



Waggener High School



1962 Scriptor

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

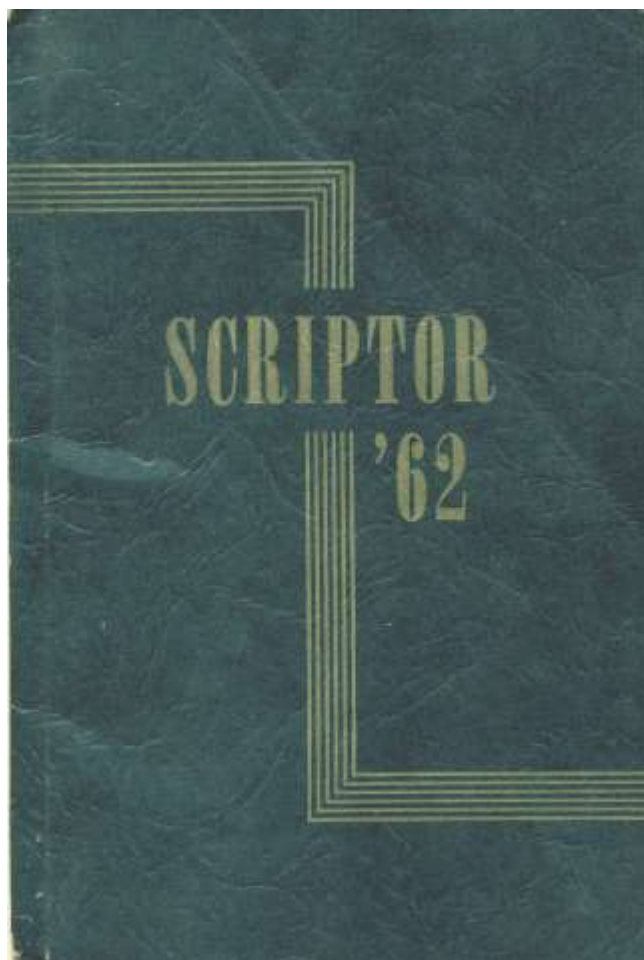
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have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

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

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

1962 Scriptor



Dedication

We the members of the Fidellan Literary Society would like to dedicate the 1962 Scriptor to Bill Hagan '64 who, though away at school, has done much to make this edition of our magazine possible.

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A TRUE CHAMPION

Sir Winsor was a horse of the finest breed in America. He had come from a long line of champion thoroughbreds trained on Westdale Stables in the heart of Kentucky. Up to this date, he had been one of the winningest horses that had ever raced and just this week he was destined to run in the Woodland Manor Stakes at Hialeah Park Race Track near Miami, Florida.

When the day for the race came Sir Winsor was in top condition. In the stable he and his jockey were proudly donned with the green and white colors of Westdale. As post time grew near Sir Winsor became anxious, for today, he was to race against Turf King, a horse which was owned by Westdale's biggest rival, Tabor Farms.

The horses came onto the track and quickly took their places in the starting gate. Suddenly the gates opened and out bolted the horses. Turf King, the co-favorite with Sir Winsor, took an early lead and was still maintaining it when they came into the home stretch. But then Sir Winsor made his move. He caught Turf King and the two stayed neck and neck almost all the way to the finish line. Then Sir Winsor slowed down before the finish, giving Turf King the victory and awarding another fine horse, Wildfire, 2nd place.

After the race the newsmen rushed to the stables to find out why Sir Winsor had slowed down without warning. It was then they learned that the famous horse had chipped a bone in his right foreleg. With all odds against him, the owner finally gave up hope that Sir Winsor would ever race again. Therefore he sold him to a very small horse farm outside of Lexington, Kentucky for \$100,000. At this price the small farm, Lynn Stables, was taking a great risk; for if his former owner was right, and he would race again, they would have to go bankrupt.

As days turned into weeks, the trainers worked diligently with him, trying to get him ready for the biggest race of them all. The Kentucky Derby! But to their disappointment, Sir Winsor's running was still not up to par.

Meanwhile, Westdale Stables was training another fine horse, Stargazer, to the peak of perfection. This was a horse that had stood in the shadow of Sir Winsor all of his life. His owners thought that he, and possibly Wildfire, were the only two that could challenge Turf King in this 89th running of the Derby.

But as the big week drew near and the list of entries were com-

plied, a surprising entry, Sir Winsor, was among them. Although his odds were 20-1, Lynn Stables had confidence in their horse. Nevertheless everyone scoffed at him, for they thought he would never finish the 1 1/4 mile run. Because now the once all-time favorite was among the longshots for the first time in his life.

Finally the day came that everyone had waited for, and Sir Winsor was decked out in the red and grey colors of Lynn Stables. As the horses came onto the track everyone of the 100,000 fans could feel the tension mounting. The horses were one by one placed in the starting gate. With a burst of speed they sprang out and the race was on. Surprisingly, Sir Winsor was near the front of the pack, and at the half-way pole he was 3rd behind Stargazer and Turf King. The three remained in these positions as they pulled away from the rest of the horses. They blazed down the stretch like bullets. Suddenly Sir Winsor sped ahead and flashed by the finish line in record time, pacing the way for Lynn Stables into the big time racing. Yes, against all odds Sir Winsor proved he was certainly a true champion.

Butch Riley '64

OPTIMISM: INGREDIENT FOR TRUE LEADERSHIP

There is an old saying that the skeleton of every successful man must contain three bones: a backbone, a wishbone, and a funnybone. Another way of saying the same thing is to say that every successful man must be an optimist. Because the true optimist, whatever else he may do or say or have, will be liberally endowed with these three qualities — the backbone, the wishbone, and the funny bone.

First, the backbone. The true leader will always be subjected to attacks; often they will call attention to his personal weakness and frailty. But whichever type the attack may be, the leader will have the courage — the backbone — to stand up under them, even turning them to his own advantage. He will have the backbone that enables him to stand up straight beneath the burdens that others attempt to place on his shoulders and he will carry those burdens as far as the success of his goal demands.

Next, the wishbone. Any man that intends to lead his fellows

must have ambition. To be satisfied with mediocrity will automatically entail even less than mediocre attainment. In other words, a leader must always aim for perfection; he may possess the full knowledge that perfection is not within the grasp of any human being, but he must realize that only by aiming this high will he come close to the goal. If he aims at less than perfection he will still fall short — and will have accomplished even less. The wishbone does not mean that his mind will be filled with fantasies of a superman, nor does it mean that a man substitutes pathetic day-dreams for vigorous action in behalf of his cause; rather it means that he envisions the absolute success of what he sets out to do, and will allow no discouragement to cause him to veer from the path that can lead to that goal.

Finally the funny bone. A man without a sense of humor can never be a great leader. If he cannot see that his failures cause amusement to others, he will surely spend his time in self-pity rather than in resolving to start over. Just as the child who falls down the first time he gets on ice skates will never learn to stand up unless he can laugh at the awkward figure he cut, so the man who cannot laugh at his own mistakes will never learn to overcome those mistakes.

Specifically, now, how do these qualities of leadership apply in America today? Perhaps the best answer to this question lies not so much in the duties and obligations of those individuals who seek personal leadership as it lies in the attitude that all Americans must take in order to preserve the position of world leadership that God has placed on this nation. For our individual leaders will, after all, be chosen from the rank and file of ordinary Americans — from the roll of John Does and Bill Smiths who make up the population of every community.

America, then must have first of all a backbone. She must have the strength to stand up beneath the attacks made on her integrity throughout the world. When she is a "Capitalistic aggressor," or an "imperialist power," she must be able to shrug off the ugly names and continue in her efforts to maintain the peace.

And America must have a wishbone. She must continue to look upon the goals of freedom for the world and justice for all men as projects worth pursuing. She must have aims so high that even partial attainment will mark a major improvement in world relationships.

And finally, she must have a funny bone. That is to say she must be able to laugh at herself, and to see in her mistakes not

discouragement but rather an incentive to try again. She must understand why so many people in other societies find American habits and culture subjects of laughter, and she must be willing to laugh with them.

Once America has developed these three bones, she will be able to lead the world as God has destined her to; and once each American has developed them, he will be able as an individual, to contribute to that leadership. God grant that we may always keep limber our backbones, our wishbones, and our funny bones! God grant that we may remain optimists — and leaders!

Bob Pearson, '65

A FUTILE STAIN

After descending once The Ladder of Ascent,
I quietly and calmly ascended once more to the depths
Into the dark coagulating pool of bitter reality
To swim abortively with blind fish in their shallow abyss,
but

Somewhere lying in this graveyard,
One might chance to find a distorted
and broken dream

Not dead, but lying in frozen existence,
Restless, it seeks discovery and escape
unfolded,

this slender flower of hope
may be that from which content blossoms,
that of which I never knew.

For

Many tears ago, I laughed
Many thoughts ago I spoke
And many breaks ago, life broke this saddened heart.
And what reward is death,
that I should live a saddened life,
Oh, what futile motions, or

If there is that moves, does it not cycle?
This the absurd pattern I detest, protest but at last confess
my Conventionality.

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the damp intellect of this undiversified conformity
Shall never I regret, burn out
but the dancer might not always be so graceful off
Stage.

Mimic I these, Fool? — Oh, yes
I loathe them yet the while.
Their innocent distress is the core of disgust.
They lose to win
As I win to lose.

So
Eat nourishing food.
Use a fork.
Dress well of course!

Vote, and die for your country you stupid—stupid
pathetic creature
I am left with no faith,
torn between two
of I know not what.

Bill Hills, '63

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was an American poet, story writer, and literary critic. Poe said that poetry is not truth or emotion, but music. Some of his poems are without equal in their melody. Such poems as "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," and "Ulalume" show his power as a poet. He ranks among the truest poets America has produced.

Master Teller of Tales. Poe's greatest fame rests on his poetry, but he is almost as well known for his short tales. Of these "The Gold Bug" is considered his masterpiece. His stories also have translated into many languages, and have had a powerful influence on the works of American and European authors. His scenes of fancy are completely removed from actuality, and consequently seem as real in one land as in another.

Poe set the standard for the modern detective story in such tales as "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders in th Rue Morgue," and "Marie Roget." Two examples of his stories about death are "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Cask of Amontillado." "The Pit and the Pendulum" is a famous story

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of the Spanish Inquisition. Poe handled horror, ingenuity, and action with extraordinary skill, but he was not so successful in the portrayal of character.

Poe's literary criticism was the first modern criticism in America. He was sometimes far-seeing and stimulating, but just as often mistaken. His remarks on the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, were particularly violent.

Early Years. Poe was born in Boston. His grandfather was a Revolutionary War officer of an honored Baltimore family. His parents were actors. Both his parents died when he was two years of age, and he was taken into the home of John Allan, a wealthy tobacco exporter of Richmond, Va. Poe was never legally adopted, but he used his foster-father's name as his middle name. When Poe was six years old, he went to England with the Allans, and attended school there for five years. After several years in a Richmond academy, Poe was sent to the University of Virginia. At the end of the first year, Allan refused to give him more money, possibly because of Poe's losses at gambling. Poe was forced to leave the university.

First Works. Poe quarreled with his foster father and left home in 1827 he published the first volume of his own poems, and these were published anonymously and at his own expense. The name of the volume was "Tamerlane and Other Poems." The book made him no money, and Poe enlisted in the United States Army under an assumed name. After serving two years, Allan arranged for him to be honorably discharged and to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point. In his school life, Poe showed his ability in languages, mathematics, and athletics. But within six months he was dismissed because of neglect of duty and disobedience.

Success as a Writer. From 1831 to 1835 Poe probably lived in Baltimore at the home of his aunt, Maria Clemm. He began to write stories for magazines. In 1831 he published "Poems by Edgar A. Poe", which he dedicated to the cadets at West Point. In 1833 he won a hundred-dollar prize for the tale, "MS. Found in a Bottle." This small success brought him friends and in 1835 he was assigned to the staff of the Richmond magazine Southern Literary Messenger, in which some of the best of his stories appeared. Within a year the circulation of the magazine increased seven-times because of the popularity of Poe's stories, poems, and literary reviews.

He worked tirelessly, but he remained extremely poor. The Allans died without any mention of Edgar in their wills. He

soon lost his job because of his excessive drinking. In 1836 he married the beautiful Virginia Clemm, the fourteen-year-old daughter of his aunt. He returned to the Messenger, but was soon dismissed again. The following year he lived in New York City, and the next year he drifted to Philadelphia. There he became associate editor of Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, to which he contributed literary criticism, reviews, poems, and some of his most famous stories, including "Ligeia."

In 1843 Poe won another prize for his story, "The Gold Bug." It dealt with the decoding of secret writing, or a cryptogram. Then he developed his skill in the writing of mystery stories. He reached the height of his fame in 1845 with his poem the "Raven." That same year he was appointed literary critic of the New York Mirror, and the following year he became editor of the Broadway Journal.

Tragic Last Years. The brightest part of his life was his love for his young wife. He was greatly saddened by her long illness and her death in 1847. His mental and physical condition grew steadily worse, and he tried to commit suicide. During periods of sanity, he wrote "For Annie" and "El Dorado." Finally, he was found unconscious in Baltimore, where he died soon after. His grave in Baltimore is one of America's literary shrines. Poe was elected to the Hall of Fame at New York University in 1910.

Ricky Duerr, '65

THE FUTURE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

Equal educational opportunity is closer to reality than ever before in the United States. But in some states a number of boys and girls of high-school age are not in school. The average yearly expense per school child in one state is only about one third the amount spent in another state.

Over one million American boys and girls are graduated from high school every year. But almost another million leave high school before graduating. These students leave school for a variety of reasons, one of which often is the need to work. This is an unfortunate waste of human resources. The opportunity that thousands of boys and girls of high-school age have for education may depend partly on the area in which they live.

Universal secondary education is indispensable and justifiable.

Education is the cornerstone of American democracy. The high school is an important part of that cornerstone.

Everyone can attend the tax-supported schools of the United States. They are truly public. But the schools of most foreign countries are really "class" schools. Entrance into them depends very largely on the social or economic position of the parents. In some foreign countries there are two important systems of schools. One is for the common people; the other is for the aristocracy. The common people rarely attend the aristocratic schools.

Jack Wheatley, '64

DEATH DEALS DEATH

It was late in the fall of the year 1933 when the depression was raging throughout the nation. Bill Hartman owned a small soap factory in the heart of the Bronx. He was in debt so much that he had more debtors than he did bars of soap. He found a way to get rid of his bad investment and his debts at the same time. He would sell the factory to David King, who had been offering him a good price for the factory for many years.

Since David was already interested in the factory, it didn't take long to convince him what a good buy the factory would be. Somehow Bill found a way to have the Bill of Sale signed before David had a chance to look over the factory. Knowing he had put a fast one over on his friend, he went home feeling proud of himself.

