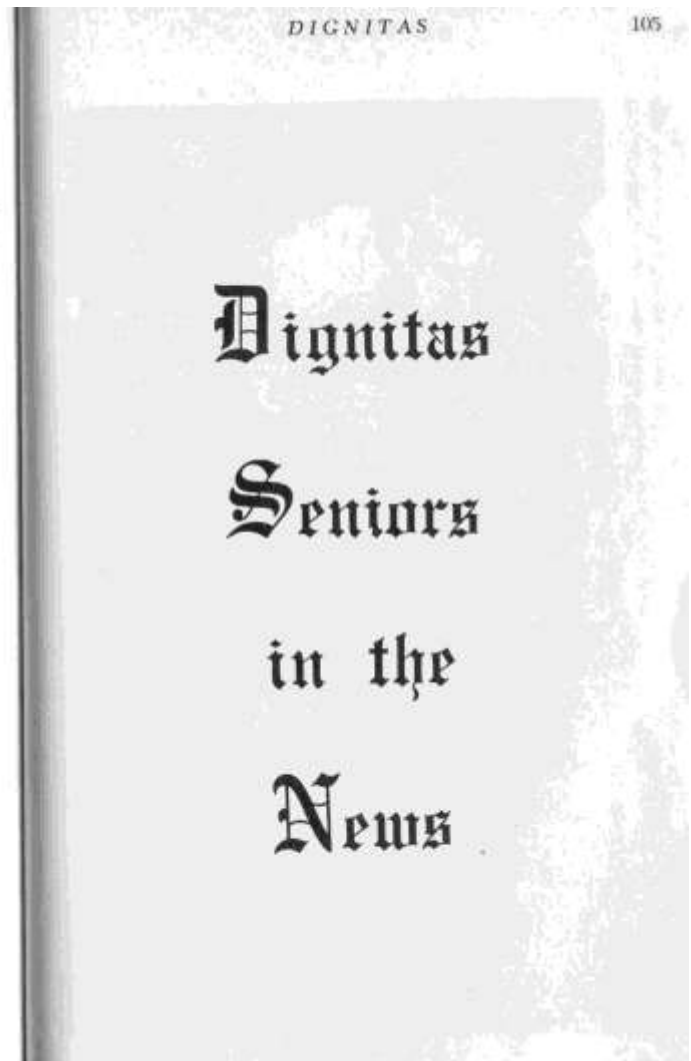
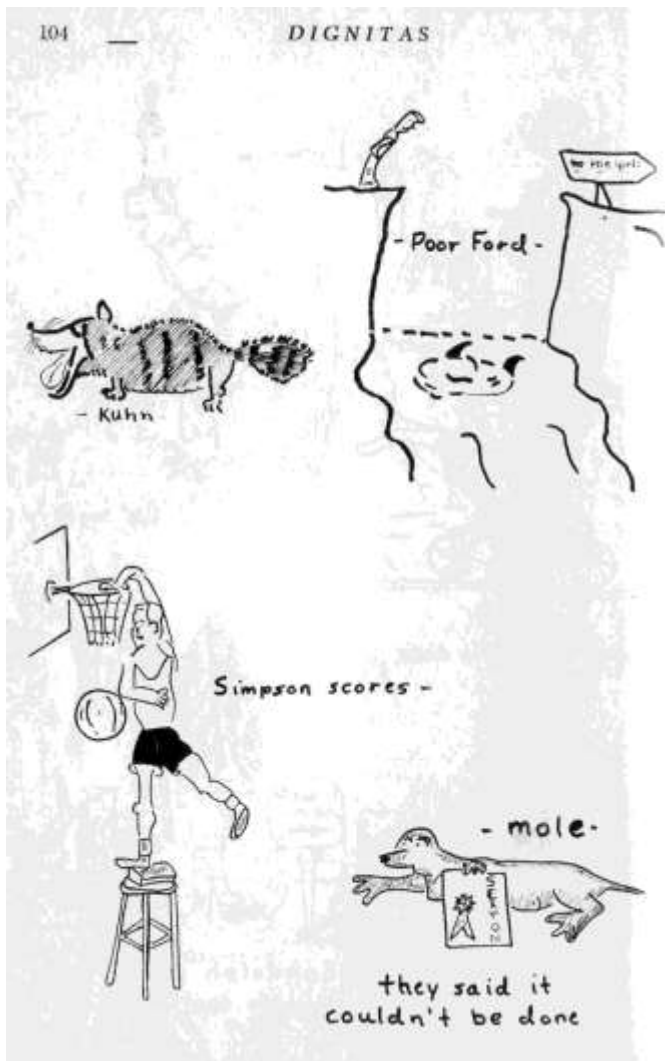
Brown learns to talk



