



Waggener High School



1963 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.

1963 Sigma, Sophia:



Dedication

The members of Sigma Literary Society wish to dedicate the 1963 *Sophia* to Mr. Richard McClure, editor of last year's *Sophia*, president for two terms, and the most influential member Sigma has had in the last ten years. Without "Rick" Sigma could never have reached the heights it has attained today. He remains as a standard of excellence for any member of Sigma to strive for.

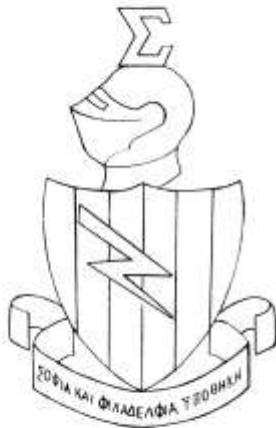
SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Meaning Of The Sophia

Sophia, like Sigma, is a name derived from a Greek source. The Sophia was originally a broad title connected with the ancient group of teacher-philosophers known as Sophists. In the period of Greek history between the pagan, religious ceremonies of Dionysius and the elevated metaphysic of Plato and Aristotle, the Sophists traveled throughout the small, rocky Greek country teaching to anyone who would listen. Although the Sophia was a loosely knit philosophical school, it stood as the first real movement in modern philosophical thought.



"He was a leader and a man of action."



Wisdom And Brotherhood Our Foundation

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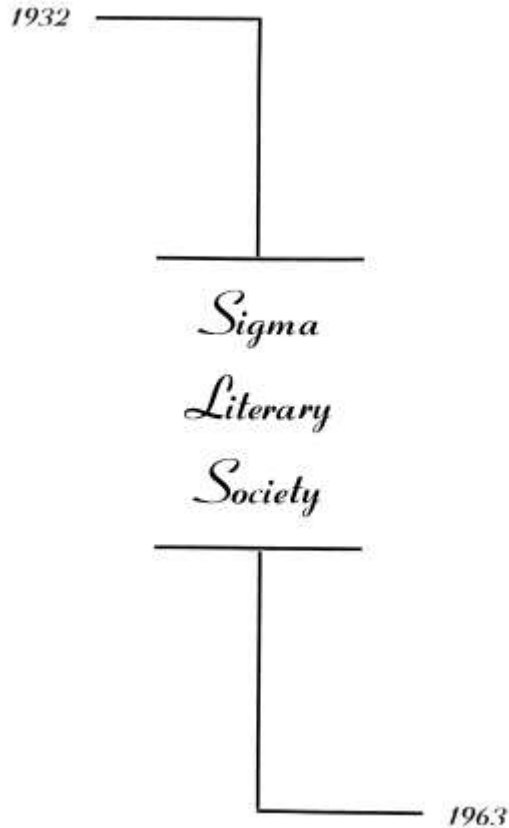
Westport

BRUCE KRAEMER '65

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1963 Sigma, Sophia:



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Treasurer Niles Schoening
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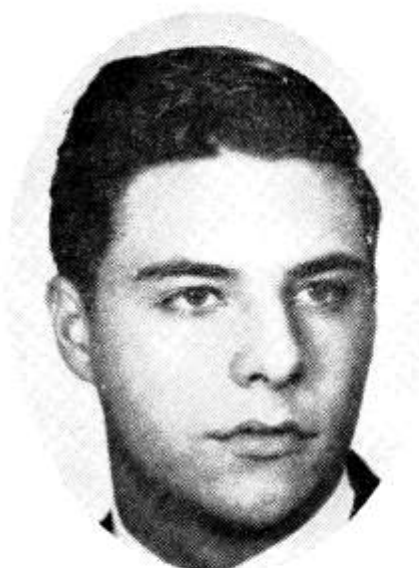
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Sophomores

1963 Sigma, Sophia:



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MIKE BUCKMAN



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RICK JONES



BRUCE KRAEMER



JOHN SCHULTON

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Torbitt Thomas	1932	Bob Kulson	1948
Torbitt Thomas	1932 1/2	Bob Overstreet	1948 1/2
Robert C. Hall	1933	Larry Riddle	1949
Ernest Walker	1933 1/2	Bill Stephens	1949 1/2
Rudolph Jett	1934	Dave McCutchen	1950
Neville Tatum	1934 1/2	Stan Crabb	1950 1/2
J. S. Miller	1935	Mae Polhill	1951
Carey Evars	1935 1/2	Jack Alston	1951 1/2
James Caulfield	1936	Dick Lynn	1952
James Caulfield	1936 1/2	Lynn Pearson	1952 1/4
Charles Randolph	1937	Todd Richardson	1952 1/2
James Bishop	1937 1/2	Todd Richardson	1953
James Edwin	1938	Bo Pearson	1953 1/2
John Fols	1938 1/2	Samuel Vance	1954
Bruce Hinton	1939	William Grubbs	1954 1/2
Jack Dayton	1939 1/2	Kent McMath	1955
Kenneth Davis	1940	John Schuster	1955 1/2
Jim Moss	1940 1/2	Raleigh Lane	1956
Jim Brigham	1941	Alex Becker	1956 1/2
James Bennett	1941 1/2	Jim Smrall	1957
Bob Wiederhold	1942	Pat McGaffey	1957 1/2
Tom Wilson	1942 1/2	Rob Pfeiffer	1958
Bill Ewing	1943	Reed Sladen	1958 1/2
Ralph Quinn	1943 1/2	Carl England	1959
Bill Kelly	1944	Frank Howe	1959 1/2
Carl Schwabenton	1944 1/2	Frank Howe	1960
John Eberhart	1945	John Lewis	1960 1/2
Harry Chapman	1945 1/2	Richard Dismore	1961
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Doug Lipsey	1946 1/2	Richard McClure	1962
Carl J. Crouch	1947	Carson Porter	1962 1/2
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History

HISTORY OF THE SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Sigma Literary Society began as Sigma Hi-Y in February, 1932, with the aims of "contagious Christian habits, educational programs, training for leadership, and development of sportsmanship." The membership was limited to Male High School, which along with the Y.M.C.A. was the sponsor. The major part of Sigma's early program consisted of a planned "Y" program, an annual father and son banquet, and athletic competition with the other Hi-Y organizations at Male High.

After working under this program for several years, the Sigma membership and the sponsors differed as to the type of the club's activities. The members felt that they should broaden their activities, especially on the social level. Furthermore, they wanted to invite students from other high schools to participate in their functions. Later Sigma began its annual formal dance. It also published an annual literary magazine, *The Sophia*; which derives its name from the Sophists, Greek philosophers who were professional teachers that trained men for political, social, and commercial success. Unfortunately, the sponsors opposed this increase in social activities and literary endeavors. They also objected to the club's taking money from the treasury to cover the expenses of such "frivolities." In a final attempt to force the Y.M.C.A. program on the uninterested Sigmas, the sponsors froze the organization's treasury. At a special meeting the majority of the members voted to drop all Y.M.C.A. affiliations and to change the name of the organization to the Sigma Social Club.

Editorial

This year, as many of you know, Sigma had a Valentines dance at the Brown Hotel. We had advertised Troy Shondell and his band as the entertainment. As you also may know this band did not show up. We would like to take this opportunity to apologize for what happened. This apology will take the form of a fascinating explanation of some of the unscrupulous dealings made by what we hope is the minority of people in the music business today. This should also be a note to anyone else interested in hiring an out-of-town band so that they will take extreme caution when having any dealings with an agent.

The following is a letter which we sent to the National Headquarters of the American Federation of Musicians in Newark, New Jersey. It refers to the agent, his business, and the many misrepresentations he gave us. It is possible that this action will take away his booker's license. This was threatened once before when he did not pay union musicians. He got out of it, however, by declaring bankruptcy. We hope the same thing doesn't work twice.

May 16, 1963

Mr. Stanley Ballart
Secretary, A. F. of M.
226 Mt. Pleasant Avenue
Newark 4, N. J.

Dear Sir:

On the 18th of January, 1963 I signed a contract for Sigma Literary Society with employing Troy Shondell and his band for the 15th of February, 1963. A check for the required \$100 pre-payment was made to and sent to the agent. Troy Shondell publicity material was received from the agent within a few days.

In the meantime Sigma Literary Society reserved the Brown Hotel Crystal Ballroom for the 15th of Feb. 1963. Engraved invitations were printed stating that the Troy Shondell Band would be featured. Formal dress was decided upon and many members rented tuxedos. Signs were put up at restaurants, schools, etc. all over the Louisville area, using pictures of Troy Shondell sent by the agent. The dance was announced over a local radio station.

During recent years the social organization increased in stature, through its literary development and its participation in athletics with other high school clubs. In the spring of 1958, the club voted unanimously to change the name of Sigma Social Club to the Sigma Literary Society, thereby accepting the responsibilities congruent with such an organization. This was done with the full realization that through their new found duties and responsibilities, they could rise even higher in the realm of social leadership and literary accomplishment.

Sigma Literary Society's activities have benefited both the members and the community. Last year Sigma held its successful Thirtieth Anniversary Dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Brown Hotel. In 1962 Sigma published one of its finest magazines. This year's annual dance was again held at the Crystal Ballroom on February the fifteenth. Furthermore, Sigma has helped in various charitable endeavors. Last spring the members volunteered to help clean up the baseball diamond at Central State Hospital. The members also assisted in the "Teen March Against Leukemia" by soliciting money. As Sigma Literary Society looks to the future, it will endeavor to be an asset to the community.

JOHN WEETER
Historian
Sophia, 1963

WORDS TO LIVE BY

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

— Lord Macaulay

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

— John Foster

Flowers were purchased for the affair. A complete list of expenses will follow.

At about nine o'clock on the 14th of Feb. 1963 (the night before the dance) the agent called me and said that the Shondell band had broken up and therefore was not going to play. It should be noted that this is the first time I had heard from the agent since the contract signing in January, although subsequent evidence shows that a letter dated Feb. 1, 1963 from Orchestras Inc., Chicago, to the agent stated quote, "I don't believe Shondell will sign the contract for the 15th unless he gets the 16th too!" and another dated Feb. 5, 1963, said quote, "Troy Shondell is refusing this date inasmuch as I don't have the Saturday or Sunday to go with it."

The next morning, the 15th, I called Mr. Harry Currie president of local 11, and asked him his advice. He said that he had had trouble with the agent before and that he would call the unions in Chicago and Ft. Wayne (Shondell's home town). Later I called him back and he said that Shondell could not be reached. Further communication with Mr. Currie has been hampered by his recent illness.

That evening, the 15th, the agent arrived at the Brown Hotel at about nine o'clock and **The Bluejays**, the agents substitute band, at nine-thirty. Because of the great expense we had gone to for the dance and the late date we had learned of Shondell's refusal to play (the night before) we had to allow the substitute band play or have no music at all. **The Bluejays** performed satisfactorily, however, they were not the band we had advertised or contracted for.

◆ ◆ ◆

As can be seen, the mix-up at our dance was entirely beyond our control. We would like to thank those who came to the dance for being so understanding. We would also like to advise anyone wanting a name band to call Mr. Harry Currie, president of the local union, for the name of a reputable agent.

Stith Bennett '64

DOPE SHEET			
NAME	FUTURE OCCUPATION	REMINDS US OF	ANSWERS TO
S. Bennett	Redeering.	Oodles	Sticks
B. Brown	Interna Ad. A. Nat. News	A. Tired Soul	Beh
G. Brown	Manufacture M.O's.	O. Brown	Strawp
R. Bush	To Teach People How To Wash.		Mush
B. Clay	Own Taylor's Daughters.		Elyr
J. Dalton	Primal Weaver.	Ad For One-A-Day Vitamins	Dalany
M. Dutton	Bank-Casher.	Dishes	Boop
S. Finner	Professional Ice Skater.	Jon-Jam Kidding	Boop
W. Fleischaker	S. Schelvers Body (Over).	It's isn't That Bad Off.	To Top-A-Care
K. Gardner	Widg Man.	Month Stridley	Prifhik
J. Green	Revenue A. Minister.	A. Fire Truck	Linky
L. Griffith	Naval Bodyguard.	Kewt	Grasswad
B. Hill	A. Steic.	A. Preparer Blimp	Grif
R. Everett	Run In The Olympics.	Miller	Rick
A. Ginnam	Investing Kingdowm Tapsi Staps Up	SAI	Stevens
B. Kern	How We Can Win In The Paper	A. Wadjet	Chick
D. Kessler	Work In A Circus.	A. Wild Man On Wheels	Kewt
E. Killigan	Beer Soplehr.	As Allure	Albino
M. Kullifia	Smart Fighter.	Physical Wrack	Chubby
W. Maxwell	Working In His Father's T.V. Shop.	Simple Stom	Shuffles
H. Miller	Hard Telling	As Ad For A Cream	Crow
	Athletic Souparthe	Opponent Of Home Dams.	
	KID J. Fitzhugh.	Gabard	HJ

Sigma Favorites

MISS SALLY SCHULTON



submitted by
Matt Fitzhugh

MISS CONNIE CARNEY



submitted by
John Schulton



MISS PAT MCCALL

submitted by
Bob Walker



MISS KATHY BROWN

submitted by
Lee Griffith



MISS MARIE COLGAN

submitted by
Jim White

NAME	FUTURE OCCUPATION	REMINDS US OF	ANSWERS TO
E. Hancock	A. Lever.	A. Little Bear	Bull
C. Pinner	Mad Scientist.	Base Brennel	Riddle
R. Dwyer	Doctor.	Sod Sock	Crack-Quack
N. Unsworth	Egypt.	Wreck The Park	Nile
G. Skovden	Being Bachelor.	President J.F.K. Hit Hit	Cine
J. Schellen	Living Swarthin	Sully	Shubin
M. Swanson	Good Pigs In His Back Yard	Ball Winks	Stigitt
G. Smith	Professional Baseball Player.	Wings-Cat	Stigrom
K. Meyer	Editor Of The Louisville Times.	Smith	Whisker, Bows or Scotch
R. Anderson	Band leader.	A. Candy	Bar
S. Walker	Charming Out Fylin	A. Nigger	Bar
H. Walker	Own A News Biosk	A. Country, Guntzman	Courtesy
R. Walker	Tea Sadder.	A. Horse	Horse
R. Hadden	Making Tuba Sums With A Push Button	Sex Starved Idiot	Heavy
S. Henson	Shooting Rapiers.	Newcom Little Beef	Shubin
F. Kramer	Drugging For Beer	Neuro Bobbo	Shubin
R. Kramer	Being Second Hand Bottle Cuts	W. Bonst	Kramer
R. Dunbar	Tea Sadder.	Hills	Hills
G. Kasher	Professional Tennis Wrestler	Kathy Black	Chumbrope
S. Yala	Disencher At Covered Bodes.	Leaves	Barban
J. Lester	Edison Little Kids.	Yolo	Barban
F. Weaver	C.K.'s, High Head Man.	Abert Ewmen	Rich
F. Tully	Dupepan House Bookin	arby Rotocamp	John
J. Ward	Manager Of A Ten Housel	Stant	Ward

1963 Sigma, Sophia:

MISS JAYNE TUDOR



submitted by
Bob Kilgus

MISS SANDY EGGENSPILLER



submitted by
Stith Bennett

MISS JANE RIBBLE



submitted by
Carlton Platter

MISS MARCIA DEWISSELL



submitted by
Bob Bush

MISS BARBARA BROWN



submitted by
Warner Maxwell

MISS CAROL CLAY



submitted by
Bill Whaley

MISS JOY HENDERSON



submitted by
Mike Buckman

MISS SALLY VAN REFFEN



submitted by
Mike Simpson

"MOGLY"



submitted by
Courtney Bull

MISS ANN MARSHALL



submitted by
Steve Lise

MISS CAROL "GAM" McMILLAN



submitted by
Hal Miller

MISS CHRISTINE KALTSAN



submitted by
Dennis Kestler

MISS KATHY O'CONNOR



submitted by
John Weaver

MISS CHANDY COOPER



submitted by
Richard Walker

Articles

PREJUDICE

Why do the people of the world today find it difficult to live in peace and friendship with one another? Is it completely impossible to "love thy neighbor"? In my opinion, the unrest of these perilous times is caused mainly by foolish and unreasonable prejudice.