In a year's time David had made enough money on the factory to have it completely renovated. In another year's time he was making a fortune for himself. He was always criticizing Bill for selling the factory, and all that the factory needed was a little modernizing. All this time Bill's hatred for his friend was mounting up. He hated David for being so lucky with the factory with which he had been so unfortunate. At friend's parties, he would just sit and glare at David King with a look that was curable only by death. In the morning he would drive by the factory planning how he would someday kill the man he hated so. At nights he couldn't sleep, all he could think about was killing him, killing him. Finally, he couldn't stand it any more. He was going to devise a plan to murder David King.

It took many days and nights of careful planning and the devising of a timetable so that he wouldn't get caught. The time

was to be Saturday morning at 10:15, when nobody was working at the factory except David, who would be going over the books. It was Friday night and Bill couldn't sleep; everything had to be perfect. At 7:30 Bill was up and by 9:00 he was down at the factory. At 9:45 David was working on his books. Bill snuck into the factory. He worked his way up until he was at David's back. He pulled out an icepick and stabbed David King in the back, and kept on stabbing with all the hate and fury that was in him. Now to dispose of the body! It was very simple. Just dump him into one of the great soap bins which would grind him into many fine pieces. Now he would clean up the blood and all the other bodily remains so no one would ever suspect there has been a murder.

Two weeks later the storm had blown over and David King was declared missing.

Then it happened! weeks later Bill was taking an evening shower and got soap in his eyes. As he reached for his towel, he slipped on the soap and hit his head on the bottom of the tub and was knocked unconscious. The tub began to fill up with water rapidly and Bill drowned.

Three hours later the police were inspecting the death of Bill Hartman. They couldn't figure out why the water in the tub would not drain out. They looked down at the drain and discovered that blocking the flow of water was a three inch piece of HUMAN FLESH!!

Edward Buchart '64

EDUCATION

Education today is primarily what it was 200 years ago. That is, no matter how unenjoyable it is to be made to go to school it is you who learns in school. The laws force you to attend school, but they cannot make you comprehend the material that the teacher places before you. It's the same old story, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. The old Universities were simply libraries where people with a quest for knowledge came and paid for the use of books.

Too many of today's youth think school is an unpleasant evil forced upon them by a lot of foolish adults. Take a look at the lives of most of these in 20 years and see who was foolish. On many of the radio and television stations they are advising the youth to return to school this fall. That is excellent advice. A

survey shows that those who don't finish high school make on the average of \$100,000 less than those who finish. I can't think of few people who would not like to make \$100,000 for four years of work. It has been pointed out that many successful business men were successful without formal education, but this is the exception rather than the rule. In almost every community you will find that the leaders are those who **have not only** finished high school but have finished college as well. Yes, college is now a requisite for future leadership in the community. Many students complain that college taxes too greatly their physical mental and financial resources. However, if you have a real thirst of knowledge, it will seem easy.

Most students who don't appreciate the opportunity for education are still immature in many ways. Yes, education is what you make of it: a real job, or a quest for Knowledge, a job as a skilled laborer, teacher, or executive, or a job as an unskilled or semi-skilled worker. The choice is up to you. Make it wisely.

Ed Kearl, '65

DISBAND

Separate men, as fast as you can!
Disunite exactly as we planned.
The dirty devils have found our spot.
Hurry, Hurry, for hell is hot!

Get going you without the arm!
Surely you know to be alarmed!
Tell the others quickly son!
To not look back, just to run.

Disband, disband! Leave I'm crying;
Don't you fools know I'm dying!
Leave me be, I'm goin' stay
But set apart, fast, I say!

Look, up the hill the darn demons come
Thank God, mine have gone, except for some.
But we'll just be useless to those enemies
'Cause we're going to die now beneath these trees.

Leon Newman, '64

A BASEBALL GAME

It was a hot, dry day in July. I felt dreadfully sick as I walked into the locker room, where several boys in baseball reds and browns greeted me. It was the same smelly old locker room; the same one I had walked into every day after school since last month.

I sat down a minutue to think how grubby and hot the day was. I didn't feel like playing baseball. I was beginning to get nervous, for I could feel that twinge of uneasiness in my belly. It felt horrible.

I reluctantly started to get into my uniform. I began to think. How much experience had the other team had? How long would the game last? Would I feel better out on the field? All these questions scurried through my head when the whistle blew, for the first inning was to start in five minutes. After I had put on my shoes, I walked to the door of the locker room where the coach gave us some last-minute advice. He told us to play hard and fairly. He knew we were all pretty scared, and he told us the boys on the other team were pretty scared, too. This made me feel better.

With a shout we all got up and walked out on the field and sat down in the dug-out for we were to be up at bat first.

The boys on the other team were practicing. They looked like the pros I see on television every Saturday morning. Suddenly I realized that the strange feeling was back in my stomach again.

Number three had just struck out with two on base. Number four hit a grounder into left field and everyone safe on base. The bases were loaded as I got up to bat. The stands behind me were alive with high school boys and girls that were anxious to see a thrilling game. The ball came screaming over the plate.

"Strike," said the umpire.

I hit at it again and again, and struck out. I could hear the groaning of my stomach harmonizing with the moaning of the crowd. I felt terrible.

The game went on so-so. The score was three to five in their favor in the last inning and I was suddenly pushed up to the plate. Again, there was one man on second base, and two out. I felt my stomach about to burst, and I felt like belching my insides out but I knew that was impossible. I was in a hazy

day-dream as I watched the ball go over the plate. Again I watched it.

"Strike two", woke me up. I was suddenly alive, and I could see my rivals clearly. They looked like martians, with their gleaming eyes and sweating bodies.

I saw the pitcher wind up and throw, and I hit the ball like I had never hit it before. I heard nor saw nothing but the ground flying beneath my feet. I felt like Pegasus in flight. Then I saw the home plate just five yards away. But the ball made it in before me. The game was lost!

Rusty Shelby, '63

THE HYDROGEN BOMB

Many aspects of the development of the thermonuclear weapon are still veiled in secrecy, but it is known that small-scale experiments on fusion weapons occurred in the Spring of 1951, at the Pacific Proving Grounds. A full-scale bomb was first tested by the United States on Nov. 1, 1952. In that test an experimental nuclear device released energy measured in millions of tons of TNT. A new unit called the megaton was found to express the power of these new weapons. In August of 1953, the Soviet Union tested a thermonuclear weapon of a novel design. The United States detonated its first practical superbomb, on March 1, 1954. The power of this superbomb was equal to that of 15 megatons of TNT. It created a glowing ball of fire more than 3 miles in diameter and a huge mushroom cloud, which quickly rose into the stratosphere.

The mushroom cloud contained enormous quantities of radioactivity. Normally, the radioactive particles are so finely divided that very little radioactive particles descend to the earth near the test site. In this case millions of tons of sand and water had been sucked up into the ball of fire, so that much of the radioactivity produced by the bomb was fixed to larger particles of dust and ash. These heavier particles proceeded to fall from the cloud as it drifted over the test site, producing severe contamination on the earth's surface.

The superbomb's power derived from a three stage succession of nuclear events. The first stage involved the detonation of a so-called trigger A-bomb, which furnished both neutrons and heat necessary for the other two stages. In the second stage, the neu-

trons interacted with lithium to produce large amounts of tritium, which then fused with deuterium. This stage constituted the H-bomb phase of the weapon. The events of the third stage were affected by the high-energy neutrons produced in fusion. These neutrons cause fission in the bomb's outer jacket, which was made of uranium-238. In this way almost half a ton of uranium was fissioned, creating immense radioactivity in the form of fission products. Stages one and three both produce radioactive contamination, the second stage, being pure fusion, produce negligible persistent radioactivity, so that this stage is termed "clean." The so-called cleanliness of a bomb is determined by the proportion of its energy which is produced by the fusion process. Bombs of the megaton class which are 95 percent clean have been developed. The smaller kiloton class weapons gain all of their energy from fission and are quite dirty.

The fission products produced from uranium include approximately two hundred isotopes belonging to three dozen different chemical elements. Very few of the isotopes are stable; almost all are highly radioactive and decay in a succession of disintegration. Each radioactive isotope has its own characteristic half and most of these are rather short, being measured in minutes, hours, or days.

lithium — a silver-white metallic element of the alkali family.
fission — the act of cleaving or splitting up into parts; the spontaneous division of a simple organism into two parts, each of which grows complete.

fusion — the act of melting by heat, the state of being fused or melted; union by, or as by melting.

Jim McDonnell, '64

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

Why is man always in such a hurry? Why can't he take the time to look at a full moon once a month, or slow down long enough to take advantage of a fleeting moment?

We are said to be in the Space Age, the age of speed with its high-powered missiles and jets. This is certainly true, and man is keeping right up with the fastest rockets.

Have you ever made it a point to wake up early to see the sun rise or listen for the first birds to sing their happy song or to

walk barefooted in the grass, still wet with dew? Did you ever stop long enough to appreciate how beautiful everything is after a spring shower or watch a sunset in the purple mountains?

Let's love and live while time endures.

Bill Beam, '65

THE INDIVIDUALIST

The Kimball family was originally from Tusca, Kansas. Mr. Kimball was a plant manager for a noted aluminum company in Tusca and was transferred to Harrod, Michigan where a new plant was erected. The family consisted of Mr. Kimball, Mrs. Kimball, and young Dan. Being late August, Dan was making preparation to go to school the following week. Dan was fifteen and quite brilliant for his age. Dan, scholastically, was far more advanced than the average high school freshman. Young Kimball had made a few friends in the short period of time he had been there. When school finally started Dan found that he was being looked at in a very peculiar fashion. His skin, hair, and size seemed to be common with the other students, but something was different.

It seemed that the teenagers in Harrod all followed the same clothes fad. Everyone seemed to wear the same style shoes, socks, pants, shirts, and belts. This seemed quite odd to Dan as he had not faced this problem in Tusca. Nominations were being made for Freshman class officers and a young homely type girl had taken a liking to Dan. The next day Kimball's name was on the election list -- thanks to the young girl who had a crush on Dan. His instructions were to prepare a short talk on any subject to be given in front of the freshman class the following day. The next day Dan found himself listening to the speech before his turn. Suddenly Kimball's name was called. Dan froze, he forgot his talk, he was in a state of shock. He arose knowing that the eyes of every freshman were on him. It seemed like an eternity when he reached the speakers' stand. Dan stood tall and then mumbled. He could hear the chuckles from the student audience.

Something got inside of him like nothing had ever before. Once he started he couldn't stop. He talked and talked on the standards of being an individualist. He cut their clothes fad to shreds and when he had finished there was pure silence. Dan had struck a soft spot somewhere. They admired him for it. He reached his goal, he had made good. That afternoon when

the principal read the election results over the school intercom the name Kimball stood out. Yes, Dan reached his goal. He didn't think a small town boy could make big in an entirely new environment, but Dan was wrong. He stuck up for his rights and set an example for all teenagers everywhere.

Charlie Shuck, '65

JUNIOR HIGH - SENIOR HIGH

The junior high should be separated from the senior high because they are a lot smaller and very immature acting. An example of this is they think the best way to get to the next class is to run as fast as possible. This also presents a problem because they do have the ability to knock you and you are then late to your class.

All of the junior high classes seem to be generally the same so it would not present too much of a problem to keep them all in one place. Doing this, it would eliminate the tracks stars in the halls on period changes, except in their area which would be a rat race to see who makes it to class.

Separating them from the senior high would give them more time for studying because they would not be excused from as many classes for football games, pep rallies, etc.

All of the above mentioned have been done at Waggener High School, but I don't think they have done much good. They might try keeping them in a separate school such as Westport Junior High School but in several years it will be as big as Waggener because they will keep adding a grade each year. So, I think there should be two separate schools, a Junior High and Senior High and they should keep them separated.

Charles Hunn, '54

THE MONKEY SCREAMS

This ghastly tale started in a common square in London, England. While I was conversing with some people whom I happened to meet, I could not help overhearing a conversation between an Englishman and an American. As I listened, my head

began to throb at the thought of what they were discussing. They were talking about a piece of jewelry that was made in the shape of a monkey's paw. The paw was from India where it had been covered with many priceless jewels. Intrigued by this, I started to move closer, but the men noticed me and were gone in a flash, but before they saw me, I heard them say that the paw was at the home of Count Riley IV in his safe. I did not sleep at all that night for thinking about the paw and I decided that I must obtain it for my own.

The next day I prepared to make a plan to gain possession of the paw. After I had thought a great deal and carefully worked out my plan, I began at once to proceed to the home of Count Riley.

His home was located a very great distance from the road in a partially wooded area. It was an enormous three story building with large windows and a balcony for each upstairs room. I estimated it as having twenty-seven rooms. I already knew that the safe containing the paw lay hidden in the wine cellar.

For many nights I watched the house and explored the grounds until I was thoroughly familiar with the area around the house.

On the seventeenth night of careful watching, I decided to put my plan into action. I entered the house through a cellar window which I noiselessly opened with a large metal bar. I immediately found myself in the pressing room. This is where the Count made his wine. After I had lighted a candle, I proceeded from there into the next room, which was the storage room that contained the safe. I made a quick survey of the other rooms making sure no one was there, and then began to crack the safe.

I worked feverishly for about forty-five minutes before I was able to open it. I then drew from it a very heavy and well finished box which I presumed contained the claw. I decided to make sure that the claw was within before I made good my exit, but before I could make one move toward the box, a weird scream split the darkness and froze me in my tracks. The scream was that of a mad animal.

At that same instant, I felt something ripping and clawing at my neck. I quickly flung it off seeing that it was an oversized monkey. In a split second I was upon it and had its neck in my bare hands. After a few seconds, the monkey dropped to the floor limp and lifeless. This experience unnerved me and left me quite terrified, but I tried to stay calm.

I gathered up the box and several other bills and documents that

has been lying on the floor and then started to make good my escape, but as I started to leave I detected a faint noise on the stairs. I stopped and listened. The noise became louder, it was someone coming down the stairs. As the figure's face was illuminated by a faint ray of moon-light, I saw that it was Count Riley who instantly began to search the room and quickly found the open safe.

At this moment I was forced to grab a corkscrew and stab him in the neck. Quickly, whereupon I attempted to remove the weapon, I ripped out the throat and neck, thus dislodging the head from the limp body. I then decided how to dispose of the body.

I dragged the body into the pressing room and then went back for the head. After I had placed both parts in the press and had turned the machine on, blood ran freely down a trough into a large barrel as the sides of the vice came closer together. After the press had done its job, I started to put the corpse into another barrel. Finding this impossible, I seized a nearby scoop and shoveled the remains into the barrel. Then I stored the two barrels in the back of an already ten foot high pile of empty wine barrels and was careful to cover them with dust so that they would not be detected easily.

Now thinking that I was finished, I proceeded to leave, but on the way out I noticed the limp mass that has been the monkey. I quickly barreled it up, saving its eyeballs for a souvenir, before I made good my escape.

I kept the paw for several years, but it haunted me no end so I sold it to a friend for a fraction of its real value. To this day I have kept the **ghastly** eyeballs, even as the noose tightens around my neck!