# 1956 Dignitas



# 1956 Dignitas



# 1956 Dignitas

THE BIG SHOW—Jeannette Nolen (center) and Judi Meredith watch Steve "Shella" Mowry before her appearance at the Shelby County Fair.



HAY WESSEL TURB OF \_\_\_\_\_

Notice those legs!

# 1956 Dignitas



**UMP IN THE MIDDLE**—Umpire Augie Donatelli is getting a going over by Manager Bill Rigney, right, and Ted Frith who is about to play an unexcusable prank on the umpire.



**WOMEN WATCH IKE PASS THROUGH TEHRAN**—Iranian women line a street in Tehran to watch the president and his party. Steve Coilett, Dignitas Magazine correspondent, is mingling with the crowd to get first hand information on the Iranian women.



# 1956 Dignitas



**CATLETT LEAVES TEHRAN**—Steven Catlett, Dignitas Magazine correspondent, is photographed having trouble in leaving an Iranian airport. An accidental slip of the tongue brought an Iranian husband down on his back.



**THE EDITOR**—The editor is pictured having lunch between classes. We were unable to find the identity of the gentlemen seated at the table in front of him.

# 1956 Dignitas

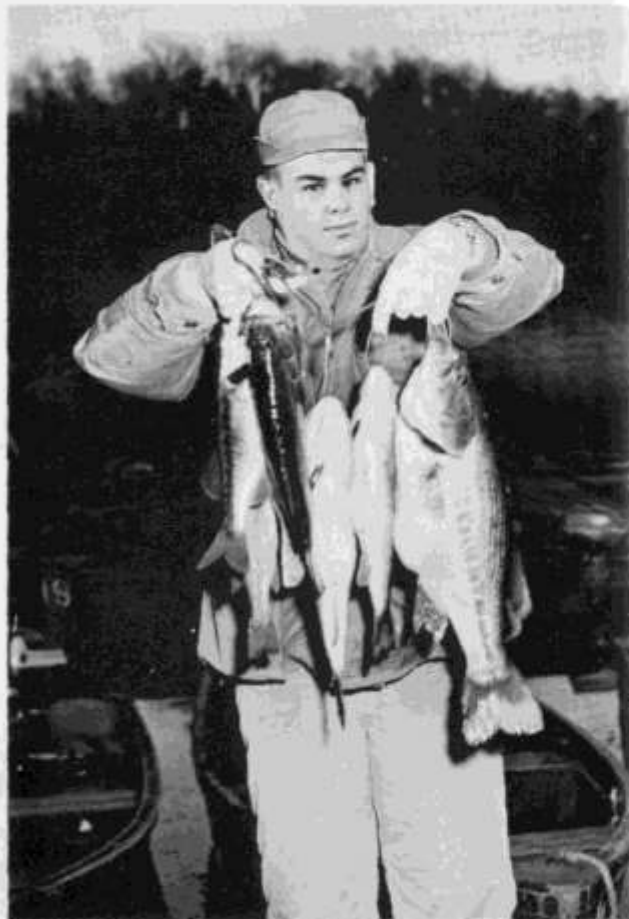


**SHARK BATTLE**—Dan Ide, left, and Raymey Simpson, show mouth of nine-foot hammerhead shark after 20-minute battle with it in the raging waters of Harrod's Creek.



**DIGNITAS MAGAZINE MEETING**—The weekly magazine meeting is in session to provide criticism for the literature before publication. From left, the editor, the President (substituting for a board member), Charlie De Daulle, and his son.

# 1956 Dignitas



**THE BIG FISHERMAN**—Dignitas member, Steve Mowry, exhibits catch from the Amazon River. He was later seriously injured while dip-fishing for *Pyrannia* in the Baltic Sea.



