



# Waggener High School



## 1963 The Pegasus, Chevalier Literary Society

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

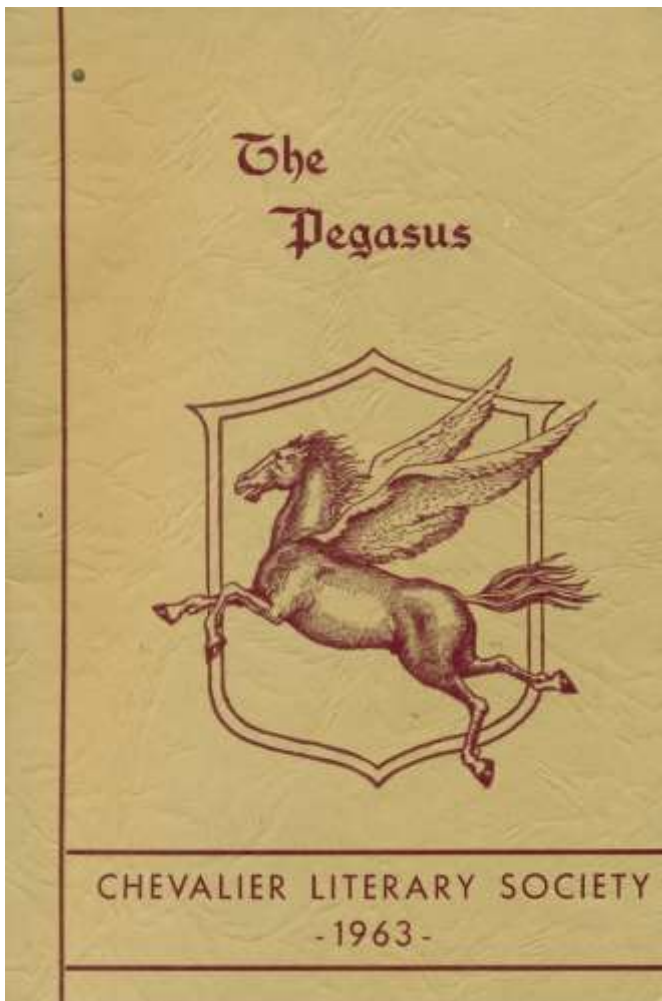
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have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

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

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

# 1963 The Pegasus



## Dedication

Due to the exceptional quality of this magazine we have been unable to find any mortal worthy of the dedication of this masterpiece. Therefore after many hours of fasting and supplication we have decided to offer this humble gift to

**ZEUS**

(ruler of the heavens and earth)

We present this offering with the sincere wish that Zeus will accept our booklet with disdain and contempt. . .

AMEN!

. . . the Editors

## The Pegasus Chevalier Literary Society

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# 1963 The Pegasus

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RICK BENN  
*Atherton*

Corresponding Secretary '62  
Editor '62½ '63  
President '63

## GETTING HOOKED

John looked longingly at Mary. Mary looked longingly at John. They had never kissed. They had been dating off and on for about two months, but John could never muster up enough courage to convey this one simple act of affection. Now why was this; whose fault was it? It could be said that John was too shy and found it difficult to even be with Mary, much less kiss her. But this could be counted out because John had been called the school flirt and he had dated many other girls. It might be that he has no affection for Mary, but he once told me that he liked her more than anyone else. Could it be that theirs was a strange love and that they feared an early kiss might spoil things. It is actually none of these reasons, for when I asked John why he had never kissed Mary, he came forth with a straightforward answer. He said, "You can see the grille work in my mouth, and you have probably noticed the braces adorning Mary's teeth. Well, would you chance getting hooked up for a silly little kiss? Not me boy, I don't see any point to it."

R. BENN



TOM BORNHAUSER  
*Louisville Country Day*  
Sergeant-at-Arms '61½  
Vice-President '62½

**THE ROAD**

The mellow tinge of night had cast its shadow upon the earth and the stars were dotting the dusky blue of day. A flock of mallards obliterated, momentarily, the now rising moon and beneath them ran a gently winding road.

On this road a lone, solitary figure trudged mile after mile as if bearing a burden of great weight. This faceless soul wanders for eternity, coming to crossroads, but always following the winding, winding road.

Above, the skies stayed the same for hours, hours or lifetimes in an eternity, no matter. The skies are changing now and this restless soul has raised his head to watch. Never before has this happened, never in the aeons he has been wandering.

The colors change first to crimson, yellow, then green and they are reflected upon this faceless soul. The sky has opened up and brilliantly a light shone from above.

The light has ceased and the sky now closes its amber gates. The mellow tinge of night casts its shadow upon the earth and the stars are dotting the dusty blue of day. A flock of mallards obliterate, momentarily, the rising moon and beneath them runs a gently winding road supporting the burden of two faceless souls wandering to eternity.

N. LAWRENCE



TOM BROOKS  
*Louisville Country Day*  
Treasurer '62½

**"OH NO"**

Oh, I wish I hadn't come to this class. I just knew he'll call on me next. Everytime I fail to do the French translation, he calls on me to read.

Please, please, don't ask me to read. He's looking at me now, maybe if I slide down in the seat a little, he won't see me. That was close. He told John to read. Maybe he was looking at him instead of me. But he can't read forever.

He's finished, Oh no, I'll be next; I'll just cough real loud and he'll think I don't feel like reading. That did it! He missed me again.

What time is it? Only twenty minutes have passed. It seems like an eternity.

Dear God, if you'll let him call on me, I promise I'll get my assignment from now on. I'll start studying it everyday, and I won't get behind anymore. Please, please, don't let him ask me to read.

We're almost to the end of the lesson, only two more pages. Let's see how many more peopel read — John, Tom, Mike and Joe. He might not call on me at all.

Oh, he is looking at me again. I'll get my kleenex out of my pocket and blow my nose. I can't read and blow my nose at the same time. He'll know that. I'll just blow and blow.

Maybe if he did make me read, it would teach me to prepare

my lessons before class. It would be good enough for me, but I would be so embarrassed. Everyone else has the translation finished but me.

I wish I had done it last night instead of talking to the girls until midnight; my intentions were good, but I just couldn't stay awake to do it. I was going to get up early this morning, but my alarm clock didn't go off. Well, maybe it rang, but I turned it off to sleep a few more minutes.

He's finished reading. I'll cough again and blow my nose. Yes, that's what I'll do.

It worked before. Dear God, if you love me, don't let him call on me. If you are really all-powerful, you can do this one thing for me. Yes, this one time, this once. I promise I won't ask you again.

Thank you! Thank You! He missed me again. It's only five minutes until the bell rings. I hope he finishes the last page. Go ahead, read; Only one more paragraph. Read! Read!

Oh no, he's going to call on me. I can't scoot down in this seat any more. He's going to say something to me; please, please, not now. It's only a minute before the bell, cough — do something, yes I'll cough.

"Would you read next, please?"

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, you."

"Well . . . I . . . . Oh, there's the bell!" Thank you!! thank you!!

T. BROOKS



JAN LEDFORD  
*Waggener*

## THE MASTER FRUIT

The other night I was wandering the street feeling very sad and blue. Whenever I feel this way I pick up something and start eating. I happened to notice a sign saying, "Susie's Produce". Wandering over there I noticed a big room full of fruits. The thing that caught my eye first was a big red apple. Next to it was an orange. I preferred the apple over the orange because it had no bitter peel, that had to be stripped away from the exterior. Also the orange always conceals surprises for the unwary; one is liable to be sprayed with a sticky juice. On the other side of the apple was a pear. But I remembered that a pear is very juicy and contrives to make your chin a background for a flood. I also spotted a peach, sitting lazily in the corner of the room. But unless you spend a lot of money on it and choose just the right one, it will be either too ripe or too hard. But an apple takes to being eaten gracefully. The teeth sink into it smoothly, sorta like a dagger into flesh (if you know what I mean.) The juice behaves well, gliding between your teeth and not down the front of your shirt. The apple is no hypocrite either. One glimpse at its hearty, flushed, honest surface tells the true story of its interior. One can eat it with confidence, knowing that one's face will not be smeared with embarrassing remains. So the apple is what I bought. I must confess that I had a good time eating it and its juice was delicious.

J. LEDFORD



CHARLIE MYERS  
*Seneca*

Corresponding Secretary '61½  
President '62½

### THE FINAL GAME

Tim Walker was a football player. He had played all through high school and now into this, his final year in college. Tim wasn't the best player on his college team, but he certainly wasn't lacking in spirit and attitude.

"A fine boy. He'll do well in life," commented his coach many times.

As in all colleges the weekend of the big game drew, near and was finally just three days off when Tim disappeared from the campus completely. He had left nothing to indicate where he had gone. On the very day of the big game a strangely solemn Tim arrived back on campus and immediately dressed for his final game. As the whistle blew and the game started both teams began a defensive battle that was to last the whole first half. As the third quarter started there was no score. In the first few minutes of the second half the coach put Tim in the game. All of a sudden the team caught fire and Tim ran, passed, and kicked his team to a 20-6 victory.

As the triumphant team trotted off the field, the coach grabbed Tim and asked what had gotten into him. "Well coach," said Tim, "last Wednesday my mother died. She was blind all her life and never saw me play, but somehow I just knew that she would be able to see my final game."

C. MEYERS



BUDDY PELL  
*Louisville Country Day*  
Secretary '62½ '65

### REFORM

The idea of reform has long been one of man's basic fields for mental occupation. Often accusing in cycles, these reform movements have affected everything from the federal government to high school literary societies. Since I have little knowledge of the operation of our federal government, I will deal with the reformer's effect on high school clubs. It seems that the movement for the abolishment of these clubs reappears every three or four years. In my limited experience, I can see actual improvement of the clubs as the main result of this criticism. However, each time this type of movement starts, more people are attracted to it. Without having any definite reasons, they seem to get behind the movement and endeavor to promote it to its limits. I have said that these people have no definite reasons for doing this because I have observed that very little of this criticism comes from people who have ever been associated with a club. Their point of view is often one-sided, for they have never had the opportunity to investigate the other side. There are a great many arguments to support this other neglected side. The main criticism aimed at the clubs is their promotion of drinking. Everyone will admit that there is some drinking at the functions of the majority of these societies, however, there is just as much drinking at other teen-age functions which are not club sponsored. The people who want to drink will do so whether they are in a club or not. The majority of the club members who drink were doing so long before they were initiated. Moreover, to crush this problem, several of the literary societies in this area have written into their constitutions large fines for drinking.

A second criticism often leveled at the clubs is that many individuals are hurt when they do not receive bids to a club. Learning to face disappointment is one of the most important parts of growing up. A small percentage of the great numbers of people who apply to college will be accepted. Out of ten applicants for a job, only one can be chosen. The person who has not learned to overcome disappointment by the time he has become an adult often becomes a menace to society.

Literary societies give teen-agers something to do and somewhere to go. Most of the weekend sock-hops and dances in this area are club sponsored. Very few individuals can afford to sponsor them. If the clubs were abolished, where would people go? Everyone would just ride around with nothing to do, and as many experts have said, this is what leads to trouble.

I will be the first to admit that all is not perfect with Louisville's literary societies, but I feel that there is a more sound argument in favor of the clubs than there is against them.

B. PELL



RUDY RUCKER

*St. Xavier*

Critic '63

**BUS RIDE – DECEMBER 20, 1962**

I came out of the school building and it was raining and I didn't have a raincoat so I ran under a kind of roof which stuck out over the main entrance which we weren't allowed to use because visitors came in there and we would get it dirty and I was standing there and there was a little ninth grader talking about how it was going to snow most likely and the teachers would all be in a bus and have an accident and we would get out of school for a couple of weeks till they got them all buried and we had some new teachers and I said yeah good ok and then I walked back into the rain and went over to the place where we wait for the bus which is a chartered city bus which takes people specially from school to out in the suburbs and there were about fifteen guys all waiting for the bus and saying when's that son of a bitch gonna get here anyway, there it comes, hell, its in a traffic jam, probably won't get out of this damn place till six, but then the bus came and we ran through the rain and I stepped in a puddle on purpose and all the bus guys hurrying to get good seats which were double, but I like to sit in one by myself to have room and anyhow I feel so cutoff and who gives a damn when I listen to those guys all excited about tests or parties or cigarettes or getting stoned, I don't feel superior, just kind of like a cold hand is grabbing my guts and squeezing them, and then the bus started moving and

all the bus guys were shouting, but not because they were joyous and bubbling over with shouting, but because all the leaders of the little cliques were shouting to get everyone to look at them and all trying to be noticed in about every way they could think of but nobody really noticed each other except some of the guys who were real bugged about not making the scene with the studs were laughing at the right times, and then the bus was really going and I was sitting at the window looking at the road all black shiny wet and being amazed at how we moved by going by stationary objects and not hitting anything and floating except I was hungry as hell because I didn't eat lunch and I felt like vomiting but instead I spat on a bunch of little worms which lived in a crack in the floor and watched the inundation until they escaped and then I saw a great big oak tree dripping unbelievable drops into a puddle and blurping up great big bubbles which looked like jellyfish until they popped, but the whole time all the guys in the bus were shouting and the gut in front of me had picked a scab on his face and was dabbing at the blood with a piece of paper and the guy he was talking to didn't even notice it and I was the only one who saw it except for a little kid across the aisle and when I stared at his eyes he wouldn't look at me and acted like he saw something outside the window and when I looked out I saw that the gutters were overflowing and there were big triangle puddles on the road which filled me with a sense of adventure.

R. RUCKER



MIKE SHEEHAN

*Louisville Country Day*

Vice-President '63



## MASS EDUCATION

Education in the United States is fast turning into nothing more than a complex assembly line such as that an automobile factory uses. All students are measured intellectually by objective methods. Unless a student is of the highest degree, he will receive little or no attention pertaining to imaginative original work. This situation is bad enough as it is now, but by 1975 when the population boom will be at its peak and the number of students double the present enrollment, the problem will be at an almost unconquerable peak. The dilemma may be as great as to afford only the more intelligent persons with an education. This statement may seem impossible but the schools are already crowded and the increase in students calls for many more schools to be built than will be, unless work is begun now to meet the towering mass of population.

More schools present another problem — educators. A building full of students is useless without the proper instruction from qualified teachers. The only way to lure enough men and women to the teaching profession is to raise their pay which in turn means raising taxes. Schools cannot be built either, without funds which can only come from taxes. If this immense problem is to be met in the American Tradition and conquered, people must be willing to make sacrifices when more funds are needed.

M. SHEEHAN



BARRY TATGENHORST

*Eastern*

## INTERPRETATION OF A CONSERVATIVE

The tested rules that have brought this country through its 188 year history, that is, the theory of the Republic with the electoral college, the three branches of the Government, our constitution, and our earlier system of electing Representatives to Congress will do equally well for the nation today.

Communistic or Socialistic states, or world government, or on the other hand, the monarchy, would not fit the needs of the United States, or any other country as nearly civilized as we are. A world government would not thrive because of the language barrier, rites, customs, differences of holidays, religions, geography and climate, and the basic differences in the heritage of the people.

A totalitarian state is morally wrong because it takes all personal freedom from the individual, wipes out initiative, and makes the people the slaves of the government instead of the government existing to help the people.

The government the United States has today with a more conservative interpretation of the constitution would be ideal for all people. It would restore the incentive to work that today is dwindling, it would boost patriotism that this generation of people lacks, it would heighten ambition, which, thwarted under government control has grown less in this century, and most of all it would restore the maximum amount of freedom to the individual.

This belief, the conservative belief, is today at a disadvantage because of the rumors of its giving the power only to the capitalists. It is at a disadvantage because of the popular thought that no attention is paid to the underprivileged, retarded, of the unemployed, and that a distinct class distinction would emerge wiping out the very popular middle class.

Also factions such as the John Birch Society that have labeled everyone with liberal beliefs a Communist have hurt the Conservative movement.