Charles Wood, '64

INTERNATIONALISM THRU NATIONALISM

The idea of a World State is no modern invention. Broadly speaking it is nothing more than the manifestation of comradeship in our everyday intercourse applied to the community of nations. The most characteristic features of the modern world which are connected with finance, industry, and commerce are to

a great extent international. Science, art, literature, and even sports are now assuming international proportions. Never before have the people of the world met and mingled as they are doing today.

Side by side with internationalism we have nationalism, which is sometimes looked upon as being detrimental to internationalism. Nothing could be more erroneous. On the contrary, the road to sound internationalism leads thru a healthy nationalism. We may believe in the essential unity of humanity, if we feel that we are all fundamentally the same, and still recognize the value, variety, uniqueness and individuality of the human soul. And if we admit the individually, we can also appreciate internationalism without denying the unique corporate individuality of distinct nationalities.

In fact we can appreciate internationalism in no other way. A correct understanding of the meaning and value of nationality is indispensable preliminary to any and all attempted a solution of international problems. It will never do to level men down to an indiscriminate cosmopolitan mass and call it a process of internationalism. If we recognize and honor the individuality of nations — that is to say corporate inheritance of each — it will not be difficult to find therein the true foundation of internationalism; for there are eternal things in each nation which fundamentally unite our own common humanity. Variety rather than detracting from, adds to, the final strength and beauty of the international structure.

This international structure can be raised if we have a spirit of tolerance and respect for the varying geniuses of different nations. Herein lies the fundamental principle of world peace, both political and economic.

Bill Heinz, '62

THE FAIR

Bewildered as I was by the confusion of the country fair, I grew frantic when I realized that I had become separated from my father. Only four years old, when I was allowed my first look at a county fair, I still remember how completely prelexed I was by the multitude of colors, noises, and people. We had been walking along the fairway, I was holding frantically to my father's hand, when suddenly it appeared! It was the most magnificent structure I had ever seen! Looming high overhead, it was much,

much taller than my daddy, who to me was a giant. At first, I stopped and stared, fascinated by the people zooming over it in little cars. Then I ran toward it to make sure my eyes had not deceived me, and when I had gone as near to it as I dared, I turned to show my daddy what I had discovered. My daddy was gone! I was horrified! Forgetting about my discovery I ran, screaming and hollering, in search of my father. Many forms brushed by me, but no familiar face. Boldly I ventured on, amidst pushing bumping, and kicking, until I was swept off my feet by a man in dark clothing, with a very shiny something on his shirt. How he overcame biting, scratching, and tears I shall never know, but soon the kind man reunited me with my father. I vowed never again to go to a county fair, at least not until the next week-end.

Nell Looney, '64

TRIALS OF A ROOKIE

Art Quirk's line is pitching a baseball for pay, something he has done with fair success for the past two summers in the minor leagues. His stature is short and compact, and he is a well-spoken good-looking, reserved young man of twenty-four. Because his outlook is practical, he is not overly troubled that today Art Quirk is virtually unknown, can show a record that is something less than sensational. He has experienced the financial inconvenience of making payments on his \$13,000 home in Warwick, Rhode Island, and otherwise supporting his family on an income of \$7,500 a year. He is, after all, now at the threshold of what he aspires to a career, long and prosperous, in the major leagues.

Pete Love, '64

REPUTATION ISN'T EVERYTHING

Mabu was a typical young native boy on a small, desolate island in the Pacific. He was well liked, but, he had a bad habit of boasting. He took special pleasure in bragging in front of Koni, a timid boy who was Mabu's worst enemy. Koni was shy and quiet, but he loved to hear other people tell stories of their hunting adventures. That is, everyone except Mabu, for Koni knew

he was only trying to ridicule him. He wished Mabu would show him some proof of his hunting exploits.

Somehow, friends of Koni persuaded Mabu into going on a hunting trip with only Koni as a guide and porter. Unwillingly, but for the sake of his friends and because of his curiosity of Mabu's skill, Koni accepted. The next day they would leave for what might prove to be a long trip.

Eagerly, the villagers awaited the return of the boys, thinking that Mabu would surely get a tiger. Their wait was not a long one, for the next day Koni entered the village with a lion on his back. Everyone cheered "Horay for Mabu. Yeh Mabu!" Then they noticed that Mabu was not behind Koni. When questioned concerning this Koni answered sorrowfully. "When the tiger charged, Mabu, shaking from fear, turned and ran, dropping his gun on the ground. Even as I picked up the gun and fired, the lion was tearing Mabu limb from limb. The natives crowded around the young Koni, as he smiled and said, "I killed this lion all by myself."

Kelly Downard, '64

A WORD OF ADVICE

Said the University of Toronto's President Sidney Smith to his students: "If you choose to work, you will succeed; if you don't you will fail. If you neglect your work, you will dislike it; if you do it well, you will enjoy it. If you join little cliques, you will be self-satisfied; if you make friends widely, you will be interesting. If you gossip, you will be slandered; if you mind your own business, you will be liked. If you act like a bore, you will be despised; if you act like a human being, you will be respected. If you spurn wisdom, wise people will spurn you; if you seek wisdom, they will seek you. If you adopt a pose of boredom, you will be a bore; if you show vitality, you will be alive. If you spend your free time playing bridge, you will be a good bridge player; if you spend it in reading, discussing and thinking of things that matter, you will be an educated person."

Mike Rodgers, '64

HOT RODDING

In the last few years the hot rodders, who used to play "chicken" down the center line of the nation's highways, have virtually disappeared from view. Most of the rodders have left the road for the drag strips. For here the modern phenomenon of automobilism, that devout interest in cars entirely different from their use as transportation, has reached its pinnacle in the creations turned out by onetime chicken players, and in the world they have built around their cars. It is a world that invites and regards study for the hot rod cult.

Hot rodding has an involved hierarchy. In the early days of the cult, a hot rod was a standard car with a souped up engine for "go". Nowadays, however, a hot rod may also mean a car with an altered, or "customized" exterior for "show".

Yes, hot rodding is becoming a great sport among teenagers of America.

Fred Shuck, '64

JUDGE NOT

Almost everyone at one time or another is a conformist, but lately things have been getting out of hand. Jacqueline Kennedy rats her hair so every woman in the United States who wants to be in style does likewise. This goes on not only in other places but in our own town also and for that matter in our own schools. About four years ago the boys wore levis but soon the style changed to khakis. Everyone has to dress, talk and act the same to be accepted into the group. I think today people are judging a person too much by the way he dresses or where he lives when they should pass their judgment on what kind of a person he is as a whole.

David Goodrich, '65

DEMOCRACY

The word "democracy" comes from two Greek words that mean "people" and "rule." Democracy is a kind of government which lets people rule themselves. They rule themselves by choosing

their rulers and their lawmakers. Abraham Lincoln told clearly what democracy means in his famous Gettysburg Address. He called it "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The idea of democracy is not new. The ancient Greeks chose their rulers. For a time the Romans did, too. Down through the Middle Ages some of the German tribes kept the idea of democracy alive. But in most countries where we find democracy today the people won the right to rule themselves by a hard struggle.

The United States is a republic. Its people elect most officials of the government — the lawmakers as well as other government officers. Many countries where the people rule themselves are republics. But some democracies have kings or queens. Their kings or queens, however, have no real power. The people of England, for example, rule themselves as in a republic although they have a king or queen.

Some countries claim that they are democracies when there really are no choices to be made. There is only one list of candidates for the people to vote for.

The Declaration of Independence of the United States says that everyone has a right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Democracy is based on this idea. But this idea is very different from the one that some people have — the idea that in a free country, as a democracy is often called, everyone can do as he pleases. No one has a right to do anything to harm others.

Democracy has its problems. It is not easy to choose leaders wisely. Some people do not do their share in ruling themselves. They may not, for instance, vote in an election. The people that are elected may do unwise things to make themselves popular. Besides, the machinery of a democracy is cumbersome when there is a crisis of some kind. It is much easier for one person to make a decision than for millions of people to make one through the people they elect. Many republics during the past half-century have fallen into the hands of dictators during a crisis.

In some countries that have become republics things have not gone well because they people were not used to making decisions for themselves. They were not used to the idea of democracy.

In the United States a person must reach a certain age (21 years in most states) to be able to vote and thus to take part in the government. But boys and girls can practice the ideas of democracy in their everyday lives. In clubs and classes they can

elect their officers. They can learn to choose leaders wisely instead of just voting for their personal friends.

They can practice listening to suggestions and considering them carefully, no matter who makes them. On the playground they can see that everyone has a fair chance, no matter what his race or religion may be, or how wealthy or poor his family may be. Boys and girls who practice democracy day by day will be better members of a democracy when they grow up to vote.

Tom Godfrey, '65

THE LITTLE GENERAL

This is a story about a small college football team and how they upset the number one team in the small college Poll of America.

Prestonburg was a small college in northern California. You never heard about them in the sports news, except in the town's local paper, The Prestonburg Star. The population of the town was 2,300. The enrollment at the college was 319, of which 239 were girls. The other 80 made up the football, basketball, and baseball teams.

The Panthers as was their nickname, were scheduled to play Fresno State, the number one team in the small college poll. Fresno was about a twenty-five point favorite, as it was listed in the paper.

The "Panthers" were up for this game having practiced for three and one half hours a day for a week. They had worked out several plays just for this game. Tomorrow afternoon just about every one of the 2,300 would be at the field, to watch the "Panthers" play. You see Prestonburg didn't have a stadium, because they very seldom had more than 400 at their games, and most of those were students. Instead they just had a field with bleachers around it, enough to seat about 2,000.

Finally, the big game was just 45 minutes from being played. The two teams were in their locker rooms. The coach of the Panthers, Mr. Atkins, was telling the team how important this game was. He talked with Eddie Grant, the quarterback, about the new plays.

The teams came roaring out of the locker room to start getting

warmed up. Grant, often called "The Little General," by his teammates, met with the captain of the Fresno team for the flip of the coin. Fresno won the toss and elected to receive the kickoff.

The "Panthers" lined up to kickoff. Billy Hodges, the kicker, booted the ball to the Fresno five, where Bobby Lee Thompson, the Fresno halfback, picked it up and returned it to the "State" 30 yard line.

Fresno gained eight yards in three plays, it was now fourth down and two to go. Prestonburg dropped back Grant and Hodges to receive the punt. Grant got it on the Panthers 30 and returned it to the Fresno 40.

The first play was a power right pass to Hodges, good for 25 yards and a first down. The ball rested on the Fresno fifteen. The crowd was going wild as the Panthers were in scoring range.

Grant called for one of the new players a rollout "9" reverse. The play went to the slotback, Bobby Martin and he carried the ball to the three yard line. Two plays later, Grant went over on a keeper, for the six.

Billy Hodges kicked the extra point and the score was 7-0 in favor of Prestonburg. The score remained the same throughout the first half and the score was 7-0 at halftime.

Fresno kicked off the second half and Grant ran it back to the Panthers 30 yard line, a return of 20 yards. The Panthers picked up 6 yards in three plays, that made it fourth down and four. The Panthers punted to the Fresno 35, where Thompson called for a "fair catch".

The two teams exchanged punts several times and soon the game was in the last three minutes, with the Panthers holding on to 7-0 lead, and the ball Grant, on third down and four, called for "Rip," the right end, to run a post off a 25. The play worked and was good for 15 yards and a first down. They were now on the twenty-five yard line of Fresno.

Time was running out, the clock showed 40 seconds left in the game. All the Panthers had to do was eat up the clock. Grant ran three straight keepers and ran out the clock, with Prestonburg upsetting Fresno State.

Finally, the "Panthers" had the story of their game in a paper, other than the Prestonburg Star. Eddie Grant, the "LITTLE GENERAL," was voted the most valuable player and went on to be voted on the first team of the Small College All-Americans.

Terry Quiggins, '64

THE ESCAPE

Wong Tong lay low in the wet soggy marshes. Everything was still and quiet except for the distant booming of the bombs. Suddenly the silence was broken by a faint cry from her baby brother Sang-see who was cradled in her arms. She quieted him as she listened for the night patrols through the woods. Everything had built up in her mind until she felt that she would scream, which she must not do if she did not wish to be heard and shot down like ducks in a pond. All she could think of was to escape.

Wong Tong and Sang-Tee has been traveling for days, eating what few rations they had managed to gather after the bombing of their village. She kept on and on until her legs were numb. The little child in her arms became a heavy burden and she began to wonder how much longer she could carry it. The sound of the bombs and the memories of that horrible night was the only thing that kept her going. To get away from them was her only desire.

Suddenly she stopped as she heard voices coming nearer and nearer. The suspense was maddening. If only she knew who they were, where they came from and if they knew she was there. Closer and closer until there they were. She screamed, as they surrounded her. They were wearing camouflage suits and carrying guns. Wong Tong was so tired, frightened, and because of lack of nourishment she collapsed. When she woke up she could not make out where she was because the fog was so dense. When things came into view she discovered she was in a prison camp, where she did not know. For the next few days Wong Tong and Sang-Tee were fed half cooked rice and dirty water. At this point she wanted to die, after all it was better than this way of life. As the days passed she mostly thought about peace and how wonderful it was. She used to love the days when she could see the farmers in the rice fields, and the children at play. But that was all over and she would never know happiness again.

One day her hopes brightened when she overheard a soldier say that there was an American outpost a few miles north of there. Many thoughts and hopes went through her mind. She had a chance, her brother had a chance to perhaps grow up happy after all. The next days were spent in planning their escape. She discovered that there was going to be a supply wagon coming through the prison camp. If she could only get on it just till she got outside the prison walls.

Finally, the day came when she could escape. In late afternoon the truck arrived. While the guard was talking to the driver

they slipped on the truck. Wong Tong prayed that Sang-Tee would make no sound. She soon found herself running, running, running, almost as if she could not stop. Tears were streaming down her face, however they were tears of joy. They were going to be free at last. She ran for hours holding Sang-Tee tightly without once looking back. There were only three more miles to go; by this time she was almost hysterical. Suddenly she heard a rustling in the bushes, then a shot. Wong Tong fell to the ground. Out of the bushes came a young American soldier who had mistaken Wong-Tong for an enemy. She was dead. He picked up Sang-Tee carefully in his arms and finished the task that Wong Tong had so wished for and wanted, taking her brother to freedom.

John McLennan, '65

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

The seven days of the week are named in honor of the sun, the moon, and five of the planets. The five planets are Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. These were the only planets the people of long ago knew about. The sun, moon, and these five planets were supposed to take turns ruling over the days. The seven days from the sun's day to the sun's day became the week.

Sunday is the sun's day. Monday is the moon's day. Saturday is Saturn's day. Tuesday is Mar's day. Wednesday is Mercury's day. Thursday is Jupiter's day. And Friday is Venus' day. "Tuesday", "Wednesday", "Thursday", and "Friday" do not sound at all like "Mars' day", "Mercury's day", "Jupiter's day", and "Venus' day." The names of these four days came about in this way.