**UNCLE FRITH TOGGED FOR DANCE**—Regal-looking gentleman being outfitted by Pat Harrington, Jr. (left) and Danny Thomas for the Dignitas Dance, and as usual was a tremendous success.



WHEN AMERICA DANCED—From left, Helen O'Connell, Ronald Reagan, Bob Sexton and Anita O'Day. These are just a few of the stars that will present a weekly dance for the patients at Lake-land with the DT's.

# Club Notes

**1944 - 1960**

**THE**

**DIGNITAS**

**LITERARY**

**ASSOCIATION**



The Dignitas Literary Association has elected the following officers to lead it through the spring term of 1960:

- President* ..... STEVE MOWRY
- Vice President* ..... RAYMEY SIMPSON
- Secretary* ..... MIKE BROWN
- Treasurer* ..... RONNIE BARRETT
- Corresponding Secretary* ..... BILL HOWARD
- Critic* ..... JIM STONE
- Historian* ..... JERF KIESEL
- Sergeant-at-Arms* ..... TOM ELGAR
- Editor* ..... TED FRITH
- Business Manager* ..... STEVE CATLETT

In the past The Dignitas have been most successful in attaining the best possible membership, but the preceeding year has been near historic, for every bid The Dignitas extended was accepted! The following, who were selected in preference to all others compose our new membership: Buddy Frankenburger, Clark Potter, Ford Reid, Richie Wilder of Atherton; Jack Glass, Paul Keith, Jack

# 1956 Dignitas

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## DIGNITAS

Knight, Dave Kuhn, Paul Long, Don Scherer, Mike Skelton, Keith Thomas of Waggener, Charles Randolph of Eastern.

The Dignitas presented its annual Winter Formal at Audubon Country Club, and it was declared by all who attended, as an outstanding success.

The Dignitas suffered one of its worst seasons in the Literary League, but those who participated in the football and basketball games found it most enjoyable. During the softball season we hope to add to our usual string of victories and avenge our past seasons losses.

The year 1959 was indeed a glorious one for Dignitas, and the membership of Dignitas would like to thank all those who made this magazine possible, and we hope that your patronage will continue the betterment of THE DIGNITAS MAGAZINE.

## DIGNITAS

### PATRONS

Sharon Dawson  
Mr. & Mrs. S. Coates Wayne  
Mr. & Mrs. S. Coates Wayne Sr.  
Nonie & Mary McGee  
Mr. Philip McGee  
Mrs. L. Deters  
Charolette Morris  
Lounette Humphrey  
Warner Maxwell  
Bill Kitchen  
Debbie Long  
Charlie Long  
Edna Hanscome  
Helen Wantland  
Ginger Robbins  
Pam Nelson  
Mrs. Olin R. Kuhn  
Gayle Hassmann  
W. S. Long  
Ann Henderson  
Mr. Baylor Landrum  
Nikita K.  
Joe Durham  
Conni Corey  
A Friend  
Mr. & Mrs. W. C. Ballard  
Dave Brubeck  
Elly Henderson  
Darby McNeal  
Ann Henderson  
Jim Hammer & Ruth Cook  
Mr. & Mrs. Philip Ardery  
Mr. Alexander Heyburn  
Ramsey Lewis  
Al Davis  
Chris Stout  
Chuck Senlinger  
Rill Moore  
Sidney Morris  
Sue Rommel  
Robert F. Schneider  
Edna Hanscom  
A Friend  
Mike Lynch  
Don Martin  
Conrad Downing  
David Koch  
Hunt Williams  
Charlie Traubson  
Phil Terry  
Bill Heinz  
Pat Morgan  
George Saules  
Tommy Smith  
David Hatton  
Rose Humphrey  
Elly Unger  
Debby De Moss  
Jack Jones  
Becky Arnold  
Markolf's Wholesale Meat Co.  
Mrs. James J. Langan  
Jerry Geisler  
Scott Davis  
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. L. Clay



**FIDELIAN  
LITERARY  
SOCIETY**



The Fidelian Literary Society has elected the following officers to lead it through the spring term.