### Welfare State

Possibly one of the worst rumors facing the Conservative party today is the misconception the citizen has of how a Conservative regards welfare.

Most think that he is a cold, passive, stoic, individual when it comes to aiding a fellow countryman, and instead of giving the money to charity he would rather spend it on different personal investments.

First of all some statistics should be introduced. The \$15,000,000,000 spent for welfare in one year in this country is second only

to the national defense bill and is by far the biggest in the world. Today everything that the individual is not quite able to muster the funds to cope with, seemingly, according to the liberals, should be considered welfare and the money be given the person "free"

The evils of this theory are many and serious. When a person is made to rely on the government for his income he becomes a tool of the government and if the funds were taken away he would have been made to rely on the government and would have nowhere to turn. He who controls the pursestrings controls the individual. The government then has the citizen directly in its power; what's the difference between this and Communism?

And where does the money for the welfare bills come from in the first place? It comes directly from the person that is made to pay it in taxes. After being introduced to this outlook one is certain to ask where the money will come from for welfare if it doesn't come from the government. Here another misconception emerges about what is actually free. It must be realized that the welfare money comes first from the citizen, then to the individual requiring aid. One-fourth of the money is wasted in hiring people to give out the welfare and actually only three-fourths is used for its original purpose. Wouldn't it be easier to let church groups, families, and community projects take over the task? In this way the person who is drawing unemployment for the sole reason that he makes more money that way than working would be eliminated. This method would undoubtedly make some of the more lazy think twice before accepting the money, and would restore an ambition in him to work. This way would not only solve some of the unemployment problem and lower taxes for all, but would cut out one phase of the creeping socialism and the tendencies of having the citizen dependent on the government for his wages.

If this method of treating the welfare problem seems idealistic because people wouldn't donate their income so easily, then why not let the state governments take up the problem so that everyone wouldn't be dependent on the Federal Government. Another point that is accepted by everyone is the question of Social Security. Throughout the working man's life a large six percent is taken from his income to be doled out to him after his retirement. This money is in the same amount for everybody regardless of his previous income and is only determined by how long he works. Would it not be better to let the person have the money while he is still able to enjoy it and invest it and make a profit, instead of making him rely on the government after his retirement? I do not think that the Federal Government had the obligation to provide for an individual from his birth to his death.

The ultimate evils of welfareism are veiled because it seems to someone that the Government is giving him "free" aid, when it is actually taking his money for his "free" hospitalization and "free" retirement plan. Each person should decide for himself whether the idea of freedom for all is really being carried out when money is taken from X and given to Q against the wishes of X.

B. TATGENHORST



GAVIN WHITSETT

*Louisville Country Day*

Critic '62½

## THE CRUTCH

Religion, today, is the opiate of the people. Through its name, one can gain fame, riches, and popularity. With its answers, one can find peace and forgiveness, and by its use, a very few can even come to know God. It is preached, yelled, and sung from pulpits, balconies, and televisions. Yet, at the same time, it is cursed, defied, degraded, and disbelieved in hearts and minds all across the world. It is readily taken as a miracle drug to dry up problems, fears, and troubles; however, when it has done the job, it's stored back in the bottom drawer to await the next emergency. It is used to move the masses, rule nations, and destroy the enemy. In the same sense, it can build churches, support the poor, and educate the ignorant. Yes, as long as man is man, he will need a shield, a hope, a flag, a dream, and certainly — this is religion?)

G. WHITSETT

## A HOPE?

Oh pray that it isn't, and hope that it's not,  
But death's gonna take us, we'll spoil and rot.

It'll toss us and turn us and beat us all in,  
Remember our good deeds, discover our sins.

And if you have been rich and looked down on others,  
It'll damn you, my friend, and save all your brothers.

For in heaven I hear, they've got a new rule,  
They'll take the poor Christian, turn down the rich fool.

And if you've been worse, and you've cursed and you've cheated,  
Take your money elsewhere, 'cause I'm sure they don't need it.

Oh people repent, crawl out of the mire,  
Before you're sentenced to the brimstone and fire.

So pray that it isn't and hope that it's not,  
But the story's the same, either heaven or not!

G. W.

Once, in rare mood, barely sleeping,  
I recalled, from time long past,  
a certain girl, a face, a picture,  
The love we swore would live and last.

The happy times we shared together  
Quickly brought themselves to mind —  
I, her prince, and she, my angel,  
Our perfect love ignored all time.

But time, 'tis true, is ever jealous  
Not to be forgotten so,  
It rules our lives, commands our actions,  
Tells us when to stop and go.

It took revenge, and tore her from me,  
Stealing half a world between,  
And with her took my cause for living —  
Gone my hope, my dream, my Queen.

Life's near gone, the grave's approaching,  
Still I recall from time long past  
A certain girl, a face, a picture,  
The love we swore would live and last!

G. W.

## AN ODE

### (To Something or Otha)

People say, so I've heard,  
Nothing can fly as well as a bird.

This isn't true — no — it's a lie!  
'Cause everyone knows a plane can fly.

Another thing that bothers me  
is that old fable about the bee.

I can't remember how it goes,  
and that's the reason I wrote this ode.

G. W.



CRAIG WIGGINS

*Seneca*

## WHAT WIGGINS KNOWS ABOUT WOMEN



FRANK WILEY

*Alberton* \*

Critic '61½

Editor '62½ '63

### FUN AND JUNK AND WHY

The sun broke through some fluffy white clouds and bathed the buzzing green meadow in heat as Fun and Junk crawled up over the large shale slab which covered their solid little beetle nest; Why stayed home. "Bye", giggled Fun and Junk. "You be careful!" came the apprehensive reply — CRASH — Why dropped a breakfast plate. Fun and Junk were sliding down the black shale house on their way to the creek to wash and waste away the day — it was such a balmy day — hot, humid, but not stuffy, just nice and summery. The creek was full of leaves, twigs and crickets and sun, slowly drifting toward the sea as Fun and Junk hopped and skipped onto their own special large-stemmed oak leaf. The two little companions were drifting down the creek singing lurid songs in their own giggling way — they were the picture of frivolous happiness — Fun and Junk were. Fun and Junk never knew where they were going, but read on. They bumped a leafy water-logged limb and almost sank the fragile dried boat with their carefree giggling.

Why never came on these outings; Fun and Junk bored him to hell — their constant giggling, their unplanned, carefree, teeming

joy. Our two careless drifting beetles slouched back restfully in the hot sun munching on lush maple leaves next to their raft on the beach, Funning and Junking about how good life really was.

Meanwhile Why sat in his sturdy little abode under the slate slab, safe from the scorching sun, any beetle-crushing rain, and away from all other bigger animals and the unpredictable future and peacefully digesting his regular meal of 4.6 inches of dried grass leaves. He sat back and thought how secure life was. He noticed his doorway darken as the sun dodged behind a fluffy white cloud and thought how nice it would be if it would rain and cool off the hot stone of his house — except the rain would catch Fun and Junk outside and almost surely cursh them as rain does, and deep down inside Why loved Fun and Junk but he would never tell anyone. But still rain might teach Fun and Junk a lesson — it was about time they grew up. He was worried about himself too; but he had planned for a rainy day so why should he worry. He liked to worry.

Splat. Splash. Splish. Splat. Why jumped without knowing Why. He peeked outside and a raindrop found him, almost crushing his fore-legs. He limped back inside and prepared his little dwelling for rain, mumbling to himself about poor Fun and Junk, wondering if they would make it back before they got washed away or squished by the rain. Soon Why was too busy with his own problems to think of fun or junk. Why had planned the little house near the creek to get food and water easily but he had not counted on the smushy, sandy soil. The big heavy slate slab Why had picked out so carefully was beginning to leak water around the base — soon there was a puddle in the middle of the room — Why rushed around desperately plugging up nature's holes, but his only made the water collect outside and soon Why noticed that head room in the little house was slowly lessening. Before Why stopped panicking and worrying, his doorway to the outside world was clogged with wet sand. Why couldn't understand Why. Why was pressed in his little house — his shelter from wild nature's unpredictable future. Soon he was buried or shall we say sheltered forever in his panned safety. His last thoughts were for poor Fun and Junk which he had lost forever. They were dying out there in the cruel, heartless world with nowhere to turn for shelter.

"Gimme 'nother leaf, Junk" gloated Fun, barely able to get the words around his stuffed belly, as he stuck his hand out from under the fern to see if it was still raining . . . . .

F. WILEY

*Editorial  
Page*

**EDITORIAL**

Juvenile delinquency, dark futures, international pressures and lack of opportunity are immediate problems facing some young Americans. These can be helped directly, solved in individual cases and treated when the need arises. A problem which faces all of us, however, one which we all are aware of but in a different sense know nothing about, is CREATIVE conformity.

Conformity is not a sickness — it doesn't corrupt the mind. Co-existence among men would be impossible without a degree of social conventionality, and since men haven't got much choice about co-existence, reasonable social conventionality is a virtue. Conformity becomes a sickness when it is carried past the reasonable and infects the mind. When conformity reaches the point of regulating social behavior and mental creativity — when the NEED to conform socially becomes the URGE to conform mentally — then it is undesirable. CREATIVE conventionality is a disease.

American youth is in a sorry state when it thinks that it is important to non-conform by wearing odd clothes and acting differently from the accepted. Conformity is in the mind, not in the color of clothes. People who conform in the mind are the problem — people who conform creatively are useless.

One last word — If you're one of the many teen-agers trying desperately to non-conform, try THINKING something usefully different instead of wearing something ridiculously different. If you're one of the teen-agers who doesn't think about conformity — try thinking.

F. W.

**EDITORIAL NOTE**

*After due consideration I feel that an editorial written by me would only detract from the fine work of my cohort, Frank Wiley. I therefore invite anyone who wishes to hear my opinions on various subjects to ask me. I will be happy to dissertate.*

R. B.

## DON'T JUMP OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

I used to have a five-foot medicine shelf, and almost every thing in it was something I had to take to get over what I'd taken for what ailed me in the first place.

Then, while browsing through my dictionary one day, I discovered a word that tickled me to death — or rather back to life. It was "iatrogenic" meaning "doctor-induced disease". For example, there are those skin rashes caused by skin remedies. It got me thinking — is the remedy often what causes the ailment?

Since then I've been jotting down some "remedies" that get us into trouble. Among them: air conditioners giving us pneumonia in August, vacations which only tire us, exercises designed to limber us up that make us stiffer. I'm also convinced that get-well cards make me sicker. Marriage counselors cause unhappy marriages by writing articles entitled "Is Yours A Happy Marriage?". (In the old days, few married couples bothered to wonder.)

After years of observation of hundreds of devices and gadgets designed to alleviate life's little distresses, I've decided that they usually add to the distress. For example, improved methods of telephone dialing makes it impossible to remember your number. Automobiles hinder us from getting anywhere. Superhighways induce people to go driving and make roads impassable. Road maps get us lost. Airplanes leave us at airports. Ball point pens ball up penmanship. Insect sprays make insects immune to insect sprays. Fertilizers kill grass. Buy a new chair and the whole living room looks shabby. Adopt a baby, and your wife has twins. Call a plumber, and he causes leaks. Do-it-yourself and you have to get somebody else to do it over.

So beware of betterments! Beauty aids make girls ugly. Hairdressers mess up hair. Shoes ruin feet. Dentists leave us with no teeth. Be careful of your personal daintiness and you'll find that it's your people don't like.

Socially, helps don't help either. Stay sober and you have to talk to drunks. Stifle a yawn and your guests stay longer. Drop your voice to be confidential and everybody stops talking to listen.

On a national scale, too, a large percentage of our current ailments are the result of our having monkeyed too much with small troubles, which wouldn't have amounted to much if we had just let them simmer a while. Monetary controls, for example, 300 billion dollars in debt. The farm program produces rural desperation. Rent controls make it impossible to find an apartment. Easy payments cause bankruptcy. Labor unions prevent labor.

Internationally, wars to end all wars cause wars. Diplomats ruin diplomacy. Summit meetings land us deeper in the depths.

In the field of morals the backfire is even worse, especially when you try to make people behave better than nature intended. Thus, Prohibition increased drinking. Censorship starts people reading dirty books. "Wet Paint" signs make people touch wet paint. Telling children not to put beans up their noses causes children to put beans up their noses.

All these things suggest to me that a lot of the time the best idea is to sit still and not rock the boat.

C. HENDERSON

## THE PASSING EMBERS

A hue of gold, a tinge of red, and the embers begin to glow. Slowly at first the fire starts; then leaping, billowing, spreading, the fire begins its life.

Uneven shadows cast about the room take on a weird, fantastic glow. In the corner, on the ceiling, a shadow leaps up high. The shadows move as if alive or signifying a birth. The shadows grow stronger, stronger as the fire burns on. As the flame billows out and the embers glow red, the peak of life is reached. The shadows leap up, like disturbed spirits, and fall.

The heat goes forth and warms the cold and comforts those who fear. Flickers of heat blast from the flame and the log crackles and falls.

As the embers die the flame dies and the shadows thrown upon the wall flicker in sad refrain. A life is dying, a spark is all that remains of a life so gay, and light, and warm. As time creeps on, the spark must die and another life is gone.

The passing of fire, the dying of embers is much like our lives. It stands at birth so young so pure, billows when new, reaches forth as it grows and sinks back and dies as an expiring life.

A fire starts as a spark and ends a spark for another fire — life is much the same. It starts, it lives, it dies and then starts again in another way and in another place.

N. LAWRENCE

## BEACHIN'

I had come to the beach for a day of sun and sleep, but as I walked down the ramp and set up my cabana, I was soon absorbed in a myriad of sight and sound which accompanied any well traversed beach. Soon all my longings for sleep were lost as I watched, fascinated, at the panorama before me.

A beach ball, blown by a gust of wind, flew just out of reach of its intended receiver, a small, sun-tanned boy, and rolled in front of the ice cream truck which had just so untimely interrupted my gaze upon two species of feminine pulchritude.

My thoughts having been thusly interrupted, I turned toward the sea, and the horizon, where its deep, restless blue met with the azure blue of the lazy summer sky. There I saw a rare, beautiful sight, a school of dolphins, jumping playfully in a quiet sea. At the same time, I marveled at the depth of the human mind, as my slightly obese neighbor, basking in a pool of suntan oil, said to her son, "Don't go too far out, Junior. There's a school of sharks out there."

Finally turning my fixed stare off of such a beautiful sight, I turned to the boardwalk, where the barkers outside the shows beckoned to the crowds of people in sandals and deck pants as they passed the Penny Arcade and the many, many assorted rides. There also, I could see the miniature golf course with its many miniature "pros" and the numerous gift shops along this heavily traveled thoroughfare.

Again I turned my gaze, this time to the long beach, now covered with rectangular blankets and round umbrellas, and I watched the people there, the children frolicking in the waves and building sand castles on the beach, the young, old folks, wading in the shallows or collecting sea shells, and the majority of the "grownups" merely soaking up some of "good ol' sol" until the setting sun and my watch told me simultaneously that it was time to go home.

H. MORRIS

## THE MOUSE

I had been leaning over picking up bottlecaps off the floor. As I straightened up to fill the glasses, I saw Tom's outstretched hand. I grinned back at him and as he walked away, I wondered if he would always be the center of attention.

No party was considered a success unless he graced it with his presence. As soon as he arrived, the crowd of youngsters immediately eased over into the part of the room where he was standing. His way of putting everyone at ease heightened

the spirit of the party, and his unassuming grace endeared him to the hearts of all the girls.

Tom had never said an unkind word to anyone. No one could remember a time when he had become angry, and he had never been in a fight.

No matter how important the question, Tom never "stuck his neck out." In fact, I had never heard him express an opinion of any kind. Many of the boys, who were always standing up for their side, no matter how trivial the issue, envied his fence-sitting ability.

Tom had managed to smile through life, deftly skirting trouble and adroitly side-stepping the issue when confronted with an unpopular decision. Truthfully, no one knew where he stood on any question, but no one seemed to care either. I doubt that any of his admirers ever even considered the matter.