What causes prejudice? In a nation of free thinking, freedom loving Americans, why do men deem it intolerable to live and work with those of differing races or faiths? Perhaps we persecute a certain sect because we ourselves fear condemnation if we fail to conform to the majority. We sometimes base unfair opinions of an entire group upon an unfavorable impression received of one person of that group. Propaganda is influential in promoting bigotry; during the last World War, even Americans were educated in a "hate the enemy" campaign waged on a nationwide scale. I believe the main factor contributing to the unreasonable prejudice which floods the world is plainly simple ignorance.

The vastness of the effects of prejudices is too great and too shocking to cover completely. Will the coming generations ever forget the unbelievable horror during the sadistic elimination of the Jewish race? Some group has been pursued, banished, tortured, or killed for some form of religious belief in each period of man's recorded history. Many have cruelly sold into slavery or vilely murdered for a difference in the pigmentation of their skin. A pertinent example of bigotry in modern times is the groundless fear and hatred of Roman Catholicism. Many eminent men have mistakenly joined in the campaign to poison the mind of the country against Catholics. All this because a candidate in the presidential election was born to a Catholic heritage. In these days of domestic and international turmoil, can any intelligent voter afford to foolishly discard his ballot on the basis of blind religious prejudice.

It is vitally necessary to the preservation of the human race for the nations of the world to join together in peace and friendship. To do this, it is obvious that we must first eliminate prejudice. I believe that education and understanding are the key words to be lived by the entire population of the Earth in order to solve the problems we face, and to form a permanent brotherhood between peoples.

JOHN SCHULTON '64

FRIENDSHIP

As the world grows older and our problems become more complex, there is one factor of importance in this new age of ours that stands out in my mind. Other people may have many different views on this subject but I think the one thing people should have is someone to turn to at any time for any cause.

Usually this is not someone in the family or a relative because the person seems to think the relative would not understand or care enough about his problems. In most cases the person turns to someone his or her own age. In my opinion if more teenagers found someone such as this, there would be less news of their getting into trouble. Many people might go to a psychiatrist but he is getting paid for his services and the patient under his care might take a disliking to the way he conducts their problems. Having a close friend discuss your problems with you may help you solve them, for he or she may have had a similar one. It is always good to know you have someone to turn to if in need.

KEN GARDINER '65

THE TEACHINGS OF GAUTAMA AND MODERN BELIEFS

The fundamental teachings of Siddhartha Gautama in some way coincide with modern beliefs. His first belief was that all the miseries and discontents of life are traced to selfishness. Suffering, he teaches, is due to craving, or desire for more so-called better things. Until a man can overcome all his desires and personal cravings, his life will be trouble and his death sorrow. He believes that there are three desires, all of them evil. The first is to gratify the senses. The second is the desire for personal immortality. The third is for personal prosperity. All of these are considered evil and must be overcome or else they will overcome the man.

This is where another of his beliefs began. Transmigration; or the return of the soul in other forms of life. Namely he believes that when a man dies his soul moves on to another body, depending on how well the person overcame the evil of desire. If the person has lived a good life and not desired or

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN

Wystan Hugh Auden, Anglo-American poet, dramatist, and literary critic, was born February 21, 1907, in York, England. He received his education at Gresham's School, Oxford. After his graduation he became the foremost of a group of leftist writers. In his first book, *Poems*, he very nicely combined ideas from Darwin, Marx, Freud, and Homer Lane.

In 1939 Auden came to America where he worked at different universities and colleges. He became a United States citizen on May 20, 1946. "Another Time", "The Double Man", and "For the Time Being" are poems he has published since coming to the United States. These poems are very religious and philosophical. Auden later published a collection of poems called *Collected Poetry* which won him the Pulitzer Prize. One of Auden's greatest accomplishments was in 1956, when he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford University.

RICHARD WALKER '63

THE EXQUISITE

Not so long a time ago
There was a person in my life,
She was enough to make one glow;
I wanted her to be my wife.

She was so sweet, yes, so fair;
The image lingered in my mind,
Her voice was as the Summer air;
Another I thought I would never find.
She had a beauty to behold;
I worshiped her every step,
Her manner can not be told;
I hope she can be kept.

The love of a woman is so fine;
Many men search far for it,
If she will only be mine,
I pray love will never quit.

BOB KILLIAN '63

craved for anything, then he will move on to Nirvana or what is called serenity of soul. This is not as many people believe to be extinction but the extinction of the futile aims of life. Now if this man has not lived a good life or has desired or craved, he will go down to either a lower human or he may become a frog or a snake. If he keeps being bad he will go down to one of the seven hells.

Now Buddha had what he called the Eightfold Path of right views, right aspirations, right speech, right behavior, right mode of livelihood, right efforts, right thoughts and right contemplation. Expressly forbidden are theft, falsehood, unchastity, strong drink and the taking of life. As you can see, these laws coincide with the Christian belief of the Ten Commandments. As a rule of conduct Buddha taught the Golden Rule: "All that we are is the result of what we have thought", which is very similar to the Biblical statement "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The most weird aspect of Buddhism is its ability to adapt to local beliefs. It is largely a religion of conduct, not a religion of observances and sacrifices. In its pure form it had no priests or theology. It neither asserted nor denied the reality of the innumerable gods and beliefs in India at this time. It merely passed them by.

MIKE KERN '63

TO STAND ALONE

In today's society many people conform to what society dictates, but very few stand alone as individuals. Today's society is based on conformity. Fashions depend on everyone's wanting to wear the same style and the same color at the same time. No matter how hard one tries to get away from conformity one always resorts to it one way or another. The so called "way out" individual — in other words known as the beatnik — claims that he is the pure individualist, yet he still conforms with other beatniks, and uses the same language, wears the same clothes, and plays the same bongo drums and flute, as do the others.

No matter where you go there's always conformity, in school, home, everywhere. Many people ask, what is wrong with conformity? They say that it is good to have union of many people. Granted, it is good to have union, but not too much union. Too much of a good thing is bad — bad for each individual, bad for

the whole society. No matter how good an organization is, no matter how well-meaning it is, there must be some individual or organization, that must stand apart from and must not conform to the standards of the big organization. The individualist must stand separate in order that he may question and criticize the big organization with impartiality. That is the reason for the balance of powers in the American Government, and the two party system.

If everyone conforms in their thinking then the great writers, great speakers, and great philosophers will disappear. In order to be great author, orator, or thinker a person's thinking must not be influenced by the outside, uniform thinking of the masses. Their thoughts must be free to search the murky depths of a question rather than to skim the surface as the masses usually do.

A book appeared on the scene about a year or two ago called **A Nation of Sheep**, in which Americans are depicted as people who are always ready to follow somebody but are never ready to lead themselves, to make their own decisions, to find their own answers. This kind of thinking leads to a stagnant society, a society in which new ideas are never produced, and new questions are never answered. This type of society will not exist for long because it will be swamped by the communist way of life.

It will take courage to be a real, free-thinking non-conformist. But Henry Churchill King once said about courage, "Courage is not the lack of fear; it is standing your ground in spite of fear." The key to that statement is the word "your". It means standing up for what you believe in, not what your friends believe in. It will take courage to think and talk freely. Yes it will take very much courage to stand alone.

MIKE MAHAFFEE '63

IS IT REALLY FREEDOM?

Recently, the famous explorer, Robert Ruark, published an extremely vivid novel titled **Uhuru**. Although the actual story is fictitious, the setting, political characters and events, and the theme are centered around Africa today.

The word "uhuru" means freedom in swahili, the basic language of Africa. This is the theme of the novel. At one time Africa, especially Kenya and the Belgian Congo, was considered "white

TEEN DRIVERS, GOOD OR BAD

I had just stepped from my car which was parked at the corner of Ninth and Main, when I heard the screech of brakes and a sickening crash.

Before I knew what was happening, I was being pushed along in a crowd toward the scene of a bad two car smash up. Upon reaching the scene of the accident, I saw to my dismay what had happened. A carload of teenagers had apparently run a stop light and crashed broadside into the car driven by an elderly man.

The boys were walking around, still a little nervous from their narrow escape, but nevertheless, apparently uninjured. The elderly man, however, had not fared quite so well; for the police who had arrived at the same time as I, were already covering him with a sheet.

From among the gathering crowd I could hear such comments as "Crazy teenage drivers," and "If these were my kids, I'd keep them off the streets;" but all I could think of was the bad name which this small minority of teenagers is rapidly creating for the remainder of the basically good younger generation.

BILL STEELE '63

"SEX LIFE OF A - PENCIL?"

Just what is a pencil? How does it feel? What goes through its mind when its point is pressed on a piece of paper? When its point is broken? When it is reversed and its eraser is used?

Is your pencil a boy pencil? Is it lonesome for another pencil, perhaps a girl pencil? Does your pencil flip its eraser at the sight of a nice yellow girl pencil? Is it jealous of that ball point pen in your desk drawer? Does its heart pound when you write your girl a letter with its quaking point? Does it turn green with envy when you use another pencil instead?

Does it flush with success when it has completed a thousand word theme? Is it cranky and cantankerous when the paper it writes on is wet? Does it turn white with rage when you forget to take it to school? Does your pencil yearn to be alone? Is your pencil a normal, rationally behaved pencil? If it is, drop me a note and tell me about the sex life of your — pencil.

JON SEGRIST '64

man" country even though the racial ratio was about ten to one.

In this society, the white man owned most of the land and controlled or rather was the government. Today, there are very few whites left, none in the government of Kenya proper and only a very few third generation Kenyan farmers.

The first insurrection in "white man" country was of course the mau mau revolt. This was a time of terror for not only the whites but the blacks as well. The terror was carried to such an extreme that some said that old women and children should wear side arms, as a matter of fact they did in extreme cases out on isolated farms. Men, women, and children were slaughtered, the property burned, and the livestock and servants killed or driven off.

Forces of white settlers, police, and loyal blacks were recruited to go on manhunts and open warfare was carried out until the back bone of the insurrection was broken.

People tried to tell themselves that everything would return to normal but a rebellious feeling still hung in the air. The intelligent blacks, now political leaders, perceived that the beginning of the end of white rule had come. New groups of patriots began to spring up. Although mostly comprised of youths and very unorganized, they provided a start for the new leaders to work with in changing the masses from a group as a whole very quiet to one of extreme political unrest.

From this point on, history more or less takes over. The next several thousand events in African history are far too complex to be explored in such a small space.

One difficulty arises prominently from all the others on this matter of African independence. Mr. Ruark sums up the problems in a few comments that the main character makes. He says to an African, "And how will you have your Uhuru when it comes? In a package or in a bottle? Will you eat it on the spot or take it with you to count it in quiet? Or will you bury it in a cave?"

Again he says, "They couldn't even spell freedom, much less define it, or even practice it. Their freedom is the freedom to kick hell out of each other."

BOB QUAIFFE '63

FALSE ALARM

It was about 9:00 A.M. on a Saturday morning in early spring of 1962, when I was awakened by the most eerie, God-forsaken sound that I had ever heard. It made me jump right out of bed, which proves that it was pretty weird.

I listened to it for a couple of minutes, first, thinking that it was a fire alarm, but I soon gave that up. Just out of habit, I turned on my radio to hear the radio announcer say that it was an emergency and to turn the dial to "1240" or "640". So, I, thinking this was all a big joke, turned the dial to "1240". The Civil Defense Announcer said that an enemy air attack was eminent and that we should take cover immediately in our fallout shelters.

Since I was the only one home at the time and I really didn't know what to do, I went down to our improvised fallout shelter in the basement and locked myself in. It took me about half an hour to find where we had stored our transistor radio and then of all things, it didn't work. At this point I really began to get scared.

Since I was a little interested in electronics, I decided to try to fix the radio. I tried everything, including changing the batteries, moving things around, touching things together, taking things out and putting them back in. Finally, by some miracle, I got the thing to work.

After spending two long hours in a lousy fallout shelter, not knowing whether I was going to live or die, I turned on the radio. The Civil Defense announcer said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to thank you very much for taking part in this Civil Defense 'drill'."

KENNY MEYER '64

WORDS TO LIVE BY

From contemplation one may become wise, but knowledge comes only from study.

— A. Edward Newton

DRACULA AND THE VAMPIRES

Horrible and sinister tales have been handed down over the centuries telling of the vampires, how they came in the dark of the night to attack their victims and then turn them into vampires also. During the nineteenth century a chilling tale was unfolded about the king of vampires, Count Dracula. Dracula lived in Castle Dracula, in the province of Transylvania, in Rumania.

Count Dracula lived for centuries in his castle with three beautiful women vampires. The mere mention of the name Dracula would make the blood of the peasants run cold. At night the peasants would place a crucifix over their beds or place a wreath of garlic about their necks to ward off the vampires. One day an Englishman came to Rumania on business and hearing the legend of Dracula, he was eager to find out the truth of the superstition. He went to the castle, and was immediately made a prisoner by Dracula. Dracula impersonated the Englishman and went to England, where he would carry on his hideous tasks.

The Englishman eventually escaped and went to England in search of Dracula. Dracula heard that the Englishman had escaped and immediately became alarmed. He made plans to have his coffin sent back to Transylvania. The Englishman found a cart with the coffin of Dracula on it. He opened the coffin and drove a stake through the heart of the corpse and the vampire's reign of terror was over.

The chilling account of Dracula was first written in 1897 by Bram Stoker who lived from 1847 to 1912. Many stage plays and movies have been based on Stoker's novel. Dracula is recognized as the world-wide symbol of vampirism and to this day many of the peasants who still live in the Rumanian sector of the old world hold a superstitious fear of the vampires.

BOB GRAVES '64

CLEANLINESS

Once upon a time many years ago, there lived in the land of Scruba-Dub-Dub a superb bathtub maker. Now this bathtub maker did a thriving business because he was such an excellent bathtub maker, and because he had the only bathtub service department in the land. Now the governor of Scruba-Dub-Dub

When man first comes in contact with others he begins to be influenced and dependant on them, a process which continues until death. Even in this country, which is considered one of the freest, the only way he can remain completely free is to never come in contact with another human; and, thus remain in complete isolation.

In *The Story of Philosophy* Will Durant says that this idea caused Rousseau to argue "that nature is good, and civilization bad; that by nature all men are equal, becoming unequal only by class-made institutions; and that law is an invention of the strong to chain and rule the weak." Therefore, I disagree with Huxley when he says, "Man is not born free," because freedom is not a characteristic which is inheritable.

Man never has complete freedom of action. He must limit his actions so as not to harm or offend others. Laws, rules, and regulations, which are for the good of civilization, limit his freedom. Even though the conformities and mores of society tend to limit freedom, man usually follows them blindly without thinking. One does not realize that regulations, which man usually accepts without question, limit his freedom. A traffic law is only one example of millions which represent how laws limit freedom. Man's actions and ideas are also greatly influenced by others, thus causing more loss of freedom.

Interdependence is a major characteristic of any civilized society. From birth to death man depends on others. First, he depends on his mother for nourishment; second, he depends on his family, then he depends on his friends; and finally, he depends on the entire society. If one did not depend on others, he could survive only on brute strength. In our present society most men depend on others to help them to earn a living, to supply some of their needs, and to help care for them as in sickness. When one helps others and is helped by others, he loses some of his freedom. On the whole my ideas concerning freedom follow Rousseau's more closely than Huxley's because I believe that man is free until he comes in contact with others.

JOHN WEETER '63

WORDS TO LIVE BY

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

— Honore Balzac

was very rich and powerful, but he was also very dirty and smelly because he never took a bath. One day a beautiful maiden came riding by the governor's mansion. He saw her, and fell in love with her immediately. The maiden was a very mannerly and healthy young lady and therefore would not consent to marry the governor until he began to take baths regularly. Now the governor was pretty reluctant about this stipulation, but he loved the maiden very much so he bought an expensive bathtub and with much difficulty began to wash himself regularly. The maiden was very pleased, they were married, and they lived happily ever after.

The moral of this story is you will never do any good, until you learn to come clean.

HAL MILLER '63

TO A GIRL

As I walked through the early spring morn,
my soul being so inttered and torn,
to my surprise, my eye came to rest
on a girl, yes, quite the best.

Such a pleasure surely cannot be told
without discription, what a sight to behold.
One may search with more than his heart,
but sever the horse be before the cart.

Surely a thing with beauty so true
will not deceive, will not make blue;
but best be careful in the way you look,
so not to be opened like the cover of a book.

BOB KILLJIAN '63

"MAN IS BORN FREE"

Concerning freedom, Huxley and Rousseau present opposing ideas. Rousseau says, "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in irons." Huxley says, "Man is not born free." The only time man is free is at birth, and the second he comes in contact with his fellow man, even his family, he is no longer free.