- President* ..... WILL DOWDEN
- Vice-President* ..... BRENT ROBBINS
- Secretary* ..... JACK HEUN
- Treasurer* ..... TOM JOHNSON
- Critic* ..... FRED DAVIS
- Historian* ..... BIGGS TABLER
- Sergeant-At-Arms* ..... BILL GOSSMAN
- Corresponding Secretary* ..... BOB VARGA

The following boys were welcomed into the membership of Fidelian last fall. They are Biggs Tabler, Tommy Downard, Bob Varga, Butch Mathis, Tom Helfrich, Fred Davis, and David Niederfer. We feel that these new members will uphold the standards and traditions of Fidelian.

Our many activities throughout the year will be climaxed by this year's *Scriptor* under the guidance of Tim Maloney, our fine editor.

Congratulations to Dignitas on the publication of another excellent magazine.

FRED DAVIS



*Delphic  
Literary  
Society*



The Delphic Literary Society elected the following officers to lead them through the second semester.

<i>President</i> .....	GEOFF. MORRIS
<i>Vice President</i> .....	JUDGE MOSELY
<i>Editor</i> .....	WOODY CURRENS
<i>Secretary</i> .....	LARRY BAIRD
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	BUZZY MORRIS
<i>Critic</i> .....	BUDDY LENIHAN
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	JAY LUKINS
<i>Clerk</i> .....	JACK BERUTICH
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	DANNY BRISCOE

Tommy Dudgeon, Corky Bales, Dick Campbell, Eddie Mann, Garner Petrie, Bill Cassidy, Mike Silliman, Ray Decamiles, Roger Potlitzer, Jim Berutich, and Steve Gossman became active members at the beginning of the school year after completing their pledge-ship.

Delphic kept the traditional keg by once more winning the football and basketball literary titles, being undefeated in all games played in these sports for the past two years. We have high hopes for our softball team.

We hope that you will all enjoy the 1960 edition of the *Oracle* which will be published the early part of the new school year. Our spring dance will be on May 20th in the Oak Room of the Hotel Sheraton.

Delphic wishes to congratulate Dignitas on a fine magazine.





# SIGMA

# SOCIAL

# CLUB



Sigma has elected the following members to office for the first half of 1960:

- President* ..... FRANK HOWE
- Vice President* ..... ROBERT BAKER
- Rec. Secretary* ..... JOHN LEWIS
- Cor. Secretary* ..... CARL ELLSWORTH
- Treasurer* ..... DAVID KREMER
- Critic* ..... RICHARD DINSMORE
- Historian* ..... ANDY DIXON
- Chaplain* ..... MOUNT DAVIS

Since the fall of 1959, the following boys have successfully completed their pledgship and are now Sigma actives: Bruce Allan; Bill Carrell; Joe Cunningham; Mount Davis; Doug French; Gordon Keal; Jim May; Richard McClure; Carl Shetler; and Steve Youngblood.

Sigma appreciates the chance it had to participate in the 1959 football schedule. We didn't win any ball games, but we found the sportsmanship and competition rewarding.

We are looking forward to this year's edition of the *Sophia*. This is our third edition since we have been on a literary basis.

Sigma wishes to congratulate Dignitas on another fine edition.



**CHEVALIER  
LITERARY  
SOCIETY**



The following officers have been elected to serve during the spring term:

- President* ..... EMBRY RUCKER
- Vice President* ..... MILES FRANKLIN
- Secretary* ..... CHOOSE TAURMAN
- Treasurer* ..... STEVE DAVENPORT
- Corresponding Secretary* ..... CHUCK SEHLINGER
- Sergeant-at-Arms* ..... MAC McLAUGHLIN
- Critic* ..... STEVE SIMPSON
- Historian* ..... STEVE PESKOE

The club membership has been strengthened with the addition of the following: Bruce Magee and Haven Wiley of Atherton; Phil Ardery, Barrett Birnsteel, Brownie Leach, and Hunter Louis of Louisville Country Day; John Starks and Wavy Townes of Seneca; Steve Miniea, Steve Peskoe, Dan Schmitz, and Ed Stopher of Waggener.

Chevalier enjoyed participating in the football and basketball games of the Literary League. We have high hopes for our basketball team that has been entered in the Senior High Invitational Tournament.