I wondered if, as Tom grew older, his popularity would wane. If, when his friends grew out of their need to cling to the group, they would find his company boring; if they would decide that he was just a nice guy.

K. HELM

## JUST AN ORDINARY NIGHT

It seemed like an ordinary week day night at first, except for the fact that it was raining quite heavily in our small country community. My father had just finished painting the new barn and the paint was running down to the ground.

Everyone else in the house was asleep except for myself and my dog. For some reason I felt cold and clammy and it seemed that something was very seriously wrong. When my dog ran to the door and began to whine I decided to go outside and see what was bothering him. I had always loved darkness, but for some reason tonight was different.

I began to go down the steps of our storm cellar, but when I reached the bottom my feet refused to go any farther. Finally, I was forced to start back up the stairs again.

I didn't know why I made my next move, but this is what happened. My eyes caught a glimpse of a large rock, and I suddenly started running toward Brein's Quarry. This was a large mass of stones, rocks, and limestone about two miles from the house.

I kept running because for some uncanny reason I knew I didn't have a minute to spare. I wanted to wake my parents, but my legs would only carry me in one direction. When I finally reached the quarry after what seemed an eternity, I dropped from exhaustion.

## 1963 The Pegasus

Then it came. Far off in the distance I heard a tremendous rumbling. As it seemed to be coming closer I looked at my house way off in the distance and right before my eyes saw it break apart and sink below the surface of the earth. As the rumbling was right upon me the quarry itself began to cave in. I kept calling for help for over an hour and then fell asleep.

The next thing I knew it was morning. The earthquake had killed every living thing in our community. If only my family could have been warned as I was, from within my own mind.

Now I'm walking towards the big town next to the ocean where I hope my future will hold something better for me. Yes, maybe San Francisco would hold something better for me.

B. HADEN

### HONESTY VS. DISHONESTY

From the beginning of time to the present day, there is no greater satisfaction to an individual than an excellent reputation. A man may have all the luxuries that exist and often be very content, but without a clean reputation, he is nothing. A person who is truly honest and respectable will often say, "When honor is lost, all is lost." This means that he or she is so honorable that if their reputation becomes a bad one, they have nothing more to be proud of. When we say a man is a person of great honor we usually mean that he has a specific character trait which can be described best as integrity. A person who has integrity can be trusted to act with the highest sense of what is right.

Individuals are like a poorly written book. A poor book on the outside gives the appearance of containing excellent works of literature; on the other hand, this deceiving appearance only encloses some bad reading material. On many occasions in the past men have given the appearance of being a respectable person, although he or she has not done a good deed in his life.

It can confidently be said that a person who has a clean reputation has one of the greatest treasures that an individual can possess. If a person has or can acquire this greatest treasure, he can always be proud of his accomplishments and look to the future as being a bright one. If a man or woman has a poor reputation then he or she will have the never ending struggle to account for their deeds prior to this time.

Consequently, it can be said that an individual who has a good background will go through life a far happier person.

H. JOHNSTON

### OBLITERATION

With the Communist seizure of Berlin, there was very little doubt that war was inevitable. A few optimists had hoped it would not develop into a nuclear war, but their hopes were shattered when Russia, with all her nuclear strength, made a surprise attack against the United States.

Russia had not usurped the military installations and the cities alone, but had attempted to wipe out the Western civilization forever. With her desire for world supremacy, she had spread deadly radiation over all areas of the free world.

The means of producing nuclear weapons had been destroyed in both the nations, but the United States still had an excessive amount of nuclear weapons. The main reason there was an excess of such weapons, was because of the lack of manpower with which to use them. This mortal power of the United States had been close to obliteration, and radiation was still taking its toll. While Russia's loss of manpower had not been quite as catastrophic, her industries had been completely demolished.

To the utter amazement of all, both countries, instead of pleading for amnesty, had feverishly organized their military into as strong a conventional force as possible. Six months later, the United States was invaded by Russian forces and for the first two years all the battles had proven favorable to her. Now the Russian army was trying to cross the Mississippi, and seek a foothold on the eastern shore.

The Russian army, which was numerically superior to the Americans, had not once lost the initiative, thanks to their brilliant commander-in-chief.

They had plundered the Western States and were now bringing their torch to the Eastern States. Unfortunately, it looked as though the communists had most of the advantages. This was a fallacy which both of the generals knew, for the Russian supply line was over extended and extremely vulnerable to attack. Every town in the enemy rear, which had not been destroyed, had become a pocket of resistance. The Chinese, once masters of guerrilla warfare, were now watching the strength of their great army being sapped away by continuous sabotage. There were no reserves left in any part of the world which favored one faction above the other. Everyone waited for the outcome of Armageddon.

In spite of the setbacks and defeats, the American moral was high, and her army was waiting for an opportunity to cross the river and slice into the enemies' lines.



## 1963 The Pegasus

This was the situation, when Lieutenant Burkley and a squad of four men, had left their lines, to cross the river. It was near two o'clock in the morning when the men boarded the camouflaged raft. The lone sounds of the black starless night came only from the crickets and an old bull frog on the opposite bank. The raft took an interminable length of time to drift across the stream, thus, when it brushed the rocks, the men all held their breath, and looked about, as if to say, "how could the sentinels help but hear?" They stayed, grasping the planks of the raft for a few more moments, until they were positive that they had not been heard by any mortal. The Corporal moved first, slowly raising himself to a crouching position, he peered into the undergrowth as far as possible. Seeing nothing, he moved from the raft towards the rocks and into the underbrush.

To Private Watson, it seemed that the Corporal had been gone for an inestimable length of time. He thought to himself, that perhaps by now, one of the snipers had spotted him, but, being a specialist in his type of work, it would be unlikely that he should make a slip. The Corporal was indeed a specialist, as was every man on this expedition. Each had been carefully selected from the entire army. These were the four who best qualified for the job that lay ahead. Watson, snapped out of his trance when he heard a sound on the rocks. He was startled to see the corporal standing next to him, "Lieutenant, it's all clear". "Thanks corporal, all right boys, move out in order." The last man pushed the raft stealthily into the current where it would float downstream several miles. Upon reaching the shore, the men started immediately for their destination, which was known only to the Lieutenant. He was by far the oldest of the group, being close to twenty-six years of age. In spite of his rank and seniority, he was a close friend to each of the men. As a good leader, he recognized that teamwork and cooperation were the only things that would give any of them a chance of survival. The odds were already quite high against them, and he did not want to make them any higher by having discord between the men and himself.

Two days later, the men beached their raft and moved inward on their mission of sabotage. They traveled by night, and held up during the day. Even though they had all been trained for this type of movement, they had not been trained for the unbearable heat and humidity. The third day, there were feelings of irritability among the men, but as nightfall approached, these feelings became those of mixed emotion. Each man could sense that something was amiss. They pushed on into the darkness, each aware of the fact something was about to happen. At twelve forty, there was a flash of light, a crack of a gun. The Lieutenant lunged forward as a bloody bullet ripped skull. Each man immedi-

ately dove for cover, firing into the tall spruce tree from where the initial shot had come. Thus came the crackling of branches, then a dull thud, as the body hit the ground.

Private Perkins quickly searched the Lieutenant's pouch for any information concerning the expedition. One thought passed through every mind, simultaneously, "suppose the Lieutenant had memorized his orders?". Each one breathed a sigh of relief when Perkins pulled from the back pocket a sealed envelope marked "classified." The squad wasted no more time, and took off on the double to get away from there.

The next day they held up at an old abandoned airfield, and went over their orders. According to the maps and other detailed information, there were two nuclear ammunition dumps located just outside the ruins of Kansas City. These, were to be their targets. The men now realized how important their mission was. If they could destroy these two supply depots, it would undoubtedly mean an ultimate victory for them. If, on the other hand, they failed, it would be inevitable that their hated foes would eventually overpower them.

When nightfall finally came, everyone had been packed and ready to go for more than an hour.

The defenders of the two dumps were at a grave disadvantage. The storehouses were within a four mile radius of each other, and were located in a small fertile valley. The outposts were camouflaged by a forest, but the trees made it exceptionally easy to get to within a few yards of the storehouses without being seen. The fifty or so men got their water supply from a small creek which ran through the valley. The three men hoped this would be the defenders' Achilles heel, for it would not be hard to drug the small stream.

The three men then decided to go back to the airfield and prepare their explosives and to make the final plans, for what was to be, the beginning of the end. Just as dawn was breaking, they saw the airport, and started across a grassy clearing. When they were half way across the field, they heard engines of a plane and started running for the nearest cover. They all knew that it was a Russian scouting plane. Before they were able to reach the trees around the airport, the plane opened fire with deadly accuracy. Both of the privates were killed instantly and the sergeant lay sprawled on the ground with a bullet through his spleen. He looked up, and as the plane flew by for one more strafing, he could see the flag of his America painted on the side. Somehow, in his last few dying moments he could not find it in himself to curse his unknown assassin, who had made such a slight error that would undoubtedly cost them the war.

Within six months, the Communist army was vanquished completely from the American soil, never to return again. R. LOGAN

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERATURE

The decline of the reading of books for pleasure seems to be a sign of the fast moving times. There is an increase in reading comics and cheap magazines of short stories. This is a result of the spur of numerous new ways of spending leisure time. Reading assorted forms of books was, in the past, one of the most popular ways of passing the time away enjoyably. Reading was the only way possible for some individuals to travel the length and breadth of this earth. You could do everything from soldiering to exploring little known regions. Men such as Lincoln and Wilson, the most intelligent men of their time, were avid readers who would give almost anything for a good book to read.

Today we are in a rapidly paced world, one where automation is advancing. Wherever you look people are in a hurry. It seems that people rush through their jobs just to be hurrying, although they have nothing planned when they finish. When their job is completed they only waste time indulging in pleasures which have no value. A good example is a housewife rushing through chores to watch a soap opera or a quiz program on television. Many students rush through their homework just to roam the town.

Many men of the past era have gotten a complete education from books. History overflows with men who have become great in their time through their great interests and avid reading of books. There are also many names that history has not recorded that owe their success to books. To my knowledge there is no individual or group that owes its great knowledge or success to television or radio.

The fact that we don't read is just a part of this fast moving world. When an adult is quizzed about why he does not read for pleasure his answer almost invariably is, "I just don't have time." If you watch how much day dreaming, television viewing, and idle chatter is done you will begin to wonder about this answer.

I believe that it is not that Americans are busier, but that they are lazier. It is much easier for an individual to flip a knob or turn a dial than it is to concentrate on a good book. Or is it?

S. BATE

## WITHOUT A JOB

Boy, lately it has been nothing but bad times for me. I've been scrounging around all week just for a thin little dime. This business has simply got to end. Yes sir, it all started about a week ago when I was released from a job which I performed well.

"Well I see you are late once again Mr. Jones," remarked Mr. McKnight, the chief superintendent of the Dearborn Basketweaving Corporation.

"But, Mr. McKnight!"

"No excuses Jones, I warned you the next time time you were late you would have to be released."

"Yes sir, I know sir, but you just can't afford to let your best employee go. I can weave faster and more basket bottoms than five other employees put together and at the same time do a better job."

"Yes, I know that Jones, but coming in one hour and seventeen and one half minutes late every single day is just ridiculous."

"Please don't fire me sir! I'll promise never to be late again."

"Jones, you said that once before. I don't believe I can give you another chance."

"Well, looks as if you can't be convinced. I guess I'll have to leave. But could you lend me fifty cents."

"Oh, all right Jones, but it better be paid back in the near future, or else."

"Thank you very much Mr. McKnight, you are one of the nicest guys I have ever come in contact with. I will try to repay you some time next week."

"Goodby sir."

"Good-by Jones!"

"Thank goodness he is gone," replied Mr. McKnight to himself. "Boy what a pest he is. I sure hope he keeps all that money I gave him because I never want to see him again."

"Gee, isn't Mr. McKnight great," I replied very sarcastically as I walked away. "I practically had to force him just to give me fifty cents. Well, this fifty cents isn't going to last forever. Maybe I better start looking for another job."

And that is exactly what I did. First I tried to think of all the basket manufacturing companies that were in a twenty mile radius of my apartment. Altogether I could think of two, the one which had just recently fired me and the Greenwich Basketweaving Company which was at the time financially in trouble and on the verge of going out of business. However, this did not dampen my hopes. I therefore proceeded to the east of town to the site where the company was located. I

continued on to the superintendent's office to inquire about the job. When I reached the office there was no one in sight. However, after searching the premise, I found a tired looking old man who claimed to be the superintendent. When I asked him where the employees were, he answered that everyone had been given a year's vacation without pay. At first this seemed quite strange, but I didn't let it bother me and proceeded to ask about a job.

"Sure," said the old man, "you can have a job. You can even be president if you so desire."

Then it struck me.

"Oh my," I exclaimed to myself, "This company has most likely already gone out of business."

"Old man," I shouted, "I truly appreciate your fine offer, but my conscience tells me that I just couldn't accept the great responsibility that the executive position of the company holds."

Well, anyway that was a week ago and here I am still wondering what to do. Gee, I have to go find something to do, because I really need the money. Hey, wait just one moment. What is in that fountain over there. It looks as if there are pennies and nickels and dimes in the water.

"Boy, is this water cold!"

J. McCracken

### TOO LATE TO SAY I'M SORRY

John Townsend, a restaurant owner, was walking along River Street after checking his restaurant. It was ten-thirty at night. He had a strange feeling that two men were following him; he had seen them get out of a car and start walking up the street the same way he was going. To find out if they were following him, he ducked in an alley and waited for them to pass. They didn't pass; he started on his way again. A quick glance over his shoulder confirmed his suspicions. The men were about fifty feet behind him. A sudden panic gripped him as he thought of the large debt he owed his bookie. He remembered the bookie had said, "We'll get it one way or another." He started walking faster, trying to think of how to lose these men or get help. The streets were deserted. He turned around and saw that the two followers were also walking faster, and were getting nearer. The men stayed close behind him but seemed to be in no hurry to catch him. He noticed another figure in a trench coat in front of him on the next block. He turned a corner and started running. He thought of yelling for help but he knew he could only stall for a while. Men in their business didn't give up

easily. As soon as he reached his front door, he paused for a moment, listened for footsteps and glanced up and down the street. He went inside, threw his coat in a chair and poured himself a stiff drink. After his second drink he sank into a chair and began to wonder if he had lost them. Suddenly he heard a knock on the door. He panicked and dashed upstairs to his room and grabbed his old army .45 from his bottom bureau drawer. He ran through the house to the front door and unhesitatingly fired through the door. He heard a body drop and cautiously opened the door. His wife lay dead on the doorstep. Across the street, the men walked quietly away.

B. PENDLETON

### THE DOMESTIC MENACE OF COMMUNISM

The Communist party in the United States was formed in 1921. Its organization and purpose are the same as the Communist party of the Soviet Union.

At the end of World War II the Communist party of the United States was at its peak and numbered 85,000 with many more secret members throughout the nation. In 1962 the Communist Party of the United States of America (C.P.U.S.A.) counted membership at 10,000 concentrated in such major cities as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Seattle, and San Francisco. Today some of our teachers, business associates, and government officials are likely to be Communists and soon, perhaps, our doctors, lawyers, and even pastors may be party members.

The Communists are allowed to express their ideas in the United States through Freedom of Speech and Press. Inhabitants of our land have this right. But the Communists won't permit us to enter their countries and speak of Christianity and freedom.

