



# Waggener High School



## 1962 Sigma Sophia

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)*.

Please use this information as a reference tool only. If the reader uses any of the information for any purpose other than a reference tool, they should get permission from the source.

Special thanks to Heather Scarlett Hurley (63) for this copy.

## 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

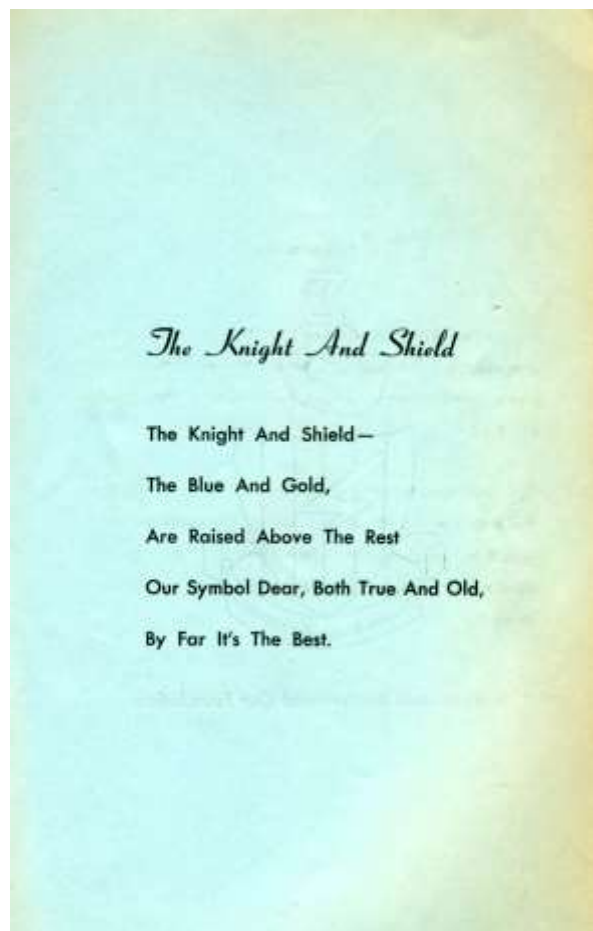


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SOPHIA

### *Dedication*

The Sigma Literary Society dedicates its 1962 edition of the SOPHIA to two brothers of our fraternity who, through their leadership and hard work, have best exemplified the true spirit of Sigma. It is to Mr. Richard Dinsmore and Mr. Frank Howe that we owe much of the past success of our club and magazine; and it is with their examples in mind that we base our hopes for a new and stronger brotherhood.



### *The Knight And Shield*

The Knight And Shield—

The Blue And Gold,

Are Raised Above The Rest

Our Symbol Dear, Both True And Old,

By Far It's The Best.

SOPHIA

7



MR. DICK DINSMORE  
*Atberton, '61*



MR. FRANK HOWE  
*Atberton, '60*

S — striving *always* to  
 I — ignite the spark of  
 G — greatness in our  
 M — members is our aim  
 A — at all times

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TOM DAWSON, '64

*Seneca*

BOB WALKER, '63

*History*

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*Joke Editors*

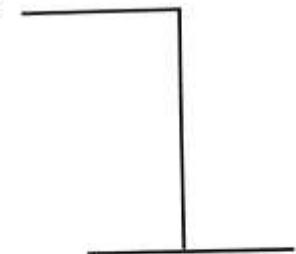
JOE CUNNINGHAM

JAY ANDREWS

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# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

1932



## Sigma Literary Society

### Membership of the Sigma Literary Society

#### SENIORS

- |              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| Dirk Abbott  | Joe Cunningham |
| Bruce Allen  | Wayne Hardwick |
| Jay Andrews  | Robert Howell  |
| Meade Brown  | Werner Grieb   |
| Chuck Burton | Gordon Keal    |
| Bill Carrell | Tom Long       |
| Bruce Chung  | Rick McClure   |

#### JUNIORS

- |                |                  |
|----------------|------------------|
| Chuck Bruce    | George Schiander |
| Bill Clay      | Niles Schoening  |
| Mike Dorton    | Gary Smith       |
| Bucky Fetter   | Carson Porter    |
| Bob Killian    | Terry Tully      |
| Mike Mahaffe   | Richard Walker   |
| Werner Maxwell | Robert Walker    |

#### SOPHOMORES

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| Stith Bennett | Mike Kern    |
| George Brown  | Kenny Meyer  |
| Tom Dawson    | Emler Newman |
| Bob Graves    | Jon Siegrist |
| Andy Grissom  | Mike Simpson |
|               | John Wester  |

1962

1962



1961 1/2



### SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS

1961 1/2

- |                         |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| President               | Richard McClure |
| Vice President          | Charles Burton  |
| Recording Secretary     | Bruce Allen     |
| Corresponding Secretary | Werner Maxwell  |
| Treasurer               | Joe Cunningham  |
| Critic                  | Robert Quaffe   |
| Historian               | Gary Smith      |
| Chaplain                | Werner Grieb    |
| Rush-Pledge Chairman    | Charles Bruce   |
| Sergeant-at-Arms        | Robert Howell   |

1962

- |                         |                  |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| President               | Richard McClure  |
| Vice President          | William H. Clay  |
| Recording Secretary     | Carson Porter    |
| Corresponding Secretary | Robert Quaffe    |
| Treasurer               | Joe Cunningham   |
| Critic                  | William Carrell  |
| Historian               |                  |
| Chaplain                | George Schiander |
| Rush-Pledge Chairman    | Charles Bruce    |
| Sergeant-at-Arms        |                  |

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



BRUCE ALLEN  
*Seneca*  
Recording Secretary, '61½



JAY ANDREWS  
*Albion*  
Sergeant-at-Arms, '61½



CHUCK BURTON  
*Waggoner*  
Vice-President, '61½



BILL CARRELL  
*Waggoner*  
Historian, Critic, '62

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



BRUCE CHANG  
Waggener  
Honorary, '62



JOE CUNNINGHAM  
Waggener  
Treasurer, '61-'62



WERNER GRIEB  
Atherton  
Chaplain, '61-'62



WAYNE HARDWICK  
Atherton

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



ROBERT HOWELL  
*Wagener*



GORDON KEAL  
*Eastern*



TOM LONG  
*Abertou*



RICK McCURE  
*Abertou*  
President, '61-'62  
Editor

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

## *Underclassmen*



SETH BENNETT



GEORGE BROWN



CHUCK BRUCE



BILL CLAY



TOM DAWSON



MIKE DORTON



BUCKY FETTER



BOB GRAVES



ANDY GRISON



MIKE KERN



BOB KILJIAN



MIKE MAHAFFEE



# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



WERNER MAXWELL



KENNY MEYER



HAL MILLER



EMILE NEWMAN



CARSON PWITE



BOB QUATE



NILES SCHOENING



JON SEGRIST



MIKE SIMPSON



GARY SMITH



TERRY TULLY



RICHARD WALKER



BOB WALKER



JOHN WESTER

**In Fond Memory Of Two  
Departed Brothers**

MR. STAN WATSON  
*Atbenton High School, Sigma Literary Society, '39*  
*Centre College, Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, '63*  
*Died 1950*

MR. GEORGE KAEGI  
*Atbenton High School, Sigma Literary Society, '60*  
*Purdue University, Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, '64*  
*Died 1962*

literary understanding and principles, soon held the esteemed prerogative of becoming a literary organization at any time.

In the Spring of 1958, the members of the Sigma Social Club voted unanimously to change the name to the Sigma Literary Society and to accept the responsibilities congruent with such an organization. This was done with the full realization that through their new found duties and responsibilities they could climb even higher in the realm of social and literary leadership.

This magazine is a symbol of Sigma's desires, abilities, and capabilities, to all the scoffers, sneerers and critics. This publication is a challenge to you members of that hoax called the Literary League. That loosely arranged group that can't be truly called an organization because of its lack of planning, the fact that its pious members are not bound by a code of rules or a constitution, and the fact that their chief accomplishments are in the athletic world not literary. Sigma refuses to be overlooked or ignored. We will continue to enjoy a fruitful life outside the binds of the comic farce of a League. Sigma sets historical precedents while the League merely ambles idly on through time.

RICK McCLURE,  
Editor-in-Chief  
*Sophia*, 1962

# History

## History of the Sigma Literary Society 1932 - 1962

Sigma began in February of 1932 as a Hi-Y organization. The major part of its early program consisted of a planned "Y" program, an annual father and son banquet, and athletic competition with other Hi-Y organizations. The membership was confined to Louisville Male High School, which along with Y.M.C.A. was the sponsor.

After laboring under this program for several years, the membership felt that they should branch out in regard to their activities, particularly on the social level. The sponsors were opposed in this, as they did not wish members taken in from other high schools, and their program attempted to discourage partying.

In later years Sigma published an annual literary magazine, *The Sophia*, and an annual formal dance. The sponsors again objected to the organization taking money from the treasury to cover expenses for such "frivolities."

In a last ditch attempt to force an unwanted program on an uninterested membership, the Y.M.C.A. froze the organization's treasury. At this point the members called a special meeting to decide what retaliatory measures should be taken against their sponsors. The majority of the members voted to drop all Y.M.C.A. affiliation and change the name of the organization to the Sigma Social Club.

This social organization, through participation in athletics with the then prominent literary clubs, and through its fast growth in

### PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Turbitt Thomas	1932	Bill Clark	1947 1/2
Turbitt Thomas	1932 1/2	Bob Kolson	1948
Robert C. Hall	1933	Bob Oycerstreet	1948 1/2
Ernest Walker	1933 1/2	Larry Riddle	1949
Rudolph Jett	1934	Bill Stephens	1949 1/2
Neville Tatum	1934 1/2	Dave McCutchen	1950
J. S. Miller	1935	Stan Crubb	1950 1/2
Carey Evans	1935 1/2	Mac Polhill	1951
James Caulfield	1936	Jack Alston	1951 1/2
James Caulfield	1936 1/2	Dick Lyon	1952
Charles Randolph	1937	Lynn Pearson	1952 1/2
James Elshop	1937 1/2	Todd Richardson	1952 1/2
James Elwin	1938	Todd Richardson	1953
John Fels	1938 1/2	Bo Pearson	1953 1/2
Bruce Hinton	1939	Samuel Vance	1954
Jack Dayton	1939 1/2	William Grubbs	1954 1/2
Kenneth Davis	1940	Kent McMath	1955
Jim Moss	1940 1/2	John Schuster	1955 1/2
Jim Brigham	1941	Raleigh Lane	1956
James Bennett	1941 1/2	Alex Becker	1956 1/2
Bob Wiederhold	1942	Jim Smeall	1957
Tom Wilson	1942 1/2	Pat McGuffey	1957 1/2
Bill Ewing	1943	Rob Pfeiffer	1958
Ralph Quinn	1943 1/2	Reed Sladen	1958 1/2
Bill Kelly	1944	Carl England	1959
Carl Schwabenton	1944 1/2	Frank Howe	1959 1/2
John Eberhard	1945	Frank Howe	1960
Harry Chapman	1945 1/2	John Lewis	1960 1/2
Dale Boyer	1946	Richard Dinsmore	1961
Doug Lipsy	1946 1/2	Richard McClure	1961 1/2
Carl J. Crouch	1947	Richard McClure	1962

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VITAL STATISTICS

NAME	FUTURE OCCUPATION	REMARKS US OF	QUOTES	ADDRESSES TO
Abbott D.	Nest Matriarch in the Pacific	A Fish	"Did You Hear The One About The Traveling Salesman?"	Dick
Allen E.	Patrol Warden	Evils	"Silence"	Bever
Andrews J.	Beer Sampler	An Animal	"Short Your March Park!"	Arnie
Bennett S.	Box o' Factory that makes Skin Milk	A Frodoed Being	"The Editors Are The Best!"	Edith
Brown G.	Fighting for the Schools	A Goodbird	"We're Playing At The V.I.W. Fr. day Night."	George
Brown M.	Mr. Amicus	A Wagon Life	"I added 2 lakes to my one."	Madee
Brock C.	A Doctor and Drive His Yellow Jeep	A Duck	"Annoy The Current Position"	Charles
Burtin C.	Learn How to Swim	Delicious Nones	"When it was raining..."	Chark
Carroll B.	To Become A Director	Nothing	"Let's do it my way..."	Bill
Cheng B.	Sell Lots For Text.	Cannaphum	"The world situation is I see it."	Isure
Cornelison J.	A Rider in a Circus	A Froggo	"Dance with pretzels..."	Jane
Clay E.	Play Boy	F	"They all love me, and I love them."	Stilling (Scott)
Dawson T.	A Rehabilitation	Melvin Smudley	"I had to get play ball."	Tom
Denton M.	A Stick	A Girl	"A Stick will beat anything on the road."	Mike
Erwin E.	Champion Ice Skater	Early Post	"Bill!"	Berky
Green E.	Pizza Hopper	Confusion	"What do you mean I have to go to church?"	Greenwood
Glick W.	Teaching Comics	In Business	"Heeek! I ain't kiddin' you..."	Shaker
Grisson A.	Give Drive Lessons	An Allman	"I'm going with a cookie."	Graeme
Hardwick W.	President of Louisville Post Co	Child Sitters Bull	"I ain't had the meaning!"	Wick
Howell E.	To Run His Own Own Business		"I'll take it all of me!"	Hubback

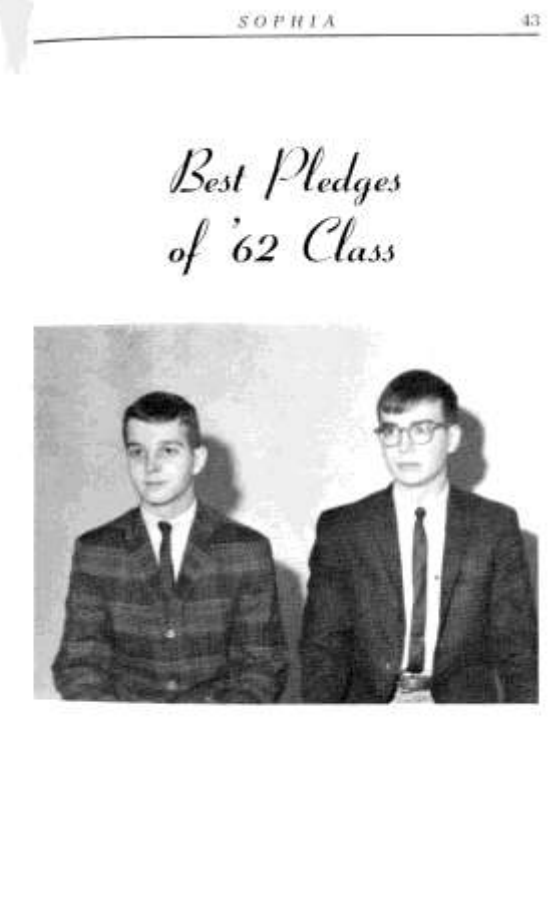
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FAMILY PAGE

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Abbott  
 Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Allen  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Andrews  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bennett  
 Mr. and Mrs. George L. Brown  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Bruce  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burton  
 Dr. and Mrs. Richard C. Chang  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Clay  
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Cunningham  
 Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dawson  
 Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Dorton  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fetter  
 Rev. and Mrs. Ford Graves  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Grieb  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Grissom  
 Mr. and Mrs. John Hardwick  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Lee Howell  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kaul  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kern  
 Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Kilijan  
 Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Long  
 Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mahaffee  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Maxwell  
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. McClure  
 Mr. and Mrs. John K. Meyer  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Miller, Jr.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Emory A. Neuman  
 Mr. and Mrs. Carson O. Porter  
 Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Quaffle  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Schneider  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Schoening  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Slagrist  
 Mr. and Mrs. Jesse F. Simpson  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Smith  
 Mrs. Lucille R. Tully  
 Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Walker  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Walker  
 Dr. and Mrs. John C. Weeter