The planets were named for Roman gods and goddesses. Mars was the Roman god of war. Mercury was the messenger of the gods. Jupiter was the king of the gods. Venus was the goddess of beauty. The old Norse gods and goddesses were very much the same as the Roman ones. But they had different names. Our names Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday came from Norse gods. Tuesday is "Tiu's day", Wednesday is "Woden's day", Thursday is "Thor's day", and Friday is "Frigg's day."

We cannot change the number of days in a year without getting dates all out of place in the seasons. Our year is made for us by the journey of the earth around the sun. We cannot change the length of the day. The day is made for us by the turning of

the earth on its axis. But there is no reason why we have to have seven days in a week. We could have any number of days we liked. Five-day, eight-day, and ten-day weeks have all been tried. If the people of long ago had known about Uranus, Neptune and Pluto, we might have ten days in a week instead of seven. But we are so used to seven now that few people would want to change.

Paul Clephas, '65

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

To explain "ignorance is bliss" let us adapt this to ordinary people in a situation which takes place hundreds of times a day.

When the proud papa looks at his new-born son in the nursery at the hospital, the baby knows right away, "This is the kid who's paying for my crib. If he's got money to pay for my crib, he's got money to finance dates with the cute girl in the crib next to mine."

Dad exclaims, "He looks intelligent. I believe he's going to make a fine president for my firm."

After six years "baby" has grown to Johnnie and he is eligible for school. He finds himself in the first grade class of Mrs. Simpleton. It's a miracle that an apple a day will not only keep the doctor away but establish in the teacher's mind a Solomon accompanied by angel wings and a halo.

The next step, college, presents quite a problem for the six foot, two inch, one hundred ninety pound football star who is studying business administration. With a stroke of luck he finds his elder brother Dean of "If Your Dad Wants You to be Boss" University. On award day lucky Johnnie finds himself being awarded various salutations. To name only a few, I would like to mention "The booby prize of intelligence", and "The football cross of ignorance."

Nevertheless Johnnie owns his own firm and is to be considered one of the world's richest men. The moral to my tale is that you don't have to be an Einstein — just be an inspired man as he was on that first day of his life.

Tony Ambrose, '63

THE LEAP FOR LIFE

The winter nights are long around here and they have that look of weirdness when one stares at the cold, soft snow that covers the low flat ground. When the lonely winds howled 'round the house and the naked branches tapped against the windowpane, friends and neighbors gathered in the big, warm kitchen of the old Nickerson farmhouse down Rock Harbor Road in Orleans for an evening of story-telling, popcorn, and apple-roasting.

Jonathan Snow, twelve years old, full of imagination and very impressionable, loved these story evenings. Jonathan would curl up in his favorite niche between the fireplace and the window, and there, munching on apples, would listen pop-eyed to the spooky stories. Here he was close enough to the bright, friendly fireplace to feel secure, but also close enough to the dark eye of the window and the wild, windy night to feel a delicious tingle of fear run up and down his spine.

One bleak and howling February night, when the stories had been especially hair-raising, a lull in the conversation and a few yawns proclaimed that it was time for all to depart to their respective homes. Jonathan knew he should leave, but he felt chained to the fireside. He couldn't stay, was too proud to voice his fears, and yet shuddered at the thought of leaving this warm kitchen for the dark and lonely walk home. But boy's pride won. He buttoned up his coat, pulled his cap down over his ears, and bidding the Nickersons a brave but reluctant goodnight, set off for home.

It was not far from the Nickerson to the Snow home, but the night was a wild one; a night of wind and floating mist, when familiar daylight objects assumed fantastic shapes, and the road was filled with shadowy forms. Jonathan held himself in admirable check for about a hundred yards. He strolled along whistling casually, but when he glanced back and could see no more the winking lights of the Nickerson house, he was casual no longer, and ran at breakneck speed down the road.

Rounding the turn that meant the half-way mark to home, in the place where the road was flanked on one side by a high stone wall and on the other by a creek which ran parallel to it, Jonathan stood stock still, blood turning to slow ice in his veins. For there, not four yards in front of him, gleaming in a flickering pool of moonlight that filtered through the scudding clouds, was a coffin.

Three thoughts scampered through terrified Jonathan's mind. He could jump the stone wall, splash through the creek, or leap

over the coffin and make a dash for home and safety. And jump he did. Now a twelve-year-old boy can jump like a grasshopper, but Jonathan did not jump high enough. Just as though he had cleared the coffin, and indeed, his feet were running before they touched the ground, his ankle was clutched by a bony hand, and he was pulled right into the terrible coffin!

Reflex action and young strength bounded together simultaneously. Using all his energy, Jonathan pushed out with his hands and heels and leaped from the coffin like fat from a hot skillet. Scared near out of his wits, Jonathan broke an all-time speed record to home. There he habbled out his story to puzzled parents, who, as hardy farm inhabitants, scoffed at the idea of a coffin, but decided to go and investigate anyway. So Jonathan, armed with mother and father, returned to the fateful spot, only to find that the "coffin" was a two-bushel market basket which had rolled from a peddler's cart, and which, in the dark night, Jonathan's aroused imagination had turned into an occupied coffin. The resident of the coffin, which Jonathan believed had clutched his ankle, was only the high basket handle which he did not clear in this "leap for life."

Bill Hagan, '65

SWIMMING PRACTICE

This is a story of what happens to me every morning at exactly 6:30, two and a half months out of the year.

It all starts when my mother comes in at 6:30 and says, in as cheery manner as possible, "Time to go to swimming practice, get up!" I usually groan a few times and say I'm sick, or my foot hurts, or any other good excuse I did not use the previous day, but it doesn't work, so I stumble out of bed. My next big step is to get awake. So, I walk very slowly to the bathroom and drench myself with water. Then I slip into my tank suit and my smelly sweat shirt and stumble to the kitchen. I never really want breakfast, but my mother always crams something down my throat telling me what good it's going to do me. Then she says, "Get in the car, and we'll go." By then it's about 15 till seven, and we arrive at Planatation at about 10 till. I walk slowly in the front gate, complaining all the way. The first thing I see is my fellow team mates lying all over the place with surprised looks on their faces, because I was on time to practice. About that time our coach comes out and blows his whistle, and yells, "First group on the line!" Unfortunately, I'm in the first group. I walk up to

the edge of the pool very slowly, along with 10 other boys and take position.

The coach says, "Start out with an 800," that is, 16 laps; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. Then the coach says, "Take your mark, go!" We're off! That is the worst part of the day, because hitting that ice cold water isn't the best thing to do at 7:00 in the morning. The 800 meter swim isn't that bad because it's a warm-up swim, but it takes time, after that's over we get about a ten minute rest while the second group swims.

Then back to work. At this stage of practice, we usually swim repeats — for instance, four 200 meter races. That is what kills me because of the speed in which we have to swim, and also we get but about 3 minutes rest between each one. After this is over, we go directly into fifteen fifty meter sprints. This is very hard, because it is such a short distance and you should go real hard on everyone of them so that you keep your time down. When we finish this, we are dead tired and we have a team meeting. A team meeting is for the coach to tell us how good or how bad we have done that day. They usually last about 15 minutes. Then it is about 15 till 10 so we do cross the pool sprints for the remaining part of practice. Then it's over. I stumble out of the pool and go home and go to bed.

The only good thing about swimming practice is what you get out of competitive swimming. I couldn't tell you that because I've been swimming for 8 years and I don't know.

Rusty Shelby, '65

TRIBUTE TO A GALLANT WOMAN

On November 7, 1962, the United States and the world lost one of their most respected citizens, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a most prominent member of our society, departed the world scene.

Sorrow spread deep and wide across the world, even behind the Iron Curtain of communism. From Moscow, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko said that Russians who knew Mrs. Roosevelt "will always have the best of memories of her."

The citizens of her own native land haven't forgotten her so easily either, and so the members of Fidelian Literary Society would like to dedicate this article to a truly "Gallant Woman".

Louis Lococo, '64

READING

"Send Me the Man Who Reads." The quotation means exactly what it says. This quotation is being used by colleges, universities, and business firms all across the nation.

Reading is one of the most important tools in everyday study and work. Professional and business men could not have learned their work if they could not read. To the person who reads easily and swiftly, the world of books can provide many thousands of hours of pleasant and varied enjoyment. There is a close connection between reasons for reading and the effect of reading upon the emotions, knowledge, and behavior of the reader.

Men, who wish to continue learning after college, acquire most of their knowledge through books and magazine articles. These men are taught to read when they are young, (and like it) Through the years these men read all that they could. These men are sought after by the highest-ranking business firms in the nation. College men of this caliber seem to advance in their studies, for they do not let their acquirement of knowledge stop with their curriculum. They may not be the most intellectual people in the world, but they do try to acquire knowledge from all sources. These college men, no matter what race, color, or creed, may receive extremely fine positions from different business firms. Men like these, by means of reading science can invent new and better machines and formulas, so as to help their company and themselves. In their spare time men like these read for the benefit of themselves, their family, and their company. To them reading is not something forced upon them; it is something that they have the desire to do. Men, who have this attitude toward reading for work and pleasure, will obtain success in later life.

Of all the business firms in the nation, there is only one which puts a great deal of importance on reading. This company is International Paper Company. This company has spent a lot of time and money on their slogan, "Send Me the Man Who Reads." They wish to induce future business men to plan a course of reading for the rest of their life. A combination of school and business together will help encourage students to put more time in on reading.

Although this article was written by myself, it is intended for all students. Students have the right to pick whether they want to read and gain knowledge or can reading aside for the other pleasures of the world. Many a person says that it is hard to con-

concentrate on reading books and magazine articles. These people have not given reading a chance to develop in their habits of life. In conclusion, I believe that reading, no matter how disgraced or praised, is one of man's best tools for the acquirement of knowledge. "Send Me the Man Who Reads."

Ricky Duerr, '65

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

Clyde Snodgrass had been on the trail of an old miser, whose name I wish to conceal, so we will call him Jake Crouch. There was a great deal of bitterness between Clyde and Jake because once Clyde needed a loan to pay off some bills and Jake, who owned the bank, refused to give it to him. This was due to the fact that Clyde lived in a run down shack and because he had been arrested for intoxication and disorderly conduct several times.

Clyde was a dull young man and because of the actions taken against him by Jake, he made a rather simple plan of murder. That night he stole into Jake's room, which was above the bank, and wired a double-barrel shotgun so it would go off the instant the doorknob was turned. This was the night for his plan because he knew that Jake was out of town at a convention and would not be back until early the next morning.

At about 7 o'clock that morning Clyde arose from a restless sleep. Quickly he got dressed and hurried to eat breakfast there because he wanted to be around when Jake blew himself to pieces. Finally Jake pulled up, got out of the car, and started to enter the bank. In his excitement Clyde jumped up and ran outside. It was then that Jake became uneasy, for he too had remembered the incident and now he was looking at a man whom he hadn't seen in almost two years. Sensing danger, Jake hurried inside and called the police. During this time Clyde walked over to the front of the bank, only to be alarmed by the sound of screaming sirens. Not knowing what to do, he rushed into the bank and quickly ascended the flight of stairs. Then when he saw the police coming into the bank he ran toward the only door in sight. Without realizing what he was about to do, he grabbed the doorknob and started to open the door. BLAM! All of his troubles are over now since he just blew the H— out of himself.

Butch Riley, '64

THE DRAFTED DOCTOR

It was late December of 1941 after the United States had declared war on Japan that my story takes place. Robert Davis, a twenty-one year old pre-med student, had gone outside to get the mail before going to classes. The mail contained a couple of advertisements and a letter stamped: Important. Bob immediately opened the letter, reading it slowly and absorbing the contents he was actually astonished. He wondered how in the world this could happen to him. He had all of his schooling to complete. What in the world would he do? Bob had been drafted into the United States Army. He was to report to Fort Knox, in Kentucky, on January 5, 1942. Davis parents had already left for work. There was no way he could contact them until he saw them after work. Bob decided to go on to the hospital and talk to one of his superiors about his draft. He thought that he could carry on his practice in the army and his most important schooling. Bob was only to be very disappointed in the near future because he would have to be among the fighting squads. After Bob had found out that he could not carry on with his most wanted plans, all he could think of was the many years of waiting to become a doctor and the terrific amounts of money his parents had to spend to send him through pre-med school.

January 4, 1942, Bob had boarded a plane to Fort Knox, Kentucky. Arriving at the base, he reported to Captain Hayden in the office for draftees. Captain Hayden took him to the barracks where he would stay until he had completed the training course.

After five months of rigorous training, Bob was given his papers telling him where he would be sent overseas. He was to be sent right into the battle line in Japan where he fought among many different types of men. After many battles here, there was a great shortage of doctors. Bob was called into the main office where he was told that they had found out about his ability as a doctor and that he would have to leave the battle line and carry on as a doctor for the United States Army.

This pleased Bob very much. He served as a doctor for two and one half years until he was discharged. After being discharged, he went back to school where his experience in the United States Army helped him to graduate with the highest honors in the class.

After graduating with the highest honors in the class he attributed this success always to the excellent training he received

while acting doctor in the army) he went back into the army and was named the chief doctor of his division.

He was still head of his division in 1951 when, while serving in the Korean War, he was killed along with eleven patients in a field hospital after it caught fire. He died while trying in vain to save the lives of his patients.

Jim McConnell, '64

THE MONSTER

It was the early morning, the sun was just rising above the hill. The cool breeze was flowing across the valley as a doe and her fawn grazed along one of the swift, crystal clear streams that flowed through the valley. The blue sky had not a cloud showing as the sun rose higher in the sky. The tender morsels of grass which the deer ate were still wet with the early morning dew. It was springtime and the trees were just beginning to bud, flowers were beginning to bloom, and the woodland and mountain life was just beginning to emerge from the long winter's hibernation. Later in the year the small stream would become dry and the intensely hot sun would force the doe to take her fawn up the steep slope to the cool mountain height where water and food would be plentiful. But now the sun was just warming the awakening valley with its soothing rays. A small rabbit hopped across the creek, scaring the deer into a run for a small stand of birch trees. Here in the shade of the tall trees the fawn reposed for sleep, the ever watchful mother keeping her keen eyes open, looked out of the copse at the surrounding valley. There was danger here also, her enemies were all about her, the bobcat, the wolf, and (or) the fox. She feared them all, in her heart she kept the fear alive to keep her senses sharp. Her fears were well founded for suddenly out of nowhere came a lone bobcat, it had picked up the deer's scent and was headed directly for the grove. The doe froze with fear for she knew that the bobcat could easily out-pace the small weak fawn. Just as the mother was about to decoy herself across and lead the bobcat away from her young, a small rabbit bounded across, in a second the cat was after it. Danger was gone, the doe, feeling that the danger was past went to a peaceful but light sleep. All was quiet, all was serene, nothing could take from this rustic scene.

CRASH!