I say, as others have, we cannot stand by and watch this threat to world peace take its grip on our nation. But the majority of us will. We will leave the problem for others to solve. We will realize this fault when it is too late. When we are no longer the United States of America, but the American States, a satellite of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

B. COBLIN

## THE JUNKIE

He returned to his chair with the small, rubber-tipped bottle and the hypodermic syringe, still in its leather pouch. With his slender, white fingers he nervously removed the instrument from its neat morrocan case and began to adjust the delicate needle on its glass housing. Giving it a satisfied look, he began to roll back his dingy shirt cuffs. For some time he gazed with his dark, deep-set eyes at his bony forearm, all dotted and scarred with the puncture marks that remained as evidence of his other periods of weakness, but this time he knew that it would soon all be over, for now he was sure that this would be the last of his dreaded habit. After this last fling he would be satisfied for life. It had gone on every day now for three years — first, it had been marijuana, then heroine pills, and now large injections of morphine or cocaine. It was hard for anyone to believe that just three years ago, he had been an honor student at London University, at the top of his class and with one of the brightest futures of any young man in the country. Even now he couldn't believe that one dare, one bet, one weak moment had brought all his hopes crashing down, but as he looked about him at the small, dreary apartment — the faded rug, the dingy, yellow windows, the cracked plaster in the walls and ceiling, and the distorted reflection of himself in the half-shattered mirror — he knew that his horrible dream was reality.

He was not a small man, but his hunched, ragged appearance made him resemble an old store keeper in one of the old shops that are found throughout the city. He was only twenty-seven years old, but his stringy hair, his worn, gaunt face, and his bony, gnarled hands gave him the appearance of a man over forty.

Finally, as his eyes cleared and his thoughts returned to the matters at hand, he jammed the needle through the rubber top of the medical bottle and filled the syringe with the peace-giving fluid. Still shaking, he thrust the sharp point deep into his forearm, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back in the ragged arm-chair with a sigh of supreme satisfaction.

"This time," he said "I've licked it."

J. ARDERY

## THE SEARCH

The year is 1943 in a dense forest a few miles outside Mont-elimar, in southern France. The allies had succeeded in driving the Germans deeper into the woods toward the French border. But the battle had been a costly one; many men were killed from both sides in the fighting that lasted from early morning until late afternoon. As the cold August night set in all seemed quiet.

Not far from the battlefield, however, a man frantically groped in the darkness, his eyes trying to pierce the dense forest. The cry of a wild animal made him start. He became frightened and started to run. He stumbled and fell. He turned around, and stared into the darkness, trying to see something where there was nothing. He was lost. Somehow during the attack he had been separated from the rest of his company.

For a few moments he just sat there on the hard ground where he fell, not moving a muscle for fear he might arouse suspicion. Slowly he arose, tightly gripping the worn barrel of his rifle. Soon afterwards he resumed his search. A search that must lead him back to his company. He continued in what he thought was a westerly direction which should eventually lead him back to camp. His movements were slow and short. He utilized every conceivable method of caution. A light rain and fog began to fall on the forest.

The rain was steadily growing heavier when he came upon a clearing. As he entered his eyes beheld the horrors of war. Scattered about him were the corpses of men killed in battle. He turned slowly; across the clearing faintly visible through the fog and rain lay the body of a man dressed identically to himself, face down in the mud. He walked over. Slowly he turned the body over and looked into the lifeless face of his best friend. As he left the clearing, his eyes filled with tears.

His walk was quick and awkward. The cold reality of war had a deep effect upon his mind. Never before had he seen such a sight alone in the stillness of the night. He tried to imagine the whole incident was a terrible dream, but it was no use. Anger seized him as the thought of his dead friend crawled through his mind. His grip tightened on his rifle and his walk turned into a run.

The last word he heard was, "Halt!" as bullets ripped through his body.

D. EDWARDSON

## NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

And as he walks lifelessly alone into the never-ending darkness trying to forget all he has seen and all he has ever known, he feels bitter inside. He feels a bitterness strong enough to set him against all the world and all it has ever stood for. He feels the wind blow sharply across his face like the cold night breeze off the sea and he feels the frozen rain nip at his cheeks like the wet salt spray of a great ocean. And still he walks alone into the infinite far, with only one thought — never to return. But as he walks the frozen rain turns to snow swirling like a hurricane beating against a strewn wharf. The white blanket covers, quickly cleansing and equalizing all it touches, but not without fear. His feet without boots grow numb and his ungloved hands grow tight; he grows weary and warm. All he has ever seen and all he has ever known flashes back to him and he sees it in a truer light, but it is too late for "no man is an island".

G. SPAID

## COMPETITION

There is competition in our lives every day, and in almost everything we do. People are always trying to better someone else, or get somewhere first. Life would actually be dull and drab if there were no competition. Any simple game or sport is more fun if there are records to beat, people to compete against, or if you try to better yourself.

If competition is understood and not taken the wrong way, it helps people to understand life. A person who has played an organized sport, or is used to trying his very best understands when the cards are low and everything is going wrong. He knows that the situation will not improve unless he works at it; whereas a person who does not understand competition just sits down and feels sorry for himself.

Further, a leader of men, such as a general in the army, has built up an understanding of competition. He knows if he doesn't keep himself collected when everyone else is in panic that another man will take his place.

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Good sportsmanship gives anyone respect and admiration, and without understanding competition no one can be a good sport. In golf, the men who throw clubs in trees and in water hazards don't know what competition means. Instead of trying to think of what they did wrong, and trying to do better the next shot, they get mad and lose all control of their minds.

Honesty also enters into this subject. A real sportsman is honest, both with himself and others. He doesn't try to kid himself and he doesn't offer others a lot of excuses for his mistakes.

Competition helps everyone who understands it. It builds character, leadership, sportsmanship, self-control, and most of all makes you honest. It makes you a man. It's one of the most important things in life.

B. HORNER

## OF AUTUMN

From a forest clearing a lone pine is casting its hue upon a sea of blue and its branches entwine with dabs of white splashed around by some unseen artist.

The day passes and the sun grows higher. The thin rays of the sun filter through the puffy clouds and cast a yellow life-giving hue upon the earth. The yellow rays are absorbed by the earth and the greens and reds are reflected lightly upon the clouds.

Higher and higher the sun goes until it is directly above. Heat has begun and the sky is now void of clouds. There is no wind and the skies are brazenly watching the sun beat unmercifully on the ground.

The pine stands straight and tall through the heat and as the sun dies, as embers of a fire, its form is again shadowed upon blue, splotted by new blobs of white.

The breeze has been renewed and it briskly tosses the fallen leaves through a red and green painted forest. The wind has grown stronger now and the trees are losing more leaves.

The sun is setting and the air has become chilly. The sky is darkening and mellow golds have replaced the blue and amber is now the background setting. Streaks of delicate clouds patch the gold while the moon has begun to rise.

The sky switches from amber to black like a magician's cloth and the night sets in casting the lone pine against the moon.

N. LAWRENCE

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## RETRIBUTION

I wouldn't have broken jail if it hadn't been for Rachael. Sitting in my prison cell or working on the rock pile my thoughts always turned to her, all alone at home with little Franklin Delano. It wouldn't be so bad exceptin' before long the new baby would be comin'.

Five years is a long time for a man to be away from his family. Five years the judge give me, just for breaking into the gas station to get the money that that lyn' Mr. Weston owed me. Why didn't I get honest work the judge asked me? How could I get a job when there were no jobs? We had to eat!

It was Jive, a big black ugly nigger who had planned the break. I really hated him, but it was my only chance to get back to Rachael, and she needed me. The night was as dark as the devil's pocket, and the swamp was alive with crawling slimy things which dropped out of the dripping trees and fastened themselves to my neck and arms. We'd been polin' close on to four hours when Jive lost his balance and fell into the water tipping the punt over as he went. I struggled to untangle myself from the reeds and floating weed roots and finally got my head above water just before my lungs split clear in two. I couldn't hear Jive and I couldn't see anything but a faint line of daylight way off to the right. I gotta admit I didn't waste much time looking for Jive. I didn't exactly wish him dead but then I didn't really care if he lived or not. I swam a ways, if you can call it swimmin'. Mostly I was kickin' my feet like a frog and pullin' myself along with one arm and pushin' the muck and everglades away with the other. Knowing that there were plenty of alligators in that swamp didn't slow me down either. Finally I was able to wade and even though I slipped and fell every few yards, I was able to make better time.

Our cabin was not too far inland and by snakin' through the scrub pine I was able to sneak up to the door. I could hear Rachael hummin' a sad little tune in time to the creakin' of the broken old rocking chair I'd always been meanin' to fix.

She turned her head as I softly called her name. Not excitedly as I'd imagined she would, but dully as if she'd heard callin' before and always found nobody at the door. She looked awful thin and little Frankie's legs dangled down from her lap like limp pole beans. The fire was out, and I couldn't see a sign of any food in the cupboard I'd whacked together out of an old crate. I didn't need a second look around to convince me I'd been right to come home.

It's been two months now since the break. Happy months they've been. We'd headed north and found work picking fruit. The shack they gave us wasn't cozy like our own but Rachael needed a roof now, any kind of a roof and other women to take care of her.

I never thought they'd look for me after a few weeks. I didn't know they'd found Jive's body in the swamp and thought I'd drowned him on purpose. How was I to know they'd hung my picture in all the postoffices, and that I was considered a "Dangerous killer"?

One of the pickers had seen a stranger around the grove askin' questions and he'd warned me just in time. Now I'm runnin' again.

My throat is burnin' and my lungs are bustin' but I gotta keep runnin', runnin' . . .

K. HELM

## A STROKE OF LUCK

One day a few summers ago two friends of mine and I, finding ourselves short on cash, decided we'd have to make some money. Although we were very ambitious at first, figuring out all the odd jobs we could get, such as cutting grass, cleaning gutters, and the like, we soon became discouraged when we found that the few jobs of this type that were available were too undesirable to be even considered. The yards were fifteen acres of knee-deep weeds, and the gutters needing cleaning were fifty feet off the ground on a steeply slanting roof. Still in our desperation we took these jobs, but within a week's time, even these opportunities were exhausted. We then resorted to the degrading task of collecting empty beer and soft drink bottles, to be returned for refunds of three cents apiece. This was a hard job, which paid poorly. We would get up early in the morning, walk through the park for hours, and come out with about thirty-eight bottles. Totalled up quickly, that came to \$1.14. Split three ways, this left us with the enormous profit of \$.38 apiece for a day's labor. Although this was a poor source of income, we decided to keep it up until we found something better.

While we were coming home from an especially discouraging, unsuccessful day, I was dragging my feet along, kicking up pebbles in the road, when I knocked the dust off a crumbled wad of paper. At first I looked skeptically at what seemed a scrap of "play" money from a Monopoly set. But this looked terribly real, and feeling slightly foolish at even bothering with it, I picked it up. Then I let out a scream! There in my hand was a dust-covered dollar bill. It seemed to be wrapped around something. As I nervously peeled back the note, I found under-

neath it a ten dollar bill. By now I was really going wild. But there was still more underneath this! For as I removed the ten, I found two twenty dollar bills under it.

Having heard my scream, my friends came running back to me. When I showed them my lucky "windfall" they became as excited as I was. Feeling scared and a little guilty, as if we were being followed, we dashed home and put the money in a safe place. I had immediately informed my companions that since we were all in this project together, we would share and share alike. I suppose I figured, that if the police came around looking for the boys who had "taken" fifty dollars from the park road, my associates would share my punishment as well as my reward. After all, fifty dollars seemed like a fortune to three young men who had up till then been figuring in multiples of three cents.

We watched the lost and found columns of the paper for a week or more. When no one advertised having lost money in the park, we figured that the money was really ours to keep. I divided it evenly, although my friends did protest that since I alone had found it, I was not honor bound to split my "bonanza" with them. Perhaps it eased my conscience to share it, for mixed with my elation at having come into this wealth was a certain sadness when I thought of the extremely opposite emotions of that unknown person who had lost it!

B. KAUFMAN

## SUCH THINGS HAPPEN AT NIGHT

It was about five in the morning when I opened the rear door for some ventilation. I sat down on a box of cans and began to light up a cigarette, when a tall thin man walked in the doorway.

He said with a smile, "I've been waiting since one."

I took the cigarette out of my mouth. "What is it Mister?"

"How much would be in that safe at the front of the store?"

"Don't know — nobody lets me handle money around here."

He surveyed me well. "What are you around here?"

"The night stock boy," I said.

"Some job for a big guy like you".

"I eat."

He took the gun out of his pocket.

"What do you expect from me—the combination?" I said with sarcasm.

"I don't expect anything from you, stock boy. When does the manager get here?"

"7:30"

"And when does the store open?"

"The clerks get here at eight."

He began to play with his revolver. "You finished for the night?"

"I've got one aisle and the window display to do yet."

He put on a white apron and walked out into the store. "I thought you were about through, this place is a mess," he said.

"Just empty boxes, I clean them up last. By the way, a cop goes by here about 6:30."

He stiffened, "Just goes by?"

"Yes, it's routine."

His eyes moved to the safe and he looked quite pleased with himself.

It was after dawn when Larkin came to the window. He rubbed his back with his night stick and yawned, then went on his way.

"He'll be back. He has a cup of coffee down the street, then turns around and comes back."

"Play it easy," he said, "Remember I'm here."

I got rid of the empty boxes and began to stamp the cans on the front shelf. About twenty minutes later Larkin went by again. He looked at the display then at me before he continued on his way.

At quarter past seven I finished sweeping out the place and we sat down to wait for the manager.

Morrison, the manager, got there at 7:35. When he stepped in the door, the tall man came out from a blind spot and stuck the revolver in his back. He said, "The safe, mister."

Morrison's hands shook as I watched him open the safe for the first time. The tall man reached in and took out the bags which had paper money in them. He then took us into the back room and tied us up.

When he stepped out the door they were waiting. Larkin and about a half dozen others. His hands went up, and the bags fell to the ground.

As they untied me, Mr. Morrison said, "I'll be sure to bring this to the attention of your parole board, Willy."

I put on my jacket and started to leave. "Thank you Mr. Morrison."

As some reporters came in Larkin began to tell his story. "First thing I noticed was that all the cans in the window were upside down."

"Well, see you tonight, regular time, Willie."

Larkin was still talking, "And when I looked closer there was my badge number on every one of the cans, so I just put two and two together."

I smiled as I walked by the safe. Thank you, Mr. Morrison for showing me the combination to the safe. It would be good to get my hands on some real money again.

J. MYERS

## POEM

In youth we often falter,  
We're foolish young and green,  
We have no life to base upon,  
We know but what we've seen.

We dream of land o' plenty,  
Of rich adventures bold,  
But all we know for fact,  
Is what the stories told.

We feel the deep tender feelings,  
We know of sorrow and woe,  
But how are we to express them,  
When we so little know.

We're strong and brave and daring,  
We want the world to see,  
We want to make an impression,  
We want them to know "me".

Our lives are complex comedies,  
But we can't see them so,  
We take ourselves too seriously,  
Then we're our biggest foe.

G. SPAID

## THREE VOTES FOR MAN

The day began just like many other days since man had been on earth. People woke up, had breakfast, and read of the charges and countercharges by the world powers. People then went to work to try and get some measure of security out of their demanding lives. It wasn't until early evening that the human race had an inkling that something was afoot. Radar screens picked up many unidentified flying objects coming through the earth's atmosphere.

Man almost never found out what these things were because the mutual distrust between the two great powers almost led to a war. It's very likely that Man, along with every other living thing on earth, would have been obliterated in a nuclear holocaust, if a strange message had not been received:

"People of earth, we have come to speak with you on urgent matters and you have nothing to fear. We come as visitors and not as enemies."

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The next day was not like any other previous day in Man's history. A race of beings had landed on earth and Man was afraid of this new entity. The governments of the world were in a turmoil. No one knew why the aliens had come, but they were soon to find out.

The meeting with the aliens will not be forgotten very soon, for Man was told he wasn't the only intelligent being in the universe. In fact, he was only one of thousands of races, and an insignificant one at that. The aliens said that they had observed Man's strife and turmoil for centuries and a time of reckoning had come. He was told he would be judged to see if the human race would still survive. The people of the earth were to be put on trial and their jurors were to be the animals. Man would need just three animals to say he should survive, but if he didn't win three votes the human race would cease to exist.