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NAME	FUTURE OCCUPATION	REMARKS US OF	QUOTES	ADDRESSES TO
Kaul G.	Teacher	LF Abuse	"Aw, you guys, I don't like that one!"	Country
Kaul M.	Cowboy	A Fat Kelly	"How about a trip to KY?"	Mike
Kilijan B.	Running His Father's Store	Kilijan	"You say you don't like red hair?"	Rob
Lang T.	Professional Organizer	A Thief	"Gee, she is good looking."	Long
Mahaffee M.	Running A Simple School	Simple Simon	"I didn't have a way to get there."	McDoo
Maxwell W.	Athletic Reporter	Befoon	"Cool Cow"	Rae
McClure R.	A Millstone Businessman	North Elliott	"I'm razzed Right Now!"	Rock
Meyer K.	Collecting Blue Books	A Undertaker	"Blow!"	Ken
Miller W.	In Road Two Headed Boos	A Tired Seal	"We could your double with me Saturday night?"	Hed
Neuman E.	Shoring Down Horse Jumpsuits	A Sporic	"Look you guys, I have a great idea"	Early
Porter C.	Teach People To Bunk	A Great Debater	"I'll be at the bus club"	Cinson
Quaffle B.	Ermine A Driver	Self Suck	"Duh!"	Bob
Schneider G.	Giving Physics for the Wall	An Idiot	"I'll play the 2nd Amendment. This will intimidate me."	Simon
Shoening M.	To Start Simon's Own Insurance	Donald Duck	"We, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!"	Schoen
Slagrist J.	Director of a Bookish Show	Gibson	"I gotta go home and deliver papers"	Sag
Slagrist M.	Be Run a Sell	Someone	"Where's the fire?"	Simons
Smith G.	Teaching Karate	As Ad for	"And then I really bang it."	Gary
Smith G.	Hubbard For Nalafine	One-A-Day Vitamins	"Be sure and read my poem in this magazine."	Tully
Walker E.	Dishwasher At the White House	A Turntable	"Shook" - "Gave the water"	Baker
Walker E.	Sell Second Hand Battle Cakes	A Noret	"What was your grade on the Chem this year?"	Mary
Weeter J.	Nuclear Beer Scientist	The Thing		War



# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

*Congratulations To Miss Barbara Lowe,  
The Finest Of The Fin  
The Sigma Lady*

*"... Here's to her face, so fair  
And her heart so true,  
For she's the lovely Sigma Lady,  
The girl of the gold and blue."*



BARBARA LOWE  
Kappa Theta Gamma

*Presented by*  
MR. WERNER GRIED

## Underclass Favorites

### Miss Lowe's Attendants

MISS BETTY CASOITZ



*presented by*  
Rick McClure

MISS ANN HAYSLEY



*presented by*  
Chuck Burton

MISS CANDICE HOGGINS



*presented by*  
Bob Howell

MISS MARILYN GORDON



*presented by*  
Bill Carroll

MISS KAY VYE



*presented by*  
Tom Long

MISS JEAN LUKINS



*submitted by*  
George Schneider

MISS LINDA SMITH



*submitted by*  
Tim Dawson

MISS JULIE RITCHIE



*submitted by*  
William Clay

MISS "CAM" McMILLAN



*submitted by*  
Hal Miller

MISS JOWE ZIELINSKI



*submitted by*  
Mike Simpson

MISS SHARON LEAR



*submitted by*  
Ember Newton

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

MISS EDA MAE  
WIDLAM



submitted by  
Joni Sizaris

MISS HEATHER  
SCARLETTE



submitted by  
Mike Kern

MISS MARY LOU  
KELLY



submitted by  
Maudie Brown

MISS BRIGITTE BARKDT



submitted by  
Niles Schoring

MISS JENNIE DONNELLY



submitted by  
Werner Maxwell

MISS SHARON DAWSON



submitted by  
A. Friend

## Christmas Dance

30th Anniversary

Crystal Ballroom

MISS SANDY EGGENPILLER



submitted by  
Stith Bennett

MISS RUBY HENDRICKS



submitted by  
Kenny Meyer

MISS CORY WHEALY



submitted by  
Bob Quailie

MISS JAYNE RIDDLE



submitted by  
Carson Potter

MISS BONNIE ADAMS



submitted by  
Gary Smith



Left to right: Bob Quailie, Ellen Shapiro, Rick McClare, Betty Gammitz, Beverly Morris, Joe Cunningham.



Presentation



After the Presentations

## PIT CREW

"Ah, what a beautiful day for a race", thought Sterling Floss as he climbed into his green and white Cooper Climax. He then proceeded to put on his helmet which he did with great care, making sure of its usual fit over his face. Then with precise skill he put the Cooper into gear and was ready for his practice laps. With a great roar from the mighty Cooper he released the clutch, and the mighty road racing car fell apart.

"Well I'll be a Rolls Royce, he shouted. His pit crew came running pushing the girls from the Enzo Fararri pits off their shoulders. "You boys fix my car in time for the Grand-Prix this afternoon, I am going in for a spot of tea". As the tea time figure walked along the pits his last words before entering the tea pit were, "I know I should have taken that job with the Fararri racing team."

After about five minutes of hard work the pit crew realized it was tea time, or maybe they just wanted to get back to the Enzo all-girl pit crew. At any rate they laid down the car's five wheels on which they had been working and strolled merrily away shouting, "Vive La France!"

The practice of the old British custom left the car quite alone, with only the engine left to replace. Now comes the terribly bloody foul play, which no one (thinks the meek British would take part in. While the rebuilt Cooper lay in sleep before the race, a group of men crept toward the car. The leader of the group was none other than Fredrick Fangio. He wore his Mickey Mouse crash helmet and goggles, which was the "do-your-fellow-drivers-dirty" outfit.

They set to work immediately. First they removed the fifth wheel which only left four wheels. Next they replaced the Cooper's engine with a twelve cylinder Fararri 250 BT engine. This enormous engine raised a slight hump in the little car. With this nasty little job done they stole away to Fangio's pit to prepare for the race.

You are probably asking "why is Fredrick Fangio such a stupid nut, giving Floss a bigger engine, and helping him to use only four tires". You are the nut, because Fangio knows something you don't, so read the rest of the story and don't ask anymore stupid questions.

Our hero is returning from tea, and our pit crew is returning from tea and playing who's got the spare Dunlop, with Enzos

## IS AMERICA SOFT?

Colonial life offered more opportunities than does modern life for developing strong character. The early settlers, — the explorers and pilgrims had to have courage, a will to survive and a deep profound faith in God in order to live in the new-found wilderness, America. The early explorers such as John Smith and Colonel William Byrd, had to be courageous, cool-minded and confident, not knowing whether they would return from their expeditions into the wooded interior. The Americans today do little exploring on their own. Many may climb mountains or go fishing or go on a picnic but the early explorers did not drive to their destinations in cars and did not cook their meals which they caught or picked fresh from a tin can, in a aluminum pan. The early settlers, such as Puritans, had to have a deep faith in God, in order to leave the civilized life of Europe to worship as they pleased in America. The hardships of the settlers did not end after the rough voyage across the Atlantic. When they landed and built homes, they were in constant danger of attacks from hostile Indians and natural disasters such as hard winters and droughts. Today life in America is easy in comparison. In America today a child receives democracy as a birthright and not something which he has to risk his life to obtain. He does not have to cross a dangerous ocean in a small boat, fight Indians, and build a home with his bare hands as his forefathers did. In America he does not have to go out and hunt for his dinner, or plow the land with wooden plows to raise crops. No, in America today one goes to the supermarket to buy food for meals, and one plows the land with modern machines. The soft life of mechanized America allows more time for leisure and relaxation. And as a famous man once said "idle hands, idle mind". Just as in the days of Rome, the luxury of the great civilization leads to its downfall. And in America today money and status are two of the main objectives of life, and the lust for money too often leads to corruption and dishonesty.

MIKE MAHAFFEE '63

## A PLACE OF REFUGE

Toward the end of the last century, The Pony Express carried mail overland from St. Louis to Sacramento, California. The men who made up the relay teams to accomplish this had to be rugged, strong, fearless and able to ride long and hard.

girls. "Push the car to the starting line", commanded the mighty driver.

You are probably asking another stupid question like, "how come nobody notices whats happened to the car"? Well because they drank rotten tea and they is all drunk, thats why.

At last the start of the Grand Prix of Monte Barlo is ready to start. Floss and Fangio sat side by side. Slowly the flag rose and Floss put his car in gear. With a swift movement the flag was dropped, out popped the clutch. With a mighty roar the little Cooper layed rubber for four miles, roved up to 180 MPH in first gear, climbed the hill at the end of the first straight and was never heard of again.

All names have been changed to protect the nasty, sneaky Fararri team. Also to protect Flosses Pit crew who married Enzos pit crew.

GARY SMITH '63

## THE BAD GUY

"Ah-ha," said the little man with the black circles under his red-rimmed eyes; as he peered through the bars of the cell window. Gazing upon the mournful face of a large, but indigent looking person before him. "You thought you could succeed in grinding up my beloved wife in her grandmothers' ancient meat-grinder without discovery. But I apprehended you just as you completed your little plan of mutilation. I watched as you tore her arms from the sockets and proceeded to dispose of them in the "Good old fashioned way." Yes, I also saw you cut out her eyes very carefully so as not to put her out of her misery too quickly, and then stuffed gauze into the empty sockets to keep the blood from seeping into her gaping mouth! He laughs once more. "How clever you must have thought yourself. The way in which you began to peel away my dearest's skin with the potato scraper? The criminal mind can find the most ingenious ways to torture the human body. And then, to your greatest satisfaction, I cringed as you began to pour sulfuric acid upon her naked body and watched the layers of skin shrivel and burn away." Once more he says, "But you were caught." He lets out one more uproarious laugh before he proceeds to eat the padding off the walls of his cell.

BOB KILIJIAN '63

Jim Norris enjoyed his job as a Pony Express rider, and on this particular morning, the sun was shining and he felt good as he cracked his whip against the horse's thighs. He was riding hard, trying to better the time he'd made on his last run.

About 4 O'clock in the afternoon some ominous clouds began to appear, and he urged his mount on because he knew he was near a small river that he had to ford. Lightening began to crack the sky and he heard loud claps of thunder. The heavens opened, and the cloud burst that he had feared was upon him. From experience he knew that by the time he reached his usual fording place the rain-swollen river would be impossible to cross.

Dejectedly, he turned his horse in the direction of a run-down shack where lived a miserly old gold miner. Hesitantly, he pecked on the cobwebbed window and he saw the old man throw a cloth over his stack of gold before shuffling to the door and hollering, "who's there." Jim told him he needed refuge for the night, and the miner jerked his thumb toward the stairway, indicating he could bed down in the loft.

Jim lay down on some straw in the corner of the room and through the cracks in the log floor, he could see the old man resume the counting of his possessions. On the table beside him lay a knife with the most wicked looking blade Jim had ever seen. His weariness overcame his fear, and he was about to drop off to sleep when he saw the old man pick up the knife and start sharpening the blade on a whet stone. S-W-I-S-H, S-W-I-S-H it went, and the miner headed for the stairway. Jim looked wildly around for a place of escape, but there was none. All the while the S-W-I-S-H, S-H-I-S-H was getting closer. He saw his shaggy head appear above the stair well, his beady eyes, his snarling mouth, his gnarled hands, still with that relentless S-W-I-S-H, S-H-I-S-H of the knife blade. Jim's heart froze, his hair stood on end. Now the miner was towering above him. The old man looked at Jim, snarled a grin, and then reached above his head and from a rafter, cut off a slab of bacon. S-W-I-S-H.

## JOHN MILTON (1608 - 1764)

Milton is known as the foremost Puritan in literature. We sometimes think of Puritans as black-frocked, joykilling people who went about with gloomy thoughts. This picture, however, does not fit Milton. He took great pleasure in living and in art and defended freedom for all. He was reared as a well-to-do merchant's



son. His father allowed him to read and study as he wished. His love for music reflected on his poetry. At Cambridge Milton won the esteem of his fellow students for his skill in fencing and debating.

His life revolves around three great decisions. At Cambridge his first critical decision was to give up the idea of taking orders in the Anglican Church. After graduating, he lived at his father's home, writing his beautiful poems.

Then came two years of travel on the continent. With trouble at home he was forced to make a second decision. With civil war threatening England, Milton felt he must return to England to help the Puritan cause. He became a vigorous pamphleteer. He used his literary weapons to champion freedom and order in government and the personal rights of men.

Milton's third decision had to be made when he found himself threatened with blindness. His early years of constant study had weakened his eyesight and now he was in danger of losing his sight entirely. By giving up his work he was saved from this. While writing tracts at the age of forty-four, he went completely blind.

The last ten years of Milton's life were marked with tragedy. Milton's first wife died and left him with three small girls. He tried to bring them up alone, but failed and presently married again. His second wife died shortly after their marriage. A third, who outlived him, finally brought him comfort and security.

WERNER GRIEB '62  
ATHERTON

## "THE BLOODY MOUND"

The wind was cutting at our faces like a gigantic icy outflow. Our jeep moved quietly toward the German held village. A short time after we had hidden the jeep, we arrived at our rendezvous point where we met the rest of our team.

Together our team consisted of the sergeant, myself, and two of the best experts in the line of explosives in the area. We were now fifteen miles from our destination.

The next day came with even colder weather making our mission quite a bit harder. We put on as much clothing as possi-

All safely reached the plane, climbed in and roared off. I giving the sergeant instructions on flying the plane. A minute off the ground there was a sound like a thousand Fourth of July blended into one. We had completed our mission and were heading safely home.

MIKE DORTON '63

## JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

Almost every teenager has heard some older person say that he did not know what the younger generation was coming to. Everyone has heard of juvenile delinquents. Some people think that almost all of today's teenagers wear black motorcycle jackets and carry zip-guns, switchblade knives, or clubs. This group is only a small minority of the teenagers. The majority of teenagers is given a bad name by this minority.

If a teenager of today attempts to write his name or the name of his school on a water tower or viaduct, he is arrested by the police. Surely these things are not bad enough to be arrested for. We have all heard our parents tell about the things that they did when they were our age, which sound worse than some of the things that happen today.

If so much emphasis was not placed on the bad things done by teenagers and more on the worthwhile things, a lot of teenagers would not feel that they have to commit a crime in order to get their name in the newspapers to feel important. These people could feel just as important if they did something that was of some service to the community and received recognition for it. This would most likely reduce the comparatively small amount of juvenile delinquency that there is today.

BOB GRAVES '64

## FOLK SINGING PAST & PRESENT

The ballad was the world's first newspaper, an actual record of battles, scandals, adventures, and news of all sorts. A minstrel would travel from community to community relating the various pieces of information which he had heard in his widespread travels. But, having much to tell, he could not always rely upon his memory for recalling accurately names and facts. He would,

ble, packed our supplies, consisting of several submachine guns, ammunition, and explosives, food, and medical supplies.

After a long exhausting trip, we set up camp, within sight of the goal. I almost forgot to tell you our mission. I'll tell you in a few harsh words. A large black, empty and desolate enemy held ammunition dump, commonly known as the "Bloody Mound." It supplied half the ammunition for the entire German Army.

Our plans were to completely demolish the dump and get out as soon as possible. A small airstrip near the dump would serve as the escape. In the process of moving toward the dump we had to knock off two pillboxes. One opposite the ridge of the dump and one under the bridge connecting the two ridges.

We waited until night to make our move. We made our way quickly up the ridge, suddenly there it was. For a moment I caught my breath. There were two dark figures moving toward me, there was a burst of gun-fire and the figures were lying on the hard ground stiff, bloody, and dead. I regained my senses in time to see a jeep traveling at high speed in this direction. It meant one of two things, the men in the pillboxes that we knocked off had not reported, or we had been seen. Either meant disaster to our plans. Relief came when we saw the jeep pull off onto a road going in the opposite direction.

The Sergeant calculated the changing of the guard would come at daybreak leaving us eight hours in which to complete our job.

We had to come and wait a few hours for the rain to let up. It was very cold and we had just eaten the last of our food supplies. The darkness seemed to swallow us whole as we listened to the sound of a cold, rainy winter night.

We had set diversionary explosions to go off while we made our way up the planks of the bridge inside the dump concealing ourselves behind oil drums while we made our way toward the entrances into the caves. In these lay the ammunition that I have talked about.

The mission wasn't as easy as it may seem. Ten men came running toward us with fixed bayonets. The Sergeant gave one loud burst from his machine gun and there were ten men lying dead with not a single hair on our heads damaged. We hid the explosives and set the timers for ten minutes. As we made our way toward our last way of escape, a lone airplane sitting on the small airstrip, there was a burst of gunfire in which I was wounded. The Sergeant picked me up, and while carrying me plowed down enemy soldiers with his gun.

therefore put the news in the form of a story and set it to music, thus facilitating recall of the sequence of the event as it really happened.

As the song was passed about the community, the accuracy of the report was naturally changed. People would add verses of their own, make rhythmical changes, and any other little improvement they considered necessary. As over the years the song progressed, only the best parts remained. As it was brought down through the years by word of mouth, the song was transformed from the simple, crude tune it originally was, into a work of fine artistic quality. It is a fact that many of these old tunes have been so well regarded by professional musicians and composers that the theme of some of the most elaborate orchestral and operatic works are taken from these simple ballads.