Tat tat tat tat!!! Giant machines rip away the grass. Rat tat

tat tat!!! Earth is thrown into oblivion. Boom! Boom! Rock is blown out of the mountain. Great cavities lay in place of the majestic mountains. Errrrr!! The overwhelming sound of giant machines now takes the place of the quiet deer. RRunn! Rruunn! The mountains are now as flat as the valleys they once sheltered. The grass is replaced by slabs of concrete. The trees are now beams of steel and lengths of pipe. The crystal clear mountain stream are now a dank refuse filled sewer system. The cool breeze through the valley is now a sweltering furnace. The heartless, feelingless, automobile now replaces the simple forest animals and the real enemy of the doe appears. What is this monstrosity? It is man.

Ed Kearl, '65

KENTUCKY'S WRITERS

JAMES LANE ALLEN, born December 21, 1849, near Lexington was Kentucky's foremost master of English prose. Highly imaginative, yet based on historic, economic and social facts, Allen's novels are accurate accounts of the minds and hearts of the Blue Grass. His first short story, "Too Much Momentum," appeared in the April, 1885 edition of *Harper's Magazine*. His best known works are *King Solomon of Kentucky*; *A Kentucky Cardinal*, the great American classic; *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky* and *The Reign of Law*.

JOHN FOX, JR., born in Bourbon County, December 16, 1863, went to the mountains in 1890 and became so interested in the mountaineers and their customs that in 1892 he published his first work concerning them, a full length novel, *A Mountain Europa*. Later, he wrote *The Kentuckian*, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and *Heart of the Hills*. Master maker of mountain stories, Fox has given to the world a true picture of the culture and philosophies of the Kentucky mountaineer.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS has often been called the "poet of the Kentucky Hills." She was born in Perryville, Kentucky, and studied at the University of Chicago. In 1921 she won the Fiske Prize for poetry for the poems which were later published under the title of *Under the Tree*. In her book *Green Meadows* she portrays the life of the early people of Kentucky.

MADISON CAWEIN, American poet, was born in Louisville,

Kentucky, on March 23, 1865. He died in Louisville on December 8, 1914. His best works are Kentucky poems.

ALICE HEGAN RICE was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky in 1870. Her best known work, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, was made into a successful play and a motion picture.

IRVIN S. COBB, (1876-1944) Journalist, humorist, dramatic writer, was born in Paducah, Kentucky. He was the author of humorous books and plays, editor of the Humor Section of the *New York Evening Sun*, and a staff member of several national magazines.

THEODORE O'HARA, (1820-1867) American soldier and poet, was born in Danville, Kentucky. He served as a Colonel in the Confederate Army and is known especially for his poem "Bivouac of the Dead."

Among the Kentucky poets still living are E. Carlile Litsey and Jesse Stuart who were recently named poets laureate.

JESSE STUART was born August 8, 1907, in Riverton, Greenup County. He is the Kentucky mountain plowman who used to scratch sonnets on leaves when he came to the end of a furrow. Stuart has been called "a modern American Burns." What Bert Harte was to the outcasts of Poker Flat, and Joel Chandler Harris to the plantation negro, Jesse Stuart is to the folk of the Kentucky mountains. He is one of the few originals among American writers. His first book, *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow* brought praise from the country's leading critics and was included in Henry S. Canby's list of "100 Best Books in America." More recent works of Stuart include: *The Thread That Runs So True* and *The Good Spirit of Laurel Ridge*.

George D. Prentice and Henry Watterson were not natives of Kentucky but they spent most of their lives in the state and were among the most noted journalists of America. However, they scarcely surpassed our own Reuben T. Durrett, Walter D. Haldeman, Emmett Lagan, Eugene Newman, and Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist and journalist.

Bob Pearson, '65

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

I firmly believe that it is absolutely wrong to enforce capital punishment. I am against the unnecessary slaughter of human beings because they can definitely be creative and recover from their

emotional passion at the time of the crime. Later, they may make constructive progress of variable degrees. Some prisoners have made notable scientific advances and prisoners are excellent voluntary "guinea pigs" to help with the experimentation of science and medicine.

Mentally ill persons should definitely not be killed, for they are not responsible for what they have done. To kill them, is like the people who convict them are murdering them in cold blood.

I think a decade and a half is an adequate time for the person to learn he has done wrong and to reform himself. It makes no sense at all to ruin and destroy his life, if he can benefit persons later on.

The affirmative side argues that it is an utter waste of money to feed the prisoners. But it has been proven that their contributions are putting more into the national government fund than they are removing.

I have stated some principles which express my beliefs on abolishing capital punishment. It is wrong to take away someone's life, no matter what the reason is. God would never have created human beings, if they were meant to be intentionally killed by their own kind.

Jack Wheatley, '65

A JOLLY POEM

and echoed laugh, ringing
 through the misty breeze
 macking _____ reporting
 and repeating again.
 hysterical! psychopathic! laughter
 from foamy mouths.
 giggling rises from the fields
 To chill the grass.
 To freeze it stiff.
 murderous chuckles heard from large empty room
 and small empty people
 filling the corridors with madness
 young pseudo—Naive couples snickering
 after pseudo—Naive kisses.
 Tight skinned faces sneer through the still
 through your core

but worst:
the ambiguous lift of an eyebrow
and the accompanying smile
that murders
So
Sadistically
Slowly

Bill Hills, '63

THE PERFECT CRIME

The perfect crime is a crime that all law breakers would like to be able to commit. There has only been one and the man who committed it confessed, if he hadn't, they wouldn't have ever known who did it.

The reason the man committed this crime was because his father was an excellent detective and he wanted to make him look stupid in front of the whole police force.

The crime of course was the greatest -- murder. Here the man is in his cell telling his cell mate how he did it while waiting for the verdict of the court.

"I say fellow, what did they get you for?"

"Well, I committed the perfect crime."

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"I confessed, let me tell you about it. It took me about two months to plan the crime; the man's name was Bill Martin. I knew that on the week ends he would go down to his beach house. I had watched him do this for several weeks. I thought this would be an ideal place to kill him because there was no one around for miles. Finally I decided to kill him the next Saturday, when he was at the beach house. So early Saturday morning, while Martin was still asleep, I went down to the beach house. I turned on the stove but did not light it, I waited about an hour. By this time he was dead so I came back to the beach house, turned off the stove and opened the windows so the house would air out. I then got Martin and put him in my car and took him down to the beach. I then went back and covered up my tracks after doing this. I put Martin's head in the water and gave him artificial respiration. I then put swimming trunks on him. This made it look like he had drowned."

"This is too fantastic they won't believe you in court."

"Well we will soon know."

The man then went back to court and the verdict was "not guilty." They recommended that he should be committed to the state hospital for the mentally retarded people.

While in the institution he told many of the people in there with him of his perfect crime but no one believed him. This kept driving him crazier and crazier.

Finally the poor man went completely crazy. The mental institution was on a bluff, so one day he goes out on the fire escape and dives off into the ocean, but the water was a little too shallow and he hits his head on the bottom. An intern at the institution saw him jump and went down to find him almost dead. He was yelling about his perfect crime.

He was rushed to a nearby hospital, they operated immediately, but they felt he would never be sane again. He died about a week later.

Charles Hunn, '64

THE CHAMPION

"That's all boys!" shouted Coach Thorpe, as he blew his whistle to get the full attention of the boys. "Boys," motioning them into a huddle around him, "please don't forget my instructions. Get plenty of sleep tonight, don't wear yourselves out tomorrow, and be here at the football field at 3:00 sharp. Bill, since you're the captain, I want you to remind the boys tomorrow during school about these things."

"Sure, Coach, I'd be glad to."

"Remember team, this is our final and most important game, since the league championship hangs in the balance. Let's try our hardest!"

"OK., Coach. Thanks!"

"See you tomorrow."

"Gee! That sure was a great play you made out there today, Bill."

"Yea, Bill, that was terrific!"

1962 Scriptor

"Well, thanks, Tom, Charles, but I think we all looked pretty good today. I, for one, am finally beginning to realize what Coach Thorpe means about team play and good sportsmanship."

"I'll say! We've got first place cinched, if we play tomorrow as well as we did today," chimed in Mike, amid a barrage of good-natured abuse from his teammates, as he fell over their footballs in his usual clumsy manner.

"We sure hope so, anyway," volunteered Steve, the right guard, who looked a shade doubtful.

"Let's go, everybody; it's getting late," yelled Ed, who was away in a hurry. Coming Bill?

"No, I have to put away the footballs and equipment. You boys go ahead, and I'll catch up with you at the bus stop."

"O.K., Bill, but hurry!"

Bill dispatched his chores efficiently, and started to gather his belongings preparatory to leaving the locker room. He was surprised to hear sounds of muffled sobs coming from the shower room, and somewhat timidly went to investigate their source. As he pushed open the door into the adjoining room, he found Jack Evans hurriedly thrusting his arms into the sleeves of his blazer while he tried to hide his red-rimmed eyes from Bill's gaze.

"Why, Jack! I didn't know you were here. If you'll wait awhile, we can walk to the bus together."

"Well, if you really want me to," replied Jack rather hesitantly.

As they escaped into the wind of the raw October day, Bill noticed that Jack seemed despondent, especially in his droopy posture and lagging steps. He realized how little he knew about his teammate, after almost two months' daily association. Bill remembered also that Jack was usually alone.

"Oh! What a miserable day! I sure hope the weather's nice for the game tomorrow, don't you?" said Bill warm-heartedly, trying to draw Jack out of his depression.

"Yes."

"You know, you played wonderfully today. I have no doubt that you'll be on the starting line-up tomorrow," ventured Bill.

"Do you really think so? Thank you."

Venturing further Bill explained, "I'm certainly having trouble with my algebra. Jack, you make wonderful marks. Say! Why don't

you come home and eat dinner with me. Maybe you could show me a few pointers in algebra, and I could help you with your French, if it's all right with you."

"Gee, Bill! Do you really mean it? I mean — I'd love to."

"Then you'll do it? That'll be swell!"

"You know, Bill, you're the first person who really seemed to want to talk to me."

"Now, Jack! I'm sure the boys didn't mean to be unpleasant. We all feel a little strange when we come to a new school."

"That's just it. The boys aren't unpleasant; they just treat me indifferently." Suddenly breaking down, he continued, "Don't get me wrong. You're all a great bunch of boys — it's just that I've felt like an outsider. I had looked forward to senior year with my good friends back home. Then father was suddenly transferred here, and shortly after our arrival, mother became ill. Everything seemed to go wrong after that. I can't even play football well anymore. I used to be high score on the team back home. You, you're senior captain of the football team, vivacious, popular, and handsome. You've got it easy. Oh! I'm so sorry. Please forgive me!" entreated Jack, suddenly ashamed of his outburst.

"That's all right, Jack. One of my mom's home-cooked meals will make you feel better in no time," Bill replied, seeing how desperately unhappy Jack was.

On the bus Bill thought over what Jack had said. If only Jack would be accepted as one of the class and not be left out! He was handsome but seemingly shy. Bill, realizing how selfish and unchristian he and the others had been, blamed himself and resolved to do something to remedy the situation.

The day of the game, a rare, warm October day, was perfect football weather. Practically the whole of the school had turned out for the pep rally to cheer their team to victory. Before the game, amid the uproarious cheering and yelling, Bill's mind was in a turmoil. He had not devised a way to help Jack. However, when the referee sounded the starting whistle, he completely lost his train of thought, becoming entranced by the ball that meant so much to their championship. He could feel the tension mount as the game remained scoreless at the half. In the third quarter, Bill became so enthralled, he completely forgot about Jack, until he saw him seemingly tireless figure running full-force down the field, the ball in his possession. Although his efforts did little good, the ball being quickly stolen away by an opponent,

they did not go unheeded, for the school cheering section went into an uproar.

Bill did not think he could stand much more strain, when finally the other team called time out, with a minute to go in a still scoreless game.

The whistle again filled him with excitement and eagerness, and with a final spurt of power, Bill having called the play put it into motion, and proceeded down field toward the goal line leaving the opposing team stunned. The crowd cheering him on, Bill spotted Jack in front of him clearing the way of any opposition. Looking at him clearing the path to the goal line, it was hard to resist trying to score, but as he passed Jack he flipped the ball back to him, who for a tension-filled second froze, and then at an urgent, entreating glance from Bill, drove in behind the half-back with a sound like a pistol crack. The school cheering section started a frenzied uproar, while the opposing fans writhed under a blanket of gloom.

This, of course, didn't bother the school. They'd won! The team scooped Jack up on their shoulders and hailed him as a hero. He had finally won the approval and acceptance he'd wanted so badly.

Neil Looney, '64

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

My name is Jacob Cobb, I am in the 8th Infantry of the Colonist Army. Our leader is the wise Colonel William Prescott. The time is June 16, 1775. Colonel Prescott has learned that the British troops are planning to stage an attack on Boston at dawn. We will fortify Breed's Hill to try to halt the British.

As we sit behind our cotton bales and bage of seed, the tension becomes unbearable through the quiet night. I have cleaned and recleaned my rifle several times, but now everyone is frozen with fear as in the distance we hear drums. Soon we see the bright red of their uniforms in the dim light of morning. Now they are coming up the hill and are still in formation. Prescott gives the command, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." But someone couldn't wait and a redcoat toppled to the ground. The British broke formation and raced up the hill. Our cannon with nails, glass, and scrap metal as ammunition fired and turned their front line into a crimson wall of mangled bodies. But that only dented the charge, and they came methodic-

ally again and again like a machine. We were running low on powder, but our courage was still running high. The battlefield was now a carpet of blood and mutilated soldiers.

Our ammunition is gone now and we are commanded to retreat. I am running now trying to leave the horrible sight behind, but many will stay and face the odds as if they knew that for the one life they will give would make thousands of others free and happy long afterwards.

Bill Beam, '65

"T'WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT"

It was a blustery night in November. The wind blasted mysteriously at the doors and windows of the small cottage on Rockwood Hill. Bill sat in his favorite easy chair, which was placed before an open fireplace, reading a dime detective novel. His wife Anne, sat across from him, busily engaged in putting a patch in the knee of a small boy's trousers. It was getting late, so she said goodnight to her husband and went to bed. Bill still sat before the fire intent on the murder mystery he was reading. It was not long, however, before his head dropped, and his book fell from his hand.

Suddenly he heard a scream. It seems to come from his son's bedroom, and he hastily ascended the stairs to investigate the reason for the cry. As he entered the room he heard a car roar away into the night. He found the room in a mess, and on a small table in the center of the room he found a note. The note was written in a scrawled hand and gave him instructions to be carried out carefully if he ever wanted to see his son alive again. He was not to notify the police, and to do nothing until he received further notice from the child's abductors. He was filled with quandary. What could he do? The note stated that if he should notify the police, his only child would be killed without mercy. He received the second note early the next morning. He was to pay \$10,000 in ransom within 24 hours, and was to leave the money at an old abandoned farmhouse, which was located about ten miles outside the city limits.

Now Bill was making a comfortable living, but it was next to impossible to raise such an amount within 24 hours. He con-

sulted his wife and they decided to notify the police. The police started immediately to search for the abducted child.