Our magazine, under the supervision of the co-editor, Hank Ackerman and Mike Dennis, will be available in May. The club is also planning a formal dance to be held in June.

The Chevalier Literary Society congratulate Dignitas on another of its outstanding magazines.



# Athenaeum

## Literary

# Association



The Athenaeum has elected the following members to office for the Spring term.

<i>President</i> .....	JOHN ROY
<i>Vice President</i> .....	GWATHMEY TYLER
<i>Critic</i> .....	RONNIE RAY
<i>Secretary</i> .....	LEWIS SEILER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	HENRY ORMSBY
<i>Censor</i> .....	BUZ COMMINS
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	CHARLES BROWN
<i>Asst. Secretary</i> .....	BILL HENRICHS

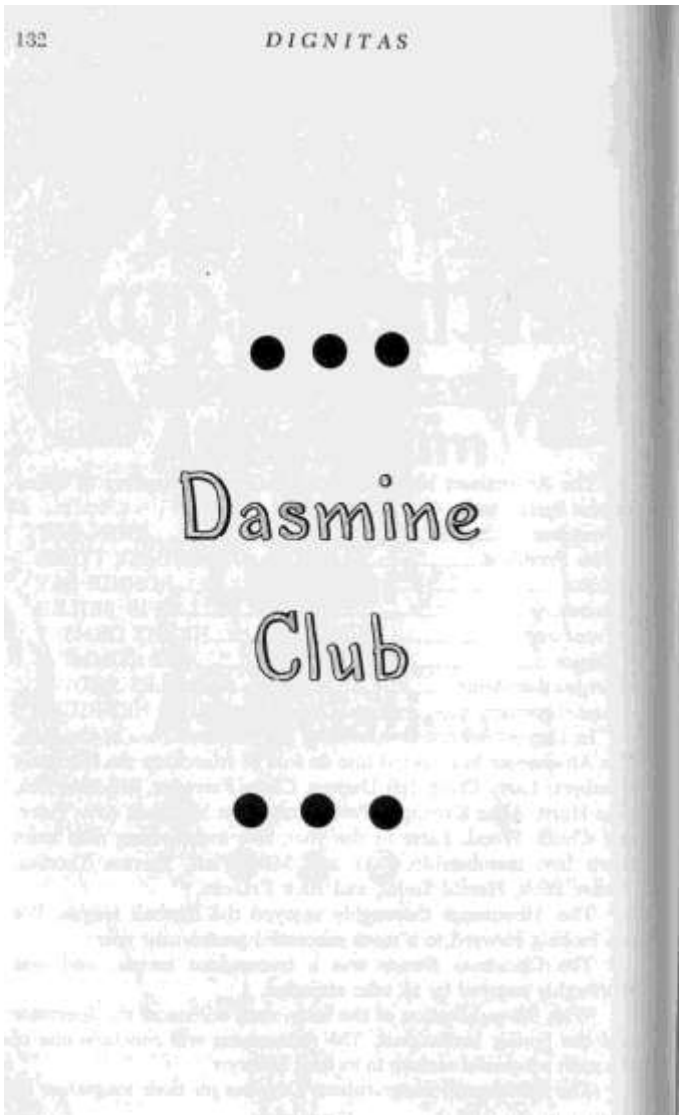
In keeping with and upholding the rich traditions of the past, The Athenaeum has elected into its fold of friendship the following members: Larry Craig, Jeff Dupree, Chase Forrester, Bill Henrichs, Skip Hurst, Allen Kannapel, Peter Kintz, Mac McClure, Artie Peter, and Chuck Wood. Later in the year, five more young men were taken into membership, they are, Mike Platt, Preston Thomas, Walter Bibb, Harold Helm, and Rick Francin.

The Athenaeum thoroughly enjoyed the football league. We are looking forward to a more successful season next year.

The Christmas Dance was a tremendous success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

With the publication of the forty-ninth edition of the *Spectator* and the Spring Invitational, The Athenaeum will conclude one of the most successful seasons in its long history.

The Athenaeum congratulates Dignitas on their magazine.