Man contemplated fighting back, but deep down inside he knew he was at the alien's mercy, for Man was to be indicted for simply existing. The trial took place just six days after the aliens had landed, and if no votes were forthcoming Man wouldn't live to see the seventh. It was held on the largest alien ship and it was indeed a strange sight to behold. Animals of every species on earth were assembled and so were each of the heads of government from the countries of the world. The galactic judges called the trial to order and the charges were read:

"The galactic powers charge the people of earth with murder and savagery of the worst kind. We ask the jury to condemn Man for these crimes and to recommend death for the human race."

Next the powers stated their case and showed how Man's evolution had been a constant story of destruction and waste. They showed Man's cruelty and finally his contempt for those weaker than himself.

Man was not allowed to plead his case or even deny his guilt. Then the jurors left to decide their verdict. There was a deathly silence when the many animals came back into the room. They were asked to state their own verdicts from the tallest animal to the shortest. First the whale, who had been cut up for oil, meat, and bone, said, "Guilty." Then the elephant who had been made into a beast of burden, boomed, "Guilty," and thus it went, on down the line until the horse said, "Yes, let them live." One down, two to go.

It wasn't until they reached the smaller animals that Man received his second vote. The ever faithful dog said, "Not guilty."

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Time was running out, the bee, roaches and beetles all said guilty. Now Man thought he must die, but he resolved to go down fighting. The people of the world had been drawn together by the common bond of fear and, for the first time in centuries, the human race had forgotten its petty differences and were standing together shoulder to shoulder. The last animal to be called was the mosquito, a creature long despised by Man — an object of constant torment and hatred. The mosquito said that it couldn't live without Man, so it cast its vote for Man. One of the smallest things on earth had saved the human race, but at the same time lessons had been learned. Fear had shown Man he could live with his neighbor peacefully and then Man came of age in his new universe.

S. JOHNSON

## PRISONER OF THE NIGHT

One morning in 1885, the French resort of Ste. Adresse was shaken by a terrifying murder.

The night before a Frenchman by the name of Pierre Monet had been found by a delivery boy, murdered on the beach.

When the Surete, the famed French detective force, was informed, it instantly telephoned the best man on the force, John Le Dru and told him to go to Ste. Adresse and investigate the crime. Luckily, at that time, De Dru was at Le Havre, only two miles from Ste. Adresse.

Le Dru was the youngest member of the Surete, nevertheless he had already received much attention and acclaim for his work.

Although Le Dru was recognized to be a brilliant detective, he knew that his fame was due to his slow and patient methods. He would cover every inch of every room of a house, picking up every shred of evidence available. His patience had resulted in the solution to some very difficult murders.

Le Dru realized that if the higher officials of the Surete discovered his technique it would detract from his reputation so he sent in very exaggerated reports of his work. He was forced to work day and night on his cases in order to maintain his standing as a brilliant detective.

As a result of his hard work, his health began to fail and often he would be awakened from sleep by nightmares, during which he imagined that he himself had committed the terrible murder.

When investigating the Ste. Adresse murder, Le Dru became puzzled, for the victim's billfold had not been disturbed.

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Le Dru, after many hours of searching, finally found what he was looking for.

The following day, Le Dru presented himself at Police Headquarters carrying a plaster model of a foot print. He said, "Gentlemen notice that this footprint is of the left foot and that the first joint of the big toe is missing." Le Dru then removed the first joint of the shoe and revealed that the first joint of the left big toe was missing. "I, Messieurs", he said, "am the murderer".

Le Dru's nightmares had unfortunately come true. He had lost the first joint of his big toe when a boy; his footprint fitted that of the one made of plastic perfectly.

Le Dru was placed under arrest and brought before the Court. His attorney miraculously proved that Le Dru was only dangerous at night.

Le Dru was sentenced to life imprisonment. However, the sentence was somewhat suspended. Each day at sunrise, he was set free until sunset. John Le Dru served this sentence for forty-three years and was then finally released from it when he died one night in his cell.

L. SMITH

## THE TRAGEDY OF CONFORMITY

Today's trend of conformity is weakening the strength of democracy in America. I am not referring to conformity as in dress or mannerisms, but in ideals, morals and thinking. Today the average teenager is content to follow the crowd and be a conformist in thinking. This trend of conformity of the mind causes narrowmindedness and complacency to develop. There is no challenge to this type of conformist. They are easy prey for Communism because they have lost the trait of free thinking. Once in the rut they are vulnerable to being led by false leaders or persons of questionable character. Two examples are the labor unions and the strict segregationists. Once under the yoke of Communism it is too late to wake up and realize that former freedom was lost due to conformity of thinking. Some conformity is necessary, as to laws or the basic rules of society, but conforming to the point where the mind has lost all incentive to ask the simple question, "Why?" and then to reason it out, will eventually lead to mental corruption or stagnation. This "disease" may be cured only by the individual. He must decide for himself whether or not he is going to succumb to complacency and self-satisfaction or become an individual who thinks for himself.

D. TERRY

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## THE SIGNAL

Our fraternity had always been noted for its easy pledging, and many of the members thought that this should be changed. We were a part of a small college in a small town, but we wanted membership in our group to be more difficult to acquire. At the time this thinking began, we were pledging five young men. All were eager, intelligent students. They took the idea of pledging rather lightly because it wasn't very difficult. One week before their so-called "Hell-night" (this name did not reflect their true pledging) we called a special meeting of the entire fraternity. The purpose of this gathering was to devise a plan to make the final night of their pledge period the most frightening night of their lives. Our vice-president, the most sadistic thinker of the group, came up with a scheme which was unmatched in cleverness and best served the purpose. It was accepted unanimously although a few of us had a strange fear of its results.

The plan was perfectly tailored to the surroundings of the college. It would take place at the old deserted Liken's home on the outskirts of the city. This house, unoccupied for a decade, stood like a monument in the midst of much overgrown vegetation. It was a formidable sight, especially when the moon seemed to gaze through its cracks and broken windows. The house was the perfect instrument for injecting horror into the lives of our five "victims."

We kept this fate a secret from the boys until the time came for it to be put into action. They were not worried about this night. History had told them they had nothing to fear. Little did they, or we, know what consequences awaited us as we approached the house that night. The air was chilly and the wind rustled the leaves. There was a moon, but it lurked dimly behind several hazy clouds. The night had seemed lovely a few hours before. It was now, however, a dark lonely world.

As we neared the old gate which led to our destination, everyone began to sense a certain strangeness all around us. No one spoke, but the looks registered on everyone's faces reflected their thoughts. We were all scared, although reluctant to admit this to ourselves or to each other. Trying to appear courageous, we made our way to the front of the house.

The silence was finally broken by the voice of our president, John Sanders. He grouped the five pledges together and explained what they were to do. The first boy was to take a single lighted lantern and enter the house. He was to proceed, as quickly as possible, to the tower on the top floor of the house. Here was located a large window through which he would signal

us by waving his lantern back and forth twice. After this was accomplished, he was to return and the other boys would repeat the task. Actually, the description I have given makes the boys' job seem rather easy. This was not true. There were many dangers. First, no one had dared enter this house within the last ten years. Many unexplainable happenings had taken place during old Mr. Liken's residency there, and no one cared enough, or possessed the courage, to investigate. Next, there was an atmosphere present which made everyone fearful of the consequences of even entering the premises. Finally, the wood used in building the house had decayed steadily since the death of its last inhabitants, and one had to take exceptional precautions with each step. In my mind, the boys' task seemed almost impossible, physically as well as emotionally.

The wind became stronger and the leaves rustled louder as John Sanders ordered the first boy in. This symbolized something to me, but I couldn't think what it could be at the moment. He staggered slowly upon the porch. The floor creaked with each step. The dark slim figure entered the doorway and was instantly gobbled up by the darkness except for the faint glow of his lantern. This light soon disappeared also, and we stood waiting in the stillness of the night.

Five minutes elapsed and then five more. No one dared to speak. The ticking of my watch was the only audible sound. The wind had ceased. A light appeared! All our heads turned upward as we recognized the signal. There was a sigh of relief. We must now wait for him to return. I sensed that no one else would be sent into the house. From the rest of the members' appearances, they were content to revert to our original pledging standards. We waited impatiently, eager to leave this forbidding place. Fifteen minutes passed and there was no sight of a light or human figure in the house. Ten more minutes of silence followed. Finally, John Sanders, in a shaky voice, managed to speak. He said we would wait five minutes longer and if the boy didn't appear, someone would be sent to check on him. We waited five minutes and fifty-nine seconds (I had taken to staring at my watch to ease my inner tensions) with no results. Then John chose one of the remaining pledges to make a search of the interior of the house. This poor boy could not muster a sound, and ran off into the night. We later found him collapsed beside the highway.

We were all stunned and lost for thoughts or words. Our fraternity, boys of high academic stature and keen judgement, stood in silence beside one another. We knew that neither of us would dare enter the house, especially under these circumstances. Almost instantly we turned and ran toward the college. There was nothing else we could do!

Our officers, although severely shaken by the previous happenings, reported immediately to the college president, Dr. Edwin Collins. He was equally shocked and in turn reported the event to the local police. The police said they would thoroughly search the house and surroundings as soon as it became light in the morning (Could they too have been fearful of what they would find?).

We all waited together in the fraternity house for the sun to rise. Then we proceeded to the evil place where we had been only a few hours ago. The police met us there and entered the house rather slowly. They checked it out completely, the tower several times, but there was no sign of our young pledge. Every inch of the building and land was searched to no avail. The mystery was far from being solved.

\* \* \*

I attended no classes today. In fifteen minutes it will have been exactly twenty-four hours since that young man disappeared into the house. Standing here outside the gate it looks even more fearful to me than it did last night. The wind is blowing again, and now I realize it is the symbol of an invisible spirit. Do I see a faint glow in the tower? It seems to be the light of a lantern moving twice across the window. No, I am not surprised. I know the lantern is carried by a ghostly spirit, not the young boy. His soul has been taken and has become an inhabitant of the stately house. Two will soon be present, for I, who helped to doom this soul to an eternal lonely vigil, must now go to join him in the tower.

M. CONSTANT

## NATIONAL OVEREATING DAY

Thanksgiving today should be renamed "National Overeating Day" because that is what it has turned into over the years. Thanksgiving has become an excuse for overeating throughout the country. Very few people take time to think of the real meaning of Thanksgiving, and even most of these people just brush the thought of its real meaning aside and continue making gluttons out of themselves.

It is good for everyone's morale to have one day of feasting out of the whole year; but why should we make Thanksgiving, of all the days of the year, our day of being selfish with food. If everyone would, instead of piling more food into themselves than they could ever need, give even a small portion of it to poor people, they would be well rewarded. To find people who are hungry, one doesn't have to go abroad to some under-

developed country, he has only to look around himself in his own city or town and see the many people who are less fortunate than he. By giving food to such organizations as The Salvation Army, people with an abundance of food can help many of these unfortunate people to have a happy Thanksgiving too.

The idea of Thanksgiving being an excuse to eat as much food as possible has infected the minds of the young children of today. Most of them don't know the details of the first Thanksgiving until they take United States history. For today's children, Thanksgiving also means a holiday, long and eagerly awaited, or an excuse to get out of school for a few days. To most children, this holiday means more than the eating done on Thanksgiving day, but still the real purpose of the holiday is forgotten.

The youth as a whole of the United States today has forgotten or forced out of its mind the thought and real feeling that should go along with the feasting on Thanksgiving.

A. GRESHAM

## THE PROPER THING TO DO

In the world of today, there is too much emphasis on the proper thing to do in public. At a dinner in someone else's home, there may be five or six different types of eating utensils used. The average person should know what these prongs are used for. However, if one does not realize that Ann Landers or Emily would frown if he does not use his fork properly, or use the proper fork, everyone at the table will let go a tremendous gasp of horror. Actually the only good this little custom does is to fill the pockets of the jeweler.

This type of stupidity has come about due to a handful of women who have nothing better to do with themselves than to write about how they alone feel other people should act and behave. Just as using the wrong fork may not appeal to Emily, using and living and breathing all of these rules of etiquette does not appeal to me.

Many of these unwritten laws, of course, have a lot of basis to them. On the other hand, many have no basis whatsoever. Opening a door for a lady is common courtesy, not etiquette. But if one of our etiquette conscious ladies ever caught a young man walking along the street on the wrong side of his date, a fainting spell would most likely occur. The obvious reason for this rule is that should a horse happen to break loose, the young man would be able to save his date from mishap.

If this is the way people are going to keep acting, it's a mystery to me why they all do not have indigestion.

B. HADEN

## WILDLIFE CONSERVATION

I believe that there should be many changes or revisions in the game laws of this country. Not only do the obsolete laws cost the government a great deal of money annually, but they also endanger the existence of many birds and animals. For example, the elk of Yellowstone National Park were once very scarce. It was feared that poachers would wipe them out entirely. Hundreds of rangers were hired for the purpose of protecting the elk. Today the elk are so numerous that they have seriously overgrazed their range. Instead of relieving this problem by letting in hunters who would pay to hunt the elk, the government pays rangers to kill five thousand elk a year, which is a great waste of money.

In the Florida Keys the situation is reversed. The key deer, a tiny cousin of the whitetail deer, is nearing extinction. There are only about one hundred of them left, although they are protected by law. Poachers take a high yearly toll because there are not enough rangers to enforce the laws. Here a lack of funds prevents ample protection for the deer.

The grizzly bear is another example of the harm that can be caused by the lack of proper funds. In the continental United States there are only about thirty grizzly bears. Lack of funds has made correct supervision of the remaining animals impossible.

Steelhead trout are disappearing from many rivers in Washington and Oregon because of the Indian reservations along these rivers. When the government put the Indians there they made unlimited fishing possible for them. Today the Indians use gill nets which are strung across the rivers. These allow only a few of the spawning trout to reach the spawning grounds. The rule of unlimited fishing is over a hundred years old in many cases and is obsolete.

These are some of the reasons why I believe that changes or revisions of many game laws are necessary to protect American wildlife.

S. O'BRIEN

## DRIVING

Almost every teen-ager looks forward to the day he finally becomes sixteen so he can drive an automobile. Driving an automobile greatly increases the teen-ager's independence in traveling from one place to another without the trouble of finding rides. Besides being helpful to the teen-ager, driving aids parents who now can feel free to send the new driver

on a million and one errands that they used to have to bother with.

The fact that a teen-ager is grownup enough to take out the family car for any purpose desired, is a reminder to the parents, friends and associates that this youngster behind the wheel is entering into adulthood.

There are roughly seventy million drivers and sixty million cars on the nation's streets, roads, and highways today and the inexperienced driver has to learn to look out for each and every one of them. Most important, however, is that the teen-ager concentrates on what he is doing when he is taking on the added responsibility of passengers in his car. It is a great temptation to want to show off new found driving skills to others. An adult, however, will take no unnecessary chances on the road.

Sometimes the hardest thing to learn about driving, for persons of any age, is courtesy to other drivers. Keeping in mind the Golden Rule would be a good thing for every new driver to do.

N. BENNER

## MARCH 1st, 1962

It was March 1, 1962, and a great day for New York. This was the day America's hero John H. Glenn Jr. was to parade down Broadway and receive a welcome second to none.

It was a great and fateful day for James Randal Hunter and John Randal Stewart; it was the climax of their lives, the day they had been journeying toward all their lives.

It really began twenty-four years before when lovely, dark-haired Sally Randal came to work in an accountants' office in Los Angeles, California. She was just out of an orphanage and this was her very first job. The first day she met John Hunter and it was love at first sight — they were drawn to each other as metal is to a magnet. John was an accountant, it was his first real job of any consequence, and he too was from an orphan's home.

From the first day there was a bond between them. They soon found out that neither had any living relatives and as they were both entirely alone this served only to draw them closer together. They were soon married.

No two people were ever happier together than Sally and John. They really lived for each other — they were so much in love and they had no one else. When their identical twin sons were born they could hardly believe their good fortune. The boys were such handsome healthy babies and now they had a family of their own. They named the boys John and James and gave them both the same middle name — Randal, for their mother.