The folk songs of different nations have their own distinct characteristics. In England and western Europe where the work of the farmer is an individual affair, choral singing is no longer practical, solos are more incentive to work. In Russia, Africa, and our own South, where work is still largely communal folk singing still retains its choral form.

It is a fairly simple task to recognize the nation from which a song has originated. The simple English ballad bears little resemblance to the elaborate Spanish song. The Dutch and German songs are stolid and hearty while the American ballad is lively and vivacious.

Folk singing is also highly adaptable; for example, the French ballads of Louisiana have acquired an American feeling, as have the German songs of Pennsylvania, and the Spanish songs of the Southwest. Even the Negro music of the South has lost its savage African rhythm.

Even today, the art of folk singing has not yet been lost. A new flair has arisen among the people of the United States in the form of high fidelity recordings. Many new vocal groups have risen to recognition because of their amazing ability to make the people actually feel that spirit in which these songs were originally written. Although this may only be a passing fancy, as so many things are these days, folk singing will never die out. There will always be the need of a way for the people to express themselves freely and to be happy together.

BOB QUAIPE '63

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"From contemplation one may become wise, but knowledge comes only from study."  
— A. Edward Newton

### "... NOT BY ITS TITLE"

Collateral reading is an extremely important part of any school's schedule. Reading is not only interesting and enjoyable, but profitable too. In today's competitive system of college entrance a large, useful vocabulary and a good verbal aptitude are extremely important if one wishes to enter the school of his choice.

There is no better way to learn about this modern technological world than the reading of a wide variety of good books. One should not only read those books assigned to him in school, but he should go ahead and read others concerning his fields of interest.

Many times a student will not want to read a book because a title does not appeal to him. However, if the student would only read into the book a little before condemning it, he would soon find that he could not stop reading many of the books he would have otherwise put back on the shelf without a second glance.

Owning the books one has read has its own rewards. One may read a book and then for some years allow it to sit on the shelf. Later, when he returns and reads it, he most probably enjoys it more than the first time. Anyone who reads this paper may well be surprised how enjoyable it is to sit down with a good book and just read.

BOB QUAIPE '63

### "DISCOVERY"

This book is not a single story but a collection of experiences of world famous naturalists. The editor, John K. Terres, conceived the unique idea of compiling an anthology of personal accounts obtained from these men and publishing them in a book. He wrote to forty men; all replied, and only four excused themselves because they were too busy or had schedules of travel that would keep them away for a long time. Many thought it was an excellent idea and exclaimed, "why didn't someone think of this before."

When all the manuscripts had come in, they included wondrous accounts and remarkable exploits experienced in Africa, the Himalays of western Asia, and the Canadian Arctic. A thrilling account of renegade wolves along the Mexican border and adventures in the pursuit of birds and other wildlife from the rugged Funk Island off Newfoundland, to Oregon, California, the Gulf of Mexico, the

ten men, alone in the wastes of Liberia, took shifts to oversee the functions of the machine's global actions.

One freezing January day one of the men caught a cold. When he awoke the morning of his shift to watch the machine he had a fever and felt miserable. Bleary eyed, he entered the control booth where he noticed a red light glowing on the panel before him. Behind him a siren began to wail and he grabbed the emergency phone. It was dead! The light meant that Moscow had been destroyed by a nuclear weapon! Other lights began to glow, meaning that other cities were under attack. One thought pushed through the poor man's tormented mind, "push the button, push the button, push the button". He pushed it.

Suddenly all the panel lights winked out and the siren stopped. Then the man realized what had happened. Somewhere along the telephone line to the radio transmitting station, there was a short, making the outside communications cease. The machine must have thought that the cities had been vaporized by nuclear blasts. Then he grabbed the auxiliary phone that could also stop the button's impulse, but just as he was about to cancel it, he sneezed. In a split second, it was too late. The order reached the Kremlin and was relayed to the missile launching system. Three minutes later the space scanners of the American satellite in space, caught the track of the missiles aimed at Europe and North America. The great machine of the free world issued the order it was built to deliver. Immediately, the Pentagon relayed the orders to the missile launching platforms. The missiles were launched at their targets, Peking, Moscow, Leningrad and Bucharest. In thirty minutes the Iron Curtain fell and the Communist way of life was destroyed forever. The Premier of the U.S.S.R., the communal farmer and the Chinese couple died together in the following half-hour of man-made hell.

Five minutes later the Empire State Building disintegrated along with the Lincoln Memorial, Westminster Abbey and the Eiffel Tower. The democratic way of life followed the fall of Communism by five minutes. The earth staggered under the hour of war, then all was silent.

#### Part II

One hundred years later silence still prevailed upon the earth. There were no honking horns, jet blasts or bustling cities to stir the serenity of nature. The billboard on the highway outside of Poughkeepsie, New York, was faded and rotting. The theater in Norwich, Connecticut, was deserted and dark, just right for the bats who lived there. The gardens of the Imperial Palace

tropical jungles of Central America are also among these vivid truelife adventures.

This book is an exceptional collection of experiences of men (and one woman) who have dedicated the greater part of their lives to the exploration of nature and whose names will be remembered for their contributions to science, art, and literature of natural history.

BOB QUAIPE '63

### "THE MACHINE"

It was a machine; the ultimate of machines. Sitting on the desolate plains of North Dakota, the commands and orders it carried out in four continents. Here was the brain, the central intelligence of the vast nervous system that linked together all the defenses of the free peoples of the world.

The machine was entirely independent even though it took thousands of people to build it. Over a period of twenty years, working in absolute secrecy, the huge monster was planned, modified and readied for the final test that was felt to be inevitable.

The complexity of this machine challenged even God Almighty; its senses covered every continent, it could think, reason and act with seemingly unerring accuracy. Above all it was practically immortal because of its automatic replacement organs and transistorized power circuits. Among some of the senses the giant brain had at its command was a radar system capable of picking up an object the size of a basketball one thousand miles away; a satellite station revolving around the earth one thousand miles above the machine relaying pictures of every part of the western hemisphere; direct audio and visual contact with every large city in North America. Orders issued by the command system of the machine were relayed immediately to the rocket bases in the Arctic and England, to the Pentagon in Washington and to Civil Defense Headquarters buried somewhere in the Rocky Mountains.

This machine controlled more instant destruction than any other object in all of mankind's history. It could launch missiles capable of destroying every strategic target in the world.

There was only one thing that could outwit this machine, and that was another machine like it. Out in the wastes of Liberia there was such a machine, designed to fulfill the same mission but different in one respect; it was controlled by a man. Fewer than

in Japan were overgrown and unkempt. The airport in the steaming jungles of Guatemala, had long been choked out by weeds and creepers. The magnificent new six-lane thoroughway between London and Manchester was cracked and marked by potholes from the weather.

But there were a few things left that age was not able to destroy. In the plains of North Dakota, the huge machine still functioned. Its radar scopes circling ominously, its television screens showing views that have not been gazed upon by human eyes for a century. Slowly the circuit will wear down and the replacements will become fewer. It too, will eventually be conquered by time.

#### Part III

A millennium passes and man's civilization has long been forgotten. The cities still remain, but are hardly distinguishable in the maze of nature's making. The island of Manhattan is green and vibrant. The scars of the city were erased and the radiation disappeared. A new mountain range rises in California, not one hundred miles from the empty skeletons of downtown San Francisco. A clear blue lake filled with trout has formed in the old crater of the city of Spokane. Fog now fills the empty moors of England, where the once great city of London stood. The pyramids and sphinx still stand, yet the desert yields no caravans or tourists to stare at their majesty. The sea has spilled over the dike in Holland for the last time. The surf of the eternal sea also pounds the shore where the pilgrim's voyage ended and washes over the rock that was made famous by their landing.

Even after a thousand years the machine guards the homeland of its creators. Practically all its circuits are gone; crippled and close to death, one or two dials still register, one or two television screens still glow and the radar screens still turn incessantly searching the sky. The satellite shot into the sky so long ago has reached its final end. As it falls toward the earth for the last time it glows cherry red from the atmospheric friction. Suddenly the radar in the giant machines catches the image of the satellite falling through the atmosphere in its final orbit. The last effort of the machine puts the relay circuits into action. Outward through the shattered nerve system the message travels. Up in Alaska a remote rocket base receives the message. The long dead calculators and launching devices are revived and the last missile left is readied and fired. Up the needle thin rocket arches, away from its pad suspended on a pedestal of flame. In the nose the deadly nuclear warhead itself and the course the missile is set for, is carried out.



In the cold, barren plains of Siberia another machine; the same in design and function picks up the rapidly falling missile. Warning sirens suddenly start to whine and a startled bigmunk who had built his nest in the control booth scampers across the control panel, pushing a bright red button in his hurried flight. The impulse is carried through the nerves connecting the machine with the missile launchers and a missile all ready for firing receives the impulses and its fuel ignites. The vapor trail follows it upward in its flight and then down it plunges toward North America.

A brilliant light flashes across the North Dakota sky. The ground shakes and a gust of wind blows across the flat wasteland. The wild cattle herds on the open plain notice the huge deadly cloud forming in the sky above them. The deer and prairie dogs also notice it as its shadow passes over them.

In Siberia a huge fireball is seen in the east by the wild buffalo herds. As they stampede in a frenzy, the pheasants and duck flocks flying in the air feel the great gusts of wind lash back and forth as the shock wave passes over them.

The machines were the last targets of the war that lasted for one thousand years.

#### Part IV

The machines are gone, the last vestiges of man's civilization is gone. The animals once again rule over the clean, green world of nature. The animals will have no trouble ruling because they are just animals.

NILES SCHOENING '63

## I WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL

Man is continually striving for knowledge in every field of endeavor. Every moment his intellect is stimulated by an outside force. One of these forces is encountered early in life, by our attendance at school.

I want to go to school so that my mind will be stimulated and so that I can explore and absorb the knowledge that is placed before me there. This knowledge will make me a more intelligent and rational human being.

because I'm tired of this "be kind and don't hurt your neighbor" jive.

He's just about ready to pass me. He always grips his steering wheel with both hands at 12 o'clock. Here he comes. He's even with me. Now's my chance. I'll just edge him to the side of the road and run him off.

That's it. Just a little more. There he goes into the wall. I've done it. No more Abe Washington, ever.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I've just been handed a bulletin," came an announcement over the P.A. system. "Abe Washington and Wicklow Epinger have just been killed."

WARNER MAXWELL '63

## THE WILDERNESS, MAN'S GREATEST NATURAL HERITAGE

To men of Columbus' day, discovery of a new land such as America meant gold and possibly other forms of riches. To less mean-spirited men, it meant a wilderness out of which could be carved a new Europe. There were also many who were not so awed by the idea of what it could become but by what it actually was, a beautiful land.

Here was a vast continent, miraculously preserved, rich in natural resources, the like of which men had not yet dreamed of. This was a land completely unspoiled, just waiting for the time when civilization could appreciate it to the fullest extent. America was a dream of the future which had suddenly come to our shores.

That most of America is not the great wilderness it used to be is no cause for regret. In the four centuries since Columbus set sail, men have still been unable to take over the whole continent, as men did so long ago in Europe.

We still have open, untenanted wilderness in our United States. There is a compulsion upon us to preserve these last, unspoiled areas so that we may visit them and touch upon something that we would otherwise completely lose. Yet our preserving and visiting these places may be self-defeating; the mere act of preservation and use causes the wilderness to lose most of its virginity.

## THE CAT LOSES NINE

Only two more hours of waiting and the race will begin. I can feel the tension building up inside of me. I'll know in a few hours whether this practice jive was worth it or not.

Driving sports cars for a living sure is a different caper from the one I used to cut in the Village. Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm not in with the other live-screechers. That cat, Abe Washington, is supposed to win. He bugs me. Just because he's number one driver for Ferrari and I'm number four doesn't mean he's any better than I. He's so straight arrow. He doesn't indulge in anything that's loaded up with kicks. But, oh, that wench of his his is in. I hear she's just like him though. Too bad!

"Hurry up, Wick," said my racing partner breaking my train of thought. "We've got to get down to the pit quick or you'll be watching the race instead of driving it."

"Okay, dad! I got the smoke signals," I replied in my usual bugged manner.

I put on my shoes and followed my partner through the crowd to our pit where Enzo was waiting for me. I guess he wanted to shake my hand, pat me on the back, and say the usual bit about how he hoped I'd do well, but this is just formality.

"Is everything okay?" I shouted to the head mechanic as I put on my helmet.

"Get ready!" shouted the mechanic.

"The judges are in place, Wick. I think they're going to start any minute now," said Enzo nervously puffing on his cigarette.

I was driving number 34, an olive green, rear engine Ferrari, custom made for me. It is without a doubt the best car made.

Bang! The judge's pistol sounded beginning the run for the cars. It's only fifty yards but it seems like an eternity. I hopped into the driver's seat, fastened my seat belt, turned on the ignition, put it in first, and got a push from my mechanics to start. A last I finally was driving in the big one after weeks and weeks of waiting.

Where's that cat Washington? He's usually right on my tail at the beginning, but I'll cure that the first chance I get.

After two laps I finally found him coming up on me like he was being chased by the "fuzz". This time he won't get past me

A large portion of our parks and national reserves have taken on the atmosphere of a carnival. Concessions, souvenir stands, and artificial lakes all contribute to this semblance of a wilderness.

The Grand Canyon is one of the most desolate in the United States, but civilization is even beginning to advance upon it. More and more people are wanting to "get away from it all", even for a little while. They go to such places as the Grand Canyon to find something which cannot be found at home.

The disturbing question is, however, whether these people want to visit our parks in their natural state or whether they want to turn them into plush resorts with dammed rivers for motorboats and swimming areas. If this is the people's choice, then there is no point in our attempting to preserve our wilderness.

The greatness which still remains is in our power to retain, but it may well be that this generation holds the key to keeping this greatness for the generations in the years to come.

BOB QUAIPE '63

## CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY - FACT OR MYTH?

Who is to say that American white people are smarter than the average American Negro? Have Americans ever given the Negro people, as a whole, a chance to develop themselves mentally with the same advantages as we? The Negro holds the lowest, simplest, smallest paying jobs, lives in a second, third or fourth rate home, and has one-half or less advantage to have a good education.

For hundreds of years the minority races have been pushed to less desirable parts of the country, or out of the country, enslaved or just plain ignored.

Now there is a Negro in the President's cabinet. His name is Robert C. Weaver, and he is the Secretary of the Department of Urban Affairs & Housing. Many people violently disapprove, saying that Weaver hasn't the qualifications or the ability to hold office. Actually, as we all know, these accusations were only made to prevent a Negro from having anything, even in the remotest way, to do with the President in the "running of the

country." Is this fair? Who is to blame for the attitude which we, white people, take against the Negro race? It's our fault, of course, we brought the colored people to our country many years ago, we made slaves of them, keeping them from education, and when now, our fellow American citizens are again trying to emerge as an equal people, we the "superior American" are holding them back. This is not the way it should be in a country where freedom and equality are supposed to reign over all.

EMLER NEUMAN '64

## RENE FONCK

### A Biographical Sketch

The most polished aerial duelist the world has ever known was Rene Fonck, conquerer of fifty-nine German airmen in World War I.

He was never wounded and never narrowly escaped death. He never owed his safety to one of those many miracles that so frequently intervene to prolong the fighting career of the men of this most dangerous profession. Fonck's career proves that it is humanly possible to so perfect oneself that an enemy airman is at a great disadvantage from the beginning if he accepts combat.

This incredible person, as stated before, never received a wound nor did he ever permit a bullet to pierce the fabric of his aircraft. Many of the famous aces were proud that, after each encounter with the enemy, their planes were often riddled with bullets.

Fonck always believed in keeping fit, both mentally and physically. He never drank nor smoked and exercised extensively every day. He once said, "Alcohol becomes an enemy — even wine. All vices must be avoided. It is indispensable that one enter combat without fatigue, without any disquietude either moral, physical, or mental."

His fighting tactics were, unlike most of the great aces, slow, deliberate, but above all, clever. It seemed he could almost anticipate his adversary's next move. He never rushed into anything but played with his opponent, as a cat with a mouse, until he saw his chance to deliver the *coup de grace*.

This man, aside from his extraordinary fighting ability, had an extremely quick wit, a wonderful personality, and a good sense of humor, and was always a pleasure to accompany.