"THE RIDE"

This poem refers to the time in which our country was engaged in the War for Independence against England.

Beneath me lay a bed of snow,
O'er me lay the sky aglow,
Behind me lay the prairie wide,
Before me lay a long, hard ride.

Up the mountain I have to ride,
Using the trail for my guide,
For my country my best I'll do,
To get the message safely through.

No one save me found the way,
No one save me can truly say,
No one save me is still alive,
Who remembers the year of '75.

BOBBY BRANDT '64

THE PLEDGE

The pledge is sometimes a boy
who is frequently used as a toy

He has to pay his dues
no matter how roughly he is used

He works this way and that way
but no matter how he works it's always without pay

Night and day, day and night
the stupid little pledge works with all his might

Some ugly girl he may have to kiss
just someday he can say "Pledge do this!"

COURTNEY BALL '64

FADS FOR THE FEET

When we first come into the world, we usually don't have much to say about our attire or about anything. Our parents usually select some insane little style for us when we're young, and then this becomes a habit with them. This habit of theirs is worse than you think because it usually continues until about the age of five, when you select your first pair of high-top tennis shoes which you live in from one Sunday until the next. Your parents still select your leather shoes and those "neat" nylon stretch socks which you have always worn and if it wore up to them, you always would. Luckily about the eighth, ninth, or tenth grades, you realize you have been "look" the last ten years.

For some boys it is easier to convert their parents than it is for others. Usually if you have an older brother, then he has paved the way and in about a week you get your first pair of ADLERS, but it may take as long as two years to completely rid yourself of those nylon ones. Meanwhile your shoes have begun to bother you by this time and you discover everybody else is either wearing Weejuns or Bass moccasins with great satisfaction. So you too want to get into the swing of things. You persuade your mother to get some Weejuns because they are cheaper and by much persuasion she does. For a couple of months everybody is happy but not for long because "good old Mom" soon fixes that by saying that those "awful" loafers are too sloppy to wear to church, so then you really hit her with the Bass. If you are lucky you can be well prepared for the next couple of years with your Bass, Weejuns, and Adlers.

COURTNEY BALL '64

TRAFFIC SCHOOL

One day while driving down the road, a nice man, in a blue sedan, took it upon himself to talk to me. In order to get my attention, he used a very unusual method. Instead of yelling to me, he turned on some flashing red lights and a forceful siren. As you may have guessed, he was a policeman in an unmarked car. I also soon realized this, and immediately stopped on the side of the road.

AIDED OR CONTROLLED?

A person has only one life to live and that is his own. The more he lets his friends run it for him the less he gets out of it. This does not mean that he should not associate with anyone at all, for it would be a dull life indeed without anyone to talk to or even fight with. A friend's role in life is to give advice, help, and give companionship in both good and bad times. It is not his role to run the other person's life and make decisions for him without consultation. There are people who will let this be done to themselves and they gradually come to live a helpless, bland, watered-down, and sheltered existence. This person becomes dependent on others to make his decisions for him.

To keep from having this kind of passive existence a person should study his decisions carefully and keep other people from using him for their own personal gain. The people who get what they want in life are the ones who survey the situation, and, after careful analysis, make their own decisions aided but not controlled by their friends.

STITH BENNETT '64

HUMOR IN SHORT STORIES

Writers have many methods of achieving humor in their stories. They write what is funny to them, of course, and this may not be so funny to a person with a different sense of humor. *Blue Jays* by Mark Twain, and *The Affair at Seven Rue de M* by John Steinbeck will point out differences in humor.

In *Blue Jays*, Twain gives human traits to animals and develops a very tall story which proves very humorous. Amusing remarks are slyly tucked into the dialogue, so the reader must be alert to get the full effect of the story. Satire is another method used by Twain. In this case the faults of the animals are paralleled with those of humans.

In the *Affair at Seven Rue de M*, Steinbeck attains great humor by fashioning his absurdity around a very serious and dramatic work. His parody of Edgar Allan Poe's tale is even funnier if the reader is familiar with Poe's style. In this story parody is used purely for hilarious effect. This should not be confused with satire in which a view or judgment of something is expressed.

STITH BENNETT '64

He was a very pleasant looking man with a sneaky little grin on his face at this moment. I was quite nervous since it was my first offense, but I soon got over that. Meanwhile, he very slowly, with a pencil in his hand, wrote my first ticket.

As the ticket said I was supposed to appear in court during the following week. This I did and was instructed, while there, to attend traffic school for the next three Friday nights. At traffic school, I was quite surprised to see a lot of my friends. On these nights I saw a collection of movies, sort of the home-slide type, composed of wrecks and a lot of people killed by their carelessness, and I heard some lectures.

Other than the movies, it was most enjoyable and the policemen were very nice. I also have to admit it was a great help to me in my driving and I think it is a very worthwhile endeavor by all in authority who sponsor it. I would like to see everybody go to traffic school for I think it would help in traffic control.

Editor's note: If you ever attend traffic school do not write on the back of your attendance slip, or come in late. These two things, observed by the editor, disturb the police.

COURTNEY BALL '64

WASHDAY

The day of the week that I hate most always seems to be Washday. If you read the rest of this article you will know why I hate Washday. Washday is the busiest day of the week. Yesterday was Washday, so let me tell you about some of the visitors I had. I had just turned on the automatic washing machine, when all of a sudden the hand of a giant emerges from the soap. This gave me quite a start, but after regaining my senses I unloaded the machine and began complaining about the dullness of the clothes. Then, out of nowhere, five beautiful cheerleaders come through the door and start singing about which detergent I should use. After the cheerleaders left I thought I would lie down for a while, but then the Tide started coming in. Now I guess you understand why I despise Washdays, but I guess we have to have some excitement in this modern world.

BOB GRAVES '64

OTHERS FIRST

"What touches us ourself shall be last served." Caesar spoke these words to Artemidorus, a teacher who was trying to give him a proclamation revealing the assassination plot against him. Caesar brushed him off not knowing the content of the paper. Caesar had stated the main rule a person in authority must follow if he wants to be successful — yet he was later killed — probably because he did not practice what he preached! Caesar meant that to be successful and a good leader, one must think of others first and not be occupied worrying about oneself.

While a counselor at camp one summer I found that there was no room for someone who thought only of himself. I was actually so busy doing things for and looking after the people I was responsible for that I completely forgot about doing something for myself. To be a good leader or even a good follower, which is just as important, I found that a person has to think of others first and himself second.

The late Dr. Tom Dooley, founder and head of "Medico", was truly a great example of someone's giving up his own pleasures and thinking of others first. Dr. Dooley's fund-raising ventures and medical-aid journeys were highly successful. The main reason was the doctor's devotion to his project which was, in effect, other people. Although he thought of others constantly and neglected himself to the point of advancing his disease, I think it is safe to say that his life was most productive and meaningful. This rule applies not only to great men who are leaders, but to everyone in every walk of life. Many problems of government and human relations would be solved if everyone was considerate of the needs of others and thought himself second, not first.

STITH BENNETT '64

THE CLAW OF THE TROPICS

So son you've come to the tropics, where you've heard all you have to do, is sit in the shade of the coconut glade while the dollars roll into you. They gave you that at the bureau, and you got your statistics straight, but hear what it did to another kid before you decide your fate. You don't go down with one hard fall, you just sort of shuffle along, and lighten the

load of the moral code till you can't tell right from wrong. It's the case of ridding a crooked race or being an also ran, and your only hope is to slip the slope to the horse of the other man. I started off to be honest, with everything on the square, but a guy don't fool with the golden rule in a gang that doesn't play fair. In Guayaquil I turned the deal in an Inca silver mine, and before they found it was salted ground, I was sage in the Argentine. I ran short weight on the river plate, I was in with some smugglers there, and we cracked the crypt of rich estate without ever turning a hair.

But the thing that will double bar my soul, when it flaps at the pearly doors, is selling booze to the Santa crews, and Winchester 44. Made unafraid by my hellish aid the gin crazed brutes swopt down, and fore more came, a quivering maze, was all that was left of a flourishing border town. I was captain man on the Santi Ann, off the coast of Yucatan, till she went to hell off Cosamell, one night in a Hurican'. I floated ashore on a broken oar, in the stifling shrieking dark, while the other two of the good ships crew were converted into shark. From a sand stone cliff I flagged a skiff, with a pair of salt soaked jeans, and I worked my way, 'cause I couldn't pay, on a fruiter to New Orleans. It kind of gets you, the tropics, it gets you worse than rum; you get away, you swear you'll stay, but it calls and back you come. Not six months was gone before I was back there on the job, running a war in Salvador with a black faced, barefoot mob, I was General Santiago Hicks, at the head of a grand revolt, and my only friend from start to end was a punishing army colt.

I might have been president 'ere now, a man of unlimited means, till the government came and blocked my game, with a hundred and ten marines. So I woke from my dream dead broke, and I went from bad to worse, and I sank as low as a sa man can that walks with an empty purse. But stars they say shine by day, when you're down in a deep dark pit, and I know it's true 'cause mine found me, when I was about to quit. On a fiery hot flea ridden cot, I was down with the yellow jaek, and my star came and of course she nursed me back. In her eyes were the light of empires gone, for hers was the blood of kings, and when she spoke, her voice inspired high thoughts and dreams of nobler things. We were

ambition is more of the spiritual — if they can convert a sinner to an honest and God-fearing man, their ambition is satisfied. They use their charm and personality as well as their religion to carry out their ambitions.

The phonies and sinners of life may have used their ambitions excessively or dishonestly. These are the men that view life with a perspective of money and wealth. I'm not saying these other I have mentioned are not ambitious for wealth. What I am asserting is that the "well-to-do" are equipped for the ups and downs of life while the "unfortunates" aren't able to accept the downs, so they seek the easy way — the way of stealing and deceiving.

Ambition seems to contain a certain goal that is to be reached for success. For the preacher, satisfaction; for the big businessman, a high position in the company; and for the socialite, wealth and fame. All of these tie together to partly explain the reason why men use their ambitions to achieve material and spiritual goals in life. The reason, I cannot explain! The goal, it is left for man's own individual mind and soul!

MIKE DORTON '83

ROBERT FROST

Frost was born on March 26, 1875 in San Francisco. He was born the son of Prescott Frost and a scientific mother Margaret Frost. His father was active in politics, but died when he was ten. After his death his mother moved back to New England, in Lawrence, Mass. In high school he found his talents for writing poems. At twenty he married Eleanor White, who remained his critic and his inspiration until her death in 1938. They had four daughters of whom one is dead.

Frost has been compared with Wordsworth, but he is less bold. He is no doubt the greatest classical poet of America today. He is nevertheless the authentic voice of New England. Frost does not force himself to write, preferring to wait until he can write at his best. "It takes me two days to unscrew and two to screw up again", he says. He does not believe in fancy esthetics. A poem, he explains, "begins with a lump in the throat; a homesickness or lovesickness. It is a reaching out expression; an effort to find fulfillment. A complete poem is one where an emotion has formed its thought and the thought has formed the words.

TOM GISH '65

spliced at the yankee meeting house, on the ground of your Uncle Sam, and I drew my pay in an honest way, 'cause I worked on the Gautun Dam. When the devil sent his right hand man, and I might have known he would, and he cut her down with a long keen knife, 'cause she was clean and good. In me died all hope, all pride, and all but the primitive will, to track him down on his blood red trail, and kill and kill, and kill.

Through chicory camps, and dog wood swamps, I trailed him for many a moon, 'til I found my man, in a long pit pan, at the edge of a blue lagoon. The chase was n'er on the opposite shore, and it ended a two year quest, so I left him there with a vacant stare, and a John crow, on his chest. You see these marks upon my arms, and you wonder what they mean—these marks were left by the fingers depth of my trained nurse, Miss Morphine. You say it's a horrible habit well perhaps you're right, but it helps to drive away the things that come to stare in the night. There is a homestead down in the old main town, with lilacs 'round the gate, and soft winds murmur it might have been, but the truth has come too late. For whatever the game or whenever you play for stakes that are large or small the **Claw of the Tropics** reaches out and the banker gets it all.

Author anonymous
Written by PAT GREENE JR.

OF AMBITION

Ambition has always been a trait that man has carried through life, business, and the social world. It has turned some men into preachers, some into wealthy business men, and some into well-to-do socialites. Over-ambition has made of men sinners, broken-down businessmen, and phonies. It has caused others as well as those I have mentioned pain, grief and hurt.

Personality and charm are characteristics men have used to convey their ambitions and desires. Executives just entering the realm of the business world depend on cocktail parties, and dinners as much as their sales records when it means a promotion in the company or a raise in salary. Preachers are not exactly ambitious men in the way of material wealth; their

OGDEN NASH

Ogden Nash (August 19, 1902 -) American Humorist and poet, was born Fredric Ogden Nash in Rye, N. Y., the son of Edmon Nash and Mattie Nash. He attended school at St. George's School in Newport, R. I. and in 1920-21 he was a student at Harvard. He spent some time in the editorial and publicity departments of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Doran and Co. Later he joined with John Doran and Stanly Rinehart to set up his own publishing house. In June of 1931 he married Francis Rider Leonard of Baltimore. He made his home there with his two daughters. In 1931, also he published two books of verse, **Hard Times** and **Free Wheeling**. Retiring from publishing worlds to devote his time to his own writing, Nash became one of the most prolific producers of humorous verse today. He can write not only verse with exaggerating rhythm and fearless rhythms but poems of delicate lyrical feeling and deep intensity. Ogden Nash, blond, curly hair, weary glasses, and is adept at reciting his unpolished and unpublisable verse.

TOM GISH '65

"STONEWALL" TO POSTERITY

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was one of the most famous Confederate Generals and one of the best officers who fought under General Robert E. Lee. He obtained his nickname of "Stonewall" at the First Battle of Bull Run, where he faced overwhelming odds, but formed a strong line and held his ground. General Bernard E. Bee, trying to rally his Southern troops, saw Jackson standing there and shouted "there is Jackson standing like a stone wall." From that moment on, Jackson was known as "Stonewall" and his brigade was called the "Stonewall Brigade".

He was born at Clarksburg, Va. on Jan. 21, 1824. When Jackson was very young his father, leaving his family almost penniless, died thus causing Jackson to assume the responsibility of supporting the family through his own initiative. Although he had little opportunity for education he obtained an appointment to go to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, from which, in 1846, he received a commission as a second lieutenant of artillery. He was immediately ordered to New Orleans and then to Mexico where he served under General Zachary Taylor and then under

General Winfield Scott during the Mexican War. In August of 1847, he was made a brevet captain for conspicuous gallantry at Churubusco, and in September he was appointed a brevet major in recognition of bravery shown at Chapultepec.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Jackson volunteered to train for the Confederacy and was commissioned as a colonel of the Virginian Volunteers on April 26, 1861 and was sent to guard the entrance to the Shenandoah Valley at Harper's Ferry. On June 17 of that same year he was appointed Brigadier General by General Robert E. Lee. As a result of Jackson's undying courage at the First Battle of Bull Run, which was the first Confederate victory, he was promoted to the rank of Major General soon afterwards. On Jan. 1, 1862 Jackson left Winchester, drove the Union troops from Romney across the Potomac and began his famous Shenandoah Valley Campaign, during which he and his brigade marched 400 miles, fought five battles, and took 4000 prisoners. In the summer of 1862 Jackson aided Lee at Richmond by attacking General George B. McClellan's forces and driving them back in wild retreat from their position within sight of the Confederate Capital. At the second Battle of Bull Run (August 30, 1862) Jackson crushed General Irvin McDowell's forces, then captured Harper's Ferry in September, and aided Lee again in his victory at Antietam, Maryland. He then was made Lieutenant General in command of the Second Corps on Oct. 1st and was recognized as Lee's right arm man. On the evening of May 2nd, 1863, following up his victory over General Joseph Hooker's right wing at Chancellorsville, Va. Jackson was accidentally shot by his own troops and eight days later after being struck by pneumonia, died on May 18, 1863 at the height of his military career.

The loss of Stonewall Jackson was fatal to the Confederate cause. Lee was left without one who so readily understood what was in his mind, executed brilliantly his plans, and finally attempted those bold maneuvers which had enabled victory to be won against great superior odds. Jackson had a very serious religious nature about him. For example it was said that before every battle he would kneel down and pray to God. He was a great tactical genius and a leader of men and had the marvelous ability of getting the maximum efforts from each of his men. A prime example was the way in which he boldly maneuvered his forces behind that of General Hooker and drove them back in wild disorder, thus preventing the threatening encirclement of Union Troops. His soldiers loved him with a peculiar intensity and trusted his judgment. As one observer said "Jackson's men would meet death for his sake, and bless him when dying."

those 8 states began to see a considerable increase in the rate of crimes and several years later they restored capital punishment.