On September 7, 1939, when the boys were about four months old — the accounting firm had sent their father to San Francisco on a job. Mary hired a practical nurse to stay with the babies and went with John. It was a holiday for her, they had never been to San Francisco so they found it fascinating.

Coming down highway 101 just out of Salinas, California, John struck some gravel on the side of the road; the car swerved out of control, left the road and turned over. Both Mary and John were killed instantly. So the babies, having no living relatives, were put in an orphanage, the same one where their father grew up.

They had been there only a short time when a wealthy young couple Bill and Laura Stewart made arrangements to adopt the boys.

The day the Stewarts came to take the boys, James was sick and in the orphanage hospital so they just took John and made arrangements to come for James later.

That night fire broke out in the hospital and spread so quickly that hardly anyone escaped in the turmoil. A little Mexican girl who had only come to work that day was giving James a drink of water when she smelled smoke. She grabbed the baby, ran out of the hospital and all the way to her own home in a very poor section of the city. Her family spoke very little English and were unfamiliar with the ways and laws of Americans. They loved the baby, so they just kept him. All they knew about him was his name, James Randal Hunter, which was on a bracelet on his arm.

As there was no trace of James after the fire, it was assumed that he had perished, and so it happened that John grew up in abundance and James in poverty right in the same city and never once did their paths cross.

After high school John entered Yale where his adopted father had graduated. About the same time James went to New York and in 1962 was working for an importing firm near Wall Street. He kept books and served as an interpreter as he spoke Spanish fluently.

The day before the "John Glenn Welcoming Parade," John decided to come down from New Haven for the event and to see his adopted mother's brother — who was head of a large brokerage house. He visited with his uncle and made plans to have dinner with him and his aunt the next evening, after the parade.

John decided to go back up town to his hotel the quickest way by subway. He descended the stairs and waited for a train.

With his back to John was James; he was going uptown to his small one room apartment on the East side where he lived alone.

They stood about six feet apart with their backs to each other,

looking in opposite directions for a moment or so. Then at 4:52 P.M. on February 28th, 1962, John and James turned and came face to face. It was such a shock that for a brief instant they could say nothing; they immediately saw themselves standing opposite.

Then with one breath, they said, "This can't be!"

Then John took a hold of James' arm saying, "You are my brother . . . I thought you were dead all these years . . . and so did Mom and Dad."

John knew about James, for his adopted parents had told him all they knew, and how his brother had been lost to them. But the Mexican family who brought up James knew nothing. He was shocked to see his own image on another more than John was.

The subway train pulled up, they got on and all the way to Times Square John explained to James, as best he could, what he imagined had happened.

It only took that short ride for them to know they belonged together. They got off at Times Square. John invited James to his hotel; they had dinner sent up and they started catching up on all that had happened to each other these twenty odd years.

About ten o'clock John called his parents in Los Angeles and told them what had happened.

They were as excited as the boys, and they persuaded the boys to skip the parade next day and to fly out to California so they could all get acquainted. They were the four happiest, most excited people in the world that evening talking across the continent to each other, making plans.

That is how it came about that John and James, on March 1, 1962, an hour before Colonel Glenn's parade, were at Idlewild in order to board American Airline's Boeing 707 to Los Angeles.

When at 10:07 A.M. with the other eighty-five passengers and a crew of eight, with ceiling and visibility unlimited they crashed at the end of the runway. There were no survivors.

With the parade and such a horrible airplane accident it was a very busy day for the New York police.

L. STURGEON

## DOES THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?

A small group of men worked their way through the dense green foliage of the jungle, their minds alert to every noise and movement. Among these was an eighteen year old boy, whose name is of little importance, who only several months before had enlisted in the South Vietian army.

He was rather tall and thin, and, though he appeared quite

dirty and haggard, he was handsome, which the other men often teased him about. He was clad in a worn green uniform which was several sizes too large and hung on him loosely. His shoes, though ancient, were comfortable and never before in his life had he known such luxury. On his shoulder hung a semi-automatic rifle which, because no one else in the outfit had one, he prized greatly.

The air was terrifically moist and hot, and soon all were drenched with sweat. They had been on patrol for several hours and because of the almost unbearable terrain were nearly exhausted. Although, by his facial expression, the leader looked rather stupid, his mind had been thoroughly trained in guerrilla tactics. He was aware of every movement that went on and he gave signals to the others which were slowly obeyed. So far the patrol had been uneventful and none except the lieutenant thought the enemy might be hidden near somewhere. As other troops, they had been taught to kill, although their simple minds did not understand what they were killing for.

Then, out of nowhere, they came upon a small stream which was engulfed by the gigantic jungle. It wasn't very wide, but this was where the enemy would attack. The patrol crossed the stream one at a time, and because he had the best rifle the young boy brought up the rear. The water was a pleasant relief to his fatigued body, but he had to hold the rifle above his head so that it would not get wet. He was almost on the opposite shore, working his way through the tall reeds which bordered the banks. Then out of the labyrinth of vines and trees came a shot. The patrol pursued the sniper but he had disappeared into the woods.

The patrol buried the young boy along the bank, and then left him there forever. Now someone else was to be the proud owner of the beautiful semi-automatic rifle. Now the soldier was just a statistic. He had not died serving his country for it wasn't his cause but someone else's. He died an unmeaningful death fighting for something he did not even understand.

Man with his selfish nature may employ any means to obtain a goal without regard for human sacrifice. Is death the price for peace? This something which will probably never exist. It is said, "Man is the only animal that blushes because he is the only one who need blush."

D. RODES

### WHAT IS A "SOCIETY"?

In order to study group behavior, a sociologist must decide what makes up a group. A crowd at a baseball game is a group, but it exists as a group only as long as the game lasts. Such

temporary groupings deserve study because they illustrate human behavior, but it is more important to understand the forces which hold groups together for a lifetime or influence people for hundreds of years. Sociologists use several tests for detecting these forces.

First, they look for the original tendency to get together and form a group. A primary impulse is the love of companionship. A group formed for such a reason is the family or the people who live in a town.

Second, the sociologist looks for bonds of sentiment, feeling, or belief which help to hold the group together. A religious belief is one example; loyalty to a nation is another. Social habits and courtesies also help to define a group. American men shake hands with each other when they meet. The Ainu of Japan places his hands together in a gesture of greeting. Such differences may seem trivial, but people tend to associate with those who have the same social habits.

A third and most important test is the exchange of services and benefits between the members of a group. In a country like the United States or Canada, some people do the farming, others work in factories, and so on. By specializing in this way, each one can produce a surplus of some commodity or service. This increases production and benefits the group as a whole. Thus mutual exchange acts powerfully to hold the group together.

A group which is held together more or less permanently by ties of the sort described, is often called a "Society." The word "society" comes from the Latin word "socius", meaning "a companion." Some sociologists believe that a group can only be called a society if it can pass on its customs and ties of feeling and interdependence to the next generation.

G. PERDUE

### A CIVIL WAR THAT WILL NEVER END

The Civil War has been over for almost one hundred years. Its causes are known to almost everyone; yet, the greatest cause was not slavery as most people believe, but the economies of the North and South of that period.

Cotton, King Cotton as it was known in the South, depletes the soil, leaving it poorer and poorer every year. As a result, cotton became inferior in reference to past years thus reducing the income of hard cash to many of the Southern states.

Through coincidence the Northern states had begun to press for a protective tariff on manufactured goods which limited imports to the United States from England, thus reducing the amount of cotton sent to England and the rest of Europe. Also aboli-

tionist groups had begun to arise. Soon the South was blaming the North for its economic depression which was actually due to the plantation owners' poor methods of growing cotton and also to the fact that cotton was by far the main cash product of the South.

The slavery question served only to make the war a moral issue and to agitate feelings of the North towards the South. A country, which was havocted by a war caused by the difference between the South's economic depression and the North's booming economy and only enticed by the slavery question, is now frequently disturbed by the constant revival of the racial question which is an offspring of the Civil War.

Americans are paying for this war everytime a major or minor racial incident occurs. Many of these incidents are publicized throughout the world. Americans are paying for the war with prestige they cannot afford to lose. This is a time when we can only afford to gain, thus winning more allies to the side of freedom.

In summation, the Civil War, won by the North, seemingly to save the Union, may eventually kill us abroad and in turn kill us at home.

C. STARKS

### THE CROSSING

For the last three days rain had fallen periodically from the somber gray clouds which covered the forested hills. It fell on the tortuous mountain road, the scattered hillside fields and the small mining town situated on the low sandy bank of the swift-flowing river. Today a sharp wind came from the north and drove the falling rain into the faces of the men gathered on the bridge over the swelling stream. Even as they watched, the muddy water seemed to rise, bringing with it the thought they most feared — a flood. The little group trudged back to the drugstore, where they silently stood around the radio and listened to the weather reports. When no immediate relief was forecast, they knew that they must abandon their endangered homes for the highlands across the river.

It was growing dark as the inhabitants collected a few possessions and got into their cars and trucks. The pale-white headlights of the first car to reach the bridge revealed the angry, black current lapping at the wooden planks of the flood-weakened structure. What seemed an eternity had passed when the last car pulled away from the bridge on the far side. As the homeless townspeople looked back, they saw the old bridge sinking beneath the flood.

K. WHITELAW

### AN EXCURSION ON THE OHIO

It was one of the cooler days in August when an idea came to the mind of one of my friends, Henry Johnson. Henry thought it would be fun to spend the night on Twelve Mile Island. This island is a small plot of ground in the middle of the Ohio River approximately ten miles from the port of Louisville. Henry proposed that Robert and Sam Hillrich, he, and I should spend the coming Thursday night on Twelve Mile Island. We had never attempted this before, so we decided to try it. Our parents consented to our venture, and since it was Tuesday, we hurried to prepare ourselves.

On Wednesday Sam suggested we make the trip in Henry's boat, a fourteen foot runabout with a forty horsepower engine. We only had to plan for one meal, since we were going in the late afternoon and returning in the early morning. We made a list of the things we would need.

Thursday came quickly and it was quite a hurried day. We bought the food we needed in the morning and gathered the other necessities, such as sleeping bags, matches, and cooking utensils in the afternoon. We went to the dock at 3:30 and loaded the boat. We were off and headed toward the island by 4:00.

It was a beautiful afternoon as the low-hanging sun shone on the ripples of the river. The greenness of summer was still in the trees and bushes. It was a fine day for an outing.

By 4:45 we were on the island and unpacking. It took until after 5:00 to gather fire wood, unpack, and start our fires. We all made separate fires, so we could eat at the same time. We had brought sirloin steaks, which we cooked very carefully. The steaks were delicious. We had brought a cooler, some soft drinks and a dozen eggs, in case we had to eat breakfast on the island. In a few hours we had run out of soft drinks and clumsy Henry had dropped the eggs in our water. For obvious reasons we did not drink the water.

We did not crawl into our sleeping bags until after one o'clock, and did not get to sleep until two. We were tired, dirty, and thirsty. We had gone swimming in the river for a while and were still wet.

The sun came up about six o'clock, and since we were all uncomfortable we got up and decided to go home. In the morning the river sometimes becomes very foggy. This was one of the foggiest mornings I had ever seen and the fog was quiet and depressing. We decided to leave and go home, which later we found was not a good decision.

We hurriedly loaded the boat and shoved off. The fog was so thick that the visibility was only about fifteen feet. The rising

fog made for a clammy morning. After we had been riding for about twenty minutes, we heard the sound of a tugboat's foghorn. As we listened harder we could tell it was not too far off and behind us. We had our running lights on, but they would not do much good through the fog. Many tugs have radar, whether this one did or did not we never found out. Robert, who was at the wheel cut off the motor so we could hear better. The tug was closer now and on our right. As we listened it kept coming at us. Robert tried to start the engine, but apparently we were too low on gas. We took the paddle and foghorn out and tried to signal. Henry tried to paddle, but one paddle for so much weight was almost useless. Looking out into the fog we saw the tug's running lights. She had signaled to us with her horn, but a tug is not an easy thing to steer. The tug seemed to be coming right at us, but this must have been an illusion for it missed us by at least ten to twenty yards. This was the closest call the four of us had ever had. The fog finally rose and we had no more such experiences. A small cruiser heeded our signals and towed us to the dock. We were all still quite scared when we reached home and although I was dead tired, I could not sleep.

I will never in my life forget that experience. That day taught us a great lesson, the river is quite a hazardous place.

R. FISCHER

## DEATH FOR A BAD SOLDIER

"He forced his death, I promise this! I'm fighting for the cause which I think is just. His cause is just in his mind because he was brought up in a land which feeds on power and greed, and there is never enough. So conscience, I pray you to forgive; my mind is weak and full of pity and God only knows I make a bad soldier! I fight to kill but to no satisfaction for a right cause. If I could only see the pity in others! If I knew I wasn't alone in misery! Where is this in others' minds? Why is understanding so secluded in war? Why must it be so?"

There was a pause; his company advanced farther to kill. His thoughts were confused; The company halted.

"He symbolized so much, this man of death! I have lost all reason to kill, it's just there. There will never be a reason for the killer when both are the hunted. Maybe we're insane or it's the order which tells you to kill because you're fighting for a free world. I hate it! I hate it all! When I pull the trigger I couldn't tell you why. I feel no more righteous than if I hadn't pulled the trigger."

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There was another pause and there was a conclusion in his thoughts.

"I see no pity but my own; I hate to kill; there is no reason but world destruction, and self-destruction.

There was another pause.

"I won't kill another of God's creatures! I will go to Hell if suicide is what you call this, but I feel it must be done for I am not one of man's devices called the soldier."

W. FAVERSHAM

## THE IMPORTANCE OF GRADES IN EDUCATION

A great controversy today in the present school system is grades. The questions arise — what do grades do and what do they stand for. It seems, however, that after many hours of debate and controversy that nothing has been accomplished. I will submit my views on grades, although you may disagree or agree with them.

Grades, as such, really have no significant purpose. People say they are a means to go by in judging how well a student is doing in his education. This is right in a sense: They do show if the student is keeping up with his classmates, and are supposed to show whether the student is acquiring knowledge. However, to keep up with his schoolmates, and to fool the people into thinking he is learning, a student will use almost any tactics to obtain his good grades. This is wrong! A student goes to school to acquire knowledge, not to obtain satisfactory grades.

It is also said that a student will strive and study harder to get high marks. This is also good, but if a student starts to fall down in his grades or becomes lax in doing his homework, most likely he will try to obtain his high grades by other means. This not only hurts the student's education, but also sets an example for him to use the same techniques in later life.

For these reasons, I believe that schools should abolish grades. Schools should be a place to obtain knowledge not grades. If a student does not wish to further his education and does not wish to make something of himself, he should not have to go to school. I believe that most high school students have enough initiative to get an education and make their lives worthwhile.

Therefore, I believe that most any person would go to school and get an education — not grades — and not fool around with his God-gifted life!

M. RILEY

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**MEMBERSHIP**

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SAM BATE  
*Atherton '64*



NEIL BENNER  
*Atherton '64*



TERRY BRENNER  
*Seneca '64*



BOB COBLIN  
*Atherton '64*

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MIKE CONSTANT  
*Seneca '64*



WILLIE EAVERSHAM  
*Country Day '64*



CAPERTON HENDERSON  
*Seneca '64*



BUD HORNER  
*Waggener '64*



AUSTIN GRESHAM  
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KENNEDY HELM  
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BUZ KAUFMAN  
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JOHN MYERS  
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JOE ARDERY  
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BILL HADEN  
*Waggener '65*



MAC BARR  
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JOHN BELL  
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STEVE JOHNSON  
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*Eastern '65*



LYNE SMITH  
*Country Day '65*

Advertisement for the Evening Post newspaper, featuring the masthead "EVENING POST" and the POTEZ logo. The masthead includes the text "Incorporating the Evening World" and "SUNDAY APRIL 17 1963".