BOB QUAIPE '63

## WARS OF SCOTLAND

In 1290 Margaret, heiress to the throne, died. Thirteen claimants contested the crown. Edward I of England claimed the right to bestow it and make John de Baliol king. But when Edward asked John for help against the French, John entered into an alliance with France. For 260 years Scotland held to this "Auld Alliance" with England's enemy.

Edward crossed the border in 1296, took John de Baliol prisoner, and proclaimed himself king of Scotland. To symbolize the union, he carried off the ancient Stone of Scone, on which Scottish kings had long been crowned, and placed it in the throne at Westminster Abbey.

Soon after Edward returned to England, the Scots rose again. Led by William Wallace, they routed the English forces at Stirling (1297) and pursued them across the border. But the next year Edward returned and inflicted a disastrous defeat on the Scots at Falkirk. Wallace was later betrayed and captured, and the English hung his head from London Bridge.

The Scots' spirit was unbroken, and they soon found another great champion in Robert Bruce. The last great battle of the War was fought in 1314 at Bannockburn, near Stirling Castle. Then Bruce inflicted a disastrous defeat on superior English forces led by Edward II. In 1328 Edward III formally recognized Scotland's independence.

In the later Middle Ages Scotland suffered from weak kings and powerful nobles. For two centuries there was struggle between the crown and the barons. Clashes on the border also continued. James IV of Scotland married Margaret, daughter of Henry IV of England, in 1503. This marriage was to lead to the union of the crowns of both countries in 1603. But when Henry IV went to war with France, James IV invaded England. He was killed at Flodden Field, 1513. James V died brokenhearted after his army had been slaughtered at Solway Moss. The throne went to Mary Stuart.

TOMMY LONG '62

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth."

— Henrik Ibsen

## THE BANK ROBBER

My name is Reverend Richard Harrison, and I live in Malta, Montana. As the manse is rather large and there is only my wife and I, we sometimes take in boarders. At the present there is only one couple rooming here, nice people; they have decided to stay three or four days. It was Thursday night, March 20th, 1960 and I had just sat down to read the evening paper.

My interest had turned to the article about the local bank being robbed; a very well planned and executed job. It said that the bandit had put the alarm out and had broken in just after the bank had closed Wednesday night, getting away with an estimated \$15,000. This was all that was known about the robbery.

By this time I was becoming drowsy so I decided to start up stairs to bed. On the way up I passed by the room occupied by my boarders and happened to hear the woman say, loud enough for me to hear easily, something about "the money". I stopped and listened for a fraction of a second but heard no more.

"Could they possibly be referring to the stolen money," I said to myself, but then quickly dismissed the thought from my mind and went on to bed.

At one o'clock I was abruptly awakened by loud voices coming from downstairs. Once on the first floor I could not fully grasp the horror of the sight before me! For there was a policeman leading my wife out of the door and saying to the boarders, "Thank you very much for your help, but stick around, we'll need you at the trial."

HAL MILLER '63

## "BLACK"

Black is the color of the dread,  
— Dark Night

That shields the thief in his  
stealthy flight

There are the few of us who see  
no light.

We have night, the dark night,  
that haunts the blind,  
— Dark Night

RICHARD WALKER '64

## WARS OF SCOTLAND

In 1290 Margaret, heiress to the throne, died. Thirteen claimants contested the crown. Edward I of England claimed the right to bestow it and make John de Baliol king. But when Edward asked John for help against the French, John entered into an alliance with France. For 260 years Scotland held to this "Auld Alliance" with England's enemy.

Edward crossed the border in 1296, took John de Baliol prisoner, and proclaimed himself king of Scotland. To symbolize the union, he carried off the ancient Stone of Scone, on which Scottish kings had long been crowned, and placed it in the throne at Westminster Abbey.

Soon after Edward returned to England, the Scots rose again. Led by William Wallace, they routed the English forces at Stirling (1297) and pursued them across the border. But the next year Edward returned and inflicted a disastrous defeat on the Scots at Falkirk. Wallace was later betrayed and captured, and the English hung his head from London Bridge.

The Scots' spirit was unbroken, and they soon found another great champion in Robert Bruce. The last great battle of the War was fought in 1314 at Bannockburn, near Stirling Castle. Then Bruce inflicted a disastrous defeat on superior English forces led by Edward II. In 1328 Edward III formally recognized Scotland's independence.

In the later Middle Ages Scotland suffered from weak kings and powerful nobles. For two centuries there was struggle between the crown and the barons. Clashes on the border also continued. James IV of Scotland married Margaret, daughter of Henry IV of England, in 1503. This marriage was to lead to the union of the crowns of both countries in 1603. But when Henry IV went to war with France, James IV invaded England. He was killed at Flodden Field, 1513. James V died brokenhearted after his army had been slaughtered at Solway Moss. The throne went to Mary Stuart.

TOMMY LONG '62

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth."

— Henrik Ibsen

## THE HOPE OF THE UNIVERSE

One by one the pale stars overhead had twinkled fainter and gone out. One by one these lights of flame had grown fainter and died. One by one they had been replaced with dark patches of ink which now enveloped nearly every heavenly body.

This dark mass was cosmic dust, made up of countless particles of exploding stars and their satellites. The dust increased in volume and density until only one star remained to face the ever present dust.

The single planet of this lone sun harbored the only life remaining in the entire universe. On this planet, evolution had progressed until the entire population of the planet was composed of large masses of mobile gray matter. These masses possessed very great intelligence and the power of telepathy with which they could communicate.

Their astronomers had watched the onrushing dust for centuries, keeping careful track of every dying star. For years they had tried to devise a plan to check the dust, but all attempts had failed.

At last, when all seemed lost, the scientists of the planet devised a plan with which they would make a last ditch stand against the dust. For a century they labored to build a machine whose infinitely complex electrical circuits could devise a plan to stop the dust.

When, finally, all was prepared, the master circuit was closed, and the brain, which covered many square miles, and towered over the tallest structures on the planet, leapt to life. Amid blinding flashes of blue light, the inhabitants could see the segments of the brain rise and fall in infinite variations.

The hope of the universe had rested on the great brain. And the brain was insane.

GEORGE BROWN '64

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"Passion is universal humanity. Without it religion, history, romance and art would be useless."

— Honore Balzac

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe was an American poet, story writer, and literary critic. Poe said that poetry is not truth or emotion, but music. His favorite subject is death and much of it is mysterious and morbid. The height of his fame was "The Raven" and "The Gold Bug."

Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and his parents were actors. Both died when he was two and he was adopted by John Allan, hence his middle name. He attended the University of Virginia for one year and then was forced to quit because of gambling debts.

In 1827 he published his first volume of poems, "Tamerling" and Other Poems. He then entered the United States Army, and later enrolled in West Point, but was discharged for disobedience.

In 1831 he began his true literary career. He worked tirelessly, but remained poor. He lost his jobs because of excessive drinking. In 1836 he married Virginia Clemm who afforded him the brightest part of his life. After her death in 1847, his mental and physical condition grew steadily worse and finally in 1849 Edgar Allan Poe died of inflammation of the brain brought on by alcohol and drugs.

RICHARD WALKER '64

## NIGHT OF FEAR

I have never been more scared in all my life! That night I lost five years of my life. In fact, I shudder when I think about it.

It all started after the basketball game. I met some of my friends at the local drive-in. We talked for almost an hour and finally I started my five mile drive home about 11:00. Traffic wasn't heavy and by the time I was two miles from home there was only one car behind me. I didn't think about the car much until I turned off the main road and it followed. This road was seldom traveled and I wondered why that car was on this road at this hour. Then I really began to wonder — and worry. As I was thinking about my pursuer, I remembered an article in the paper about cars following people home, then stealing their money and car. Was this going to happen to me? I was terrified! I asked myself, "What should I do?" As I neared my house I noticed that I had forgotten to turn on the front light and the one in the

## THINK BEFORE YOU ACT

Recently, in The Louisville Times, there was a series of two articles about high school "social" clubs. While most of us agree that these articles were not realistic, and were written from a biased point of view, we should heed their warning. Parents and adults are up in arms about clubs and their activities. Hazing of pledges has been a subject of controversy all over the nation. At colleges, high schools, and junior highs, pledging itself is frowned upon by faculty and school officials. In some cities clubs are banned completely.

Many parents today think the purpose of a club is to organize a group of boys into a drinking, carousing mob which has no moral or intellectual strength whatsoever. It is our duty in this time of controversy over clubs to prove, once and for all, that clubs can be beneficial and pleasurable to their members, and that high school students have the intellect and maturity necessary to organize and participate in a stable high school fraternity. As a club member, every deed we do, every word we say, reflects its light, good or bad, upon our clubs.

I think we all know the advantages, scholastic and social, of being an active member of a fraternity, so I won't discuss these now.

Thus we hold the future of our clubs in our own hands. If we conduct ourselves in a mature way in public and in private, our clubs will probably be here for a long time to come. But if we allow ourselves to act as school children and do things which we may regret, our clubs may be outlawed by the city. Or, as is the case in some cities, the school board may not allow any club member to participate in school sports, serve on the student council, or participate in any other extra curricular activities.

TERRY TULLY '63

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Little is known about this man as compared with his fame and popularity. Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, about April the 23rd. Stratford-on-Avon is in Warwickshire, in the heart of England. Between his seventh and thirteenth years he attended the town's fine grammar school, studying mainly Latin. He amassed a great knowledge of hunting, fishing, dances,

garage. I asked myself, "Should I go in and take my chances or should I speed away? Then I thought, "Is that car really following me or is it coincidence?" I decided to drive around the block and see if I was being followed. I drove around the block several times but the car continued to follow. Many questions went through my terrified mind. "What should I do? What could I do? Should I try to out run him? Should I try to lose him in our small subdivision? Should I stop? Should I blow my horn and keep it blowing? Who is my mysterious pursuer?"

I then decided to speed home and run for the house, hoping that the absence of light might help me elude my pursuer as I ran for the house. I drove into the driveway, stopped the car, turned off the lights, and ran for the back door. Then about twenty five yards from the door, I tripped over a wagon and fell! Quickly a light shone on me. I started to run when a loud, rough voice yelled, "Don't move or I'll shoot!" I was paralyzed! The light was in my eyes and I could see nothing. Then I saw the silhouettes of two men come running toward me. I was sure the end was near. Then they were standing over me as I squatted on the lawn. Immediately one of them asked, "Why were you driving around this neighborhood at this hour?"

I slowly answered, "I-I was going home and since you followed me I thought that you'd steal my money and the car. Who are you?"

"We're the police and we're looking for the thieves that you thought we were. Are you okay?"

JOHN WEETER '63

## SLAVE DRIVER

To be a slave driver is my one ambition.

I can hardly wait until my initiation.

I'll make them run and make them sneak

And make them hate me all three weeks.

I'll feed them slop and make them gag

While they're wearing their burp bags.

But I guess my heart is made of straw and very soft.

After spending H-eight in a dirty hayloft.

ANDY GRISSOM '64

music, and other arts. Some of his other pastimes were astrology, folklore, medicine, and law.

In 1582, at the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway. She was seven or eight years his senior, and as tradition has it, they were not happy.

There are many theories on what he did between the years 1583 and 1592, but it is not known exactly. At 1592, Shakespeare is known to have been in London and had already acquired some recognition as an actor and playwright. Since plague in London between 1592 and 1594 kept the theaters closed most of the time, Shakespeare wrote his earliest sonnets and two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece". These poems helped greatly to establish him as a rising poet.

In 1588, James Burgage, an actor friend of Shakespeare built the famous Globe theater. Shakespeare owned a share of this theater, and it was the source of most of his subsequent wealth.

In the years that followed he acquired a coat of arms, which helped bring his name higher in the literary world. He wrote famous plays such as "Romeo and Juliet", "The Merchant of Venice", "The Taming of the Shrew", "Julius Caesar", "Twelfth Night", and "Hamlet", during this time of his life. However, in 1602 the Queen died and his theatrical company was under the patronage of the new King.

In 1607, in his early forties, he suffered a serious physical breakdown. In 1610 he retired to his home, but was still extremely popular. It was a great loss to him in 1613, when the great Globe theater burned. He died at the age of 52 on April 23, 1616.

WERNER GRIEB '62

## THE LYNCH MOB

We'll catch him! If it takes months we'll catch him! How can a man go so low as to kill his own daughter? I suppose he doesn't want a disabled child to mar the family name, so he kills her. Hanging is too good for a man who will do a thing such as this! I can also see vengeance in the eyes of my companions and I am almost ashamed at the terrible hatred in my own heart. For this situation is really quite sad. The man must be mad! Still, this does not begin to excuse him of the vicious crime he committed — a crime for which he will hang!

CHARLES D. FETTER, JR '63

## ALARM CLOCKS

In our day and time man's life is run on a schedule. To govern his many operations and functions he has invented an ingenious device known as the alarm clock. Its duty is to inform its owner of his next obligation.

To us, meaning those who attend high school, it is a more familiar figure in the wee hours of the morning as we break our fast.

Basically the alarm clock comes in three or four functional types. The first is the tinkler, as I shall call it. Usually this type of alarm clock is small and very feminine and obviously found in the room of the female of the human cortate. When the time arrives for it to operate it tinkles, very softly, much like a fingernail tapping good crystal glass, awaking its mistress in the fashion of a Hollywood movie set.

For those of you who own the next type of alarm clock, more power to you. The radio-clock is in wide use today, for what reason I don't know. In this area it is usually tuned to WAKY and wakes its owner with a fine old tune like "Foot Stompin' Time", and sends him off to school blurry-eyed and with a strange twitching sensation.

The third type, which I believe most frequents the sleeping quarters, is the clanging, buzzing type. After only a few short hours of sleep the mechanical monster bursts forth with a crescendo of clangs and buzzes which sounds to the sleeper like the entire army of Northern Manchuria is marching through his room.

More popular or shall I say most used among the teenage scholars is the human alarm clock, "the mother". In the crepuscular hours of the morning her gentle voice breaks the stillness with a scream that can be heard throughout the house. "Get up it's seven o'clock, you'll miss your bus!" This type of alarm seems to acquire the best results.

CHUCK BURTON '62

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"For the artist, life is always a discipline, and no discipline can be without pain."

—Havelock Ellis

thing to sell and don't reach the set quota, you have to pay the rest from your own money.

A club starts many bad habits. If there are people in your club who smoke or drink, a person will try it out to see what it's like and eventually will pick up the habit.

After much study of both arguments I feel that social clubs are beneficial to their members, but are of no value to people who are not members.

WARNER MAXWELL

## Some humorous thoughts on THE GLORY THAT WAS ROME

Anyone who thinks that the Romans were over-indulged barbarians should study Latin and see what they had to remember just to say their own names. Latin is a dense forest of declensions, conjugations and cases that even confuse us in this enlightened age. Due to Rome's extensive conquests, Latin spread through all the known world and became the basis for the modern Romance languages . . . In my opinion, these languages are as empty of romance as a paper bag blowing in the wind.

Many of the great orators of the world were Romans. One of these was Caesar, whose last words are his most famous. "Et tu Brute!" Brute, a very large St. Bernard, was Caesar's bodyguard. He hadn't eaten lately and was offered only two dog biscuits for dinner. As a result of Brute's hunger and Caesar's stinginess, Caesar was killed by his starving dog.

Cicero was another Roman statesman noted for his rhetoric. He is said to have raised the vulgar, piggish and common Latin to a graceful, flowing language of the arts. Not all people in Rome could speak this beautiful new language so they returned to the old Pig Latin, which is still with us today.

Most of a Roman's time was taken up in feasting, drinking, and in attending the local orgies and celebrations. For the masses, gladiators and charioteers fought and raced in the arenas. One of the most famous characters, Ben Hur, won an Oscar for his performance. For more expensive tastes like that of a lazier emperor, Nero, you could turn Rome to the ground. Of course

## ARE SOCIAL CLUBS BENEFICIAL?

A question of increasing concern is, "Are Social Clubs Beneficial?" Each year more and more people become involved with social clubs.

The club introduces you to many people from other schools. Members are taken from several schools even though its membership is usually confined to one area.

The club gives a person the feeling of belonging. Everyone wants to be "in" or accepted. When a person belongs to a club, he knows that he is liked by somebody or he wouldn't have been asked to join.

A club gives you an opportunity to learn about and how to use parliamentary procedure. The only other way you would have to learn about parliamentary procedure is to read about it.

A club teaches a person to cooperate. If a person doesn't work with the other people in his club, the club will lose money and never get anything done.

A club gives a person a way to spend his leisure time. For a person not involved in athletics, a club affords the opportunity to use idle time constructively.