DIGNITAS 133

### DASMINE CLUB

The Dasmine Club elected the following girls as officers for the new term of 1960:

<i>President</i> .....	KITTY BUCKAWAY
<i>Vice President</i> .....	MARTHA McCLALLEN
<i>Social Chairman</i> .....	NONI McGEE
<i>Secretary</i> .....	PAM SPICHER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	ANN HEILMANN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	LOU THOMPSON
<i>Pledge Chairman</i> .....	KATHY McGEE
<i>Historian</i> .....	ROCKY SULLIVAN
<i>Alumnae Chairman</i> .....	ELAINE KLUMB
<i>Publicity Chairman</i> .....	JANE FLEMING
<i>Prayer Chairman</i> .....	MARIAN MUSTERMAN
<i>Council Representative</i> .....	LOU THOMPSON

Dasmine finished the rush season with a formal tea.

After initiation the following girls were welcomed as Dasmine members: Judi Wylie, Sharon Saunders, Evelyn Campbell, Nancy Martin, and Barbara Sorrels from Waggener; Sandra Stahl, Cissy Gossman, Marian Musterman, Mary McGee, Susan Steilburg, Ina Lynn Dyre, Julie Cooper, and Harriet Thompson from Atherton; Babs Wilson from Seneca.

On December 28th, Dasmine held its annual dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. Tex Beneke, conducting the original Glen Miller Band, provided a wonderful evening of entertainment. The proceeds from the dance went to Dr. Thomas Dooley.

In February, our annual Mothers' Tea was held at the home of Susan Steilburg.

We are looking forward to the inter-club softball games which are to be held this spring.

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



# KAPPA THETA GAMMA



## KAPPA THETA GAMMA

The Kappa Theta Gamma Social Club elected the following officers to lead them in the coming season:

<i>President</i> .....	JANE FLANAGAN
<i>Vice President</i> .....	ROSALIE IMORDE
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	JOYCE SHEWMAKER
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	RUTH POWELL
<i>Corresponding Secretaries</i> .....	JILL HANCOCK and GAIL ANDERSON
<i>Representative to the Council</i> .....	LOIS HOHMAN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	KAREN CARTER
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	KATE LOWE
<i>Pledge Chairman</i> .....	WILLA ATTIX
<i>Historian x Publicity Chairman</i> .....	CAROLYN ROE
<i>Alumnae Chairman</i> .....	CAROL VOLLMAR and JENNY JOYNER

After a series of rush parties, climaxed by the final tea held at the home of Carolyn Roe, Kappa Theta Gamma initiated the following girls: Ann Haysley, Nancy Attix, Jill Hancock, Leslie Kennedy, Sue Rommel, Sherry Ross, and Betty Talbott from Waggener, Besy Keeling, Barbara Lowe, and Chinky Ellis from Atherton, and Laurie Lewis from Oldham County High. Also at midterm, we welcomed Janet Iler from Atherton and Darlene Burnett and Beth Moeller from Waggener, more outstanding additions to Kappa Theta Gamma.

Our annual winter activities began with our Alumnae Dinner held at the home of Gail Anderson. During the Christmas holidays, Kate and Barbara Lowe had K. T. G's annual Christmas Tea. We also sponsored a needy family for Christmas. In February we honored our mothers by holding a Mothers' Tea at the home of Nancy Mayer. This was enjoyed by everyone. A Bermuda Hop is now being planned. It will be held in May. Everyone be sure and come!

Plans for our annual spring dance, which will be held June 3, are now being made. We are all working hard, and everyone is cordially invited to come.

Kappa Theta Gamma wishes to congratulate Dignitas on another fine edition this year.



# PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB



## PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

The following officers of the Pirette Social Club have lead us through a very successful term:

<i>President</i> .....	LEE BURKLEY
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	RILLA HAUPT
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	JOAN STURGEON
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	PATTY MOORE
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	MARY CAROL KIPP
<i>Social Chairman</i> .....	CAROL ANN BROOKER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	MARY MARTIN
<i>Representative to Council</i> .....	CONNIE KOCH
<i>Historian</i> .....	ANN BURKLEY
<i>Business Chairman</i> .....	TEEKIE WAGNER
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i> .....	MARY LOU O'CONNELL
<i>Junior Chairman</i> .....	LINDA MILLER
<i>Outstanding Sophomore</i> .....	CATHY OSTERMAN
<i>Pledge Chairman</i> .....	PEGGY KAHL

Pirettes is proud to announce that we initiated the following outstanding girls: Barbara Jewel, Kay Newel, Jackie Barnum, Gay Hampton, and Ann Riley of Waggener; Bonnie Coyte, Jean Lukins, Margaret Mowen, and Judy Hendley of Atherton.