In Washington, for example, the death penalty was repealed in 1913. Four years later a sharp increase in capital crimes began to become evident. In a certain court case a man on trial for brutal murder boasted throughout his trial that the State could do nothing to him but board him up for the rest of his natural life. In 1919 the death penalty was restored.

I believe that the threat of death is a special warning, by itself, to those who may be tempted to commit a capital crime. Even though these threats may not be carried out, the potential offender must reckon with it.

There are no statistics to show how many crimes were not committed because someone feared a death sentence. But common sense tells us that this number must be large.

The death penalty is a warning, just like a light house throwing its beam out to sea. We hear about shipwrecks, but we do not hear about the ships the light house guides safely on their way. We do not have proof of the number of ships it saves, but we do not tear the light house down.

EMLER NEUMAN '64

THE BEOTHUK

Who would want that which is barren and cold?
Yet they fought the onslaught savagely for a hold
on their land raped by the idiots who bought and sold.

Ochre-colored, they seemingly foresaw their doom;
the idiots' expansion left them no room.

Pursued and hunted, the small tribe fled
farther north into obscurity where they bled —
forgotten.

Until one day an old woman said,
"I am a Beothuk."
But now, like the dodo, the Beothuk is dead.

Pushed to a pinnacle, then to oblivion;
killed to the last soul is the Beothuk Indian.

NILES SCHOENING '63

He was never called upon to command large forces independently, but his Valley Campaign remains a classic example of what a small force can achieve when led by a man who understands the value of resolution, secrecy, and mobility in war. In the major operations he was the ideal lieutenant and a real master of the art of war.

EMLER NEUMAN '64

SHOULD CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BE ABOLISHED?

There has been much controversy over the question of whether or not capital punishment should be abolished. I believe that capital punishment is a weapon in the fight against crime and a weapon that we cannot afford to give up.

Capital punishment has been used all through history in the fight against crime. People of that day and age, as they do right up to the present, believed that the fear of the death penalty would reduce the crime rate.

There are four countries in Europe which have capital punishment; these are France, Ireland, Spain, and Great Britain. There is also the Soviet Union, which issues the death penalty only for crime committed against the state.

When Great Britain used the death penalty the rate of capital crimes fell from 4.1 to 3.3 per million over a period of 30 years from 1910 to 1939.

In the United States alone all but 6 out of 50 states in the Union have capital punishment. All of this evidence goes to show only one thing. That these 4 European countries along with the Soviet Union and the 46 States of the United States believe in the death penalty or else they would have abolished it a long time ago.

In the 1930's an average of 167 persons were executed every year in this Country. During the 1940's the average fell to 73 persons and in 1960 the number dropped to 49. This goes to show that criminals are finally taking heed to this warning and are beginning to stop and think before they commit a foolish crime.

At one time or another in our history, 8 states out of the Union abolished capital punishment. But consequently, each of

OBSCURE PURPOSELESSNESS

A sequacious Septemebriest
playing the ululating ocarina
adds to the spacious whist
of momentous gore.

A helpless Helot
spilling his hematal fluid
hopes to become a zealot
in the momentous gore.

A schizophrenic scholiast
teaching of the Saorstat
whose revolution is Marxist
for a momentous gore.

A modern modular man
dreaming of regulations
chops off fingers on a hand
in spite of momentous gore.

A misanthropic Machiavellian
sweeps away opposition
like a singing falchion
with momentous gore.

A laughing larrikin
brandishing a boikkin
lancinates all the ceraphim
with momentous gore.

A feral foedary
naturally anticipatory
flees antipathetically
after momentous gore.

Thus, comes the last war.
the neurosis of our age is o'er,
and mankind, obscured, sees no more;
for in his sight lies the inevitable,
ultimate gore.

NILES SCHOENING '63

PERFECTION

Mr. D. W. Johnson was an upstanding citizen, a good husband and a faithful churchgoer. He provided his wife with everything she needed as well as many luxuries. He had worked as an accountant in a large firm for over 35 years and was considered to be most honest as well as a very diligent and precise worker. Mrs. Johnson was a matronly-type woman of 35 with a taste for younger men. The whole community had become aware of her indiscretions and many people thought she would eventually leave him for a younger man.

When a man works where such perfection is mandatory, as is true with an accountant, he gradually seems to demand accuracy and perfection, not only in his numbers, but in his daily chores as well. Mr. Johnson was this way and all the years he had been acquiring these habits he never thought that they would help him commit a murder.

When Mr. Johnson built his fallout shelter, he was a cautious man; he had no idea that he had found a way to revenge. When he installed that extra lock outside that could not be manipulated from within the shelter, I believe the idea had entered his mind. For this reason he made a tape recording warning the population of an impending nuclear attack and placed it in a small recorder. This tape recorder ran on batteries and was small enough to be placed in the rear of their radio. It was hooked up to switch off the radio, at a prearranged time, and warn the public of a forthcoming attack and to tune to a Conelrad station — after they had obtained shelter.

It was all too perfect. Mr. Johnson was on the patio when, at the exact moment he had planned, he heard a muffled voice over the radio and a loud scream from his wife. She bolted out the back door, across the gravel path leading to the shelter, screaming the news to Johnson. He followed her, after a short time. When he got to the door it was shut and locked from the inside. All Mr. Johnson had to do was to snap the outside lock and revenge was his.

About a half hour later Mr. Johnson was having a drink, savoring the thoughts of the innumerable horrors his wife must be going through, after turning on the radio in the shelter and learning there was no attack, then discovering she was locked in. Thinking of the radio, Mr. Johnson walked over to turn it on. About half way there he heard a click and a voice said, "Attention

England. Due to this, England had to begin trade for this material with Egypt, a practice that has continued up to this day. This has cost the United States a great deal of money over the years.

The United States government is also still paying pensions to the families of Civil War veterans. This also has, and is, detracting from our national budget.

The heavy destruction suffered by both sides in this war has delayed the growth of these sections greatly since the war.

On a different kind of level are the political rivalries, prejudices and traditions which the Civil War caused or played a part in. One is the many states-rights who are popular in the South, mostly due to the Civil War. Also the loyalty of Southerners to the Democratic party, a tradition begun during Civil War days. Also credited to the Civil War is the intense sectional loyalties of Southerners. This has detracted much from the strength of the Union.

Probably the most important and worst result of the Civil War is the racial discrimination. The intense hate and prejudice of the Southerner against the Negro was born during the Civil War. This problem has not only made for unpleasant situations at home, but has also been a source of world-wide embarrassment for the United States. The African situation has become an acute problem partially because of our own racial troubles here in our own country. Many able people have been denied the right of an education and this is only one of the many problems caused by this prejudice.

The Civil War has made a great and lasting impression on our times.

GARY KEIBLER '64

INFINITY

Dr. Thomas worked far into the night on his weird machine hoping that it would bring him fame and fortune. He had been planning and working since he first acquired the knowledge of how to go beyond time, speed and light into the vast unknown world of infinity.

Dr. Thomas was only a young man, but he had always wanted to be famous and have plenty of money to do what he wished.

please, this is your civil defense authorities speaking. We urge you to stay calm and find shelter . . .". "Walt!" cried Mr. Johnson. "That's my recording . . . what in hell did she hear?" . . . OH NO!" . . .

LEE GRIFFITH '63

PLEDGING

I wonder how many people know what pledging really is. The purpose of pledging can be summed up like this: A little enjoyment for the members and it helps the pledges appreciate the club when and if they get in.

Pledging, when one thinks about it, really isn't so bad. This is a time when one has an excuse to do the things he wouldn't normally do. Such as: Doing the Twist at a pep rally, Chinese push-ups in the Mall and running laps around the Big Boy. These things, at the time, are very embarrassing.

Padding is probably one of the most questioned parts of pledging and most of the questioning is done by the parents. Parents don't seem to realize the real purpose of padding. Padding was adopted for the sole purpose of punishing the pledges. Padding is done with extreme caution to insure the safety of the pledges!

Many members like to tell some of their experiences when pledging. I wonder how many of them would like to go through pledging over again.

I think pledging can be summed up in two words: Perplexing but Fun!

STEVE LOSIC '64

HOW WE ARE STILL PAYING FOR THE CIVIL WAR

We are definitely still paying for the Civil War in a number of ways.

First of all, during the Civil War, the North, in its attempt to overpower the South, cut off the South's cotton trade with

England. Due to this, England had to begin trade for this material with Egypt, a practice that has continued up to this day. This has cost the United States a great deal of money over the years.

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The Civil War has made a great and lasting impression on our times.

GARY KEIBLER '64

Now his chance had come and he was going to make the most of it. The clock on the wall had just struck two A.M. when the machine was finally completed. Thomas walked around it several times and felt proud because at last it was finished.

The time had come. Dr. Thomas stepped into the machine, pushed a button and threw a switch; eerie sounds filled the small laboratory. Next, he pushed a small lever forward and the machine seemed to act like a living, breathing metal monster. Dr. Thomas had an odd feeling that he was in a dream. The indicator in the machine passed all the phases of speed and time, and it began to move toward a large space on its dial which stood for infinity. Dr. Thomas wanted to pull the lever back and return to his lab, but a strange force made him continue to push the lever down. The needle on the instrument panel finally reached the red area.

The things that occurred next were indescribable. Dr. James Thomas exists no more, for he forgot that there is nothing but emptiness and darkness in infinity. Dr. Thomas knows this all too well now, but he will never be able to tell because now he too is a part of infinity.

BOB WALKER '64

THE FERRARI

There are those, and they are not few who think the Ferrari the best automobile in the world. There are quieter, handier, more luxurious, more comfortable motorcars in the world market — but for the maximum amount of everything desirable that can be, Ferrari is the car.

The most useful Ferrari is possibly the 250 gran turismo 2 + plus - 2. Here we have a V12 3-liter engine producing a modest but genuine 240 horsepower, sufficient to make the machine do 125-150 miles an hour.

Enzo Ferrari also delivers a Berlinetta, a light weight, vitamin-packed, adrenal injected coupe for sports-car racing. One of these will do for you anything: Le Mans, for example or Sobrius. Being a letter from your driving teacher. Your local Ferrari dealer won't sell you a Berlinetta if he thinks you might be upset by the prospect of a hairpin corner coming up when you're doing 170 in a pouring rain, at night.

The 4.9 Ferrari is a special one built to order. If they make one a month and sell it, they are doing a booming business. A 4.9 will reach 60 in 6.5 seconds and at the end of a standing quarter mile, which takes it 14.5 seconds, it will be passing 100 m.p.h. in 2nd gear, with 3rd and 4th still to come. Available anytime is 165 miles an hour, price, 20 thousand.

BOB MILLER '64

PSYCHOTHERAPY AS A TREATMENT FOR SCHIZOPHRENIA - (dementia praecox)

For a small number of the total group of schizophrenics, one-fifth of all first admissions to mental hospitals in this country) psychoanalytic therapy has been provided. Workers such as Rosen and Fromm-Reichmann, using intensive and long term psychoanalytic procedures, report promising results. The availability of such treatment is, at this time, far too limited to offer a realistic treatment approach.

Most often individual psychotherapy for the schizophrenic patient involves a dependent supportive relationship in which the principal treatment is reassurance and encouragement. Efforts must be made to reduce the stress in the environment. The patient has to be helped in planning his activities. Direct interpretation of symptoms is avoided. Such individual psychotherapy is often supplemented by a marshalling of all hospital resources that may be used favorably in the treatment process.

Group psychotherapy has been adapted to the needs of the schizophrenic patient. Procedures of this sort are suitable for aiding the withdrawn patient and help to provide a secure environment in which he may learn skills in interpersonal relationships and test reality. Extensive use of group therapy in state hospitals has proved to be an way of meeting the severe shortage of trained therapists. Many staff personnel other than psychiatrists have been trained to conduct the group sessions with schizophrenic patients. The topics of these discussions range from ways of seeking employment upon release from the hospital to analysis of the dynamic factors involved in the illness. The latter type of discussion can be led only by highly trained professional personnel.

BILL HAYS '63

His only son died of an infant disease and his wife died in 1904. To top it all off, a few years later his favorite daughter died in 1909. These tragedies greatly saddened his later years.

Perhaps his greatest contribution to American literature was that of maturity. Most American writers, before Twain, were copyists of European models and didn't draw on the rich material of the American scene at that period. Twain was a pure product of America and drew vivid pictures of Americans that were rich in color with that coarse sense of humor so widely recognized in that period.

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross country is a tough and enduring grind. Some people seem to think that football is the hardest sport there is. They may be right, and they are entitled to their opinions, but I believe, and I speak from experience, that cross-country is a much tougher sport and takes a lot more guts.

The practices are short, but very tiring. They usually last about one hour, or a little more. On a typical practice day you first don your shorts, track shoes, and sweatsuit, and then head for the cross-country course. The practice usually starts by exercises and a general limbering up. You then run twice around the course, or about two miles. Following this, you walk a quarter mile, and then run between four and six quarter miles, walking a quarter mile between each one. This ends practice for the day, and you head for the showers.

On the day of a meet there is a change in routine. It starts off when at ten-thirty we eat lunch consisting of meat, one slice of bread, potatoes, and one vegetable. When school is out we all report to the gym where we dress and drink orange juice. After this we rest until time for the meet. A meet, although not nearly as long, is much harder than practice. It consists of running two miles, always jockeying for position. When the race is over and you are dead tired and almost sick, but you are thankful for one thing - that the race is over.

GARY KEIBLER '64

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain was the pen name of Samuel Longhorne Clemens. Twain was born in Florida, Mo. in 1835. He was the son of a lawyer who traded in land. A few years later his family moved to Hannibal, Mo., a riverport on the Mississippi. Twain grew up during the period when the river traffic on the Mississippi was at its height. In 1847 his father died and he left school to become a printer's apprentice. He worked at this for a time, then decided to become a tramp printer. He worked in this manner for about ten years.

In 1857 he became an apprentice river pilot. It was here he acquired his pen name of Mark Twain, a riverboat term meaning the water was two fathoms deep. Twain continued as a river pilot until 1861, when the War between the States almost completely stopped river traffic.

During the war, Twain enlisted in the Confederate Army as a Lieutenant. But after two weeks service, he managed to get himself discharged. Twain then decided to join his brother, Orion, who was secretary to the Governor of the Nevada Territory.

In 1862 he began his literary career as a reporter in Virginia City, Nevada. This was the first time he used the name, Mark Twain. Later, while working in San Francisco as a reporter, his story, **The Celebrated Jumping Frog**, made his name widely known for the first time.

His paper sent him to Hawaii to write travel sketches. He then joined a party that was making a tour of the Mediterranean Sea and Palestine. This tour was the turning point of his life. During the voyage, he fell in love with the picture of the sister of a young man whom he had met. On his return he met the young woman, Olivia Langdon of Elmira, N. Y., and persuaded her to marry him. He also wrote **The Innocents Abroad** which described his tour and solidly established his reputation as a writer.

His wife ruled Twain's writing with a firm hand and although Twain was a success publicly, his private life was filled with misfortune. Several business investments were failures and he lost his money. He worked off his debt by lecturing across the country. He then lived in Europe for a great length of time. He later returned to America and spent his last years in Redding, Conn.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN BOHEMIANS OR SEVEN CARD STUDS

Once upon a time
In a far away land
There lived a little good hunk
In a castle so grand.

She was pretty and sweet
And usually high as a kite.
The name of the girl
Was little Snow White.

Now the queen was magic
And pulled a switch.
She changed herself
To an ugly old witch.

But Snow White was friends
With seven little guys
And when the witch wasn't around
These guys put her wise.

Now little Snow White
Is lost in the woods
She'd like to be found
If she possibly could.

The queen is ugly and also very old
And she's very, very cruel.
She's got a nasty temper
And likes to feed the bull.

This is the scariest forest
That ever was made
And now it's gettin' dark out
Man, is she afraid!

She wishes that she had a man
To lead her through the dark,
Hold her gently by the hand,
And make her in the park.

There in the distance
She sees a little shack.
It's too late now
To think of turning back.

She goes right in
And makes herself at home,
Flops down on the bed
Never more to roam.

The dwarfs arrive;
"Say lookie here boys,
A cute little miss,
Mother never told me
It would be like this"

Snow White sees them;
"Now see here fellows,
I'm just a little shy,
My mother the Queen
Will come here by and by."