Two members of Chevalier Literary Society wearing their sweat shirts — the author is in the centre.

Benn and Bell gain international recognition for Chevalier Literary Society as their picture appears in the April 25th edition of the Bristol, England's "Evening Post". The picture accompanied an article written by Roger Tucker, a student who stayed with Rick for two weeks.

As a public service, the **Pegasus** now reprints the complete article for the pleasure of its readers.

Bristol Grammar School sixth-former Roger Tucker, who returned yesterday from a fortnight in the U.S.A. on an English Speaking Union exchange visit with 22 other Bristol students, sent us his impressions of teenage leisure in America. Roger lives at 26, Whittrucks Road, Hanham.

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## MOVE, MOVE, MOVE FOR YOUNG U.S.A.

In America everything is on the move. There is less chance to be frustrated, less chance to be lonely.

These people are not afraid to enthuse. Where we would say, "Not bad," the Americans would be more inclined to say, "Real good!" They are more open, more friendly, and more ready to accept their neighbour.

Young people rarely dress up.

Bermuda shorts or cut-off jeans and "T" shirts are worn by both sexes so that everyone is really prepared to swing.

### RESTLESS

"We like to keep moving. I guess we get kind of restless. There are so many things we want to do," said a fair-haired girl from Kentucky. At J. M. Atherton High School, which we were both attending I had noted in amazement that there were nearly four hundred parking spaces and almost as many cars.

In this particular state the driving age is 16 and teenagers take it for granted that on reaching this age it will no longer be necessary to walk.

It seems that **everyone** has a car.

It is from the car that everything starts out. In place of our tiny coffee bars there are hundreds of "drive-in joints." Here mighty American automobiles are driven into covered parking spaces. The window is wound down and a button pressed on a nearby speaker and microphone.

From within a voice replies, and you give your order.

### POP MUSIC

The speaker then switches back to playing pop records and a little later a waitress in slacks arrives at the car with a tray.

The most popular items are coca-colas which come in three flavours — vanilla, cherry, and chocolate, as well as plain — and hamburgers.

Though if you want variety there are many odd drinks such as — peanut - butter - milk - shake.

**The service is better than many restaurants and there is no need to get out of your car!**

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## CINEMAS

Drive-in cinemas are also found in abundance. Here drivers line their cars in an open car-park before a gigantic screen. A speaker which brings the sound is clipped on to the inside of a window.

You can then sit back and relax.

Young parents can let baby sleep in the back seat while they watch the film.

## DISCUSSED

Dating has almost become the national past-time of young Americans. Boys of nine and ten can be overheard ardently discussing their dates:

"Man, is that chick tough! Her eyes are just darling . . ."

"Ya, but she's so immature: I need someone my own age."

Dating is discussed openly before parents, and it is not unknown for a youth to compliment his mother or his schoolmistress on her figure.

But in practice Americans are less free than British teenagers. The reason may be that the church still has a great influence there.

## DIFFERENT

Teenagers find it easier to adopt a responsible attitude towards each other.

Some couples go for as many as 15 or 20 dates before kissing, and one young man, giving the impression of being an American Don Juan, quietly told me that he had never held a girl's hand on the first date.

Teenagers probably date around with different people more than in England. The gulf between one person and another is less obvious, and less people find the need for intense seriousness.

But as everywhere young people fall in love. If a boy feels strongly enough for a girl he will give her his school ring which she wears on a chain around her neck.

**And before our stay has ended a Bristol girl in America with me has collected one of these beautiful, heavily crested rings.**

The literary societies were at first a college institution but in many places have now for long been set among high school students.

In Louisville with a population of about 300,000 there are seven such clubs, each with a membership of between twenty and forty boys.

## EXCLUSIVE

Membership is exclusive and each year sophomores (students of about fourteen) are invited to gatherings called "rushing parties" in order to be selected.

Only those who appear to be the most adventurous, the finest leaders are allowed to join. But before they can become full members they have to go through a period of "pledging" in order to show their allegiance.

During this time members' orders must be carried out whatever they may be, and often aspirants have to allow themselves to be beaten with paddles before finally being admitted into the circle and gaining a pin to wear or give away.

## ORDERLY

At a meeting which I attended order was strictly kept by a "Sergeant-at-Arms."

The word dancing has almost been outmoded. There, the only thing which is done is an exotic variety of jerks and skips. The Twist is already old fashioned.

Now young America performs more advanced variation such as the U.T., the Hitch-hike and the Mashed Potato. In Kentucky the most popular dance is the Big B., in which you violently shake alternate hips to a hula-hula hand movement.

## SPORT

The societies also organize sport. Baseball, basketball and American football are extremely popular.

## WHERE THE BOYS TELL TEACHERS: YOU LOOK ADORABLE . . .

### THE PUPILS ALWAYS DRIVE TO SCHOOL

*From Peter Lythgol  
Kentucky, U.S.A.*

The most striking feature of this new school is its many facilities. It even has a large parking lot, which is filled to capacity every morning.

I have seen very few of the students walking. And, although I am staying only a quarter of a mile from the school, I have never gone home one schoolday without having a lift.



The amount of money spent on the school must have been enormous by our standards. These are some of its amenities:

A **main assembly hall**, with full theatrical facilities, perfectly designed acoustically, so that one can be heard in all parts of the auditorium with or without the use of a microphone.

There are enough lights to produce lighting effects comparable with those at the Theatre Royal.

## PLATFORMS

In schools in England I would expect to find only one auditorium, but here there are two. The second is a good deal smaller, but can seat 150 people.

This one is usually used for speech and drama lessons. An electric winch above the stage drops a cinema screen when required.

There is also a **gymnasium** with raised sloping platforms at the side for audiences to watch basket-ball games and displays of physical prowess. Suspended from the middle of the ceiling is an illuminated scoreboard.

Adjoining the gym is a locker room, changing room and therapy room for each sport, with another set on the other side for the girls.

## TELEPHONES

Each student is provided with a full-length locker, fitted with a combination lock.

Two days after our arrival a dance was held for us in the large entrance hall, known as the concourse. Dances are held after many football games and other sport events, and the hall is so vast that when the large panels of fluorescent lighting are switched off, the concourse is quite dark.

There are at least 12 telephone booths for students' use.

When we arrived we quite blithely stepped all over the **SCHOOL EMBLEM**, set in the floor of the entrance hall. Later we discovered that it is the custom, observed by everyone, to walk around it.

The **MUSIC DEPARTMENT** has two large rooms for soloists and ensembles. Each of the large rooms, when in operation for recording, looks very much like a B.B.C. studio.

Another striking feature is the self-service cafeteria which can seat half the 1,000 students at a sitting. There is a wide variety of foods, heavily subsidised and very good.

Salads are provided every day — but the girls are constantly counting calories.

The students arrive for school at 8 a.m. and have six 55-minute

lessons, with a five-minute break in between to give them time to get from one room to another.

The schedule for each day is exactly the same, which must be boring.

## CHEERLEADERS

Games are not part of the curriculum, but they are greatly encouraged and the teams are of a very high standard. There are many awards and the trophy cases are filled to capacity with cups and statuettes.

The school held a "pep" assembly for us, with brass band and orchestra playing and eight girl cheerleaders running down the central aisle of the assembly hall clapping rhythmically.

Then they stand on the stage and run through their repertoire of about 20 cheers, which are intended to give fresh vigour to the team.

A school paper called Aerial is printed every two weeks. There is also a year book containing photographs of every student in the school.

The school paper is censored and all criticism considered useless is cut out. This is a good thing in the eyes of the faculty, for the building has not been in existence for a year yet and it needs to get on its feet before being exposed to any form of criticism.

## PENCILS

There is also a very active students' council, comprising a pencil safety unit, a Red Cross unit and an executive committee.

The Red Cross unit looks after injuries in the school and the pencil safety unit sells pencils every morning to defray the cost of projects organised by the council.

There is in the school a free and easy attitude. Students are encouraged to ask a lot of questions. And some boys tell young women teachers: "You look adorable." But the discipline is by no means lax.

\*\*\*\*\*

# 1963 The Pegasus

## CHEVALIER HISTORY AND ALUMNI

CHEVALIER PLEDGE

HISTORY OF CHEVALIER

PRESIDENT'S PAGES

OFFICER'S PAGE

ALUMNI '62

ALUMNI LIST

## The Chevalier Pledge

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

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

## History of The Chevalier Literary Society

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## President's Page

|       |                   |
|-------|-------------------|
| 1948  | Donald Walker     |
| 1948½ | John Proffit      |
| 1949  | Theodore Guiglia  |
| 1949½ | Raymond Glass     |
| 1950  | William Stephens  |
| 1950½ | Robert First      |
| 1951  | Joseph Myers      |
| 1951½ | Richard Holt      |
| 1952  | John Carpenter    |
| 1952½ | David Chadwick    |
| 1953  | Bernard Sams      |
| 1953½ | Jack Thompson     |
| 1954  | Donald Carmichael |
| 1954½ | Stephen Isaacs    |
| 1955  | Henry Faurest     |
| 1955½ | Lawrence Smith    |
| 1956  | Charles Carden    |
| 1956½ | Peter Libby       |
| 1957  | Walter Draper     |
| 1957½ | Bruce Miller      |
| 1958  | Robinson Beard    |
| 1958½ | Fred Karem        |
| 1959  | Peter Myll        |
| 1959½ | Hank Ackerman     |
| 1960  | Embry Rucker      |
| 1960½ | Charles Sehlinger |
| 1961  | Haven Wiley       |
| 1961½ | Brownie Leach     |
| 1962  | Barret Birnsteele |
| 1962½ | Charles Myers     |
| 1963  | Rick Benn         |

# 1963 The Pegasus

## OFFICERS '62½



CHARLES MYERS  
*President*

|                                |                |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Vice-President</i>          | Tom Bornhauser |
| <i>Secretary</i>               | Buddy Pell     |
| <i>Treasurer</i>               | Tom Brooks     |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> | Rick Benn      |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>        | Kieth Whitelaw |
| <i>Critic</i>                  | Gavin Whinnert |
| <i>Historian</i>               | Mike Constant  |

## OFFICERS '63



RICK BENN  
*President*

|                                |                |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Vice-President</i>          | Mike Sheehan   |
| <i>Secretary</i>               | Buddy Pell     |
| <i>Treasurer</i>               | Kieth Whitelaw |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> | Logan Sturgeon |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>        | Mike Constant  |
| <i>Critic</i>                  | Rudy Rucker    |
| <i>Historian</i>               | Mac Barr       |

ALUMNI '62



PHIL ARDERY

Our former editor is avoiding any further association with the Pegasus by hiding at Harvard University.

JIM BARNES

Jim, to our surprise, is chasing girls with the other A.T.O. boys at Northwestern.



JACK BURRICE

Jack is waking up the sun at Duke.



CHEVALIER

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BARRET BIRNSTEEL

Barret is keeping up his reputation by aimlessly wandering the streets of Louisville.



BROWNIE LEACH

One of our most illustrious old grads is trying desperately to outstrip his brother at Amherst.



ROBIN HANLON

Robin can usually be seen commuting between U. of K. and Louisville.



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CHEVALIER



**BRUCE MAGEE**

One of our most infamous oil geeks is occasionally seen driving around. If you see him—wave!



**BILL MINOR**

Bill, still kind-hearted, is collecting underclothing for worthy causes at U. of L.



**WAVY TOWNES**

Wavy got caught at a boy's school, Hampton-Sidney, and is still trying to get out, despite the fact that he is President of the Freshman Class.



**JOHN STARKS**

John is diligently studying at U. of K.



**JACK UNDERWOOD**

Jack is being chased by the girls at Vandy.



**HAIKY ARMPITS**

Hairy is doing graduate work at Purdue U. He is majoring in humanology.

# 1963 The Pegasus

## OLD GRADS

|                    |     |                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|--------------------|-----|
| Ackerman, Henry    | '60 | Franklin, Miles    | '60 |
| Albright, Larry    | '60 | Giesler, Robert    | '56 |
| Allgier, Watson    | '59 | Glass, Kenneth     | '52 |
| Ardery, Phil       | '62 | Glass, Raymond     | '51 |
| Arterburn, Burris  | '49 | Gleaves, Leon      | '57 |
| Barnes, Jim        | '62 | Gray, James        | '49 |
| Baughman, Robert   | '55 | Gray, Laman        | '59 |
| Beard, Robison     | '58 | Groves, Robert     | '57 |
| Bersot, James      | '61 | Grubbs, William    | '55 |
| Birnsteel, Barret  | '62 | Guiglia, Theodore  | '49 |
| Bossung, Robert    | '49 | Hanlon, Robin      | '62 |
| Brassfield, Robert | '52 | Hayes, Buddy       | '56 |
| Brown, Brooks      | '58 | Herr, Conrad       | '48 |
| Burrice, Jack      | '62 | Hertzfeld, Robert  | '51 |
| Byck, Daniel       | '54 | Holt, Richard      | '52 |
| Carden, Charles    | '56 | House, William     | '49 |
| Carmichael, Donald | '54 | Hunt, Jack         | '54 |
| Carpenter, John    | '52 | Isaacs, Steven     | '55 |
| Chadwick, David    | '53 | Jaegers, Eugene    | '57 |
| Chaney, Charles    | '61 | Jaegers, Kenneth   | '53 |
| Chumley, John      | '59 | Jones, Douglas     | '51 |
| Coates, Paul       | '52 | Jones, Howard      | '51 |
| Cole, William      | '50 | Karem, Fred        | '59 |
| Cornell, William   | '58 | Knight, John       | '52 |
| Daniels, Kenneth   | '52 | Koch, George       | '48 |
| Davenport, Steve   | '60 | Koons, Lawrence    | '56 |
| Dennis, Michael    | '60 | Kremer, Eugene     | '55 |
| Dillon, Harry      | '53 | Kroeger, Carl      | '49 |
| Donley, James      | '54 | Lawrence, Bill     | '59 |
| Dorton, William    | '48 | Layne, Bruce       | '55 |
| Draper, Walter     | '57 | Leach, Brownie     | '62 |
| Easterly, Thomas   | '58 | Libby, John        | '58 |
| Faurest, Henry     | '55 | Libby, Peter       | '57 |
| First, Robert      | '51 | Lightfoot, Tom     | '59 |
| Fish, William      | '51 | Lindenmeyer, James | '55 |

|                   |     |                     |     |
|-------------------|-----|---------------------|-----|
| Long, Jack        | '55 | Schlinger, Charles  | '61 |
| Long, Barney      | '57 | Semonin, William    | '48 |
| Long, Earl        | '58 | Schackelton, Robert | '54 |
| Lutes, Charles    | '57 | Shaver, Thomas      | '54 |
| Magee, Bruce      | '62 | Sheehan, Morry      | '57 |
| Mann, Horace      | '49 | Shumann, Noel       | '54 |
| Mayhall, Wendell  | '50 | Shumann, William    | '56 |
| McCall, John      | '61 | Simpson, Kenneth    | '56 |
| McIver, Dudley    | '57 | Simpson, Steve      | '61 |
| McLaughlin, Mac   | '61 | Smith, Lawrence     | '56 |
| McNeal, Ryder     | '57 | Starks, Frank       | '59 |
| Miller, Bruce     | '58 | Starks, John        | '62 |
| Miniea, Tony      | '60 | Stephens, William   | '50 |
| Minish, Tad       | '56 | Stopher, Ed         | '61 |
| Minor, Bill       | '62 | Sturgeon, Tom       | '59 |
| Morton, Eugene    | '52 | Sumner, William     | '53 |
| Mumford, John     | '57 | Sutherland, Bonnie  | '58 |
| Myers, Joseph     | '51 | Swindler, Benjamin  | '49 |
| Myll, Peter       | '59 | Taurman, Chastian   | '61 |
| Neat, Curt        | '60 | Thomas, James       | '58 |
| O'Bannon, Earl    | '52 | Thompson, Jack      | '54 |
| Owen, Douglas     | '57 | Townes, Wavay       | '62 |
| Peege, Richard    | '53 | Underwood, Jack     | '62 |
| Peleski, Leo      | '48 | Vance, Lecker       | '54 |
| Peoples, Roger    | '58 | Vandertoll, Ronald  | '51 |
| Peskoe, Steve     | '61 | Walder, Donald      | '48 |
| Peterson, Hugh    | '59 | Walker, Orion       | '51 |
| Polhill, Mac      | '51 | Walkley, Thomas     | '54 |
| Proffit, John     | '49 | Wells, Rondey       | '54 |
| Rinehart, Jack    | '49 | Whittier, Ronald    | '50 |
| Ross, Louis       | '57 | Willoughby, Elliot  | '51 |
| Rose, Chuck       | '60 | Wiley, Haven        | '61 |
| Rucker, Embry     | '60 | Wilson, Jack        | '49 |
| Sams, Bernard     | '53 | Wolfe, Ronnie       | '60 |
| Scheirich, Joseph | '52 | Young, Thomas       | '56 |
| Schmitz, Dan      | '60 |                     |     |