A club makes a person work for something. If a person really believes in his club, he will work for it, work not being a characteristic of the younger generation.

A club helps charitable organizations. Every club tries to do something for a worthy organization at least once every year.

A club also promotes brotherhood, something which can't really be described.

A club leaves many people out. There are plenty of clubs but not enough to go around. Each separate club has its own standards and takes only their type of people.

A club makes a person feel superior. A person begins to think that he is a better fellow than someone who isn't in a club.

A club takes too much time from studies. If a club is working on a special project in order to meet a deadline on time, the members have to spend much of their study time on the project.

A club costs too much money. Every club has dues, initiation fees and fines, but when you are given a certain amount of some-

this type of entertainment was quite expensive and never went over too well with the other inhabitants of the city.

The original founders of Rome were Romulus and Remus, two orphan brothers who are said to have been raised by a wolf. Maybe that is the reason why Rome managed to wolf down the whole world so easily in later times. In Africa, Carthage was one of Rome's main rivals. They were defeated three times and after the third, their city was leveled to the ground and salt was poured over the soil to make it infertile. I think the Romans went too far when they salted the north of Africa and formed the vast arid region now called the Sahara Desert.

After many other wars the world was finally conquered and Rome took time to look back at itself. This proved a rather repulsive sight and the civil wars began, a series of violent internal affairs (featuring Spartacus (Kirk Douglas), Pompey (not to be confused with the volcano, Pompeii), Caesar (before his tragic death), and Octavian. Many months of the year were also renamed during this period: August for Augustus, July for Julius, and December for Santa Claus.

After this period of discord came one of comparative peace and then the slow decline began. This decline is contributed mainly to the barbarian hordes, a slight disturbance in Judea, a grape crop failure in Northern Italy, inflation of the sesterce, immoral conduct at the festivals, too much wine, and arrogant emperors.

The Christians and the barbarians were the main ethnic group who finally cracked the vast shell of the Roman Empire. In poured the heathens and vandals who smashed utterly the greatest empire the world had ever known. A small portion of it survived in Constantinople, but the glory that was Rome is gone forever. As one Roman poet said during one of his dog days, "Sic transit gloria mundi", or in plain old English, so passes the glory of the world.

NILES SCHOENING '63

## MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

When I am grown and earning money,  
I'll settle down with a sweet honey.  
I'll tell her 'bout my high school days,  
When I was mostly in a daze,  
But most of all, I will recall  
The days spent pledging for you all.

JON SIEGRIST '64



## THE COACHMAN

When an intelligent, comely girl of twenty years was invited for the first time to the Carolina estate of some distant relatives, their lovely plantation fulfilled her fondest expectations. She was given a room in the west wing, and prepared to retire for the night in a glow of satisfaction, her room was drenched with the light of a full moon.

Just as she was climbing in her bed, she was startled by the sound of horses' hooves on the gravel road. Curious, she walked to the window and saw a magnificent old coach pull up to an abrupt stop directly below her. The coachman jumped from his perch, looked up and pointed a long, bony finger at her. He was hideous. His face was chalk white and a deep scar ran the length of his left cheek. His nose was beaked. As he pointed at her, he said, "There is room for one more!" Then, as she recoiled in terror, the coach, the horses and the coachman disappeared completely.

The girl slept a little, but the next day she was able to convince herself that she had merely a nightmare.

The next night, however, the horrible experience was repeated. The same coach drove up the road. The same coachman pointed at her and said, "There is room for one more!" Then, as before, they completely disappeared.

The girl, now panic-stricken, could hardly wait for morning. She made up some excuse to her host and left for home.

Upon arrival, she went to her doctor and told him her story. The doctor persuaded her that she had been the victim of a particular hallucination, laughed at her terror and dismissed her in a state of relief. As she rang for the elevator, its door swung open before her.

The elevator was very crowded, but she was about to squeeze her way inside — when a familiar voice rang in her ear. "There is room for one more!" It called. In terror, she stared at the operator. He was the coachman who had pointed at her! She saw his chalk-white face, the scar on his cheek, the beaked nose! She drew back and screamed . . . the elevator door banged shut.

A moment later the building shook with a terrific crash. The elevator that had gone on without her broke loose from its cables and plunged eighteen stories to the ground!

JAY ANDREWS '62

beauty of a wonderful spring day! I think, perhaps, I might find this to be truly the greatest show on earth, and that it is here for the taking by every human being. This night I shall spend at the theatre, watching a light and happy musical, perhaps "Oklahoma" or "South Pacific". I shall retire again with a feeling of enlightenment towards my fellow man.

### Third Day

Again this morning I shall rise early and observe the sun as it climbs across the sky. I think I shall feel a little sad as this will be my last chance to watch old man Sol in his full glory, but I believe this will change to anxiousness towards the ensuing day. Being a sports-minded fellow I should like to attend a baseball game in the morning and observe Americans at their best. In the afternoon I shall again visit the park on my way to the Smithsonian Institute. On this my last night of sight I should like to journey down the mighty Mississippi River to the big and beautiful city of New Orleans. Here, in the French Quarter with its rustic old 18th Century houses and beautiful old courtyards, I shall like to see and hear the lovely strains of an old-time jazz trumpet player, and observe the gaiety and laughter of the people as they dance in the streets to his rhythmic music, the real music of America. I should then retire knowing that I shall never see these things again, yet happy in the knowledge that I shall hold in my heart the memories of the people of America at their very best.

I should never forget the sight of a sunrise or the pictorial beauty of the stars. All these things I shall take with me back into my world of darkness, but now for me there would be a small light of hope and wonderment for the event which I observed.

CARSON PORTER

## WIND

The wild, whipping wind of winter  
Whistles through the leafless willows.  
Desolate, moaning through the tree tops,  
No hint here of spring's cool rain,  
Nor of springs soft, soothing breezes,  
No foretaste of summer's shade.  
Only the dreary drafts of winter  
Drives through the dark desolation.

JOHN WEETER '63

## THREE DAYS TO SEE

To me, a life of blindness would be a life of fear: a fear of everyday happenings, a fear of meeting different characters and the haunting fear of knowing that I would never see. All these fears would plague me even worse than communism threatens a democracy, or the sight of the mentally retarded sickens the soul of the well being, or the thought of desperate sinners irks the mind of all righteous men.

Being suddenly stricken blind would leave me with a thought of complete annihilation. It would eat away at my mind until I should find myself either completely insane or merely existing as if I were dead. Yes, I think I can describe blindness in one small phrase: "a living death".

Yet, for a moment, let us assume that I have been blind all my life, and by the goodness of the strange cosmos of the universe I am to be granted three full days of sight. There is one ultimate question which would be blurted out almost immediately and that is: "What should I like to see?" For a human being to answer this question promptly would be quite impossible, and no other human should expect a direct reply. On the contrary, I should contemplate quite a while and weigh each thought carefully in order to select the most important things and fit them into a tight schedule for all of my waking hours. After much deliberation I believe these are the things I should wish to observe:

### First Day

On the very first day I shall rise very early and test my new gift on the sunrise. In this brief moment I will try to observe the fullness of beauty as the sun shines pink across the dark horizon, and how it ascends across the sky until later in the day it will reach its full maturity as a bright orange sphere. I shall then have an audience with as many of my faithful friends as I can possibly contact, looking deep into each friendly face which I have never seen until now. I shall end the day by gazing for a long while at the heavens which encompass our own wonderful earth. Then I shall retire, but not to sleep, for I could not possibly doze under my great weight of happiness.

### Second Day

On the second morning I shall again rise at an early hour in order to repeat my vigil of watching the sunrise. I shall spend the day in the park with nature and observe the quiet, soft

## PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO HANG

There are three types of people I would like to forget. Everybody is one of these types of people during his or her lifetime but they aren't these types all of the time.

The first of these types is the overly friendly person. No matter what you're doing, where you are, or who you are with, this type always manages to appear from nowhere, grab your hand, and pound you on the back for a rather long time — or so it seems.

The second of these types is the teacher brown noser. He's always ahead of the class, but can't seem to understand what he's doing. He always has questions that only a teacher would know, like, "What's one plus one?" He always laughs the hardest at the teacher's corny jokes, too.

The third of these types is the leech. He follows you around as though he were a vulture and you were his next meal. No matter where you go he's right behind you.

These are a few of the dominant characteristics of the human race that I don't like, but we can't be perfect, so they say.

WARNER MAXWELL

## TODAY

Today is here and ours to use  
Tomorrow may not be;  
And at the present we should choose  
To use our energy.

The opportunity we hold  
Within our hands today  
May prove to be the priceless mold  
To shape the future's way.

Today is still the only time  
In which to do our work,  
And all through our youthful prime  
Our tasks we should not shirk.

BOB GRAVES '64

## TO BE

All around me there are staring faces, funny looks, and different people.

I can't remember who I am or what exactly happened. All I know is that I want to be somewhere away from all these faces.

I cannot move my arms, nor my legs. It seems as though everything is paralyzed and I am lost.

Something faint remains in my mind; red lights, sirens, people screaming, yelling, running, and scared, I can hear someone saying, "Help." And now Dear God, now it all comes back a little more clearly, a car coming fast and angry and my son, a boy of five, saying, "Daddy, help me!"

Now I can remember where I am. I am lying here full of drugs on this bed. I have been lying here for two months, not a word have I said and I won't say anything, not until my son is back, because do you know what it is to be a murderer?

BILL CLAY '63

## BASKETBALL

Basketball is a strange game;

It's played with a little round ball.

Ten tall boys just chase it around.

In the middle of a great big hall.

Sixteen minutes of run, shoot, run,

And half of the game is in the books.

Then some well chosen words from the coach.

And also a few dirty looks.

Then back to the floor; sixteen minutes more

Of the same tiring run, shoot, run,

And you give all you've got

Whether you've got it or not.

From the tip to the final gun,

Yes, basketball is a strange game;

It keeps the boys on the run.

But they wouldn't be there at all.

If it wasn't also fun.

GEORGE SCHNEIDER '63

## INJUSTICE

Why are they chasing me? Can't they understand that I had to kill her? After the fire she was of no use to anyone; not even to herself. I couldn't let her go through life as a nothing but the object of pity! After all, she was my little girl, wasn't she? Somebody had to spare her this. But no, I suppose they don't understand. They think I'm mad! Well, maybe I am. But now at least I will be the one to suffer, and my daughter can rest safely away from the cruel world.

## MY MOTHER

She fixes my meals.

She makes my bed, and never does complain.

She bandages up my cuts and wounds,

And suffers all the pain.

She darns my socks.

She mends my clothes.

She likes everyone she meets

Whether they be friends or foes.

She sews all night

And cleans all day;

She does everything you ask

And never asks for pay.

She helps me with my homework.

She's really pretty bright;

She stays up with me 'til I'm finished

And turns out every light.

She drives me where I want to go.

Like the family taxi cab.

She lets me go out on a date

And always takes the tabs.

She's the kindest person on the earth.

For loyalty there is no other.

She's the most lovable person I know.

She's my dear, sweet Mother.

KENNY MEYER '67

## A WONDERFUL PLACE TO BE

Between forty and sixty feet down the sun's rays filter into the exotic colors of blue and green. You float weightlessly, for the water has taken the pressure off your body all around.

The reefs seem to be ablaze in places with the many clusters of fire corals.

The panorama is a dulled mixture of colors all blended into a sort of wonderland. Different species of tiny tropical reef fish swim all around; unafraid, for the waters about you are virgin. You do not wish to harm anyone of these creatures, for it would take away from the harmony of this paradise. You will remain in this untroubled fantasy for another hour or so, forgetting worries and problems in today's rat race. When you emerge from this subterranean world you will have regained faith in yourself, and you will somehow know that your biggest problems are so likeable.

BILL CLAY '63

## CLUBS

A club can be thought of as a weapon like a bludgeon. Such a weapon can have many uses. It can be hung on the wall as a useless ornament. It can be carried as a means of defense. It can be swung against forces that need to be put down. It can be used as a means of destruction. Or it can be used as a force to promote the common good.

Clubs can be thought of as a group of people joined in a common interest. Such clubs can also have similar uses.

A club can be merely a name, aimless and useless. It can be a group of the selfish and self-centered. It can be a gang, scoffing at good, obstructing progress and creating terror. Or it can be a credit to itself in promoting understanding, opposing forces which degrade or destroy and advancing ideals which promote the common good.

Clubs and their members are known by their actions or their lack of actions.

LET'S AIM HIGH.

MIKE KERN '63

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She drives me where I want to go.

Like the family taxi cab.

She lets me go out on a date

And always takes the tabs.

She's the kindest person on the earth.

For loyalty there is no other.

She's the most lovable person I know.

She's my dear, sweet Mother.

KENNY MEYER '67

## A SMALL VIEW OF LIFE

As I look out from my comfortable little hole in the baseboard, I see a room filled with many huge creatures. They don't seem very dangerous for all they do is sit and move funny colored sticks across pieces of paper. But one of them stands on her hind legs and talks all the time. She must be the leader for she has a much wiser expression than the rest. I can see that these must be strange creatures indeed, for instead of having beautiful grey fur like mine, they have very bright fur of all colors which doesn't seem to be very practical while hiding from a cat. This great world seems so big and confusing that I think I will just stay in my little hole and watch.

CHARLES D. FETTER, JR.

## "REMINDS ME OF?"

S You know whose **SLAVE**.

I **IDIOTIC** things I have to do.

G **GIRLS** none — Boy! do I crave?

M **MY JOB** — shining **MRS**' shoe.

A **ALL** for **SIGMA** — not Nu.

L **LIVE** bunch of Brothers all.

I **INTO** this group I'm glad to be.

T **TIME** every week for twenty three calls.

E **ENTERING** into all the fun, that's me.

R **RAISING** hell every morn and nite.

A **ALWAYS** — Yes Sir!! No Sir!! Mr? Yes?

R **RUNNING**, Racing — Man what a sight!

Y **YEARNING** for — peace and rest.

S **SLEEP** — for which I've had none.

O **OVER** — it will be on the Seventeenth.

C **CRAZY** Man, Let's all get one!!!

I **INTO** all this pledging up to teeth.

E **EVERYONE** will have a blast.

T **TO** all let's **Twist** along fast.

Y **YOU** know "Mr.", I'm a **SIGMA** at last.

EMILER NEUMAN '64

## A FIT OF DEPRESSION

Oh God! I feel like I'm falling down a never-ending abyss.  
Nothing to look forward to. Nothing to look back on. Where  
have I been? Where am I going? Does she love me? Does she  
hate me? Oh God! I'm too tired to commit suicide. No! That  
would be the easy way out. It was decreed my fate to be born,  
to live on in this hell. What next? Insanity, maybe? Oh God!  
I hope so!

C. O. BRUCE, III '63

## COUNCIL TO MEMBERS

Gather ye pledges while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And this same pledge that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious pledge, so low  
The lower he's a-getting  
The sooner will his race be run  
And nearer he's to sitting.

That pledge is best which is the first  
When tail and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, the worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

TOM DAWSON '64

## THE LURE

There's a lazy feeling and warming air,  
In office and store and street;  
There's a longing for shores where the winds are fair,  
And cooling sands for the feet.  
There's the swish of oars and the splash of waves,  
The sound of a distant call;  
There's the moving grass and the cool dark caves,  
And the blue that covers all.  
And as I look from my window high,  
And watch the earth so gay,  
There comes from my happy heart a rising sigh,  
I want to go fishing today!

STITH BENNET '64

## A SIGMA PLEDGE

He's very stupid,  
And not very strong;  
And — according to the members —  
He's nearly always wrong  
He's the lowest thing  
To the universe's edge!  
Yes, my friends,  
He's a Sigma pledge.

He's the scum of the earth;  
The slime of the sea;  
And his beard's as peckly  
As an old pine tree.  
His hair stands out  
Like an overgrown hedge;  
Right again  
He's a Sigma pledge.

On Saturday night  
When the moon is high,  
Out of the woods  
Comes a mournful cry;  
And the stars' bright light  
Pieces dark like a wedge;  
Only suffering like this,  
Knows the Sigma pledge.

But when H-night's over,  
And the ordeal's through,  
They can be proud  
That they made it, too.  
And they will say with pride  
As they put on their pin,  
"We've pledged no more;  
At last, we're in!"

BOB WALKER '64

## WORDS TO LIVE BY

"One of the strongest characteristics of genius is the power of  
fighting its own fire."