If I could only stay a while,
I will not make a sound,
She's a witch and she knows well
The place I can be found.

I'll cook and I'll clean,
I'll sew and scrub,
I'll dust your cottage
And serve your grub."

The dwarfs leave to go to work,
The witches enter:
First witch: "I am the witch Her."
Second witch: "I am the witch Het."
First witch: "You are the witch?"
"This cannot be
This here part was assigned to me."

Second witch: "Now listen you witch,
There's been a switch
And it's just so happened
That I'm the witch."

She ate a spiked up apple,
Poor little Miss,
But she might wake up
If you give her a kiss.

Come on Prince,
Do what we say
And tomorrow night be
Your wedding day."

Snow White: "Oh my dear Lancelot
Who loves to hop and dance a lot,
Two witches came by today
And poisoned me in such a way."
Witches enter: "Lancelot you've curdled
our milk.
Best we get out of these rags
And back into the royal silk."

The Queen comes in weaving:
"Heya boys, I'm the Queen,
The good hunk Queen
You've never seen.

I've come to get my dandy prince,
He left me just a while ago;
I can't imagine where the heck
He'd go."

Prince: "You're the rat,
Aren't you Queen?
You poisoned Snow White,
Come on, come clean."

Queen: "Well okay big boy,
I'll confess
I thought you suspected
More or less."

Prince: "You'll have to go
To the palace jail
For the rest of your life
And there ain't no bail."

With all this witchin' Snow White
Decided she'd better chue them in.
Snow White: "Wait a minute you witches,
Which witch is witch?"

Witches: "Now we have a cool little apple here -
Little Snow White,
And we'd like for you to take
A great big bite."

Snow White: "You'd like for me
To take a bite?"
Witches: "That's right my dear, Bite,
It'll taste just right."

Snow White: "You know what I think?
I think it's a trick
If I take a bite,
I think I'll get sick."

Witches: "Now it seems you're under
some illusion,
We know you're wrong
So here's our conclusion.

You take a bite,
Don't be a mule,
We'll eat the rest,
Then we'll all be cool.

Snow White bites and of course . . .
The knockout drop
Has done its work.
She doesn't move,
Not even a jerk.

A local prince drops by:
"I'm the crazy Prince Lancelot
And I love to dance a lot.
I heard Snow White was in a jam.
I want to help so here I am."

Dwarfs: "Now it seems, good prince,
That you're a little late,
Snow White's lyin' there,
We think she's at the gate.

Queen: "Well okay prince,
I won't mind boardin'
As long as you're there,
Workin' as the warren."

Prince: "See here Queenie,
I'm givin' you the slip
That Snow White's the one
For whom I really flip."

Snow White: "Oh dear prince,
I know that we
will always live
very happily."

So the cat and the kitten
Rode off on a horse
And the wicked old Queen
Went to jail, of course.

An Alfred Hitchcock Production

GEORGE SCHNEIDER '63

SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616) WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare is often said to be the world's best writer. He wrote both dramas and poems. Most of his plays were done in verses and he wrote a great many poems and along with them he had written a lot of sonnets. The plays he wrote were comedies, tragedies, and historical plays. Sakespeare was an actor and he had a share of every theater in which one of his plays was performed. When he retired to Stratford-on-Avon where he was born, he was a wealthy man. His plays are constantly revived.

In 1613 he went to Stratford where he passed the remainder of his days in quiet with his family.

There was in Shakespeare's time more or less adium attached to the theatrical profession, to the playwright as well as to the actor. We cannot wonder that when he felt assured of his independence, he wished to go where he could live the life of a country gentleman.

Works of Shakespeare

At the time of Shakespeare's death twenty-one plays existed in manuscripts in the various theaters. A few others had already been printed in quarto form, and the latter are the only publications that could possibly have met with the poet's own approval. Probably they were taken down in shorthand by a person in the audience at one of the plays and then "pirated" by some publisher for his own profit. The first printed collection of his plays was made by two actors, Heming and Condell, who asserted that they had access to the papers and had made a perfect edition, "in order to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive." This collection contained thirty-six of the thirty-seven plays attributed to Shakespeare. This celebrated first edition was printed from playhouse manuscripts and from printed quartos containing many notes and changes by individuals, actors, and stage managers. It was full of typographical errors though the editors alleged great care and accuracy; and so, though it is the only authoritative edition we have, it is of little value in determining the dates, or the classification of the plays as they existed in his mind.

This uncertainty, a careful reading of the plays and poems, leaves us with an impression of four different periods of work, probably corresponding with the growth and experiences of his life.

1. A period of early experimentation. It is marked by youthfulness and exuberance, of imagination, by extravagance of language and by the frequent use of rhymed couplets with blank verse.

(Arrival in London to 1585) Poems of this period — *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Richard the III*.

2. A period of rapid growth and development. (1585-1600) Plays of this period: *The Merchant of Venice*, *Midsommer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Henry IV*.

3. A period of gloom and depression, which marks the full maturity of his powers. Why he was sad is unknown. (1600-1607) Sonnets: *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare's great tragedies: *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello* and *Julius Caesar*.

4. A period of restored serenity, of calm after storm. This marked his last years of literary work. *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are the best of the last period.

SKIP HANSEN '64

pipes which spewed blue-flame as if that were their function. As his car screamed past, he snapped it into second gear, and the wheels spun momentarily, as blue-white smoke rose from the hot rubber left on the street. Many times I had seen him do this, and many times I would see him do it again, or so I thought. I turned left out of Frisch's, drove down Taylorsville Road, and up the ramp and onto the expressway.

I was impressed. He was a pretty good driver. Always took good care of his car, even though he did run it pretty hard some-time. Besides an Austin-Healey could take just about anything. That was a pretty good shift he made. It must have taken a lot of practice to be able to shift that way. I wonder what a car like that costs? I could probably get a good used one cheap. These thoughts went through my mind while driving the long, straight stretch of road.

There weren't many cars on the road, that dreary, misty morning. I suppose that is why I noticed them. The skid marks I mean. Black ovals, man-made symbols of death, which told me that someone, or something would die here tonight. I slowed down. I don't know why. Maybe it was just my imagination, but I had a funny feeling. Then, as my eyes searched the eerie murkiness of early morning, I saw it. One single headlamp which seemed to be a beacon in the night, warning other drivers. It wasn't a bright, strong, white light as most headlamps are, instead it was yellow, a dull fading yellow, dimming as the battery that pulled it slowly diminished in strength. I stopped my car, got out, and walked over.

I could not comprehend what I saw. There he was, both hands on the steering wheel, in a death grip, the spokes of the wheel broken away from the shaft, due to the impact of his body's being slammed forward against it. His head lay on the back of the seat, his face twisted with agony and pain. Blood trickled from a deep gash in his forehead, ran down the side of his head and dripped to the floorboard, making a sound like water dripping from a leaking faucet. His right foot was on the brake pedal, which had gone all the way to the floor. The car was just a mangled hulk of what, not twenty minutes ago, had been a precious sports machine, providing its driver with the utmost in motoring pleasure. He groaned once, and I put my hand on his wrist to see if he were alive. I felt his heart beat twice, then stop. At that same moment, the fading headlight flickered and went out, never to pierce the darkness of night again.

TERRY TULLY

"THE GENIUS"

Ray Charles was born in 1931 in Albany, Georgia, and moved to Greenfield, Florida in 1932. At the age of 6 he was stricken with a tragic illness leaving him blind. He attended a school for the blind in St. Augustine, Florida, where he studied music. When he was 15 both of his parents died. Ray, orphaned and without a relative in the world, left school and went out on his own. He got jobs with a variety of hands in Florida. Within two years he had an enviable reputation as a sideman. He was also learning how to write, arrange and sing.

Ray organized his own trio at the age of 17. He played the piano, organ and alto sax. They became the first Negro combo to have a sponsored television show in the Northwest. His first trio sounded much like that of Nat "King" Cole, who was a great influence on him.

Ray Charles has climbed the ladder about as fast as anyone could, and at the top he stays. It's difficult to find a phase of the music world that hasn't been tamed by the genius of Ray Charles. Ray has performed every type of musical styles; sometimes guttural; sometimes pleading; and sometimes demanding. Whatever he sings, he remains the same outstanding talent that has gained millions of fans with his recent hit records. Ray's vocal style changes the music; the music never changes him.

Ray and his 17 piece band spend the greatest part of their time touring the country on one nighters, appearing everywhere. In the Spring of 1962 his band and the Raelets made a tour of Europe playing to capacity crowds. The group has also made history by an appearance at New York's Carnegie Hall.

Ray Charles has truly earned the title of "The Genius."

A WEIRD TALE

I saw him just before it happened. It was about one o'clock in the morning. I was at Frisch's waiting for the traffic to clear so I could pull out onto Taylorsville Road, and take the expressway home. He roared past me, the engine winding full bore in first gear, pushing its guts out the short, straight

MADNESS

One gloomy February afternoon the thought struck me that it was my duty to society to offer up at least one article of literary significance criticizing some facet of the human race. Being so inclined, I proceeded to procure a subject which would be fitting and proper for the blasphemies which had seized my thoughts.

Roaming the gray innards of that abyss known as the mind, I brought forth several subjects. The first of which was teenagers. Now I ask you this — How could I, as a teenager myself, possibly criticize other teenagers? I could not! This is a job for a mature minded adult. Said adult, having no problems, never drinking, never driving fast, never staying out late, and never doing wrong, I must be an idiot to think that I, a mere child, could take upon my shoulders the great task of criticizing my fellows, who are only afflicted, as I am, with youth. I dropped the thought, concluding that I must be mad, and pulled another subject out of my mind.

Wrecking cars is a sport indulged in, occasionally, by the people who drive them. The object of the game is to damage the car as badly as possible without injury to the driver. A certain number of points are given for the damage to the car corresponding to the number of dollars it will cost to have the car repaired. For example, if the total damage to one's car is \$800.00, the driver is awarded 800 points. But, if the driver is injured, the number of dollars needed to restore his health is deducted from the number of dollars awarded for damage to the car. This is done because it may take a day or so for the sportsman to recuperate to the point where he is able to sit up in bed and telephone the good news to his friends. Also, an injury may keep one out of school or home from his place of business, this is not desirable. I decided that the subject was wholly unfit to be criticized because many people seem to enjoy it so much. Else why does it occur so often?

Again, I concluded that I was mad and resumed my search for a subject on which to shower criticism. Many ideas passed through the porous walls of my mind and they all seemed unfit for criticism as the two previously mentioned.

As I contemplated another subject, a magnificent thought meandered through a corner of my mind and brought itself to rest immediately in the center of the field of vision of my mind's eye. It said to me: "Maybe the human race itself was

not to be criticized." Yes. That's the reason why I had experienced so much difficulty in securing a subject for my criticism. I concluded that this was the best thought that had passed under my cranium since the ridiculous urge to criticize had started my mental wanderings. I gave up this folly. "Leave the criticism of people to other people," I muttered as I lay down pen and paper. Thus I decided not to write the article which you have just read.

TERRY TULLY

WHAT A SIGMA PLEDGE GOES THROUGH

This is a true story I am about to tell. It involves all of the pledges of the mid-semester class of 1963. It was the first week of pledging when I discovered a fear for paddling. I hadn't done much that week except clean Mr. Brandt's yard and make a fool of myself at the Mall. I went to Mr. Simpson's house on Friday night where I had to do a few stupid things, but all in all I didn't have my pledge manual which was soon to become a major catastrophe.

Sunday morning I awoke with a 101 degree temperature and just didn't feel like attending the pledge meeting. I went over to a friend's house and he gave me a lot of encouragement. He told me how much I would regret going to the meeting and how I wasn't going to be able to walk home. He also threw in an "Aika Seltzer" to cure my pledging-meeting disease. The meeting was just down the street so I started my ten minute walk to my death (so I supposed). I reached Mr. Anderson's house and proceeded downstairs. As soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw all of the friendly members milling around the basement. I started to get quite nervous, but I kept thinking optimistically about the whole ordeal. Mr. Newman put me outside to be a sentry and tell him when I saw one of my fellow pledges coming. Richard Struble. He finally arrived so we went outside and started polishing shoes. Suddenly the door flew open and the members slowly walked out with big, wide grins on their faces. They had us throw a couple of spastic fits and run around the block several times, then the moment I had been dreading arrived — paddling. A few of the pledges volunteered with the help of a

member. My turn came so I walked up there and got paddled. Mr. Schneider was only using one arm, but that was enough. I soon lost my fear for paddling. For the rest of the day, three of us pledges worked at Mr. Ward's house.

The second week was a breeze except for Monday when I went over to Mr. Maxwell's house. Here I didn't do anything but polish nine pairs of shoes. The second pledge meeting had arrived and I didn't fear it too much because the other one had not been so hard. I went to it feeling confident but suddenly I lost my confidence when I saw Mr. Maxwell's face staring at me and shouting my name telling me to run around the block. The meeting started and the pledges were in Mr. Griffith's backyard. The meeting was over and the pledges were still in his back yard. As soon as Mr. Maxwell's smiling face came out of the door he started us doing all kinds of dandy little exercises. I was third in line to get paddled. This week he used two hands on the paddle. I could really feel and hear the paddle and suddenly a thud came to my ears and I saw pieces of wood flying over my head. Next we set out for Big Rock where we ran into a few Fribian pledges.

It is Monday night and I am writing this. Now I have a strong fear for the paddle again, but I am enjoying pledging in a way because this time next week I will be wearing a pin of great stature — A SIGMA PIN.

MIKE BUCKMAN '65

THE STATUS OF DENMARK IN THE WORLD TODAY

Smallest of the Scandinavian countries, Denmark adheres enthusiastically and without reservation to the Free World in the current Cold War. It has approved the construction of seven airfields in Danish soil under the N.A.T.O. program and despite its small size maintains an army of some one-hundred thousand men plus twenty-five thousand in the Home Guard. A basic tenet of its foreign policy is friendship with the United States. Its economy depends primarily on the export of dairy and meat products and the earning of its merchant marine, which is one of the largest in the world on a per capita basis.

BILL SHAMBURGER '65

SOCIAL CLUBS

Social clubs can be used to build the youth of a community, but they can also be used to destroy the youth. Many clubs have high moral standards and do outstanding things for their community. They donate money to charity and have social events that bring the youth closer together so that they may understand life and its many ways. On the other hand they may destroy personal morals and tend to demand conformity. Many teenagers may feel left out or rejected if they are not accepted into a club. They are used too often for status symbols and their goals are often ambiguous. Whether or not social clubs can be used in a good way is strictly up to the individual members of the club.

JIM WHITE '64

EDUCATION

Education in America has made great strides in the past several years. With the present day struggle to match the abilities of foreign powers, we have stepped up our educational program. In the past our education stressed the basic arts, but today we are concerned with detailed programs of science. Nuclear physics has been developed only in the past few years, and through this science we have made great advancements in the fields of space and nuclear power. We must learn these new sciences by stepping up our programs of education tremendously so that we will not be behind in world achievement.

JIM WHITE '64

THE ROOM

One day, after we had moved into the big house on the hill, I was investigating the house thoroughly from top to bottom. I had reached the attic, when I discovered a small door off to the side. I tried to open the door, but it was locked. I then took a screwdriver and pried the lock off the door. The small room was full of darkness. Finding no light switch, I lit a small candle. I was so shocked upon my discovery that I almost dropped the candle. In a corner of the

room I saw a small old woman in an old rocking chair and a tall Negro man standing beside her. I entered the room and looked around. From the corner of my eye I detected some slight eye movement from the Negro. I snapped my fingers and he started to move toward me as if he had just come out of a trance. I ran from the room, inwardly hoping that he would not come out, but he did. He began talking and explained his story.

He explained that he had been the old woman's slave during the Civil War. When the old woman had died, her body had been mummified and that he had been placed in some kind of trance to guard her body. We talked for awhile and then my parents arrived and I tried to tell them the unbelievable story. They could not believe the fantastic story, so I told them to follow me and I would show them the woman. When we had reached the top of the stairs, my mother saw that the man was gone and told me. I immediately rushed into the room and discovered the old woman was gone and that dust an inch thick covered the rocking chair.

No one believed the truth, but it doesn't bother me anymore because I still have luxury and a place in which I can think. The walls are so soft, but the door is opening. Who could be there? There's no need to worry, it's just my Negro friend in the beautiful white coat bringing me my dinner.