We are eagerly planning our annual spring dance to which everyone is cordially invited.

Last spring proved to be another successful year for our softball team. We hope we are fortunate enough to win the cup again this coming season.

Congratulations from the "Pirettes" for another fine edition of your magazine.



**LOUISVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL**

The school year 1959-'60 has been very successful for Country Day, both in and out of the classroom. In the summer of 1959 our Chemistry Laboratory was increased to the size that now can take care of the entire chemistry class. This year's seniors participated in the National Merit Scholarship Testing Program last spring. Of the thirty that participated from Country Day, seven were finalists.

On the various athletic fields Country Day has been fairly successful. Our football team won half of its games, beating Oldham County, Shepherdsville, and Catholic Country Day, while losing to Waggener, Cincinnati Country Day, and Indianapolis Park. Next year's team should be even more successful. Our basketball team won six and lost eleven games in regular season play. From that it appears that the season wasn't successful. That is not so. We gave a very good account of ourselves against the likes of Waggener, Durrett, and Eastern. Most of the team will not return next year because of graduation. The outlook is bright for our tennis, golf, bowling, chess, and baseball teams as key personnel return to their positions on these teams.

Last year the school newspaper, *The Dayman*, was introduced and applauded. Six of our more industrious seniors introduced a literary magazine, *The Descrier*. This also has been a great success.

In closing, let it be said that bigger and better things are in store for Country Day.

JIM STONE, '61

**WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL**

Waggener's first senior class was led this year by the following officers:

- President ..... PERRY WOOD
- Vice-President ..... STEVE GRAEF
- Secretary ..... GAYLE REICHMUTH
- Treasurer ..... BILL MOELLER

The Student Council was lead by these officers:

- President ..... BOBBY SEXTON
- Vice-President ..... STEVE PORTER
- Secretary ..... PAT MOORE
- Treasurer ..... STEVE MOWRY

This year Waggener established a fine academic record. Waggener students fared well on state and national examinations and the school has thirteen representatives in the finals of the National Merit competition, this record only being equaled by Atherton. The Drama and Music groups have also done well in state competition.

On the athletic field Waggener proved itself. The football team had a fine record of 6-2-1 and had the distinction of having the best record of all county schools. The Waggener Development Association raised enough money to build a fine football field and stadium. The basketball team made a wonderful showing in winning the Jefferson County Invitational Tournament and in copping the County Championship. The swimming team, to no-one's surprise, was undefeated in Kentucky duel meet competition and lost a heartbreaker by two points to finish second in the state meet. Our first Cross-Country team finished fourth in the state meet.

Our senior class has been busy with its senior activities. The Senior Play and the Senior Vaudeville were both tremendous successes and enjoyed by those who attended. The next big event of the year will be the graduation of the schools' first senior class.

**ATHERTON**

During the 1959-1960 school year, Atherton is being led by the following officers of the Student Council:

- President* ..... WOODY CURRENS
  - Vice President* ..... JAY LUKINS
  - Secretary* ..... MARY MARTIN
  - Treasurer* ..... MILES FRANKLIN
- The officers of the senior class are:
- President* ..... GEOF MORRIS
  - Vice President* ..... GAIL ANDERSON
  - Secretary* ..... MIKE DENNIS
  - Treasurer* ..... NONIE McGEE

This year Atherton is again maintaining its high scholastic tradition. Some 85% of the Class of '60 will go on to college. Our students have scored extremely well on the National Merit Test, the SQT Test, and other national and state exams.

In the world of sports, our football team, under the coaching of Frank Yeager, won 9 out of 11 games. This team was the best in the history of Atherton, so far. The basketball team is off to a slow start, but in the over all should finish the season strongly, under the coaching of Mr. Fred Allen, his first year at Atherton. The swimming team, directed by Mr. Beard, is in a slower start than last year but came out fourth in the state finals. The tennis team, coached by Mr. Ralph Mills, has hopes for a successful season.