—John Foster

## THE STEREOTYPE

Conformity is a wonderful thing. I don't have to worry about  
the clothes I wear. How does everyone else dress? The Ivy look,  
of course. I've got Weejuns, Bass. I'm never seen without my  
button-down collar, never. My friends drink. I do, too. I really  
shouldn't. I get sick everytime I do, but why shouldn't I? After all,  
everyone else does. I don't have to bother about setting my own  
standards of behavior. The crowd does for me. All I have to do is  
follow along. I smoke. It's even gotten to be a habit with me.  
The thought of dying from lung cancer doesn't even shake me  
anymore. My thanks to the crowd for introducing me to a de-  
lightful habit. It's great not having any mind of my own. My only  
concern is that dying ember of independence that blazes into life  
occasionally.

Self respect? Ha! I don't have any.

C. O. BRUCE, III '63

## GOD CREATED MAN

God created a Man to live, to love and to  
search for the answers to his questions:

God gave a Man a soul to judge his world  
spiritually as well as intellectually.

God then created another Man, for He realized  
companionship was essential to the existence of Man;

Man was created to do good; He has done good,  
not only for himself but also for His fellow Men.

But we must keep in mind that Man has not  
always invested His knowledge in constructive things.

And eventually — Man will destroy Himself  
through His tendency to control others of His Kind.

BOB KILIJIAN '62

## WORDS TO LIVE BY

"The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors;  
great actions are their eloquence."

—Lord Macaulay

## GIRLS

A girl is something both evil and good,  
Much too complicated to be understood,  
When she's out to get that "certain boy,"  
There's not a method she won't employ.

She tells him she hates him, she hits him with rocks,  
But if he starts to leave, she'll chase him for blocks.  
If he ask her out, she simply goes wild,  
But acts so cool, so calm, so mild.

A girl is shy, afraid of a mouse,  
But when after a boy she's big as a house,  
One minute she's hateful, the next she's kind,  
A girl just can't make up her mind.

She causes a boy to worry a lot,  
She gets his stomach tied up in a knot  
She thinks it's funny to get him shook up,  
But if it happens to her, she cries like a pup.

She always has lipstick, rouge, and the like,  
She has to look nice for Tom, Bill, or Mike.  
She sits there in class with mirror in hand,  
All this rot, I just can't understand.

A girl is moody, Man, how dare,  
You never know just what she'll do,  
One minute she hits you with her purse,  
Then she'll turn around and be your nurse.

These are some bad things; some that are some good,  
I tried to find them, but I never could,  
They often make me mad, it's true,  
But, Man, without them what would we do.

GEORGE BROWN '64

## WORDS TO LIVE BY

"You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to  
fight for freedom and truth."

—Henrik Ibsen

H-NIGHT

There were some young men of dubious distinction,  
Who feared they'd achieve a quick extinction,  
While they tolled for days, unshaven . . .  
By the members' wishes enslaved . . .  
The great of Sigma plotted all,  
For that last big night, the maul.

On H-Night the pledges lined up in a row,  
And shivered with pain at each blow,  
Throughout it all they felt like cursing,  
But the pain throbbing their bodies was searching,  
For that quality like a burning ember,  
That makes a Sigma member.

STITH BENNETT '64

WORDS TO LIVE BY

"The employer generally gets the employees he deserves."  
— Sir Walter Gilbey

"Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."  
— Ralph W. Emerson

"The value of a sentiment is the amount of sacrifice you are  
prepared to make for it."  
— John Galsworthy

"There has never been any country at every moment so virtuous  
and so wise that it has not sometimes needed to be saved from  
itself." — Havelock Ellis

"Shame is an ornament to the young; a disgrace to the old."  
— Aristotle

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and  
writing an exact man."  
— Francis Bacon

"Whatever you would make habitual, practice it; and if you  
would not make a thing habitual, do not practice it."  
— Epictetus

"If a man is worth knowing at all, he is worth knowing well."  
— Alexander Smith

Alumni



SIGMA Gives Scholarship to Crippled Children

The Sigma Literary Society gave a three week scholarship of  
day camping for one physically handicapped child this summer.

We feel that it's our civic duty to help those less fortunate than us.

We also hope that in the future other organizations will give of  
their funds to help the "Kentucky Society for Crippled Children."

Support the wonderful job it is doing to fight crippling diseases.

YOUR COPY HAS REQUESTED BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY WILL BE FURNISHED FREE WITHIN 10 BUSINESS DAYS.

REFLECTIONS BEFORE DAWN

Frank Howe, '60

The beautiful early morn, cool and dark,  
Is kissed by soft breezes, and cradled by  
The gently creeping mist. The world is  
Sleeping, but I am awake and thinking.  
Now all is motionless — still and quiet.  
All cares and problems dissolve into the  
Intangible and omnipresent blackness.  
This is the time of peace and silence.  
Soon the loud and clumsy stagehands  
Of dawn will strike this beautiful stage.  
The drowsy world will grumble, yawn, and  
Awake to another sunny yet sunless day.  
Transient beauty and serenity must be  
Violated as once more man's fruitless  
Struggle for love, peace and happiness  
Begins. All that is good is lost at dawn.



## FRATERNITY AND BROTHERHOOD

ANDY DIXON

The "American Way" is to live in harmony with our fellow citizens. Brotherhood, the ideal of every American, is displayed by organizations promoting the education and fellowship for the outsider.

Our American society leaves room for fraternity and brotherhood. We are constantly in need of good relations with our fellow man. Fraternity takes form in the college fraternities, high school athletic clubs, and girls' social clubs. These organizations provide meeting places where men and women can gather in fellowship. This meeting place may be elaborate or simple. It is obvious that the plushness of the facilities is not the important thing. The simplest, most humble gathering has produced the age's finest men. The thought atmosphere and the proper thinking trend are the essential factors.

Fraternity and brotherhood will promote sound thinking if the people involved are sincere. Individuals will develop the power to think for themselves and to base their decisions on sound thinking. One of the most important assets to a man's ability to reason and decide for himself is his interpretation of the Bible, and his adapting it to his own life.

Together people can make the interpretation and criticisms in the presence of his fellow brothers. Likewise, new facts and problems can be discussed with more success in a group.

The beliefs that a organization hold regarding the togetherness of its members explains the ideology of fraternity and brotherhood. Most of the distinctive clusters of people who bind themselves with a name have a code and a motto which they live by. It is very essential that all the people in the group believe in its principles and ideals. Certainly the one-hundred per cent belief in togetherness for the group is compulsory.

The individual must be continually contributing to the beliefs of the organization in the same way he explains these beliefs to the outsider. This is necessary if the band of beliefs, and the people who represents that band, are to succeed.

The beneficial elements of brotherhood and fraternity are clearly visible. Clubs and societies offer the chosen outsider fellowship and usually recreation. The better organized the club, the better its facilities are for fellowship. The members can jointly decide

on "rushing" procedures, that is, the planned gathering for benefit of potential members.

Fellowship can be educational. For example, science clubs sponsor informative programs for their members and science exhibits for the public. Entertainment is another important phase of fellowship. In most organizations recreation is the basic entertainment. Recreations vary and are most satisfactory if kept simple, so that the entire group may participate.

In the colleges of today, the fraternities and sororities offer great opportunity for a young couple to meet, and, in the proper time, to be married. The best opportunities for companionship of this sort are found when the activity has been planned and simplified. Recreative events and mild social parties are the best.

All well-assembled gatherings have the power to reason and decide. They must start with parliamentary procedure, or a well-planned discussion to carry on business. It is the obligation of the chairman to divide the group to do the special planning for the over-all body. If these steps are followed, we then have a group that is properly organized to reason their problems through. The planning stages of special programs educate the members to become sound thinkers and good leaders. The special programs, consequently, educate the public to a certain degree.

The results of true fraternity and brotherhood will properly mold the organization. The meetings will become more effective, and more business will be settled in less time. Eventually, the public will see the fine works of this gathering, and will praise and encourage it. The personal outcome is a gain in stature. A man who has experienced fraternity with his fellow man has gained in wisdom, and he has developed his character.

Brotherhood and fraternity helps a man face his moral obligations to himself and to the opposite sex, who is his newly-met companion for marriage.

It is not necessary that a gathering be formal or named. The ladies' bridge club and the Thursday night poker club are examples of informal fellowship. These people display brotherhood and fraternity in one of its nicest forms.

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"The reason birds can fly and we can't is simply that they have perfect faith, for to have faith is to have wings."  
— James M. Barrie

## THE LITERARY LEAGUE

The high school Literary League, an organization of five so-called "Literary Societies and Associations," is a prominent figure in high schools of the Eastern Louisville and Jefferson County. The membership of these organizations is composed of perhaps the finest and most capable members of the high school society and is a major leader in the high school social community. These organizations exude the support of literary awareness, proper social protocol, and the niceties of life. They lead one to believe that only by belonging may a boy reach the height of social prestige and leadership. Their well-rounded athletic programs provide outlets for accumulated energy and emotional upheaval. All these things are what we are led to believe. This is the propaganda of the member organizations.

However, what really constitutes the Literary League? What is its purpose and that of its member organizations, the five high and mighty Literary clubs? Let us take a closer look; A look from the inside.

The major revelation is that the Literary League is a cancerous growth destroying the heart of the high school social system. It may be true that the members are leaders and popular young men. It may also be true that constitutionally these clubs are actually what might be termed literary organizations. But in reality, the entire program seems to have bogged down into a large caustic sore. The so-called literary reports are few and far between, if there are any at all. The cultural level is approximately equal to that of a farm village. The social refinement can be readily compared to that of the white trash and black scum of any slum area. There are many members of these organizations who might be placed at the same level of a novice member of Alcoholics Anonymous. The many drunken orgies that take place are evidence of this social refinement, as it is called, and appear favorably similar to the sort of free love parties held in the height of the Roman Empire.

The members of said clubs have put naturally themselves in the position of God and, unlike the latter, are continually fighting and bickering among themselves with intent to stab one another in the back, to coin a figure of speech. There is absolutely no basis for cooperation in the League itself, nor has there ever been any attempt to arrive at cooperation. The member clubs are not bound by a code of rules or a constitution, they have no planning whatsoever, nor do they attempt to justify their existence. The entire organization ambles idly on through time with no historical

precedents set on history made in itself. In other words, the Literary League is non-justifiable and might as well be non-existent.

It seems that the League was originally conceived in order to facilitate the organization of athletic contests in the major sports among the then five Literary clubs; Athenaeum, Dignitas, Halleck, Delphic, and Chevalier. Later, along came Fidelity and now Sigma, and in the meantime Halleck ceased to exist as an active organization. The League attempted to prevent the organization and acceptance of Fidelity and is now trying to do the same with Sigma, although it lost the first battle and is in the process of losing the ever-present one with Sigma, which has been fought for some ten years. But what responsibilities should the League assume at the present time to insure against the ever-present menace of total prostitution from within and without? This is hard to answer, but here are a few suggestions.

The time is ripe for total cooperation from all the now member organizations. That is, the League should organize into what would be a strong central governing organization to which all Literary clubs would be bound. With the proper support of the some two hundred members of the clubs, such an organization could govern successfully any and all situations which might arise. This might be comparable to an interfraternity council on a college campus.

It is a sad state of affairs when a prominent club, such as Halleck once was, is allowed to fold because of the stupidity of the Literary League and the members of Halleck itself. Why doesn't the League attempt to re-organize Halleck?

Another possible activity is a large spring or winter dance, formal of course, given by the League itself, rather than the individual clubs. With all of the man-power that could be banded together for such an event, a major orchestra or band could easily be afforded and profits be divided evenly among the participating organizations.

Pledging activities and rushing could be regulated, and should be, for certainly pledging has reached a low state of sadism. Overall rules with provisions for retaining traditional pledging activities developed by the individual clubs should be adopted and adhered to.

These are just a few suggestions. There can be many more. But the whole question seems to be whether the Literary League will allow itself to be degraded by the cesspool of filth within itself today, or whether it will attempt and succeed in developing a good program of social and literary leadership in the high school community where all concerned will be satisfied. The past looks on, the future awaits, and only time will tell.



ROBERT BAKER  
University of Washington



JOHN LEWIS  
U. of L. Speed School  
National Merit Scholarship



DAVID KREMER  
U. of L. Medical School

ALUMNI NOTES

- Frank Hawk '60* Frank, our president and editor in 1960, is a sophomore at the University of Louisville. He is a member of Delta Upsilon Fraternity, active in the Student Senate, A.F.R.O.T.C., and the Cardinal, U of L's newspaper.
- Carl Ellsworth '60* "Smellworth," our corresponding secretary in 1960, is a sophomore at Georgia Tech. He is a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.
- Don McKay '60* Don is now a sophomore at Vanderbilt University. He is a member of Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.
- Bob Baker '60* Bob, veep in 1960, is now married and living with his wife in Washington, D.C. Bob and Mrs. Baker are attending American University.
- Dick Drummond '61* Dick, 1961's president, is a freshman at the U. of L. Speed Scientific School. He is treasurer of his Delta Upsilon pledge class.
- Andy Dixon '61* Andy, our chaplain and historian in 1960, is now a freshman at the University of Louisville. Andy is a Lambda Chi Alpha pledge. He and his wife Shelby Jo are now the proud parents of a fine youngster.
- Chuck Robinson '59* Chuck, 1959's veep, is a junior at the University of Louisville. He is a member of Phi Kappa Tau.
- Brooks Pinner '58* "Pins" is a senior at Centre College. He has recently been elected president of Sigma Chi Fraternity there.
- Richard and Robert Pfeiffer '58* The Pfeiffer twins are seniors at Duke University where they belong to Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. Rob was president and Rich was veep in 1958.
- Jim Sturall '57* Jim, who was president in 1957, is now attending the Yale University School of Medicine.
- Walter Kaeg '55* Walter is now working on his Doctorate in ancient history and teaching several courses at Harvard University.
- Bob Rapp '58* Our 1958 treasurer is a senior at the University of Kentucky. Bob is a member of Phi Sigma Kappa. Bob, with the help of his wife Joan, will enter Pharmacy School in the fall.



DON MCKAY  
Vanderbilt



JIM MAY  
U. of K.

ALUMNI AND OLD GRADS

- Bill Eble '57* Bill is a junior at U of L, and a member of Kappa Alpha Fraternity.
- Jim Sturall '57* Our president in 1957 is now a junior pre-medical student at Yale University.
- Reed Niden '59* Reed, who was president in 1958 is a sophomore at U of L, and is a Lambda Chi Alpha pledge.
- Carl England '59* Carl, president in 1959, is serving with the United States Air Force at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas.
- Terry Trowan '59* "Trowan" is attending U of K, and is pledged to Kappa Alpha Fraternity.
- Earl Gray '59* Earl is a sophomore at Emory University. He is a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.
- George Dyer '59* George, Sigma's veep in 1958, is a pre-medical student at William and Mary College.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

- "You can tell the character of every man when you see how he receives praise."  
— Seneca
- "There is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his."  
— Helen Keller
- "God brings men into deep waters, not to drown them, but to cleanse them."  
— Aughey
- "Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."  
— Carlyle
- "Those whose conduct gives room for talk are always the first to attack their neighbors."

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

# SNAP SHOTS



Our Leader.



Geese naps during meeting.



Which is the worst?



Before McClure's Prohibition Rule.



Where's Long?

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



Why says Lenz is storg?



An attentive group.



"Shine those shoes boy."



Waiting for their execution.



Having a fit.



Back in the old days.



Brown has an idea.



Sigma's Kingston Trio.

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



An interesting date.



"Assume the position boy."



George stacks the deck.



"It's Seven-Up, Rick, Honest!"



President and Veep leave meeting.



"Hey, She ain't bad fellows."



Hollywood Clay.

# Jokes

Movie critic reports: That he saw an off-beat Italian movie the other night. Seems the hero had a job and the heroine was flat-chested.

Then there was the pretty but not bright young thing who almost ruined herself before she realized that the doctor hadn't prescribed "three males a day."

Baby Bear looked down at his bowl and said, "Someone has been eating my porridge and it's all gone."

Papa Bear looked down at his bowl and said, "Someone has been eating my porridge and it's all gone."

Momma Bear stuck her head out of the kitchen and said, "Bitch, bitch, bitch, I haven't even made the damn stuff yet!"

"There are more important things in life than money, but they won't go out with you if you're broke."

Irate father: "Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?"

Dubious youth: Now that I've seen her in the daylight I sort of wonder myself.

A certain Eastern High student sent a sample of his homemade brew to the chemistry department to be analyzed. A few days later he received a report from the lab.

"DEAR SIR: YOUR HORSE HAS DIABETES."

"Ah wins"  
 "What you got?"  
 "Three eights and a pair of Kings."  
 "No you don't, Ah wins."  
 "What you got?"  
 "Three sevens and a razor."  
 "You sho do. How come you is so lucky?"