BOB GRAVES '61

"P"

I am free! Ha, you wretch, you peasant! Won't you ever learn? You have problems. You are always worrying and running, but not me. I am permanently rooted in the same place. I move but only from side to side. You roam and constantly change, never knowing yet always wondering what you will be. I know I will be the same. Why change? Changes only cause grief, sorrow, doubt, and pity. New ideas are radical! Things must stay the way they are now. Why destroy, why kill? Someday you might even kill me. I represent nature so don't kill me; for killing me will merely be a start to an act that will never end. Don't think I will be gone forever. New blades will replace me and continue to rag up your lawnmower. Once a weed, always a weed.

JOHN McLANEY '64

THRILL

I control this object.
It acts on my command.
It knows I have skill—
Thrill.
Now it's started,
Here we go
Wherever I may will—
Thrill.
Through the city,
Through its lights,
Then a sloping hill—
Thrill.
Screaching wheels,
Mourning speed,
Captures my will—
Thrill.
Unseen car,
Lost control,
Expensive hill—
No thrill.

JOHN DeLANEY '64

A PERFECT WORLD

Everyone has an imaginative world in which he can retire and dream. This world is the type that would be ideal in every way to an individual, but, as each individual's desires may be different, so may his world. People like to dream of their world when they are depressed and need an escape from the discomforts of reality. These worlds are constantly being lived in, but they are very seldom discussed; so I would like for you to live with me in my ideal world as I describe it.

I own a million square acres of land that has four different types of topography. On one side of my empire there is a vast mountain range which towers over the rest of my world like a majestic King. One large snow capped mountain lies in the range which I use for different types of winter recreation. The snow covers almost a third of it and the rest is covered by large pine and giant redwood trees that stand so high they darken the whole sky with their limbs. On the ground there is not much undergrowth, just enough to give

AS HUMANS

It was the great war that had done all this. The great war, which began in earnest in the mid 1940's, had drastically weakened, but by no means destroyed a once powerful race. Not destroyed, for the comparatively few who had survived were the toughest, and they were constantly hardened by the continuous attacks. These last remnants grimly hung on and tried to rebuild the race, grimly wandered from nation to nation and continent to continent, ever-seeking, and ever-destroying.

How long could they hold out? Surely there had to be food somewhere? Sliff had led his small band across a trackless desert for three weeks. Only this morning two more had died of starvation. What made matters worse was the fact that Sliff hadn't wanted to come this way in the first place. But the others had decided that this was the only way. They had voted Sliff down and here they were.

Sliff had been thinking that maybe democracy wasn't right after all. It was obvious that the masses didn't know what was good for them. Only he could possibly know. If they could only get out of this godforsaken . . . Suddenly it ripped through them like wild fire—not the barbs of the enemy, but the scent of food.

Immediately Sliff jumped up to the front demanding caution lest there be a trap. But it had been so long. No one paid him any attention. Food, Food! Sliff tried in vain to stop them from walking into the trap (he could now see it was a trap); but they pushed him, shoved him, stepped on him, and trampled him. They cared for nothing but the food.

Sliff painfully awoke. Quickly he saw that he could still save his band if he hurried. He made his way to the oasis which threatened to become the trap. Once he got there the urge to eat was overpowering. He must hurry, but only a little . . .

And so Sliff was there greedily nourishing himself and not heeding the fact that he and his whole band were surrounded by something with which they could never cope. They ate and ignored the exalted cries of the hated enemy. These exalted cries soon would make a young couple famous. These exalted cries would soon be echoed around the world. The exalted cries of "Caught at last, the common cold germ."

RICK JONES '65

adequate protection to the many small animals that roam the forest and supply the larger ones with food. The forest is so abundant with cougar, deer, wolves, squirrels, rabbits and birds that when I ride through on my golden palomino the animals can be seen acting out the secrets of nature without fear.

As the mountain descends toward the plain, the trees thin and a large, beautiful, deep, green meadow appears. It is so large that one cannot see the lake or forests on the other side. In this meadow there are many choice Hereford cattle grazing and this herd is known throughout the world as the best in every respect.

KEN GARDNER '65

DISARMAMENT

Disarmament has been spoken harshly of in the last few years. Western powers speak of disarmament as the key to world peace, and the Communists seem to agree; but how much is being done about it? We complain and enforce a blockade around Cuba when Russia begins to infuse the island with offensive missiles. But we have no right to do this drastic thing, for we ourselves have those offensive weapons in Turkey and other Communist bordered countries. Who is right and who is wrong? Because we are free and democratic, and live in a sheltered environment does not make us right. To be big and powerful does not necessarily contribute to world leadership!

JIM WHITE '64

WORDS TO LIVE BY

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

Be not the first by which the new is tried, nor yet the last to rest the old aside.

— Alexander Pope

Shame is an ornament to the young, a disgrace to the old.

— Aristotle

God brings men into deep waters, not to drown them, but to cleanse them.

— Aughey

WILL OF VALCAR

Was it 2069 or 3069 when science discovered that imprinted on the meteorites which bombard earth's atmosphere occasionally are stories of other peoples? Whether these gigantic books are fiction or not is impossible to discern, but the most wonderful of these stories I will tell. This is the story of that universal hero who led his thoughtball team to an unprecedented twelve straight championships, Will of Valcar.

Will was always a playful person even as a child when he refused all toys but a .92 caliber, semi-automatic mindbbuster. With two quick shots he related each of his parents to vegetables. After that people more or less left him alone, and Will was free of school with all his time to practice on thoughtball.

Now thoughtball is an advanced form of our own football where the action is carried out by converting thoughts into dynamic force. The only complication arises when partisan fans, seeing their own team losing, infiltrate the field with their own thoughts, confusing and halting the game. It was this game that Will excelled at and as I have said, he led his team to twelve straight championships. But alas, the horrible, fateful, unlucky thirteenth is where Will met disaster. The score was tied and the time was running out when Will got the ball. Striking down the field, he dodged everyone's thoughts but three. These he took care with identically vicious thoughtkicks to each one's solar plexus. He was but a scant five yards from the goal when he was bombarded by an avalanche of millions of thoughtballs. No one could figure out where they came from since all championship games were held under the cloak of secrecy at a private field. This being so that fans could not ruin the championship games. Naturally the first question to be asked was had the fans found them out. No! It soon became apparent that the balls were conjured up by none other than the referee! He sought not only to win the championship for his team but to do away with Will as well.

Fortunately Will survived, but he was never the same after his operation. Soon he disappeared never to be heard of again, and it seems likely that he retired to live the rest of his life as a recluse on a lonely asteroid. You can have your Mickey Megawatts, but the old timers will tell you that the greatest of them all was the mighty Will of Valcar.

"Putt" Blanton '65

OUR CONSTITUTION— A LIVING DOCTRINE

We have the oldest government in the world. All other nations in the past 175 years have changed their form of government in part or in its entirety; but, the United States of America has grown economically more stable, militarily more able and politically more powerful generation after generation. What brought about such a wonderful government? Such a place where these citizens stand second to none? Are we God's chosen people? Possibly, but perhaps the real answer lies in the foundation of our government.

Just as a building can be no stronger than the foundation upon which it rests, a government can be no stronger than the foundation upon which it is built. The Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Colonies Declaration of Rights, Patrick Henry's wavery, "Give me liberty or give me death", the battles of Bunker Hill, Concord and Yorktown, and that horrible winter at Valley Forge are all stones in that foundation. But, in the summer of 1787 they met in Philadelphia 55 delegates, representing 12 states, to lay the cornerstone of that foundation, and it is that cornerstone upon which was built this wonderful, strong, progressive, greatest of all nations which is our United States. That cornerstone is the United States Constitution.

The whole history of the world was shaped in that warm summer in Philadelphia, not by the aristocratic views of Alexander Hamilton nor by the warm idealism of Thomas Jefferson, but by a young delegate from Virginia, James Madison. Madison was not given to illusions about human nature, but on the contrary, considered man to be a self-interested creature capable of evil, although not necessarily always evil. Since history taught him that humanity was nearly always its own enemy and that governments in the past had usually ended in tyranny, Madison visualized the creation of a new type of government that would not have the power or temptation to tyrannize over the citizens. This required careful and delicate safeguards that would be built into the governmental structure and become an integral part of it.

So it was, that our Constitution was carefully designed to protect the individual—his life, his liberty, and his property. It is a coat of armor which was fashioned for man's own protection, which he has changed from time to time that the protection might be more complete: protection against the abuse of power by Congress, whom he may dismiss at election time, by impeachment, or by having the legality of their laws tested by the courts; protection against his executive officers, whom he may dismiss by impeachment or by ballot; protection against his judges, whom he may

The powers granted in the Constitution are not granted by God, in fact, God is not mentioned other than the Amendment in the Bill of Rights granting to all people the freedom of worship. The powers granted in the Constitution are not granted by the several states, since the national government supersedes the state government, and is supreme in its domain. It alone, has the right to deal with foreign nations, and to administer all matters of a national character. The powers of the Constitution are derived from the People. The first clause of its Preamble makes this clear when it says "We the People of the United States", and by this clause "we the people" limited our **elected** officials in their duties, in their rights, and in their responsibilities. And by this clause, "we the people" pledged our allegiance, promised to pay taxes, and promised to defend and protect in order to have the rights under this document. It is truly a great contract made by our forefathers and adhered to by you and I and 180 million other members of this country, and with God's blessing, 180 million more to come, in order to form a more perfect union.

The story of Abraham Lincoln's life is the story of a boy who wanted to learn, and a man who never grew too old to keep on learning. So it was that he rose to greatness and honor from a very poor and humble beginning. I, therefore, consider it a privilege to conclude with a quotation from Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln said, "Study the Constitution. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every wellwisher to his posterity **swear** by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76" did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and **laws** let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty . . . Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges, let it be written in primers, in spelling books and in almanacs, let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and in particular, a reverence for the Constitution".

—Carson Porter '63

remove for lack of good behaviour. Our government is not our master, as a king or dictator would be, but our servant.

A Constitution must be a living doctrine, altering as the life and opinions of a nation change. Our Constitution has been amended twenty-three times including the so-called Bill of Rights, which are the first ten amendments. They provide for the freedom of speech, of the press, and of worship; for the right of the states to establish militia; for the security of citizens in their home against unreasonable search and seizure; and for trial by jury. If the people of all nations had such rights as these, would it be possible for a Castro or a Khrushchev to seize power and control of government? I think God we live under such a Constitution.

Under the American system there are fortunately two methods, aside from amendments, of adjusting the Constitution to new conditions. One, is by custom and tradition. It is custom which has given us a method of electing presidents wholly different from that laid down in the Constitution. It is custom which has made the President's Cabinet so important a feature of the government. The other method of adjustment is through the interpretations of the Constitution by the highest court in the land. The Supreme Court by its decisions enables the Constitution to meet the new demands arising from national growth, and to bring it into harmony with great changes in public opinion. This is known as the orderly process of Law. A fine example would be the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments, which specifically granted the Negro all the rights and privileges of all other citizens of these United States. Yet, it has only been in the past decade that the Supreme Court has ruled consistently that the several states must live up to the spirit as well as the letter of the law. The Supreme Court has, therefore, two kinds of duties; one to decide cases of law, the other to interpret the Constitution.

A Supreme Court decision declaring a law unconstitutional is seldom popular, but it is necessary if the Constitution is to remain the supreme law. Unthinking people time after time propose to discard or amend certain sections of our Constitution in order to serve an immediate need or what would appear to them to be an unusual situation. Due to the indiscriminate use of the 5th Amendment by Communist agents appearing before Congressional investigation committees in the past decade, many people have loudly proclaimed that the 5th Amendment should be eliminated from our Constitution. Yet, let us think a moment, this amendment has guaranteed for nearly 170 years that citizens of these United States, with one exception, shall be tried not by Congress but by our courts with due process of law. The fact that it protects the guilty as well as the innocent does not alter the need, for without this amendment we would find a far greater danger from Communism than the small protection it now affords to Communist agents.

Alumni

1963 Sigma, Sophia:

Chuck Barton

Chuck is currently studying hard at Centre instead of playing the bongo drums during Sigma meetings.



Bill Carrell

Bill is in the Air Force and is stationed in Mississippi.

Bruce Chang

Bruce, an honorary in 1962, is studying at Princeton under a scholarship grant.



Rick McClure

Rick, hard-working president and editor of the *Sophia* last year, is also attending Western.



Jay Andrews

No one knows where the notorious "Animal" is hiding up this year.



Joe Cunningham

Joe is at Centre where he made the Dean's list during the first semester.

Werner Grieb

Grieb, recipient of Sigma's seven dollar, Summer-school scholarship, is trying to stay out of trouble this year.



Robert Howell

Bob is in the coast guard and is stationed on a remote tropical isle in the Pacific. Way to go Bob!

Gordon Keal

"Farmer Keal" is attending Western this year.



SIGMA FATHER-SON BANQUET



This Fall Sigma had a Father-Son Banquet in honor of Mr. Richard McClure, president two terms and editor of last year's *Sophia*. After the meal Carson Porter presented Rick with a plaque for his service to the club. Again we wish to thank Rick for the great job he did for us.

SNAP SHOTS



Ball gets another one.

How's the party?



Clay presiding over meeting.



How are you feeling Mike?



Money Bags.



A Sigma Party gets out of hand.



Big time wrestling.



But a gas station, George!



What's in that hole boy?



Cowboy Qualife dozes off.



"Killer" Kiljian and "Bruiser" Ball subdue pledges.



Clay cracks his paddle.



How does it taste boy?



Hey, where's my car?



They don't build 'em like they used to.



Korn reclines on the ice.



You should see the other guy.



The last paddle breaks.



Frankenstein!



Schneider finds a new one.

Jokes

POETRY BY GEORGE SCHNEIDER

A pretty little wench
Sat upon a bench,
Looking very coy
At every passing boy.
Rosalind lips,
Beautiful hips
It's a shame she was bald.

A bather whose clothing was strewn
By winds that left her quite nude
Saw a man come along
And unless I am wrong
You expect this line to be lewd.

Gather your kisses while you may,
For time brings naught but sorrow.
The girls that are cold today
Are chaperons tomorrow.

◆ ◆ ◆

Clay: "How many sexes are there?"
Moosey: "Three."
Clay: "Three, can you name them?"
Moosey: "Yeah, male sex, female sex, and insex."

◆ ◆ ◆

Gardiner: "Where in the hell have I seen you before?"
Schulton: "I don't know. What part are you from?"

◆ ◆ ◆

Bob Walker: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."
Date: "Go to hell."

◆ ◆ ◆

Sign in front of a Crematory: "We're hot for your body."

Preacher: "Haven't you ever heard of the Ten Commandments?"
Kern: "Well whistle a few bars and maybe I'll recognize it."

◆ ◆ ◆
Schoening: "How about a kiss?"
Girl: "Sorry, I have scruples."
Schoening: "That's all right, I've been vaccinated."

◆ ◆ ◆
Griffith: "Isn't she a nicely reared young girl?"
Meyer: "She isn't bad from the front either."

◆ ◆ ◆
Steele: "Your girl is spoiled isn't she?"
Ball: "No, that's just the perfume she's wearing."

A little boy was sitting on the street corner with a cigar in his mouth and a beer in his hand when an elderly lady came by. "Sonny, why aren't you in school," she asked. "Hell lady, I'm only four."

◆ ◆ ◆
Maxwell: "Do you know what's black and flies?"
Clay: "Super-nigger."

◆ ◆ ◆
Keith: "Miller, Do you know what's brown and lays in the gutter?"
Miller: "a dead girl scout."

◆ ◆ ◆
Mahaffee: "When I go to bed at night I always see yellow lights and green lights in front of my eyes."
Tully: "Did you ever see a doctor?"
Mahaffee: "No, only yellow lights and green lights."

◆ ◆ ◆
 If you have a faculty for making love, you'll soon find a student body.

◆ ◆ ◆
 A car pulled up beside a stranded couple in another car. "What's the matter," asked the good Samaritan? "Out of gas?" "Nope," came the answer from inside the car. "Engine trouble?" "Nope." "Tire down?" "I didn't have to."

◆ ◆ ◆
Schneider: "Do you neck?"
Girl: "That's my business."
Schneider: "Oh, a professional."

A New Yorker was showing a Texan the many sites in New York. When they passed the Empire State Building, the New Yorker turned to the Texan and said, "Isn't this grand; this is the largest building in the world." The Texan replied, "Ain't so much, in Texas we've got bigger outhouses than that." The New Yorker then cracked, "In Texas you need 'em."