Bill sat brooding in his easy chair. His back seemed broken, and every bone in his body ached. He was suddenly startled by the shrill ring of the telephone by his side. The voice he heard seemed harsh and cruel. It told him that he would find his dead son in a ditch near the old farmhouse. He jumped into his small Porche and sped out the lonely country road. He saw a bundle in the ditch beside the road. Grief stricken, he walked over to pick up the bundle of humanity.

Just as he stooped to pick up the bundle, he was disturbed by a voice which seemed to come from above. It was Anne, who was standing on the stairway scolding him for sitting up so late, and telling him she would never be able to wake him for work the next morning.

Bill Heinz, '62

STRANDED

Dark are the trees and black is the night,
All except for a far away light.
A light that I may never reach,
Because I am lost on a lonely beach.
—Not the kind with water and sand,
But the type life offers to man.
The life that has such a few perfect goals
is filled with much sin and discontented souls.
People like me try forever to find —
things of wealth — to make us blind.
Sightless of all the good we could do —
Blank to all who give their hearts so true.

What must I do to get away?
To leave this island that always strays.

I'll have to attempt to paddle back
To find all the factors that I lack.

I am lost, I need a boat.
I am stranded, I can't float.

Leon Newman, '65

YOUR PARENTS

Have you ever sat down and thought over the many things your parents have done for you? They have given you a good house to live in, food, clothes, education and countless other things. Have you ever been mad at your parents because they ask you to cut the grass when you had other plans, for that afternoon. Then would be a good time to realize all the things they do for you; but you can't give up one hour out of your time for them. How many times has your father or mother helped you with your homework when they could be watching television or reading the newspaper? Often we think our parents are unreasonable but we do not think of the many things they do for us. It would be nice if we would show our appreciation to our parents if we would do added jobs for them willingly and cheerfully. After all, they are your parents.

Tom Godfrey, '65

FIRE

It states in the Bible that the three most destructive things are flood, fire and famine. Floods are slowly being brought under control by the construction of dams, pumping stations and flood walls which are built by various branches of the government such as the corps of U.S. Army Engineers and Department of the Interior.

Starvation is being done away with in less developed countries by the aid of the United Nations, the Red Cross and various other relief organizations.

Only fire remains the serious problem of these destructive forces to cope with. Yet fire is the most destructive of all three. In 1959 alone there was over one billion forty-seven million dollars worth of damage done by fire. Forest fires also take a staggering toll. In 1959 there were 104,662 fires reported which burned 4,155,591 acres of federal, state, and private land.

The main cause of fires is carelessness. Over 44% of all fires are caused by matches smoking and defective lighting. This is a needless loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars which could be overcome if people would check their wiring and use a little common sense when it comes to matches and cigarettes.

David Goodrich, '65

HAS IT TUFF

To look at Johnny Simpleton one would think he was just another average, ordinary guy. However, nothing could be farther from true. Johnny was unfortunate to be born. This was the root of his troubles, for if he weren't alive, he would not have to suffer so profoundly. Since his childhood, Johnny had received nothing but disappointment and embarrassment. He never seemed to do anything right, as if he had two left hands. He could never hold down a job because he was always making silly mistakes.

One thing led to another and Johnny became more and more dispondent. He couldn't even use the telephone because his fingers were too oversized to fit into the dial. The unfortunate creature was always the center of cutting jokes. Ironically, he was always invited to all the parties, but, only as a form of amusement. Also, he was everybody's stoolie. He was always left with the check for everyone else's food. He would always manage to answer the door at a friend's house when a C.O.D. messenger arrived. Finally, Johnny decided to end this mockery of life and commit suicide, but he even fouled this up by tripping on the bridge curbing and breaking his ankle before he could jump.

If you think this article is stupid and fouled up, with no plot or theme, you are right. Yes, you guessed it, my name is Johnny Simpleton.

Kelly Downard, '64

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MONEY GROW

This is a question which hundreds of people would like to know the answer of. The best answer one can give is an outline of what you should do in order to make a good investment.

As soon as the idea of investing some money enters your mind, you should ask yourself this question, "what do I want to get for my investment?" From your reply, you now know what kind of stock you should invest in to give you safety and at the same time steady growth. From your findings on this point, you should be able to narrow your choice down to a particular industry.

This last choice should also be made with a great deal of attention. You should find out what this industry you have selected has done in the past, what it is doing now, and what its outlook is for the future. Now you have to make one final choice that is, to choose a company in that industry. To make this choice, study the profits of a company, their management, their dividend rates and many other details. Having picked the company which you think fits your financial needs, get in touch with a Broker you know and trust.

If you cannot make these decisions you should let your local bank do your investing for you or you can also see an investment counselor.

Remember, think before you invest.

John McLennen, '65

WHERE CLUBS CAME FROM

Before we find out where clubs came from first let's see what the word itself means. The word club is said to be derived from the Saxon "cleofan", which defined is "to divide". So a club is now said to be an association, the expenses of which are shared by its members. The modern club, however, had its origin in the taverns and coffeehouses in London. The first celebrated club in London met at the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, its members were Shakespeare, Fletcher, Raleigh, Beaumont, and other brilliant men of the time.

In the United States clubs were first introduced in the latter part of the 18th century. The name of this first U.S. club was the Hoboken Turtle Club established in 1797 which, by the way, is still in existence.

Through the years many different kinds of clubs have been started. The University Club, composed of college and university graduates, was incorporated in 1865. No one except degree-holding persons are eligible for membership. This club's aim is literary and artistic. One of New York's most exclusive clubs, the Knickerbocker, was organized in 1871, having a purely social purpose. The home of the journalists, authors, artists, musicians, and friends of literature is the Lotos Club. The Metropolitan Club, organized in 1891 for social purposes, and popularly known as the Millionaires' Club, occupies one of the most costly buildings of the kind in the world and has a membership of 1400. Two more

New York clubs are the New York Yacht Club, organized in 1844, is the most famous body of its kind in the United States; it has a membership of 2325. The other is the New York Athletic Club, which promotes high-class modern sports, and has a membership of 4300.

Golf and country clubs have become very popular in America during the last twenty years, and in the smaller cities they are the center of social life in the year around.

Attempts to introduce clubs in continental Europe were long met with little success. In Germany such associations were met with discontinuances by the law. The first club to be established in France in 1782 had politics for its main object and went by the name of "Le Club Politique." There were a number of clubs that played an important part in the French Revolution. The three which are most noted and which exercised the greatest political influence were the Jacobins, the Feuillants, and the Cordeliers. Purely social clubs have also been established in Paris. First among them are the Jockey Club and the Cercle Royal, the most fashionable and exclusive clubs in Paris. The Club de Boston another fashionable French club was established in 1881.

Today the main clubs are golf clubs, country clubs, swimming clubs, and boat clubs. All of these clubs were established with the same idea in mind, to provide a place for social activities and sports activities to take place. These clubs also provide a feeling of brotherhood among its members to help hold it together and keep it in existence.

Paul Clephas, '65

ONE OF OUR SCHOOL PROBLEMS

One of our greatest school problems is the destruction of school property. There are many desks, tables, chairs, that have been harmed, in some way, each year.

There are many text books and books from the library that have been either destroyed, or stolen. The walls have been marred by writing. Other schools have painted things on the outside of our building.

In the lunchroom there is another problem. Students bend and break silverware and also chip and break plates. There are many milk bottles broken each year.

The school board spends a lot of money for new books, desks, tables, silverware and trays. The walls have to be repaired and new text books and books for the library, have to be replaced.

I think if the students realized how much money is spent on the school property each year, they wouldn't destroy so much of it.

Terry Quiggins, '64

WHY I PLAN TO BECOME A LAWYER

I have chosen law as my future occupation and there are many reasons upon which I will dwell as my determining factors. In selecting life's work, we are repeatedly told by experts that we should do something which will hold our perpetual interest. For a field to maintain my interest I believe it will be necessary for it to supply a challenge to me. Law fulfills this primary need for me. I have been least proficient in public speaking among other things. Needless to say, a lawyer must be able to phrase his messages adroitly while confirming the fact that his well-phrased messages will reach the jury, which is made up of men and women from all walks of life. To master this well, is truly a specific art in my estimation, and to accomplish this mastery is a challenge which spurs my incentive.

A lawyer in a courtroom actually is playing a part on the hypothetical stage of American history. In many situations, decisions held by the courts have a direct bearing upon the making of history and the ways in which other individuals will live and govern themselves. A lawyer, through studying his profession, is able to obtain more concise understanding of history and the consequences of historical decisions. This point intensifies my interest even more so.

Every individual, at one time in his life or another, derives honest enjoyment from assisting their fellow men in need. Frequently you will hear men of varying professions praised because their professional service has assisted a person in dire need. A lawyer shoulders a high responsibility and one which I should very much like to tackle. He at times holds a man's life and future in his hands and they are virtually independent upon his delivery and convincing arguments.

One fact which reassures my mind that law will be a severe challenge is that a lawyer must be a "Jack Of All Trades" to a

certain extent so to speak. His skills must include knowledge of a variety of subjects, for in the course of time he will encounter stumbling blocks in the form of experts in a particular field. In order to cope with these men he must have a more than acquainted understanding of these men's specialties. An appealing and warm personality is a must for any lawyer to enable him to handle his cases competently. It is indeed appalling at many times to note the reason behind a juror's decision, and in quite a few cases, the decision is a reflection upon the lawyer's personality. A lawyer must definitely be an accurate judge of people's characters.

In the field of law, there is contained for me, all the constituents and ingredients necessary to make this chosen career a continual challenge. If I am fortunate enough to obtain these objectives of a successful law career which have been mentioned, I will have achieved an immensely satisfying goal in my life, that of a rewarding vocation which is one of the major keys toward attainment of happiness in life.

Jack Wheatley, '65

CIVIL DEFENSE

Civil Defense is an organized preparation for the protection of civilian lives and property and of the means of economic productivity during and immediately after an enemy aerial attack. Primary responsibility for civil defense in the United States rests with the States and Territories and their political subdivisions. The Federal Civil Defense Administration, established in 1951, serves the State and local agencies as an adviser and co-ordinator and as a clearing house for research and information.

The F.C.D.A. is headed by an administrator appointed by the President and by and with the consent of the Senate. He presides over a twelve-man Civil Defense Advisory Council appointed by the President.

National headquarters of the administration are in Battle Creek, Michigan; the agency maintains a liaison office in Washington, D.C., and seven regional offices.

The Federal agency drafts the over-all plans for use by the local civil-defense units, provides the communication system for warning of an impending attack, stores needed emergency supplies in strategic places, and keeps a 200-bed mobile hospital unit

in readiness for service in any part of the country. Under its direction special research programs are carried on to estimate survival possibilities under all conditions. Within prescribed limits, the agency helps the States finance certain civil-defense projects. The F.C.D.A. has the power to delegate various responsibilities to other Federal agencies and, in the event of the declaration of a state of civil-defense emergency by the President or the Congress, to exercise unusually broad powers.

Unpaid, part-time volunteers man the various services of civil defense. In 1955 they totaled about 4,500,000. Their duties include watching for hostile aircraft; organizing the evacuation of threatened communities; fighting fires; rescuing trapped persons; giving medical care to the injured; helping the police to maintain order; overseeing the purity and availability of water and food; sheltering the homeless; and repairing damaged utilities and industrial plants.

Tests have shown that a nuclear or even a thermonuclear attack does not cause the total destruction of a target area. To insure maximum safety in the event of an attack, each family should take the precautionary measures recommended by civil defense authorities. Some of the important measures may be summarized as follows:

- (1) Build a family shelter or provide one in the basement, or if an apartment dweller learn the exact location of the shelter nearest home. Any shelter during an attack is better than none.
- (2) Have at least one member of the family take RED CROSS instruction in First Aid and Home Nursing. Keep a first-aid kit handy.
- (3) Store flashlight, can opener, battery-operated AM radio emergency cooking and sanitation equipment, and a week's supply of food and water in the shelter.
- (4) Learn the air-rad warning signals; stay under cover until civil-defense authorities announce that it is safe to come out.
- (5) Learn the facts about radioactive fallout so that its hazards can be reduced.
- (6) During an emergency, tune the radio to Conelrad, 640 or 1240 kilocycles, the channels reserved for all official announcements.

Jim McDonnell, '64

THE LUCKY KICK

Luck often determines the outcome of an athletic contest. The contest I am referring to was the football game between Podunk University and Sassafras College.

It was a beautiful, crisp, fall day. There was excitement and anticipation in the air. The popcorn vendors, souvenir hawkers and soft drink men were having a field day. It was the final game between these two schools, a game packed with the friendly, traditional rivalry.

There were about ten seconds left in the game, and Sassafras was behind by the score of 15 to 14. Sassafras had the ball, and Bill Jamison was called in to attempt a field goal from the fifty-seven yard line. The ball was snapped, the attempt failed, and a penalty was called on Podunk. This meant that the ball was moved up to the fifty-two yard line and Mr. Jamison would get another chance at it. There were three seconds left and the ball was kicked. This time it was good. Chaos and bedlam broke out in the Sassafras ranks. Their team had won the game by the sheerest luck, but this win was as good as a mile. Their school had clinched the traditional Po-fras banner. But wait — a protest arose from the Podunk bench and fans. The coach of Podunk proclaimed that time had run out before the play had started.

This called for an authoritative ruling and decision. A long distance call was placed to the Collegiate Athletic Association. Minutes passed — minutes packed with tension. The association debated, and finally a decision was reached. Sassafras had legally won the game. The crowd was jubilant again. Their team had come through with the help of "Lady Luck" and Sassafras skill.

Bob Pearson, '65

SPORTSMANSHIP

What is Sportsmanship? Sportsmanship is the act of being a good loser without any hard feeling and without any excuses whatsoever. It is also being able to win graciously and not showing off because you have won the game. You will always have friends and be a good sport if you abide by these rules. Many people do not participate in these athletic games but we too must show good sportsmanship because our actions represent the school

we go to. If you are a good sport it will help you in the future because your character is being formed, and this might help you be successful in later life. If you can't do anything in a sportsmanlike way, you may as well not do it at all.

Tom Godfrey, '65

ESCAPE

I had thought of everything. I knew I must escape or await my death in this dingy prison cell. My death at the guillotine was set for two weeks, I had to work fast.

As the cold January wind blew through my cell I began working out my method of escape. I picked up my only eating utensil which was a spoon and began intensely rubbing it against the cold gray wall to bring it to a sharpened edge. As I was accomplishing this task I began thinking, my next step is to conceal the spoon within my clothes, fake sick and be sent to the infirmary. I stuck the spoon within my pants and lay down on my bed and began moaning. Presently I heard footsteps. It was a guard approaching to see what the commotion was. I lay on my bed putting on my act as he watched me. He called for another guard to bring a stretcher to help him carry me to the infirmary. The other guard obeyed and eventually he came back with a stretcher. The two lifted me onto the stretcher. They carried me to the infirmary.