Then there is the problem of the World Series. The tradition of the very game itself. Some propose a method of round robin playoffs. But no matter how baseball is rearranged to make room for the new league, the tradition of baseball will be gone. And with tradition gone, so must go the game itself.

Dear Editor: "One night I came home and found my wife in the arms of another man who owes me money. Have I grounds for a divorce?"

Answer: "The man was just paying a little interest to your wife."

A cunny Scot was engaged in an argument with the conductor as to whether the fare was to be five or ten cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot man," cried the Scot. "First you try to rub me and now you've drowned my little boy!"

The wife of a middle-aged business executive met him at his office late one afternoon. As they were going down in the elevator, it stopped and a high-octane secretary got on. Poking the executive in the ribs, she said gaily, "Hello, cutie pie!"

Unperturbed, the executive's wife leaned over with a smile and announced, "I'm Mrs. Pie."

A man staggered up to the hotel desk late at night and demanded another room.

"But you have the best room in the house now," argued the clerk.

"I don't care," said the drunk. "I want another room."

Realizing it was useless to argue, the clerk gave him another room. "But what's wrong with your present room?" he wanted to know.

"The darn thing's on fire."

The window cleaner, battered and bruised, was explaining the accident. "It was like this, I was cleaning a bedroom window, when all of a sudden the door opens and a babe walks in. She takes off her shoes and stockings, pulls her dress over her head—and all of a sudden the ladder broke."

"What a shame," somebody murmured.

"Yeah, but what could you expect with twenty guys on the ladder?"

"Eet is too much," cried Henri, and promptly challenged Alphonse to a duel. Alas, both hated the sight of blood and besides dueling was illegal, so they decided to use pistols in a darkened room.

As soon as the lights went off, Alphonse raced to the fireplace and then fired up the chimney.

He brought down Henri.

King Arthur: "I hear you've been misbehaving lately!"

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"

Statistics show there are three classes of roads—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

A tough, sneering youth was brought before the judge, charged with shooting a revolver in the street.

"Twenty dollars and costs," snapped the judge.

"But your Honor," argued the boy's lawyer. "My client didn't hit anybody."

"You admit that he fired the gun."

"Yes, he fired it into the air."

"Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have hit an angel."

A Quaker householder heard a noise one night. He got his shotgun and went downstairs. There was a burglar, filling his bag with the family treasures.

The Quaker aimed carefully at him, and said:

"Friend, I would not harm thee for all the world and its goods, but thou art standing where I am about to shoot."

Howell: "How much for a haircut?"

Barber: "Two dollars."

Howell: "How much for a shave?"

Barber: "One dollar."

Howell: "O.K. Shave my head."

Cunningham: "Anything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening."

Carroll: "I'll have to tell Beverly about that."

Sigma boy: "I love you as you've never been loved before."

Pirette: "Really? I can't tell much difference."

M.D.: "I suppose this awful thing is what you call modern art."

Dealer: "No, sir, you're looking at an antique."

Say to a female: "How cool you look," and she'll beam upon you, but tell her she doesn't look so hot, and she'll start throwing things. Women are such unreasonable creatures!

"How did you break your husband of the habit of staying out late at night?"

"When he came in late one night, I called out 'Is that you, Bob?'—my husband's name is John."

Stranger in a small town: "Say mister, do you have a criminal lawyer here?"

Old-Timer: "We think we do, son. But the heck of it is we can't prove it."



Ball to teacher: "I don't want to scare you, but my Daddy says that if I don't get better grades, someone is going to get a spanking."

Salesman: "These stockings are the very latest pattern, fast colors, hole-proof, won't shrink, priced far lower than elsewhere and a very good yarn."

Customer: "Yes, and you tell it well."

A bottle was found in the Chesapeake Bay. Inside a piece of water-logged paper was found. It was unreadable because of the water. This was a clear-cut case for the F.B.I. After much research and testing with acids, the work was completed. Five words stood out with brilliancy. "Five quarts of milk no cream."

Allen: "May I turn off the ceiling light?"  
 Date: "Of course."  
 Allen: "May I turn off the lamp?"  
 Date: "Of course, Bruen."  
 Allen: (in total darkness): "Honey, I want to ask you something."  
 Date: "Yes darling, what is it?"  
 Allen: "Do you think three bucks was too much to pay for this fluorescent tie?"

Jones: "My boy has just swallowed a quarter and has to be operated on. I wonder if Dr. Quack can be trusted."  
 Smith: "Without a doubt. He's absolutely honest."

"I just got a bottle of gin for my wife."  
 "Well, pal, that seems like a pretty reasonable trade."

Teacher: "Why are you late?"  
 Kern: "Class started before I got here."

Her smile flickered like a loose electric light bulb.

A tall thin teen-ager had been sent to the principal's office for fighting. Asked why she was always getting in fights, she said, "As long as they call me 'Turnpike', I'll fight."

"But why do they call you that?" exclaimed the principal.  
 "Not a curve in sight," said the girl.

"I was a 90-pound weakling then at the beach one day, a 240 lb. bully kicked sand in my face. So I took this course, and in two years I weighed 240 lbs." "Then what happened?" "I went to the beach and a 420 lb. bully kicked sand in my face."

"Mommy, where are the marshmallows?" "Bucky is on fire."

"I don't care what your reason is Mrs. Lincoln, I still say no ticket refund."

"Broke my kid of biting his nails." "Really? How?" "Knocked his teeth out."

A man was admitted to a hospital, and after he was shown to his room, he heard a knock on the door. He called out for whoever it was to come in, and in walked a peppy little woman.

"I'm your doctor," she said to the man. "Take off your clothes please."

The man, embarrassed, asked her if she meant all of them and she told him that's just what she did mean.

So he took off all his clothes and she examined him—nose, throat, eyes, chest, stomach, thighs, legs, and feet. When she got through with her examination she announced: "All right, you may get into bed. Do you have any questions?"

"Just one," said the man. "Tell me, why did you knock?"

**DEFINITIONS:**

- Girdle: Device for bringing a girl on the beam.
- Practical nurse: One who marries a rich patient.
- Neurotic: A person who can't leave being well enough alone.
- Shock absorbers: Parents
- Old-timer: one who recalls when radio was mostly static.
- Bore: A person who arrives dragging his tale behind him.
- Wolf: A man of single purpose and double talk.
- Originality: The art of remembering what you hear and forgetting where you heard it.
- Conservative: One who wants you to keep your hand out of his pocket.
- Fire plug: A red pole with H<sub>2</sub>O on the inside and K.P. on the outside.

**Jack Kerouac's Espresso Parlor**

"A really swinging joint, just right for your gig."  
 Open Daily 5:00 P.M. to 5:00 A.M. (except usually)  
 Now featuring incomprehensible poetry read to a backdrop of Thelonius Monk's music.

A bow-wow is a T.V. Performer's low-cut dress.  
 Some girls are discreet up to a point,  
 While others are discreet up to a pint.

Football season: The time of the year when you can walk down the street with a blond on one arm and a blanket on the other and no cop can question you.

Burton: "I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."  
 Long: "I feel the same way about pigeons."

The reason the modern girl's bathing suit is real cool is that most of it is real gone.

Miss X: "What slim, expressive hands you have. They belong on a girl."

Clay: "OK, baby, you asked for it."

Kilgion: "Your date is spoiled isn't she?"  
 B. Walker: "No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

I bred my parakeet to a tiger. Don't know what I've got; but when it talks, I listen!

A sweater doesn't do anything for her except make her itch.

"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a mans heart?"  
 "Yes dear"

"Well, last night I found a new one."

Hollywood crack: "She'd make the perfect Juliet . . . she can't act, but, brother can she lean over a balcony?"

"How'd you blow that tire?" "Ran over a milk bottle." "Did you see it?" "Damn kid had it under his coat."

"Daddy, is Rotterdam a bad word?" "No, son." "Good, my teacher has poison ivy and I hope it'll Rotterdam arm off."

"Aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?"

"Mommy, can I have a new dress?" "Of course not, you know it won't fit over your iron lung."

Then there was the sadistic little girl who locked the bathroom door the night of her father's beer party.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" "I think she's cramming for her finals."

**The Benedict Arnold Military Academy**

A newly opened campus at Furdville, Arkansas, awaits you. It overlooks the beautiful Furdville Sewage Works and Cesspool. Many join activities with the nearby Arkansas State Home for Homicidally Insane Younger Women. Don't wait! Rush your application to:

Box 5  
 Furdville, Arkansas

Remember our motto, "Every young boy is a potential Benedict Arnold."

A man has reached old Age when he can't take "YES" for an answer.

Science has been making many great leaps lately. The most recent development is a toothpaste with built-in food particles for people who can't eat between every brushing.

The advanced proofs of a cookbook for hipsters had a wild recipe for a salad: You cut up lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and green peppers, then you add a dash of marijuana and the salad tosses itself.

Give some girls an inch and they've got a new bathing suit.  
 Too often, when you tell a secret to a girl, it goes in one ear and in another.

The curvy, little cued in the tight-fitting cashmere sweater wiggled up to the professor after class and murmured in honeyed voice, "I'm afraid I didn't do very well on that quiz today, Professor, but I'll do anything to pass this course. Just anything."

The professor raised an eyebrow, "Anything?"

"Uh huh," she cooed, "Anything you ask."

"Then study," he said dryly.

A shotgun wedding is a case of wife or death.

A millionaire filled his swimming pool with martinis. He claimed it's impossible to drown, since the deeper you sink, the higher you get.

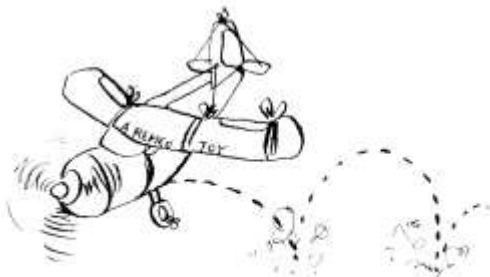
Johnny, a Hollywood youngster, was very proud because he had the most parents at the P. T. A. meeting.

The dean of women at a large midwestern university recently began a speech to the student body. "The President of the University and I have decided to stop putting on campus."

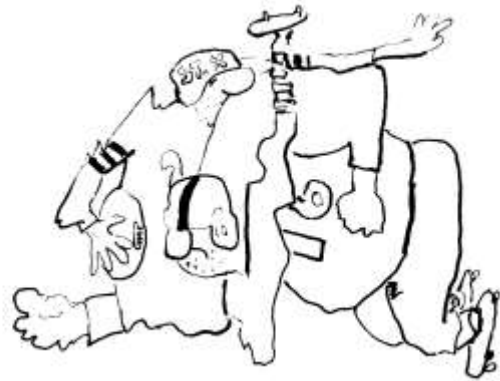
# Cartoons



Bennett.



Bruce "John Glenn" Allen takes off.



Animal puts another one down.



"The Thinker", Hardwick.



Nightcrawlers - Grissom, Siegrist, Brown.



Swing all, with "Chucker."



Max the crow.



Simpson goes down swinging.

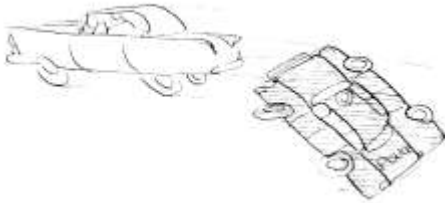




"I am always right" says, Napoleon Carrell.



Wester fishes Quafe out at the Boat Club.



Lucky Lena Long whizzes by.



Schoening - Girl - Clay - "Who's after Whom?"



Porter - The Great Debator and Orator.



Grieb & Smith.



Bucky shows silver form.



Mohawk Howell.



Pledgemaster Bruce with R. Walker, Graves, Meyer, on the stick.

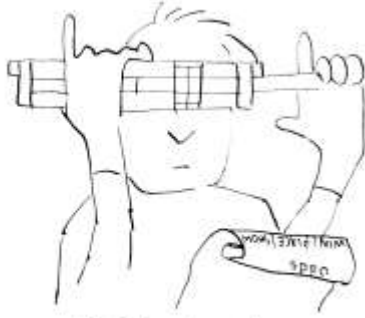


"Duh" cow Walker.



Mousie Walker.

1962 Sigma, Sophia:



Schnieder works on theory.



Rick blazes 4-minute mile - Betty times.



Racer Miller.



Kilgian.



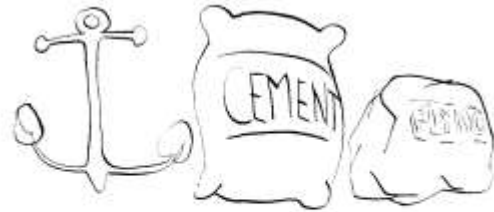
"Togetherness" Tully and Mahaffee.



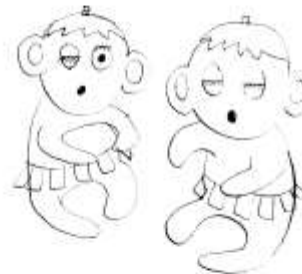
Farmer Keal.



Chang - "The Artist".



Wildcat Tankers - Abbott, Dorion, Kern.



Teddy Bears - Babe Dawson & Babe Newman.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

"Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact."

— William James

"Evolution is not a force but a process; not a cause but a law."

Vicount Morley

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:



Moade works out.



Jose tries his Judo out.

## ATHERTON HIGH SCHOOL



The student council officers serving Atherton for the 1961-1962 school year are:

President	Buddy Frankenberger
Vice President	Mimzie Speiden
Secretary	Ina Lynn Dyer
Treasurer	Elliott Yolles

The students leading the senior class are:

President	Garner Petrie
Vice President	Hoyt Edge
Secretary	Margaret Mowen
Treasurer	Mary McGee

# S C H O O L N O T E S

This year as usual Atherton rated very high in the scholastic standards. Our school has 11 semi-finalists, all of whom have now become National Merit Scholarship finalists. We have one of the highest percentages of any school in the state.

Our football team did very well this year, winning 5, losing 3 and tying 1. Jack Kleier, the coach, expects to have another fine team next year. Our basketball team has been having its troubles but is improving with each game. The swimming team is having one of its rebuilding years, but it is also doing very well. April 1 will start the spring sports such as golf, tennis, and track. We are expecting fine seasons from all of these sports.

The band and orchestra have provided many enjoyable hours in assemblies, at football games, and during the Winter Music Festival. We have a fine debate team this year. This year Buddy Frankenberger won the "I Speak for Democracy" contest, in Kentucky. He won a trip to Washington to compete in the national contest.

The senior play, "Arsenic and Old Lace" was a huge success. The Senior Vaudeville and the Senior Prom will finish out the year at Atherton. Next year we will be in our big new school on Dunbar Road.

TOM DAWSON '61

### WORDS TO LIVE BY

"Tradition is one of the most cherished and most dangerous possessions of the human race."

S. M. Furness

"Order and simplification are the first steps toward the mastery of a subject - the actual enemy is the unknown."

— Thomas Mann

"Chances of success of every kind increase with the number of your connections."

— Poltrac

"If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future."

— Sir Winston Churchill

"Old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read."

— Sir Francis Bacon

**EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL**



Eastern High School is one of the most outstanding schools scholastically in the state of Kentucky. This year the graduating class elected Jim Barnes as president, Tom Bersot as vice-president, Joan Sleadd as secretary, Gilbert Chilton as treasurer, and Larry Wearren and Rick McLallen as sergeant-at-arms.

This year Eastern had four National Merit Finalists and four National Merit Semi-finalists. The Beta Club installed thirty-eight, and the National Honor Society installed thirty-six.

Although Eastern did not have as good a football season as last year, the Eastern Eagles won more than half of their games. Eastern had a fair basketball season this year but hopes to do better next year. Eastern promises to have a good track team and a good baseball team this year.

Eastern's marching band received another superior rating at the Southeastern Band Festival which is held every year at Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia. This rating has been won by the marching band for seven years straight.

Eastern has many various clubs and organizations which take part in many different activities throughout the year. Eastern's carnival was very successful as it usually is with the different organizations taking part.

Eastern High School hopes to have another great year, both scholastically and athletically, next year.

BOB GRAVES, '64

**THE LOUISVILLE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL**



Louisville Country Day School is entering its eleventh year with the prospect of enjoying the greatest success in its history. Vast improvements have been made in the physical plant over the past summer. They include a new wing, which will house the first seven grades, a library, a senior lounge, a second science laboratory, and an increased office area.