◆ ◆ ◆
Seigrist: "What is the difference between a screw and a staple?"
Grissom: "I don't know."
Seigrist: "I don't either, I've never been stapled."

◆ ◆ ◆
 "I take the next turn, don't I?" asked the driver of the car. The muffled reply from the back seat: "Like hell you do!"

◆ ◆ ◆
 A farmer was phoning a veterinarian. "Say, Doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite. What shall I do for him?" "Give him a pint of castor oil," said the vet. Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil. A couple of days later he met the vet in town. "How's your sick calf?" inquired the vet. "Sick calf? That was a sick cat I had." "My gosh, did you give him the pint of castor oil?" "Sure did." "What, what did he do?" asked the vet. "Last time I seen him," said the farmer, "he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging, two were covering up, and one was scouting for new territory."

◆ ◆ ◆
DEFINITIONS

- Conceit — a bad case of I-strain.
- Conference — a meeting of the bored.
- Kiss — what the child gets free, the young man steals, and the old man buys.
- Optimist — a person who tells you to cheer up when things are going his way.
- Pessimist — a person who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street.
- Politician — one who shakes your hand before election and your confidence after.
- Stork — the bird that gets all the blame and none of the fun.
- Voluptuous woman — one who has curves in places where some girls don't even have places.
- Wolf — a man who believes in life, liberty, and the happiness of

Chaplain: "I will allow you five minutes of grace before your execution."

Simpson: "Well that's not very long, but send her in."

◆ ◆ ◆
Maxwell: "All right Porter, if you're so smart answer this. The more you take away from it the larger it gets."
Porter: "A hole, what else."

◆ ◆ ◆
Graves: "I'm looking for something to please my girl."
White: "Why don't you give her my phone number."

◆ ◆ ◆
 A preacher was hearing a confession. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner saying, "Young man, you aint confessing, you's braggin'."

◆ ◆ ◆
 A young college student was speeding down the highway when he was stopped by a patrolman.

"Let's see your license," said the cop.
 The college student remained silent.

Still without a reply, the student reached casually over to the glove compartment, opened it and pulled out a stick of gum. Unwrapping it he rolled the tinfoil into a ball and handed it to the policeman.

"Here," he said. "This silver bullet should explain who I am."

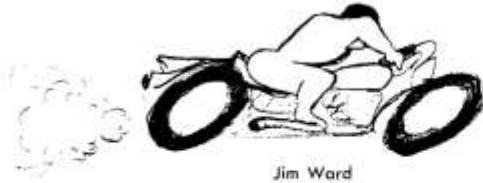
◆ ◆ ◆
 Rumor has it that the manufacturer of a certain feminine garment is currently making only three kinds: the Russian type, the Salvation Army type, and the American type. The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses, the Salvation Army type, to raise the fallen, and the American type to make mountains out of molehills.

A profound philosophy of life is reflected in the reply of a no longer wealthy business tycoon who, when asked what he had done with all his money, said, "Part of it went for liquor, and fast automobiles, and part of it went for women. The rest I spent foolishly."

◆ ◆ ◆
 Two duck hunters were sitting behind their blind, one drinking from a thermos jug of coffee, the other from a jug of whiskey. After some hours of sipping they spotted a lone duck winging through the sky. Taking quick aim, the coffee drinker rose, let fire and missed. The whiskey drinker rose, let fire and brought down the duck. His companion, properly amazed, complimented him on the shot. He replied, "Aw, it's nothing. I usually get five or six out of a flock like that."

Cartoons

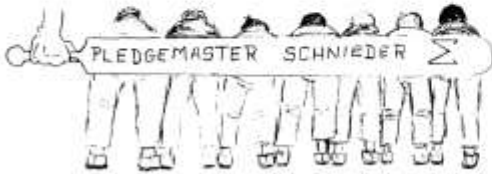
1963 Sigma, Sophia:



Jim Ward



Bill Clay and Bobby Brandt



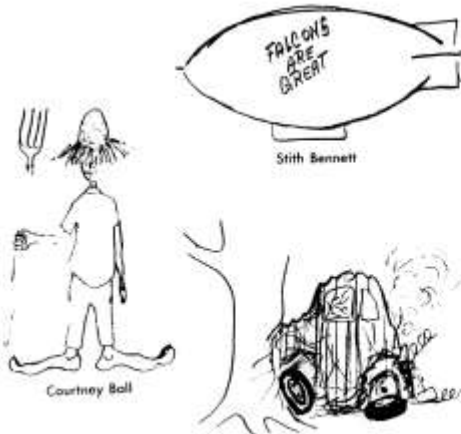
Skip Hanen, Bill Shanburger, Mike Stevens, Ricky Vola, Randy Hedden, Mike Buckman and Steve Lott. "Pledge Class of '63."



Gary Keibler



Bill Whaley



Courtney Ball

Stith Bennett

Mike Kern



Bob Walker



Bob Bush and Dennis Kestler
"The Steadies"



Jim White, Bruce Kraemer and Mike Simpson



Porter
The Great Debator and Orator



Bucky shows silver form



Bob Killipon

Ken Gardiner

1963 Sigma, Sophia:



Richie Andersen and Hal Miller



John Schulton
"Best Pledge"



Bill Hays and Warner Maxwell



Terry Tully



Doug Brown



John Weater "The Brain"



Tom Gish



Bob Quoife and Jan Delaney



Kenny Meyer



Bob Miller



Mousie Walker



Gary Smith



Mike Mahaffee



Marc Fleischaker



Ray Blackburn
"The Reb"



Emile Neuman

1963 Sigma, Sophia:



George Schneider



Lee Griffith



George Brown, Andy Grissom and Jon Seigrist



Mike Dorton and Niles Schoening

WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL



This year, as in the years past, Waggener has stood out athletically and scholastically. In the National Merits we had seventeen semifinalists and would have had twelve more if the selection score had not been raised three points from last year. Also one of our students received an English award from the National Council of Teachers of English.

The Student Council was fortunate to have been able to bring to Waggener our first foreign exchange student, Masako Sato, from Sapporo, Japan. We hope to be fortunate enough to have another exchange student in the near future.

Both the Senior Play and the Senior Vaudeville proved to be huge successes.

Marilyn Curtis was crowned Queen at our first Homecoming Dance during the Christmas holidays.

Our football team and our basketball team played strong schedules but still finished with respectable records. The tennis, golf, and baseball teams are expected to get to the State tourney.

This year was a record year in our short history.

Warner Maxwell '63

S C H O O L N O T E S

SENECA HIGH SCHOOL



Seneca High School of the Jefferson County School System has done exceptionally well scholastically in the school year 1962-63. Seneca can boast, for the third straight year, of having the largest Beta Club in the nation.

In the field of sports, Seneca has had a banner year. The football team had a fine season coming in second in the county. Seneca's basketball team proved its superiority by being rated number two in the state and number three in the United States. The Redskins proved their skill by compiling a 31-1 won-loss record and by winning the State High School Basketball Tournament. Seneca is also proud of the fact that it was the only school to place two boys on the first string of the allstate team. We at Seneca look forward to the coming year with the firm belief that it will hold even better things for our young school.

Bob Walker '64

WORDS TO LIVE BY

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

— S. M. Farnas



Chances of success of every kind increases with the number of your connections.

— Balzar

OLDHAM HIGH SCHOOL



Oldham County High School has tried to offer its students a well rounded program of academic, athletic, and club participation. Academically we are one of the best schools in the state. We have a comprehensive rating from the Southern Association of High Schools. Our athletic program is divided into football, basketball, track, golf, and baseball; with basketball being the most prominent. Although our school is small, the basketball team had a 27-2 record, and a 10-0 record in the North-Central Conference. There are a number of clubs at Oldham County. They are: Future Farmers of America, Future Homemakers of America, Tri-Hi-Y, Pep Club, Beta and National Honor Societies, and the Future Teachers of America. The aim of Oldham County High School is to produce graduates who will be responsible, intelligent, and well-adjusted American citizens.

Mike Keen '63

WORDS TO LIVE BY

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

— Sir Francis Bacon



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

— John Ruskin

ATHERTON HIGH SCHOOL



Under the leadership of our principal Russell Garth, Atherton is now settled in its new four-million dollar building on a forty-nine acre site at Dundee Road.

Our participation in Football and Basketball this past school year has been rewarding and in keeping with our reputation for excellent sportsmanship. Our basketball team, under Coach Rupp, played all home games in our large, new gym. We are now participating in baseball, golf, tennis, and track.

This Spring Atherton had the unique and exciting experience of receiving more than twenty students from Bristol, England for a two-week stay. A similar number of our students will return the visit early this summer.

Atherton repeated its high standards of academic excellence throughout the year taking many awards and having a National Merit Scholarship winner.

In continuing our motto "Scholarship, Service, and Self-Respect", Atherton wishes to congratulate Sigma on another fine edition of the *Sophia*.

Sith Bennett '64

WORDS TO LIVE BY

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

— Logan P. Smith

WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL



Although Westport will have its first graduating Senior Class in 1965 it has already achieved many standards and records for other classes to equal.

With an enrollment of about 1,500 students we expect to have one of the largest high schools in Jefferson County within a few years. Westport already has a 16 room addition in progress to hold the incoming students next fall.

This past year Westport installed 78 members into the Beta Club. Next year we will have a National Honor Society and various other High School Clubs.

In athletics Westport had a wonderful year. The J.V. Football team had a 6 win, 3 loss record. The Cross-Country team won the J.V. County Championship. Our Basketball team ended the season with 10 wins and 5 losses, and best of all our Swimming team won the Class B Varsity State Championship. Next school year we will have our Uniformed Marching Band on display.

The newly-elected Student Council officers are: Linda Hash, President; Henry Jones, Vice-President; Sarah Barlow, Secretary; and Christy Craigmyle, Treasurer.

EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL



Eastern High School is again in 1963 having a fine year scholastically and athletically. The Beta Club installed thirty-five, and the National Honor Society installed thirty-three.

Although Eastern had just an average football season, the potential of this year's basketball team is good. Eastern hopes to have a fine track and baseball team.

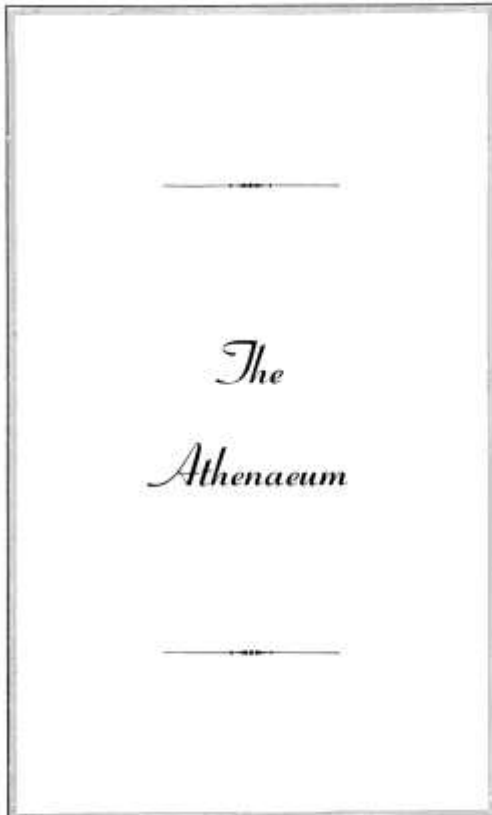
Eastern's marching band received another superior rating at the Southeastern Band Festival which is held every year at Bristol, Tennessee - Virginia. This rating has been won by the marching band for eight years straight.

This year the graduating class elected Charles Vait, President; Don Schmeid, Vice-President; Carolyn Roles, Secretary, and Mary Graves, Treasurer. The Student Council elected Mike Bell, President; Payne Allen, Vice-President; Pat Rose, Secretary; and Bonnie Adams, Treasurer.

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

Jim White '64

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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The Athenæum, under the leadership of its one-hundred and first class, has elected the following officers to lead it through the spring term.

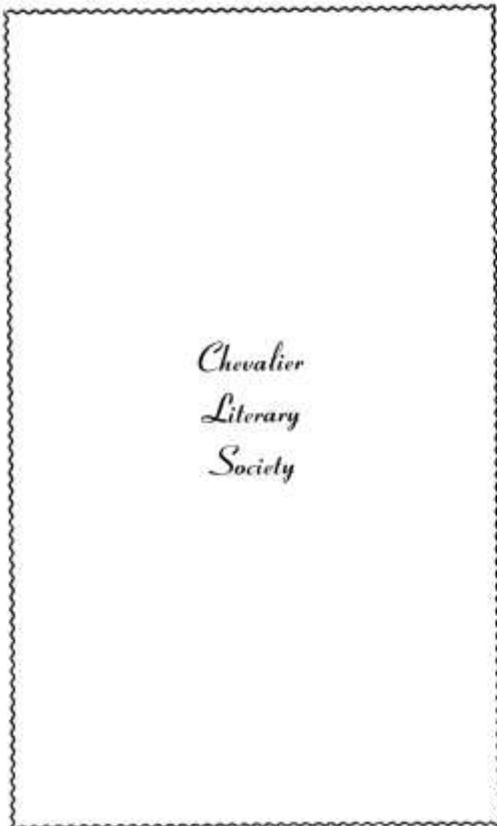
President	Mike Cronan
Vice-President	Dirawiddie Lampton
Critic	Mike Moore
Secretary	William Kitchen
Treasurer	Fred Harrod
Censor	George Sonntag
Sergeant-at-Arms	Philip Terry
Assistant Secretary	Don Hill

The following boys were elected into the Athenæum this year: David Shepard; Ron Brubaker; Orn Gudmundsson; Sam Harvey; Don Hill; Bill Hoge; Randy Johnston; Mason Lampton; Charles Middleton; James Monahan; Rick Monahan; Barton Reutlinger; William Tyler; Tom Tyrrell; and Jim Weber.

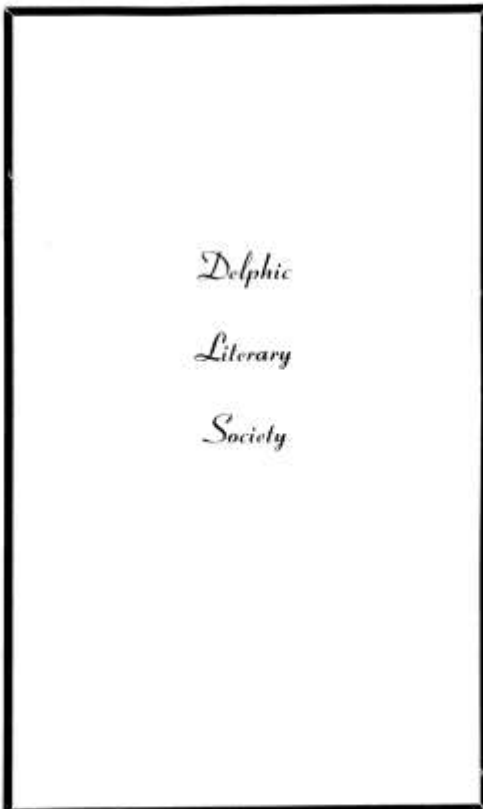
The annual Christmas Dance was a tremendous success and was once again highlighted by the presentation of seven lovely sponsors. We are now eagerly looking forward to the spring dance and the summer rush.

We sincerely hope that the one-hundred and first class has "lived up to the traditions of the past, necessities of the present, and expectations of the future."

CHARLES TRAUB '63



*Chevalier
Literary
Society*



*Delphic
Literary
Society*



President	Rick Benn
Vice-President	Mike Sheehan
Secretary	Buddy Pell
Treasurer	Keith Whitelaw
Corresponding Secretary	Logan Sturgeon
Sergeant-at-Arms	Mike Constant
Critic	Rudy Rucker
Historian	Mac Barr

The following boys have been accepted into fellowship and are now active members: Joe Artory, Mac Barr, John Bell, Neil Benner, Terry Brenner, David Edwardson, Bud Fisher, Bill Haden, Bud Horner, Steve Johnson, Harvey Johnston, Ned Lawrence, Jan Ledford, Terry McCormick, Hume Morris, Steve O'Brien, Bruce Pendleton, Gary Perdue, Mike Reilly, Don Rodas, Lynn Smith, and Greg Spaid.

Chevalier finished first for the third consecutive year in basketball, and is looking forward to a successful season in softball.