They knew that I was a death row prisoner and would not care if I lived or died. I knew if I put a tourniquet on my arm and stopped breathing when the nurse came in she would take my pulse and think I was dead. The plan worked perfectly and the nurse wrapped me in a gunny sack and had me carried to what I thought was the funeral room. Now all I had to do was to wait for them to bury me and then dig my way out with my sharpened spoon. Eventually I heard voices and was moved outside into a small steel chamber. At last I am in the funeral wagon being taken to my grave.

I could not wait till tomorrow when they saw the grave was empty.

Suddenly I felt heat. Outside two men were talking, one said, "Warden sir, this was a good idea of yours to cremate the dead during the winter when the ground is frozen."

"Yes, I know," replied the warden, "it saves the men a lot of work."

David Goodrich, '65

1962 Scriptor

President Page

William Courshon	1952½
William Courshon	1953
Mark Johnson	1953½
Mark Johnson	1954
Gene Pope	1954½
Richard Langan	1955
Brad Broecker	1955½
William Harris	1956
William Falkenburg	1956½
Pat Maloney	1957
Lynn Ledford	1957½
Louis Westfield	1958
Jim Buchart	1958½
Charles Waite	1959
Will Dowden	1959½
Will Dowden	1960
Bob Varga	1960½
Joe Mitzlaff	1961
Tom Helfrich	1961½
Bill Heinz	1962
Pat Morgan	1962½

OFFICERS

Fidelian Literary Society



TOM HELFRICH

President 1961½

<i>Vice-President</i>	TOM DOWNARD
<i>Secretary</i>	PAT MORGAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	JIM BRUNHOEFFER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	DAVID NEIDEFER
<i>Critic</i>	ED BIGNON
<i>Historian</i>	BUBBER GREEN

1962 Scriptor



BILL HEINZ
President 1962

<i>Vice-President</i>	PAT MORGAN
<i>Secretary</i>	MIKE RODGERS
<i>Treasurer</i>	ED BUCHART
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	TOM JONES
<i>Critic</i>	NEIL LOONEY
<i>Historian</i>	BILL HILLIS



JIM BRUNHOEFFER
1962
Waggoner



TOM DOWNARD
1962
St. Xavier

1962 Scriptor



DAVID NEIDEFFER
1962
Waggoner

Read the *SCRIPTOR*—it leaves you breathless like death!



PAT MORGAN
President 1962/5

Vice-President TONY AMBROSE
Secretary KELLY DOWNARD & BUTCH RILEY
Treasurer FRED SHUCK
Critic CHARLES WOOD
Historian PETE LOVE
Sergeant-at-Arms MIKE RODGERS
Pledge Chairman NEIL LOONEY

1962 Scriptor



TONY AMBROSE
1963
St. Xavier



BILL HILLIS
1963
Atherton



NEIL LOONEY
1964
St. Xavier



ED BUCHART
1964
St. Xavier

1962 Scriptor



CHARLES WOOD
1964
Waggener



FRED SHUCK
1964
Waggener



BUTCH RILEY
1964
Waggener



MIKE RODGERS
1964
Waggener

1962 Scriptor



KELLY DOWNARD
1964
St. Xavier



ED BIGNON
1964
Waggener



PETE LOVE
1964
Waggener



LOUIS LOCOCO
1964
St. Xavier

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CHARLIE HUNN
1964
Waggener



JOEY BLOYD
1964
Waggener



JIM McDONNELL
1964
St. Xavier



CHARLIE SHUCK
1965
Waggener

1962 Scriptor



JOHN McLENNAN
1965
Country Day



PAUL CLEPHAS
1965
St. Xavier



TOM GODFREY
1965
St. Xavier



JIM ABBOT
1965
Waggener

1962 Scriptor



LEON NEWMAN
1963
Waggener



BILL BEAM
1963
Waggener



BILL HAGAN
1963
Philip's Academy



ED KEARL
1963
Waggener

1962 Scriptor



RICKY DUERR
1965
St. Xavier



RUSTY SHELBY
1965
Westport



BOB PEARSON
1965
St. Xavier



STEVE WITHERBEE
1965
Waggener

1962 Scriptor



DAVID GOODRICH

1965

Waggener



TERRY QUIGGANS

1965

Waggener



JACK WHEATLEY

1965

Waggener

Read the SCRIPTOR — it leaves you breathless like death!

DOPE SHEET			
DOES BY	AMBITION	FUTURE OCC.	REMINDS US OF
ABEOT Jim	To Cure Asthma	Gene Krupa Protago	49 Gedfrey
AMBROSE Terry	To Be President	Swim Coach	A Fish
BEAM Bill	To Find A Muscle	Professional Tactler	AI Capone
BIGNON Ed	To Graduate	Crank	A Tractor
BUCHART Ed	To Be Librarian	Own Baseball	Milk Plane
BLOYD Javy	To Come To His Mending	Football Player	A Submarine
CLEMMAS SC	To Go Steady	Dragging With Duers	Searpals
DOWNARD Spider	Weight Over 100	Sill Caut	Sicky Nobs
DUERR Rick	Escape With Jane	Race Spylers	Ambrose
GOODFREY Clown	Own A Bar	Athletic Supporter	An Elephant
GOODRICH Goody	To Be TA	Base Specialist	A Bank
HAGAN Bill	Own Low Country Club	Duan Of Andover	Alford E. Newman
HILLIS Bill	Pay His Dues	Puery Rectior At Espino House	Chico Can
HUNN Charlis	To Drive At Night	Bachelor	Mr. Balore
KEARL Ed	Get A Double	Waigor Litter	Mary Pat
LOCOCO Leco	Learning To Sing	Sill Bonnet	Lry
LOONEY Nail	To Retire At 18	Nothing	A Muscle
LOVE Pats	To Hold A Key	Play Tarsen	Satan Lunlun
MCDONNELL Jim	Get A Ticker	Manager Of Kruger	Money
MCLENNAN John	Driving Falcons	International Playboy	Reg
MORGAN Pat	5/1	Lepper	A Taker
NEWMAN Lena	Work At Shelby Co. Job	Banker At Strip Show	Browls
PEARSON Bob	To Keep Sherris	To Drive A Hearse	Indian
QUIGGINS Terry	To Marry Suzanne	Play Guitar For Sultans	Bians
BILLY Bats	To Be All-Stars	Pro Football Player	Jim Tappan
RODGERS Mike	Invent An Unbreakable Paddle	Making And Teaching Fudbles	Craxy
SHLEY Baty	To Keep A Sinsiper Face	Neurologist	Canna
SHUCK, C. Charlis	To Weigh More Than Downard	To Own The Nightcrawler	A 13 Yr. Old
SHUCK, F. Ford	To Reach A Foot	Singer	Dean Martin
WHEATLEY Jack	To Catch A Whale	Be A Fishman	Wack
WITHERSEE Ranana	To Have A 46" Chest	Dealer Who Cares Allergies	"Forget Me"
WOOD Geo	To Get His License	Coach Football	"I'm Cool"

Parents Page

- Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Ambrose
- Mr. and Mrs. George P. Beam
- Mr. and Mrs. Raul Bignon
- Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Boyd
- Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Buchart Jr.
- Mrs. Jack Chumley
- Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clephas
- Mr. and Mrs. Norman Downard
- Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Duerr
- Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Gedfrey
- Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Goodrich
- Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Hagan
- Mrs. Marie S. Hillis
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hunn
- Mr. and Mrs. Cyril M. Kearl
- Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lococo
- Mr. and Mrs. Neil F. Looney
- Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Love
- Mr. and Mrs. James F. McDonnell
- Mr. and Mrs. Alex B. McLennan
- Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Morgan
- Mr. and Mrs. Leon Newman
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Pearson
- Mr. and Mrs. Homer H. Quiggins
- Mrs. LaRue S. Riley
- Mrs. Edwin E. Rodgers
- Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Shelby
- Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Shuck Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shuck
- Mr. and Mrs. Jack L. Wheatley
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Witherbee
- Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Wood

F aith is in the bond which the fellow members hold
I n this Society,
D edicated to the
E ternal preservation of interest in
L iterature and
I nsight into each one of our souls full of
A llegiance for our esteemed
N umber

Senior Sweetheart



Miss Linda Lamkin

Junior Sweetheart



Miss Dianne Bickel

Sophomore Sweetheart



Miss Mary Jo Ashcraft



A History Of Fidelian Literary Society

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

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

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

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

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

acknowledgements

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

The Editor,
Charles Wood '64



WESTPORT ROAD HIGH SCHOOL

Although Westport only started with Junior high last year, it is already growing in popularity. It is now under the firm leadership of our capable and industrious Student Council, the officers of which are as follows:

President	Mary Hawkes
Vice-President	Lynn Borland
Secretary	Henry Jones
Treasurer	Linda Neuman

Our football team is doing quite well with two wins and 3 losses. One of our most treasured wins was to Waggener, 20 to 0. Also, our cross-country junior varsity track team beat Waggener's varsity and junior varsity track teams.

The "Warrior", our school newspaper, is going to have a good year. It will consist of eight pages instead of just four. It will have social columns as well as important columns. The price is \$1.25 a year or \$20 an issue.

Our F.T.A. is rising to be a large and popular organization at Westport. It is already under the fine leadership of Cindy Campbell. There will also be a Latin Club, French Club, etc. Our band, orchestra, and choruses are turning out well this year, also.

Westport has much to offer the students scholastically, athletically, and socially. It is definitely an up-and-coming school in this area.

Rusty Shelby, '62



SACRED HEART ACADEMY

At Sacred Heart we are looking forward to a busy and successful school year. To help guide us through 1962-63 we have elected, as officers of the Student Council:

President	Joan Reihem
Vice-President	Pat Henchey
Secretary-Treasurer	Martha Schulton

Another main organization of S.H.A. is the 100 Club, which is always busy promoting athletic activities. Its chief aim is to unite the student body and promote school spirit. We are proud, too, of our Language, Debating, and Dramatics Clubs. The newspaper and yearbook staff are already on the job, gathering bits of news, which, when all compiled, will be interesting to all.

This year Sacred Heart has added a new building, which houses the Freshmen and Sophomores. This addition is located across the campus from the old building in which the Juniors and Seniors have their classes.

S.H.A. is expecting an excellent showing from the Hockey, Basketball, and other athletic teams. The co-captains of the Varsity Hockey team are Alice Driscoll and Casey Brown, and the coaches are Missy Deem and Hyde Downard. Piloting for the Varsity Basketball team are co-captains Stephanie Baker and Sally Kenry.

All this adds up to a bigger and better year for S.H.A. We wish the same to Fidelian; as we extend our heartiest felicitations for another fine edition of the "Scriptor."

Kay Schneider



KENTUCKY HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Kentucky Home began its 1962-63 term under the capable leadership of Jean Kaiser, President, and Jill Haden, Vice-President, of the recently revised and improved Student government.

Our hockey team, captained by Peggy Gaines and Harvard Schmidt, although not especially successful in the A-league, was runner-up in the tournament, gallantly losing to Sacred Heart. The season, however, trained a young and eager team for the coming year and proved to be fun for all involved.

This year's Senior Class is preparing for their publication of the yearbook, Pandasia. The Junior class too, is quite busy rehearsing for their play to be performed sometime in March.

The Student Body of Kentucky Home wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to Fidelean on an outstanding edition of their magazine.



SAINT XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL

The Senior Class officers leading St. Xavier for the 1962-63 school year are:

President	Blaine Vetter
Vice President	John Kuhn
Secretary-Treasurer	Matt Garr

St. Xavier has once again upheld its fine traditional scholastic record, by having twelve National Merit Semifinalists. As usual, many young men will share in the wealth of scholarships at the conclusion of the year.

On the football field, the Tigers have done exceptional well, winning the city and state AAA Championships, and compiling a record of 11-0-1. Our basketball team, although suffering from the loss of our first six players, will be fighting for the top positions.

The Senior class is anxiously awaiting the prom and graduation, scheduled sometime in May.

St. Xavier wishes to congratulate Fidelean on another excellent edition of the **SCRIPTOR**.

Tony Ambrose, '63



WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL

Waggener's fourth senior class is led this year by the following officers:

President	Harry Giesburg
Vice-President	Pat Morgan
Secretary	Kristin Hansen
Treasurer	Dona Gianin

The student Council was led by the following officers:

President	Don Lovelace
Vice-President	Ann Marshall
Secretary	Sally Schaefer
Treasurer	Larry Peristien

This year Waggener has established a fine academic record. Waggener students have fared well on national examinations and the school has representatives in the finals of the National Merit Competition.

On the athletic field Waggener has done well. The football team had a winning 5-4 record, losing two squeakers by one point each. The Waggener Booster Club raised enough money to erect lights on the field and went ahead in an effort to obtain a scoreboard, which we now have. The basketball team looks promising even after the loss of four starters.

Waggener's senior class has been busy with its senior activities. The senior play is, for the first time, a serious drama of courtroom suspense, and it is felt it will be a great success. Plans are being made for a tremendous vaudeville, prom, and other senior activities.

The next big event of the year will be the graduation of its senior class, the "Class of '63".

PATRON'S PAGE

- Jane Morrow
- Bonni Marker
- Gene Stein
- Louis L. Herm
- Jack Irwin
- Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Elder, Jr.
- Banana
- Maurice Tingle
- Paul Wight
- John Fisher
- Cathy Michael
- Carol Etherington
- Paulette Bismeyer
- Mr. & Mrs. Frank Goodrich
- Patty Bales
- Susanne Bennett
- Nancy Epstein
- Mr. & Mrs. H. Quiggins
- Sandy Quiggins
- Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Maloney
- Mr. & Mrs. James Mullaiky
- Ken Leanhart

Dasmine Club

DASMINE CLUB

President	Saundra Demaree
Vice President	Barbara Stahl
Dance Chairman	Susan Griffin
Social Chairman	Nancy Pennycook
Secretary	Linda Laufenburg
Treasurer	Sina Craddock
Sergeants-at-Arms	Mimzie Spelden, Tammy Hickok
Pledge Chairman	Beezy Hobson
Historian	Sandy Parkerson
Publicity Chairman	Peggy Lewis
Alumnae Chairman	Jenni Lehmann
Prayer Chairman	Huyett Hurley

Dasmine completed the rush season with a formal tea at the home of Mimzie Spelden. After initiation the following girls were welcomed as members: Pat Carpenter, Betty Jo Dixon, Susan Green, Ginger Saunders, and Betsy Schaaf from Waggener; Sue Birnsteel, Helen Ellis, Jenni Fultz, Susan Hill, and Janny Hobson from Atherton; Joyce Thomas from Westport; and Reedy Gibbs from Seneca.

On December 26th, Dasmine held its annual dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. Frankie Brown and his band provided a memorable evening of entertainment. The proceeds from the dance went to Radio Free Europe.

In February, we honored our mothers by holding our annual Mothers' Tea at the home of a member.

This year Dasmine will sponsor another spring style show, and everyone is cordially invited to attend. Also, this spring, we are looking forward to the inter-club softball games and are expecting to win the cup again this year. If we win, we will be entitled to keep the cup for winning three years in a row.