Several personnel changes in the athletic department have led to an optimistic attitude for the sports year at Country Day. Mr. Arthur Moody, baseball coach and assistant basketball coach for the past four years, has been appointed athletic director while Mr. Olin Fishback has stepped in as the new football coach. Mr. Fishback is assisted by Mr. William Day, backfield coach, and Mr. John Carroll, line coach.

Likewise, a fine scholastic year is anticipated. As in the past, the senior class scored very well on the National Merit tests, which were given last winter.

Congratulations to Delphic on another fine magazine.

ROBERT QUAIFFE, '63

**SENECA HIGH SCHOOL**



Seneca High School, a young school in the Jefferson County school system, will have been in existence five years this June. It has shown that a young school can compete with the best schools in the state in any capacity, and come out with the upper hand if it has the full support of its faculty and students.

Seneca has exemplified this ability in having the largest Beta Club in the United States, a full membership in the National Honor Society, and the Quill and Scroll. Seneca can boast nine finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Exams for the term ending 1962.

Not only scholastically, but also athletically, Seneca has proven itself a worthy opponent for any high school team. Although our football team, under the leadership of Hal Taylor, has had a losing season, he hopes that the experience gained by his young team will pay off next year with a better team.

Seneca's basketball team, has been, to the surprise — and often dismay — of our opponents, an excellent squad, containing three all-stars in only three years of varsity competition. Coach Bob Mulraby has accomplished in these three years what some coaches strive for their whole careers, and often never achieve; he has had Seneca's Rodolinda well-represented in the Kentucky State Basketball Tournament.

All in all, Seneca looks forward to maintaining its present status as an integral part of the scholastic and academic advancement of the Jefferson County school system.

BOB WALKER, '64

**WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL**



Waggener High School's Senior Class Officers are:

- |                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| President      | Eddie Warren    |
| Vice President | Jim Brumboeffer |
| Treasurer      | Jack Burris     |
| Secretary      | Betty Talbot    |

This year Waggener's most outstanding achievements were in academic fields. We had nineteen National Merit Semi-finalists, seventeen of which became eligible for the Merit Scholarship. In the junior class 36 juniors, along with six seniors, were inducted into the National Honor Society.

Comprised mostly of underclassmen, the football team ended the season losing a tough one to Seneca. Just winning the games against Durrett and Pleasure Ridge Park, the team had a record of two wins and seven losses. Our prospects for next year are the best we've had since we have only a few starters leaving the lineup.

Basketball was really Waggener's sport this year. Coach Adams' boys went into the state tournament with a sixteen and four record; losing twice to first rated St. Xavier.

The swimming team got a third in their state tournament and ended their season with a three and three record. This spring our track, golf, tennis, and baseball teams will all be great prospects in state competition, too.

Our enrollment this year stands at 2,314, a few hundred less than last year. Of this, 325 comprise the senior class. The Senior Play

"Beauty and the Beast," was a great success last November and the whole school is looking forward to the Senior Vaudeville this spring.

As for next year Waggener will be involved in the county plan involving splitting the junior and senior high schools while both use the same plant. In addition the Senior Student Council is planning to bring a foreign student to Waggener as a member of the new senior class.

Waggener is still a relatively new school in a newly developed area. It needs a firm start as it did in the past and will in the future to maintain the reputation it has gained. This year it has maintained it.

And so ends another exciting, highly eventful year at the home of the Wildcats.

NILS SCHOENING, '63

WORDS TO LIVE BY

"When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity."

— George Bernard Shaw

"All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries or credulities of mankind."

— Joseph Conrad

"It is chiefly by private, not by public, effort that your city must be adorned."

— John Ruskin

"A man's real life is that accorded to him in the thoughts of other men by reason of respect or natural love."

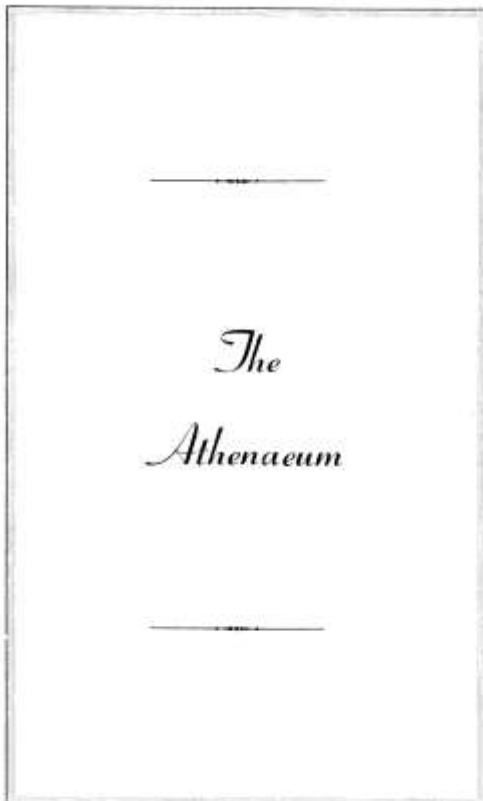
— Joseph Conrad

"The test of a man's or woman's breeding is how they behave in a quarrel."

— George Bernard Shaw

"Solvency is entirely a matter of temperament and not of income."

— Logan P. Smith



CLUB NOTES



1862 - 1962

President	Chase Forrester
Vice President	Jeff DePree
Critic	Larry Craig
Secretary	Peter Kintz
Treasurer	Richard Fransen
Censor	Allen Kannapel
Sergeant-at-Arms	Preston Thomas

Under their leadership we hope to make this year the best of the Athenæum's first century.

Last fall the Athenæum elected seventeen boys into membership. They are: Warren Botsch, Lee Early, Albert Hallbert, Bill Lowe, Ed Middleton, Ned Moore, Tommy Ruch, Andy Simpell, Robb Tyler, Gene Ulrich, Alex Volz, Tommy Wakefield, Rick Wallace, and Roger Waters.

Our annual Christmas Dance was put off under the direction of our Vice President, Charles Wood. The Centennial Issue of the Spectator will be set shortly, edited by Larry Craig and Preston Thomas.

The Centennial Celebration of the Athenæum will be held from June 13 to June 17.

*Chevalier  
Literary  
Society*

*Delphic  
Literary  
Society*



President	Barret Birnstiel
Vice President	Wavy Townes
Secretary	Bill Minor
Treasurer	Jack Underwood
Corresponding Secretary	Boddy Pell
Sergeant-at-Arms	Robin Hanlan
Historian	Kieth Whitelaw
Critic	John Starks

Chevalier is fortunate to be led by such capable officers:

Chevalier's membership has been strengthened by the addition of these fifteen young men: Sam Bate, Bob Coblin, Mick Constant, Austin Geesham, Caperton Henderson, Mick Kah, Renney Logan, Bill Minor, Rudy Rudren, Charlie Starks, Logan Sturgeon, Barry Tatgenharst, David Terry, Kieth Whitelaw, and Tom Brooks.

We proudly announce the seventh publication of the **Pegasus**, which went on sale the last week of March. We feel it is one of our best presentations in the field of literary endeavor.

The Father-Son banquet was a complete success and it is our desire that it will become an annual event in the club's life.

We expect to terminate a very successful year with a Spring Dance.

Chevalier wishes to extend its congratulations to Sigma on another fine edition of the **Sophia**.

LOGAN STURGEON



The members of the Delphic Literary Society are proud to announce the newly elected officers for 1962.

President	Bill Lorz
Vice President	Steve Gosman
Secretary	Al Horton
Editor	Steve Bisig
Corresponding Secretary	Dick Campbell
Treasurer	Tommy Dudgeon
Sergeant-at-Arms	Curly Bales
Critic	Tommy Aubrey
Clerk	Rogee Pofitzer
Historian	Bob Calvert

The members of Delphic are happy to announce that their Christmas dance was a very big success, with Little Orbit and the Paresettlers.

Delphic has been having their annual mid-term rush parties and will be happy to announce the names of the new members as soon as possible. Bob McDonald, a high ranking senior at Trinity High School, was recently made an honorary member of Delphic.

This year's basketball team expects to do very well under the head coaching of Mike Stillman and the assistant coaching of Garner Petrie and Bill Cassidy.

Among the many projects that Delphic is engaging in are: giving dances, selling candy, car washes, and of course the biggest project that a society could ever have, their annual magazine. After many months of hard work and tireless preparation we presented the **Orcels**. We hope that you enjoyed the magazine very much and we promise another fine edition next year.

Delphic wishes to congratulate Sigma on another fine edition of the **Sophia**.

EDDIE MANN, '62

*Dignitas  
Literary  
Association*

*Fidelian  
Literary  
Society*



The Dignitas Literary Association elected the following officers to lead it through the spring term of 1962:

President	Murray Walker
Vice President	Jan Turner
Secretary	Clark Potter
Treasurer	Richard Wilder
Corresponding Secretary	Bill Stiglitz
Critic	Paul Keith
Historian	Keith Thomas
Sergeant-at-Arms	Paul Long
Co-Editors	Buddy Frankenburger, Ford Reid
Business Manager	Dave Kuhn

During the last rush season the Dignitas was fortunate in receiving a fine group of new members.

The annual Winter Formal at the Big Springs Country Club demonstrated Dignitas at its best and a good time was had by all.

The D.L.A. athletes showed excellent form in literally running away with the football title and placing second in the basketball league.

Now the year is almost over and everyone is looking forward to the publication of our annual magazine, an event that will climax a banner year in the club's history.

The Dignitas wishes to congratulate Sigma on the publication of another fine magazine.

FORD REID



President	Bill Heinz
Vice President	Jim Brunnhoeffer
Secretary	Tom Jones
Treasurer	Edward Buchart
Critic	Neil Looney
Historian	John Scheibel
Sergeant at Arms	Orbin Greene

The following boys recently joined our ranks: Mike Rodgers, Butch Raley, Charles Hahn, Conrad Downey, and Pete Love from Waggoner; Edward Buchart, Neil Looney, Tony Ambrose, Lewis Louren, and Kelly Downard from St. Xavier.

Congratulations on your fine edition of the *Sophia*.





**PIRETTES SOCIAL CLUB**

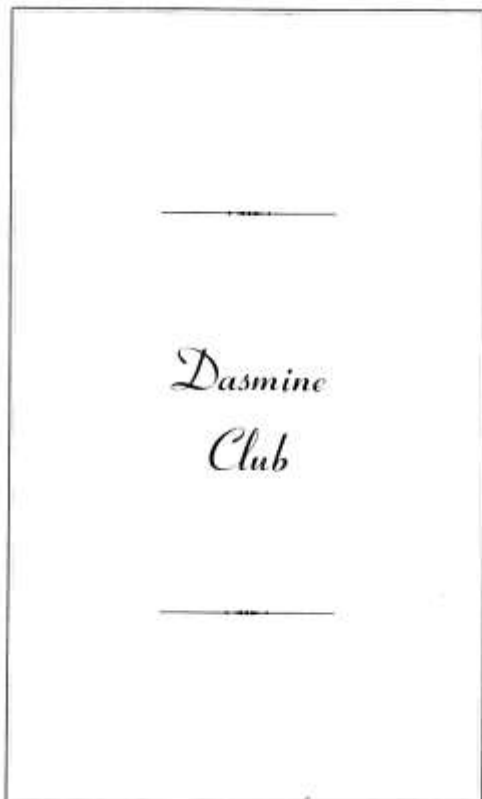
President	Jean Lukins
Vice President	Barbara Jewell
Dance Chairman	Ann Woodford
Recording Secretary	Barbi Reese
Treasurer	Nancy Morris
Corresponding Secretary	Leslie Henderson
Social Chairman	Nancy Wallace
Sergeant-at-Arms	Sue Woodford
Representative to Council	Linda Cecil
Historian	Bonnie Adams
Business Chairman	Nancy Lukins
Assistant Treasurer	Martha May
Junior Chairman	Joyce Deibel
Outstanding Sophomore	Linda Cecil

Pirettes is proud to announce that we initiated the following outstanding girls: Sara Catlett, Patty Indicott, Judy Johnson, Harriet Thompson, and Betty Williams from Waggoner; Brenda Anderson, Anne Ewing, Susan Grissam, Emily Keeling and Mary Lukins from Atherton; and Margaret Snyder and Pat Nichols from Seneca.

We are eagerly planning our annual Spring Dance, May 11, Continental Room, to which everyone is cordially invited.

This year, as always, Pirettes aided a needy family for Christmas. Also during this Christmas Season, Pirettes had an Alumni Tea, which was very successful.

We are looking forward to playing softball again this spring. Congratulations to 'Sigma' from 'Pirettes' on another fine **Sophia**.



**Dasmine Club**

The Dasmine Club elected the following girls as officers for the new term of 1962:

President	Evelyn Campbell
Vice President	Susan Stielberg
Social Chairman	Julie Cooper
Secretary	Marian Musterman
Treasurer	Mary McGee
Sergeants-at-Arms	Ina Lynn Dyer, Sandra Demaree
Historian	Babs Wilson
Pledge Chairman	Barbara Sorrels
Publicity Chairman	Nancy Martin
Alumnae Chairman	Huyette Hurley
Council Representative	Barbara Stahl
Prayer Chairman	Cathy Burdorf

Dasmine finished the rush season with a formal tea at the home of Nancy Pennycook. After initiation the following girls were welcomed as members: Ann Marshall, Beverly Morris, Pam Sullivan, and Ann Tichenor from Waggoner; Cathy Burdorf, Debbie Burnett, Nancy Llewellyn, Angela Mallos, Shelby Robertson, and Jenni Young from Atherton.

On December 27th, Dasmine held its annual dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. Buddy Marrow and his band provided a wonderful evening of entertainment. The proceeds from the dance went to Dr. Thomas Dooley.

In February we honored our mothers by holding a Mothers' Tea at the home of Jenni Lehman.

This year Dasmine will present 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 planning to win the cup again this year.

The Dasmine Club wishes to congratulate Sigma on another fine edition of the **Sophia**.



# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The members of the Sigma Literary Society wish to thank the following people, without whose help, it would have been a great deal more difficult to publish this magazine:

Mr. Eddie Mann, Delphic Literary Society  
 Mr. Logan Sturgeon, Chevalier Literary Society  
 Mr. Bill Hillis, Fidelean Literary Society  
 Mr. Jeff Deprve, Athenaeum Literary Association  
 Mr. Ford Reid, Dignitas Literary Association  
 Miss Bonnie Coyte, Piretes Social Club  
 Miss Marian Musterman, Dasmine Club - Also for her help with the typing of our magazine.  
 Mr. Schühmann of the Schühmann Printing Company, who showed great patience and understanding in his dealings with Sigma.

RICK McCLURE,  
 Editor



MR. EDDIE MANN  
*Delphic*



MISS BONNIE COYTE  
*Piretes*



MR. FORD REID  
*Dignitas*



MISS MARIAN MUSTERMAN  
*Dasmine*



MR. JEFF DEPRVE  
*Athenaeum*



MR. LOGAN STURGEON  
*Chevalier*



MR. BILL HILLIS  
*Fidelean*

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1962 Sigma, Sophia:

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Falcons*

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on another fine  
edition of the Sophia

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Treasurer	.....	Linda Mack

Congratulations

from

TIBBETT SOCIAL CLUB

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

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SIGMA DELTA

Congratulates Sigma On

A Fine Edition Of The

Sophia

Congratulations On A

Great Magazine

LAMBDA CHI

Congratulations From

ALTA DECEM

President \_\_\_\_\_ Sarah Nutting  
 Vice-President \_\_\_\_\_ Jeanne Hathaway  
 Treasurer \_\_\_\_\_ Sharon Anderson  
 Secretary \_\_\_\_\_ Peggy Barrows

C. T.

Social Club

Best Wishes

SUB-JUNIORS

From A

FRIEND

# 1962 Sigma, Sophia:

Compliments of <b>DICK DINSMORE</b> and <b>FRANK HOWE</b>	<b>Good Luck</b> On <b>This Edition</b>  <b>Sigma</b> <b>Tau</b>
<b>PI KAPPA TAU</b> <b>SOCIAL CLUB</b>  President . . . Marcia Rodman Vice-President . . . Merikeith Bishop Treasurer . . . Sandy Smith Secretary . . . Elaine Goodrich	<b>Gene Heystis</b> <b>Texaco</b>  <b>3400 Frankfort Ave.</b> <b>TW 5-8107</b>  GENERAL AUTO REPAIRS Brakes, Front End Alignment, Air Conditioners Serviced

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- A Friend
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- Princess
- Miss Georgia Brecken
- Mr. & Mrs. Hale Hatt
- A Friend
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