The Music department of Atherton, under the superior direction of Mr. Klan, has made a good standing as usual. It has played at Western College, by request from the orchestra director there, it has competed in the state festival and won many superior ratings, and most important of all it has provided the music for many activities concerning the school.

On the lighter side of school life, the extra-curricular activities have been enjoyed by many. The senior play, "George Washington Slept Here" was a tremendous success. AHS students are now looking forward to the Senior Vaudeville and the athletic banquet, to be given in the spring.

Finally, graduation on June 2 will denote the close of another wonderful, educational, well-spent year at Rebel High.

**EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL**

This school year has passed very quickly at Eastern. There have been many achievements attained by the students in all fields.

After outstanding seasons in sports last year, 1959-1960 proved to be a rebuilding year. The Football team compiled 1-7-1 record, but many juniors gained valuable experience. We are looking forward to a much better record next year.

Eastern's fine band again achieved the superior rating at the band festival in Bristol, Tennessee. While in Bristol, they participated in a parade and in drill competition. From their performances, their rating was decided.

In basketball, also, this was a rebuilding year. The team started five juniors, all of whom will be back next year. Despite a 7-15 record we boasted the country's top scorer in Mac Caldwell, a 6-4 center. The team reached the Regional Tournament, but we lost out in the first rounds.

The spring sports program is getting under way now, and we hope to close the year with winning seasons in track, baseball, tennis, and golf.

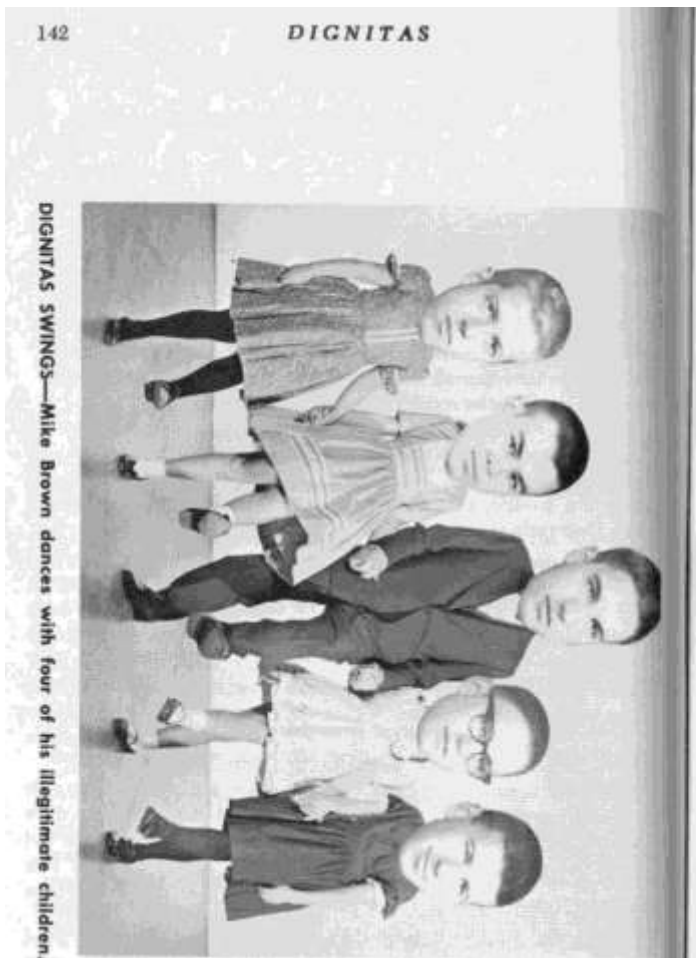
Scholastically Eastern maintained its fine record by having five finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Tests. Eastern was chosen as one in a thousand schools across the nation to participate in Project Talent. This is a very complex project in which students took tests and are followed through life for the next twenty years.

The Senior Prom will be held May 18 and the Graduation on May 28. These will mark a close to another highly eventful year at Eastern.

CHARLES RANDOLPH



# 1956 Dignitas



56 pages of advertising are not included here.