The *Pegasus* was published in May and the Spring dance, also in May, was a great success.

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

BUD HORNER '64



President	Bill Diehl
Vice-President	Steve Bisig
Editor	Don Stout
Recording Secretary	Cooper Buschemeyer
Treasurer	Steve DeGaris
Critic	Tom Finnegan
Corresponding Secretary	John Hall
Clerk	Steve Brake
Sergeant-at-Arms	Mike Harpring
Historians	Doug Robbins

The Members of Delphic are happy to announce that our annual Christmas dance was another big success, with Charlie Bishop and his orchestra.

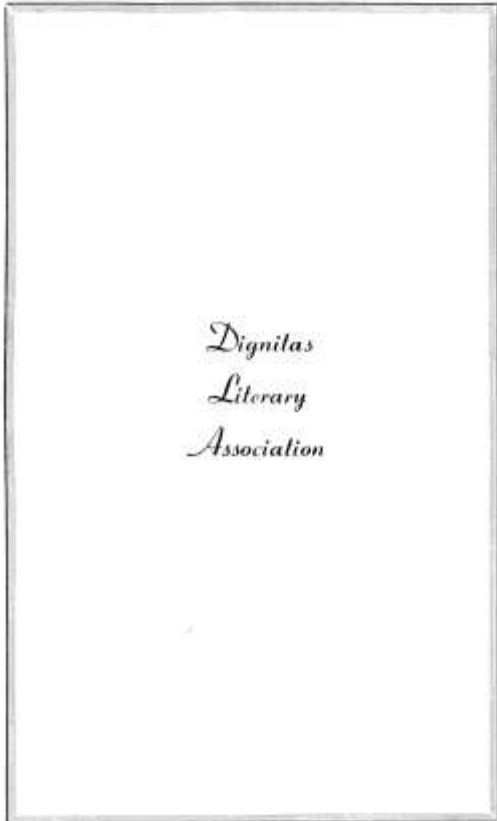
Delphic has just recently completed our mid term rush parties and we are happy to announce the following young men who are now undergoing pledgeship: Tommy Thomas, Jack Goolbsy, from Seneca; Don Blackburn, Larry St. Clair, Pat Ehler from Atherton; Dave Kremer, Don Meyer, Chris Julrud, Bill Symson, Tom Hagan, Pete Glass from St. Xavier; Gene Sandman, Tony Bellucci from Trinity; John Reynolds from Westport.

This year's basketball team is doing very well under the coaching of Tom Duggins and we are looking forward to the softball season.

Among the many projects that Delphic is engaging in are: giving dances, having car washes, and of course the largest project that a literary society could ever have, our annual magazine, "The Oracle", which will be published in June.

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

BILL DIEHL '63



*Dignitas
Literary
Association*



<i>President</i>	_____	Bruce Smith
<i>Vice-President</i>	_____	Jamie Kerchner
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	_____	Rick Mitchell
<i>Treasurer</i>	_____	Gene Dohrman
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	_____	Larry Dunn, Tommy Gift
<i>Critic</i>	_____	Mike Mowry
<i>Historian</i>	_____	Bill Stiglitz
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	_____	Phil Coombs
<i>Rush Chairman</i>	_____	Ben Boone
<i>Editor</i>	_____	Mitch Cline
<i>Business</i>	_____	Larry Ethridge

After summer rush, 25 of 27 boys accepted bids to Dignitas. A two-week pledgship followed, and then they were proclaimed members of the D.L.A. Three more boys were added to the membership during the spring; these were all Waggener students. The names of the '62-63 new members are as follows: Juniors—George Barrows, Gene Kinsard, Gary McGaughey, Rick Mitchell, and Tom Gift; Sophomores—Greg Albright, Greg Allgier, Tod Bennett, Larry Cline, Ken Gambill, Ed Hart, Greg Howinton, Bill Lawrence, Dick Lovelace, Kinnie Moore, Sam Moseley, Wade Nowell, Russell Ogden, Craig Oliver, Lynn Phifer, Jack Rose, John Sanders, Chuck Sober, Tom Stigger, Jim Talbot, Bob Turner, and Bill Wolf.

Dignitas won the literary football league when they defeated Delphi in the championship game 26-13. The Diggies went undefeated in football except for a tie game with the Delphi 13-13. In

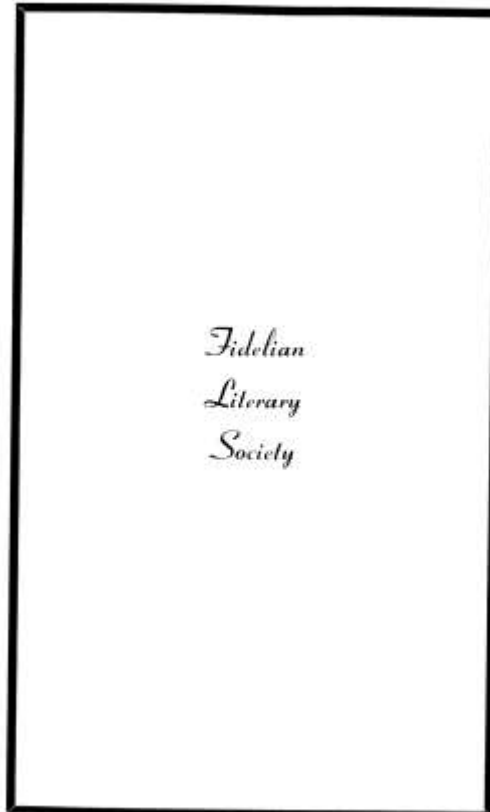
basketball, Dignitas lost the leg when they were defeated 24-28 by Chevalier, but the Diggle's basketballers came back in the Spring to win all their games in softball. The championship game with A.L.A. went eleven innings, and they finally gained the victory 5-4.

The D.L.A. enjoyed their annual Christmas dance in the Mirror Room at the Kentucky Hotel very much, and we hope everyone who attended enjoyed themselves also.

The 1963 Dignitas magazine came out in late May, and we are already sold out. We hope all our patrons and buyers will read and enjoy this publication.

Congratulations to Sigma on another fine publication of the *Sophia*.

DON LOVELACE '63



*Fidelian
Literary
Society*



<i>Officers</i>	<i>Officers '62 1/2</i>	<i>Officers '63</i>
President.....	Pat Morgan	Tony Ambrose
Vice-President.....	Tony Ambrose	Butch Riley
Recording Secretary.....	Butch Riley	Kelly Downard
Treasurer.....	Fred Shack	Charles Wood
Corresponding Secretary.....	Kelly Downard	Neil Looney
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Mike Rogers	Pete Love
Critic.....	Charles Wood	Ed Keart
Historian.....	Pete Love	Tom Godfrey
Editor.....	Charles Wood	Louis Lovoco
Pledge Chairman.....	Neil Looney	Ed Buchart
Chaplain.....		Terry Quiggens

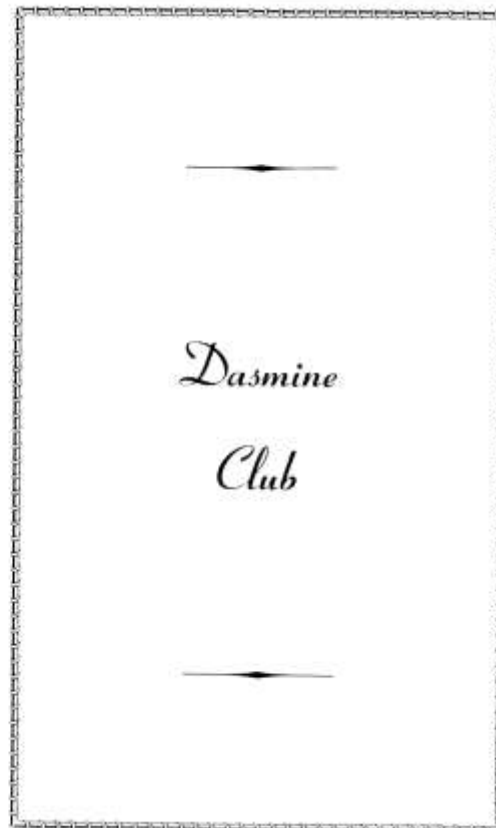
During the past year Fidelian was happy to accept into their membership the following boys. From St. X, Mike Hathouser, Paul Clephas, Bob Pearson, Tom Godfrey, Rick Duen, Jim McDonnell, and Claude Emrich; from Waggener, Jim Abbott, Bill Beam, Terry Quiggens, David Hacton, David Goodrich, Allen Merche, Ross Arterburn, Ed Keart, Bill Hagan, Leon Newman, Charlie Shuck, Jack Wheaton, and Steve Witherbee; from Country Day, John McLennan; from Westport, Jamie Matakic, and Rusty Shelby; and from Trinity, Bob Kueff.

Fidelian has participated in all the Literary League sports, and although we haven't made a good showing, we have enjoyed ourselves tremendously.

On April 19, we held our first annual Spring Ball at the Henry Clay Hotel, with music by the "Torques". A breakfast was held afterwards at the home of Tony Ambrose.

We are now working on the '63 edition of the *Scriptor* which we hope to have out by the first of October.

Fidelian congratulates Sigma on another fine edition of the *Sophia*.



Dasmine Club

<i>Officers</i>	<i>Officers '63</i>	<i>Officers '62 1/2</i>
President.....	Barbara Stahl	Sandra Demaree
Vice-President.....	Susan Griffin	Barbara Stahl
Social Chairman.....	Boozy Hobson	Nancy Pennycook
Dance Chairman.....	None	Susan Griffin
Secretary.....	Sina Craddock	Linda Laufenburg
Treasurer.....	Linda Laufenburg	Sina Craddock
Sergeant at Arms.....	Jenni Lehman	Mimzie Speiden
	Peggy Lewis	Tammy Hickok
Historian.....	Tammy Hickok	Sandy Parkerson
Publicity Chairman.....	Nancy Pennycook	None
Alumnae Chairman.....	Huyett Hurley	Jenni Lehman
Prayer Chairman.....	Reedy Gibbs	Huyett Hurley
Council Representative.....	Mimzie Speiden	Barbara Stahl
Pledge Chairman.....	None	Boozy Hobson

Dasmine finished its rush season with a formal tea at the home of Mimzie Speiden.

After initiation the following girls were welcomed as members: Pat Carpenter, Ginger Saunders, Betty Dixon, Susan Green, and Betsy Schaaf from Waggener; Panny Hobson, Susan Hill, Helen Ellis, Jenny Fultz and Sue Elmsted, from Atherton; Reedy Gibbs from Seneca; and Joyce Thomas from Westport.

This February Dasmine held their annual Mother's Tea at Jenni Lehman's.

On December 27, Dasmine held its annual Christmas Dance starring Frankie Brown at the Crystal Ballroom.

Come spring, we intend to retain our championship for the third year by winning the softball tournament.

Congratulations, Sigma, on another outstanding edition of the *Sophia*.



KAPPA THETA GAMMA

Kappa Theta Gamma elected the following officers for 1963:

President	Becky Arnold
Vice-President	Emma Reiser
Recording Secretary	Sally Miller
Treasurer	Vonnell Doyle
Corresponding Secretaries	Gail Hinrichs & Mariye Armstrong
Representative to the Inter-Club Council	Sandy Eggenspiller
Business Manager	Linda Dills
Historians and Publicity Chairman	Elly Henderson
Alumniæ Chairmen	Madonna Stacey & Jane Tudor
	Robi Simons

After a series of rush parties climaxed by the final tea at the home of Robi Simons, K.T.G. initiated the following girls: Waggener . . . Sue McManmon, Vicki Turner, Gage Heyburn, Jan Pauline, Eastern . . . Linda Long, Nan Willis, Sersen . . . Barbara Koenig Westport . . . Jan Wilson, Diane Laffoon, Nancy Arnold, Jeannie Johnson. Also at mid-term rush we welcomed Diane Kaiser, Donna Sealbach, and Kathy Bohn into K.T.G.

Our winter activities began with a very successful Alumnae Dinner held at the home of Debbie DeMoss. During the holidays we held our annual Christmas Tea at the home of Sally Miller. We entertained the boys (age 10 yrs. and under) at the Kentucky Children's Home with a Valentine Party on February 5. We held a sochup on March 9 at the Zachery Taylor Post in St. Matthews. On May 19 we participated in a flag ceremony for the Lions Club.

Spring holds many activities for Kappa Theta Gamma. Our annual dance will be held in the latter part of May or early June. We are looking forward to the softball competition and K.T.G. Camp.

Kappa Theta Gamma wishes to congratulate Sigma on another fine edition of the *Sophia*.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Sigma wishes to thank all the employees of the Schuhmann Printing Company for the great amount of help they gave us in preparation for this year's magazine. I would personally like to thank Mr. Jack Schuhmann for the assistance he gave me, and would also like to acknowledge Carson Porter and Bill Hays for their fine job on the cartoons. Finally I wish to express my gratitude to our patrons who are helping to support the 1963 *Sophia*.

Niles C. Schoening
Co-Editor
1963 *Sophia*

PATRONS

- Lana Powers
- Ferrari Racing Team
- Avery Burke
- Tom Tyrell
- Becky Davis
- Phillip Cohen
- Kippy Emmen
- Jerrie and Gale
- Jerry McCormack
- Jerry Nugent
- Mrs. H. A. Bennett, Jr.
- Jim P. and Cindy K.
- Browyn Gish and Reedy Gibbs
- Kay Brotzge
- Sally Kleinsteuber
- Mary Ann McCall
- Mr. H. A. Bennett, Jr.
- Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Siegrist, Jr.
- Andy Hayes
- Bob and Bonnie
- Jimmy and Mary

1963 Sigma, Sophia:

<p>Congratulations from</p> <p>The Trinity & St. X Football Teams</p> <p>"You gave us a good fight."</p>	<p>The Scorpions rock n'roll band</p> <p>FOR BOOKING CALL</p> <p>BOBBY BRANDT — 425-2481 KENNY MEYER — TW 5-6125</p>
<p>CONGRATULATIONS!</p> <p>VISIT LOSE BROS. FOR THE BEST IN</p> <p>Shrubs — Evergreens — Trees — Pottery — Seeds Garden Supplies — Flower Bulbs — Pet Supplies</p> <p>Lose Bros., Inc.</p> <p>TWO COMPLETE LAWN & GARDEN CENTERS</p> <p>4530 Poplar Level Road 3933 Taylorsville Road</p> <p>Phone 969-3144 GL 4-0439</p> <p>OPEN 8-6 Daily (except) 8-9 Friday & Monday</p>	

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<p>Good Luck</p> <p>Pat and Carole</p>	<p>Mary Ann and Boo Voss</p>
<p>WILDER ELECTRONICS</p> <p>Complete Stereo Systems</p> <p>TW 3-2811</p>	<p>Master Minds, Inc.</p> <p>"Don't Call Us, We'll Call You"</p> <p>Bob Graves, President Jim White, Vice-President</p>
<p>Kaelin's Market</p> <p>4700 Westport Road</p> <p>HOME BAKED HAM AND FRESH SAUSAGE DAILY</p>	<p>Steve and Ann</p>

<p>A</p> <p>FRIEND</p>	<p>PI KAPPA PHI FRATERNITY</p> <p>University of Louisville</p>
<p>LYNN and SKIP</p>	
<p>PACIFIC PLYWOOD PRODUCTS CO.</p> <p>"Harry Moran, The Plywood Man"</p> <p>Plywood At Wholesale Prices To</p> <p>CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS</p> <p>Fir Plywood — Pre-hung Doors — Wall Paneling Plywood & Moldings — Concrete Form Sheathing — Pionite Plastics</p> <p>1247 South 12th Street ME 7-4759</p>	

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<p>Douglas Wilhoyte</p>	<p>Compliments of Cam Williams and Barbara Burgess</p>										
<p>Congratulations on Another Successful Edition of The Sophia</p> <p>AMITIES JUNIORS</p> <table style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Carol Friedman</td> <td>Happy Meller</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Barbara Waldman</td> <td>Terry Yobbe</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Karen Waldman</td> <td>Ann Hyman</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Bonnie Heyman</td> <td>Bobbie Franklin</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Linda Garber</td> <td>Darleen Wilson</td> </tr> </table>		Carol Friedman	Happy Meller	Barbara Waldman	Terry Yobbe	Karen Waldman	Ann Hyman	Bonnie Heyman	Bobbie Franklin	Linda Garber	Darleen Wilson
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Linda Garber	Darleen Wilson										


1963 Sigma, Sophia:

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