The Dasmine Club wishes to congratulate Fidelian on another fine edition of your magazine.

KAPPA THETA GAMMA

KAPPA THETA GAMMA

Kappa Theta Gamma elected the following officers for 1963:

President	Noy Lewis
Vice President	Becky Arnold
Recording Secretary	Emma Rieser
Treasurer	Vonnell Doyle
Corres. Secretaries	Robbie Simmons and Sally Miller
Representative to the Inter-Club Council	Carolgene Wise
Business Manager	Dannette O'Brien
Sergeant-at-Arms	Sandy Eggenpiller
Historical and Publicity Chairman	Elly Henderson
Alumnae Chairman	Debbie De Moss
Pledge Chairman	Gail Hinrichs

After a series of rush parties and climaxed by the final tea, held at the home of Robbie Simmons, Kappa Theta Gamma initiated the following girls: Waggener — Gage Heyburn, Sue McMannon, Jan Pauline, Vicky Turner, Westport — Diane Laffoon, Jeanie Johnson, Nancy Arnold, Jan Wilson, Eastern Nan Willis, Linda Long, Seneca — Barbara Koenig. During this initiation the best pledge award was given to Linda Long.

We are now preparing a Thanksgiving Dinner for our alumnae. We are looking forward to our Annual Christmas Tea, which is given for alumnae, friends, and rushees. Also, we plan to give a party for the Orphans at the Kentucky Children's Home.

Spring holds many important activities for K.T.G., among them are The Dance, softball competition, and **K.T.G. CAMP.**

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

PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

PIRETTE SOCIAL CLUB

The Pirette Social Club has elected the following officers to lead them through the fall term of 1962:

President	Linda Cecil
Vice President	Leslie Henderson
Rush Chairman	Nancy Wallace
Recording Secretary	Nancy Likens
Treasurer	Joyce Dieble
Corresponding Secretary	Martha May
Social Chairman	Sue Taylor
Representative to Council	Bonnie Adams
Business Manager	Nancy Morris
Sergeant-at-Arms & Historian	Sue Woodford
Assistant Treasurer	Emily Keeling
Junior Chairman	Susan Grissom
Outstanding Sophomore	Mary Lukins

Pirettes is very proud to announce that we have initiated the following outstanding girls: Sarah Barlow, Sally Davis, and Dianne Hampton from Westport; Carol Hargan and Rennie Revell from Waggener; Lannie Atkinson, Jean Camp, Ann Forest, Carla Dimmit, and Lois Martin from Atherton; and Jane Brown from Seneca. These fine girls are upholding the high standards set by Pirette tradition.

We are eagerly planning our annual dance to be held in the spring. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Among Pirettes' many activities for the year are an open-house on Thanksgiving night, an alumnae tea at Christmas, and a Mother's Day Tea in May.

We are looking forward to the inter-club softball games; we hope to win the cup!

Pirettes extends its heartiest congratulations to Fidelian on another fine edition of the **SCRIPTOR**.

Martha May, '63

PATRON'S PAGE

- Judy Morgan
- F. C. Auburey
- Tereasa Dunn
- Wendy Keyser
- Larry Langston
- George Brown
- Kathy Moore
- Foxy Thompson
- Gayle Mattingly
- Mr. & Mrs. A. Shuck
- Mrs. Jean Dunn
- Bob Yann
- George Boomer
- Pat Perkins
- Carol Smith
- Patty Bales
- Sharon Lear
- Jane Morrow
- Carolyn Brown
- Paul Field
- Markous Burke
- Chuck Stanberry



DIGNITAS LITERARY ASSOCIATION

President	Don Lovelace
Vice-President	Bruce Smith
Recording Secretary	Turner Straeffler
Treasurer	Jamie Kerchner
Corresponding Secretary	Dick Barber
Critic	Bill Ransom
Historian	Reid Silliman
Sergeants-at-Arms	Ben Boone, Steve Potter
Rush Chairman	Bill Stiglitz
Editor	Mitchell Cline
Business Manager	Larry Ethridge

The Dignitas finished their spring softball games with a 4-0 record and a 9-0 overall record. We have just completed the '62 fall Literary football season, and we are happy to say that we came out winners of the football keg for the second consecutive year. We weren't supposed to win a game, but our record at the finish was 4-0-1. Delphic tied us 13-13 in our regular game with them.

On our rush, we took in 25 out of 27 boys. We term this the best percentage ever recorded by the Dignitas, and we are mighty proud of those new members.

Our Christmas Dance will be held the 21st of December, with a breakfast following.

We are anxiously awaiting the basketball and softball seasons, and we hope we can do as well as we did in football.

Congratulations, Fideian, for this fine publication of the Scriptor.

Your Blood May
Save A Life

Support
the

American Red Cross
Blood Center

Anonymous

SCRIPTOR 104

CHEVALIER LITERARY SOCIETY

Chevalier elected the following young men to lead the Society during the fall term.

President	Charles Myers
Vice President	Tom Bornhauser
Secretary	Buddy Fell
Treasurer	Tom Brooks
Corresponding Secretary	Kennedy Helm
Sergeant-at-Arms	Keith Whitelaw
Critic	Given Whitsett
Historian	Mike Constant
Editors	Rick Benn and Frank Wiley

This past year the following young men were admitted to membership in Chevalier: Gray Spaid, Terry McCormick, Seneca; Joe Audery, Mac Barr, David Edwardsen, Harvey Johnston, Don Rodes, Lyne Smith, Country Day; Hume Norris, Ned Lawrence, Bill Haden, Waggener; Steve O'Brien, John Bell, and Neil Benner from Atherton.

Chevalier is looking towards the basketball season this year with great anticipation although our football team met with athletic doldrums.

This year Chevalier has also contributed to many welfare and civic projects in our community.

Also we are looking forward to a Spring Dance, our annual Father and Son's Banquet and the publication of the Peegasus in the Spring.

We have had a successful year and look upon the coming one with great promise.

Chevalier wishes to congratulate Ted on another fine issue of the Scriptor.

PATRON'S PAGE

- Sheila Twyman
- Joe Mitzlaff
- Fred Davis
- An Old Grad
- Hume Morris
- Ellen Bailey
- Ross Arterburn
- Wally Oyler
- Dotty Drummond
- Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Bickle
- Margo Tabler
- Doug Roederer
- Bev Bickle
- Terry Schueler
- Poncho and Cisco
- Susan Lanham
- Judy Morgan



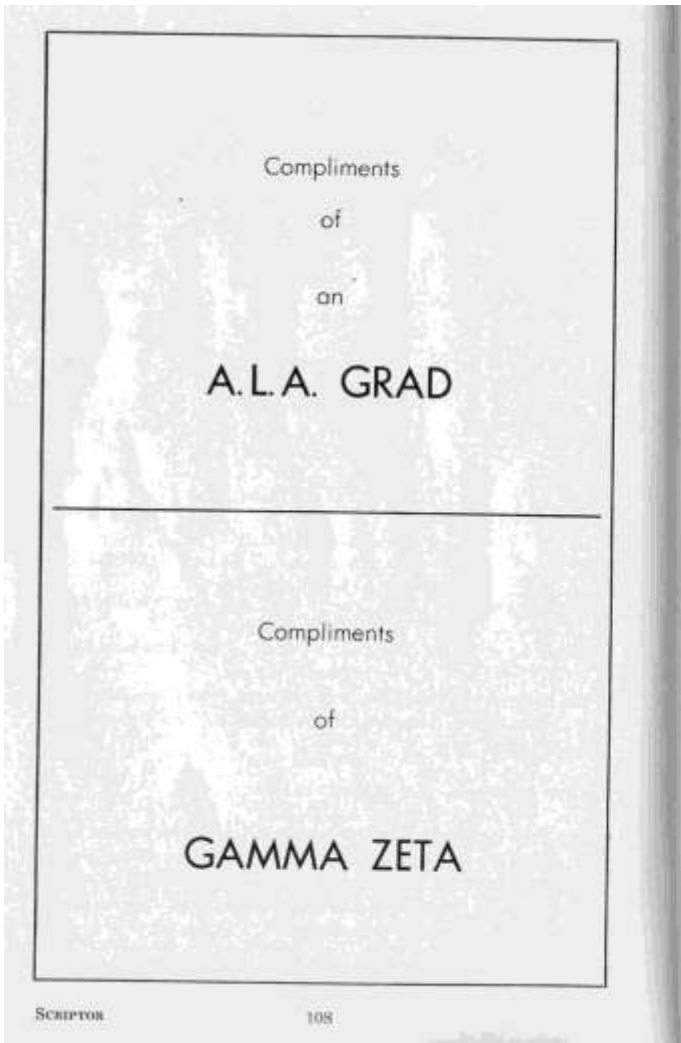
- President Ronald Stout
- Vice President Steven Bisig
- Secretary Cooper Bushmyer
- Editor Bill Dieh
- Treasurer Steve DeGaris
- Critic John Falvey
- Corresponding Secretary George Nichols
- Clerk Donald Stout
- Sergeant-at-Arms Walter Gahn
- Historian Laurance Branch

Jim Rigby, Rudy Thompson, Leaf McGarry, John Down, Lee Eddie, Billy Fisher, Craig Gossman, George McAuliffe, Bob Vanamon, Bill O'Connell, Fred Betz.

Blaine Vetler was made honorary member.

This year the Delphic Literary Society is looking forward to a fine year in the Literary League; having been runner up in the football league we hope to be victorious in basketball and baseball. As usual, Delphic plans a tremendous Christmas dance with Charlie Bishop and the house rockers, from Lexington.

Delphic would like to congratulate Fidelity on a fine magazine.



Now well in its hundredth year, the **Athenæum** inaugurated with due ceremony at the traditional June banquet the following officers who are now leading the association through the first term.

President	John Brown
Vice-President	Brooks Alexander
Critic	Mike Moore
Secretary	Shaver Collins
Treasurer	Graham Cooke
Censor	Mac Bood
Sergeant-at-Arms	Mike Cronan
Assistant Secretary	Gene Ulrich

The following young men were taken into the fold of friendship of the **Athenæum** at the beginning of the school year and are now participating in the Association as active members: Ron Brubaker, Orr Gudrønsen, Sam Harver, Don Hill, Bill Hogs, Mason Lampton, Charles Middleton, Jim Monahan, Rich Monahan, Burt Reutlinger, Bill Tyler, Jim Weber, Randy Johnson, Tom Tyrrell, David Shepherd.

In addition to the task of indoctrinating the new gentlemen, who we hope will prove to be leaders, both for their schools and for us, in the mysteries of the Association, we have completed many another arduous task, both in literary fields and more cosmopolitan endeavors as the year has unfolded. We are looking forward to the Christmas Dance to be highlighted by the presentation of the sponsors. Already

plans have been made for our traditional Spring Invitational to be held in June. We are also in the midst of preparation for our fifty-fourth annual edition of the **Spectator**.

We sincerely hope that we have "lived up to the tradition of the past, necessities of the present, and expectations of the future," as so many more have done before us, and will continue to do after we have gone.

SILENCE

by Bill Hagan

Bright moonlight and the thousands of stars made the lovely road gleam like a silver ribbon winding off into the distance. A rumbling freight train broke the silence, arousing slumbering echoes which fall into silence the caboose vanishing into the darkness. Silence reigned for a few moments. Then in the distance, two lights appeared growing larger as the hum of a powerful engine broke the peace of night. A large car shot by closely followed by a helmeted, goggled figure bent low over the handle bars of a motorcycle. The helmeted figure fired a shot from his revolver, which only seemed to urge the car to greater speed. The motorcycle, however, closed in on its quarry. When they were abreast, the car suddenly swerved to the left, and forced the motorcycle off its road, doing its last work. A wild laugh rang out above the roar of the motor. The car rushed on. Turning a dangerous curve, it tilted on two wheels, hung for a second, and crashed down a steep embankment. Over and over it rolled until it finally came to rest at the bottom. A single cry of terror rang out. A wheel spun slowly for a moment and stopped gradually. Silence again reigned over the lonely road.

Bill Hagan, '65

What
are
you
guys
doing?

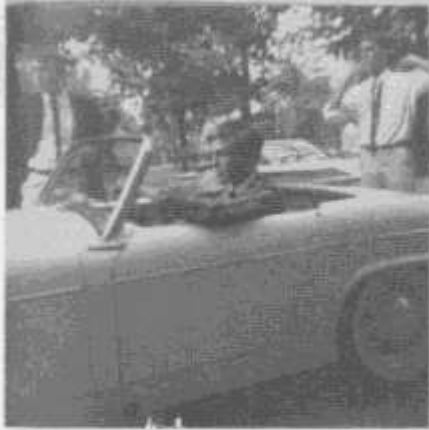


Look!



1962 Scriptor

Meet
you
at
the
Big Boy
in 10
minutes.



Playboy

SCRIPTOR

112

Stranger



Did you
hear the one about-



113

SCRIPTOR



The Rush Party Scene



Ai n't
We
Strong



Hurry
Up
Boy!

Where's
My
DRINK





The Three Stooges

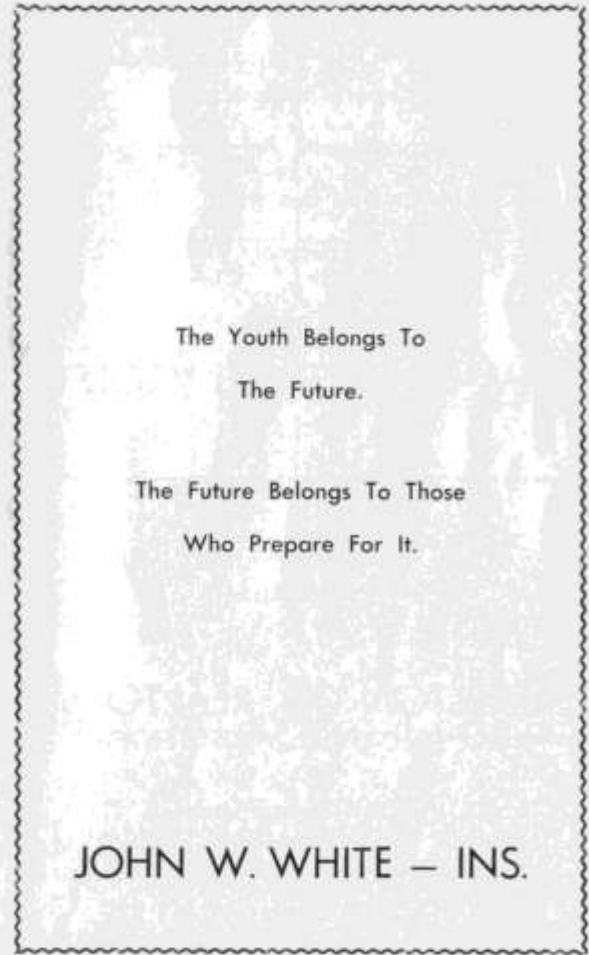


Look
Ma!
No
Hands





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1962 Scriptor

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129 Scriptor

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