# CHEVALIER HUMOR

- VITAL STATISTICS
- SCRAPBOOK
- PHOTO FEATURE
- CARTOONS
- JOKES
- DEOXIMORE WITCHBOTTOM

## VITAL STATISTICS

| NAME             | MOST RESEMBLES        | QUOTE                     | AMBITION                       | NOTED FOR              | CAN BE FOUND                     |
|------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| JOE ARDEEY       | All the other Ardneys | "Yee're a Republican!"    | Get to Harvard                 | His creations          | At Republican headquarters       |
| MAC BARK         | Night Owl             | "Who, me?"                | Wake up                        | Sibbitt                | Out in the car                   |
| SAM BATE         | Cablin                | "(You'd be shocked)"      | (Change his name)              | Censored               | Censored                         |
| JOHN BELL        | Liberty               | "Dang!"                   | To ding                        | Boasting               | Skating                          |
| EICK BENN        | A fool                | "Thing-a-ma-jig"          | Live in Sweden                 | His sayings            | At Maria's                       |
| NEIL BENNER      | Gangster              | "Hi Ya!"                  | To boogie                      | Being serious          | At home                          |
| TOM BORNHAUSER   | So Dumbly             | "Gosh, it's so real!"     | Live in the middle of the city | Women                  | Commenting                       |
| TERRY BREHNER    | His picture           | "I wouldn't do that!"     | Do that                        | Sarcasm                | At Seneca                        |
| TOM BROOKS       | Joe College           | "What's with this relay?" | Fix the radio                  | Lazing                 | Leaf                             |
| BOB COBLIN       | Bats                  | "Yeah, . . ."             | To be as good a swimmer as Ben | Absolutely nothing     | Absolutely nowhere               |
| MIKE CONSTANT    | Paul Norning          | "Oee"                     | Live with Lucy                 | Friendliness/less      | With Lucy                        |
| DAVID EDWARDSON  | Himself               | "boah"                    | Join A.A.                      | His case               | Living it up, or living it down  |
| WILLIE FAVERSHAM | An Old Granddud       | "I feel great!"           | Be as hairy as Merik           | His oratorical ability | On the steps                     |
| BUD FISCHER      | J. Fred Muggs         | "Bawooooo!"               | Stay on the road               | good (?) driving       | At Kentucky (car?)<br>Bully Ship |
| AUSTIN GRESHAM   | Sterling Mass         | "Woops!"                  | Talk to girls                  | His sister             | In a corner                      |
| BILL MADEN       | A rat                 | "Where's my cheese?"      |                                |                        |                                  |



VITAL STATISTICS

| NAME               | MOST RESEMBLES       | QUOTE                                    | AMBITION                 | NOTED FOR                   | CAN BE FOUND               |
|--------------------|----------------------|--|--------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| KENNEDY HELM       | J.F.E.               | "Can I help?"                            | Unleash his hair         | Not helping                 | In the green model T       |
| CAPERTON HENDERSON | Sheehus              | "Hey, Sheehus"                           | 1977                     | His athletic prowess        | In front of a mirror       |
| BUD HORNER         | An angel             | "I'd rather not..."                      | Be a SAD DOG             | (Greasy Old Soul)           | At the post (hall)         |
| STEVE JOHNSON      | A dante with glasses | "Jolly good"                             | Love his accent          | His driver's license        | At the driveway            |
| HARVEY JOHNSTON    | Harvey the rabbit    | "I'm a rabbit"                           | Grow bigger ears         | Multiplying                 | To a hole                  |
| BIZ KAUFMAN        | Scuzz Buzzy          | "P. Poo!"                                | Be a rabbit              | Complaining                 | Complaining                |
| RED LAWRENCE       | A pregnant dolphin   | "Aww! Come on you guys..."               | Stay up until 10 o'clock | Nothing                     | Trying to get a date       |
| JAN LEDFORD        | Carrot               | "Geez, who wants a date with me?"        | Be a C-man               | His read hair               | On the ground at the Dairy |
| RENNY LOGAN        | Tom Thelab           | "Get lost!"                              | Enlighten Paul Hornung   | Hair                        | Washing his windshield     |
| TERRY MCCORMICK    | An ox                | "You're a 1-d"                           | Be strong                | Being strong                | At Jane's                  |
| HUME MORRIS        | A wall               | "You're a 1-d"                           | Be as hairy as Arnie     | Football                    | Being a goateater          |
| CHARLIE MYERS      | A cow                | "So, he, he"                             | Grow some                | Growling every now and then | On a sofa                  |
| JOHN MYERS         | Baby John            | "I gotta baby-d!"                        | Grow a beard             | His deep voice              | Being cute                 |
| STEVE O'BRIEN      | A roof               | "I got my license!"                      | Look in cool as Whinnit  | Getting things off          | Hangin' loose              |
| SUDDY FELL         | Spot                 | "What's she like?"                       | To be a lover            | His physics project         | Looking for a mess         |
| BRUCE FENDLETON    | A country hick       | "I guess I'll have to get my license..." | Go to Afternoon          | His paddle mabing           | Trying to get a ride       |

VITAL STATISTICS

| NAME              | MOST RESEMBLES     | QUOTE                                      | AMBITION                    | NOTED FOR              | CAN BE FOUND            |
|-------------------|--------------------|--|-----------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| GARY FERDIE       | A Lancer           | "I'm a nice thug!"                         | Same as Buss                | His long pledge period | Same again              |
| MIKE BILEY        | An effiee exphunt  | "I don't know"                             | Be a party boy              | Get some good jobs     | Leak his mood!          |
| DON RODES         | A baby             | "I wish my dad would get me some money..." | Be as tall as his sister    | Speaking up            | Taking a boat to school |
| BUDY ZUCKER       | Flute              | "You don't believe all that??"             | Reform all                  | The star scene         | On Saturdays            |
| BEN SANDERS       | Misplaced LCD Boy  | "I shall return"                           | Return                      | His cooler             | Don't ask us            |
| MIKE SHEEHAN      | Billy              | "Let's have a party!"                      | Get to UVA                  | His big bad weasens    | Three glasses           |
| LYNE SMITH        | A pizza            | "Let's Limbo"                              | Limbo 1 foot                | Missing Meetings       | At a limbo contest      |
| GREG SPALD        | Punchy             | "Oh my nose!"                              | To get back at them         | Leaving                | Checkouting practice    |
| CHARLIE STARKS    | His brothers       | "Let's get going!"                         | Be victorious               | Weight lifting         | Footballing             |
| LOGAN STURGEON    | Taran              | "I called everybody!"                      | To be Mr. Universe          | How times in France    | At the "Y"              |
| BARRY TATGENHORET | A French lover     | "Je t'aime"                                | To return                   | His legs               | We can't find him!      |
| DAVE TERRY        | A frustrated lover | "I'll get it!"                             | To be loved                 | His arsenal            | On the corner of 4th St |
| KIETH WHITELAW    | A Douch Boy        | "Bums, you're dead!"                       | Be star ballback for C.L.K. | The way he walks       | Barnging with his?      |
| GAVIN WHITSETT    | Elvis              | "Hi there, BOY!"                           | Get killed                  | Being in debt          | Anywhere                |
| CRAIG WIGGINS     | Nothingness        | "Who... say?"                              | Pay his debts               | His study habits       | In a beauty shop        |
| FRANK WILEY       | ?                  | "OH N..."                                  | To attend a Princeton party |                        | With a Le-Man           |

### Patron's Page

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Leslie Perkins               | Bill Myers                   |
| Lucy Dansby                  | Ron Marshall                 |
| Jane Morrow                  | Sharon Lear                  |
| Janice Benner                | Nancy and Penny Myers        |
| Brenda Igo                   | Carolyn Thome                |
| Mrs. Coblin                  | Susan Rumble                 |
| Craig Douglass               | Helen Ellis                  |
| Susan French                 | Judy Pruess                  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Haden           | Percy Patterson              |
| Pat Burnett                  | Judy Roth                    |
| Pam Grubbs                   | David Stauffer               |
| Avery Burke                  | Kathy Benfield               |
| Sandra Steiner               | Lanny Atkinson               |
| Mr. Helm                     | Hank                         |
| Jane Brown                   | Marty Robards                |
| Pam Zellman                  | Nancy Treble and Linda Dills |
| James Pence                  | Missy and Jim                |
| Niel O'Brian                 | Nancy Shumacher              |
| Sydney's                     | Doug Kothe                   |
| Annie Oesterritter           | Card Baron                   |
| Karen Fitzgerald             | Mr. and Mrs. Schumacher      |
| Patty McCall                 | Ricky Rice                   |
| Jerry Karem                  | Grady Whitelaw               |
| Steve Summers                | Miss Polly Arnoll            |
| Pete Caldwell                | Courtland Mobley             |
| Carolyn Sandy                | Sandy Willis                 |
| Rod Marshall                 | Fielding Dickey              |
| Mary Thomas                  | Dean Haynes                  |
| Keith Spring                 | Betty Burstin                |
| Doug Mann                    | Linda Sorenson               |
| Roger Smith                  | Peggy Simmons                |
| Sheila Twyman                | Dave Anderson                |
| Mike Riley                   | Joe Honeycutt                |
| Julie Karp                   | Sandy Honeycutt              |
| Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kennedy | Judy Davidsons               |
| Dot Drummond                 | Mrs. Fred A. Fischer         |
| Mary Lou Diel                |                              |



*Scrapbook*

# 1963 The Pegasus



ARDERY SPREADS  
THE "GOOD WORD"



I GOT A WHAT IN MY  
EAR?



WILLIE KILLS  
HIS MOTOR



THE BOYS TRY HARD —  
BUT....





(OH WELL, IT'S NO USE)

→  
PLEASE  
TURN  
THE  
PAGE  
(OVER?)





# 1963 The Pegasus

MEMBERS TRY SOME CONSTRUCTIVE (?) EXERCISE ...



OPPPPPPPPPP

PLEDGES FROLIG WITH THEIR GAMES

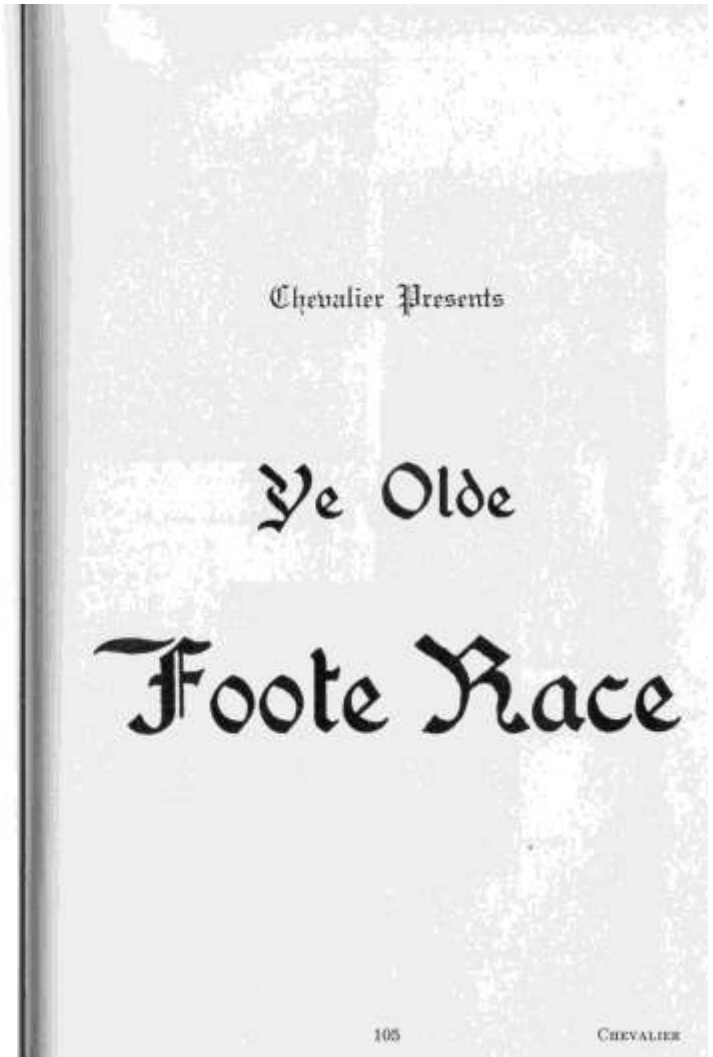
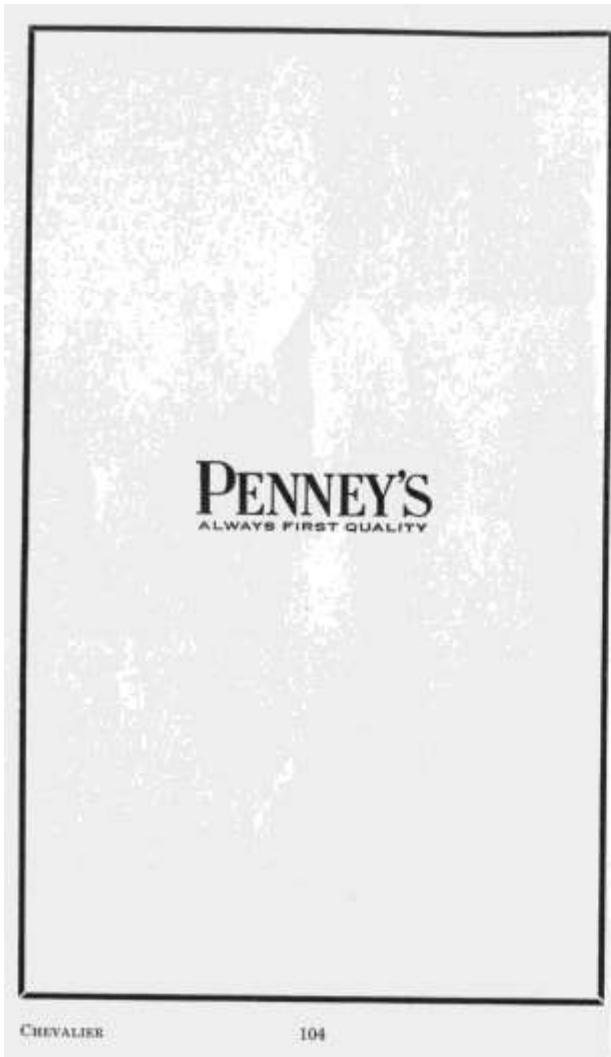
SHE DIDN'T!?

C. L. S. PRACTICES FOR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CAROL SINGING -

LIMBO + DAVE WATCH THE BIRDIE

1963 The Pegasus



# 1963 The Pegasus



Months of planning go into the Race



They're off!!!!

Competition is rough



But Fischer doesn't mind

# 1963 The Pegasus



Myers commits a foul

and gets creamed



the race goes on



Benn and Sanders disagree

Benn leaves in disgust



The members rejoice

# 1963 The Pegasus

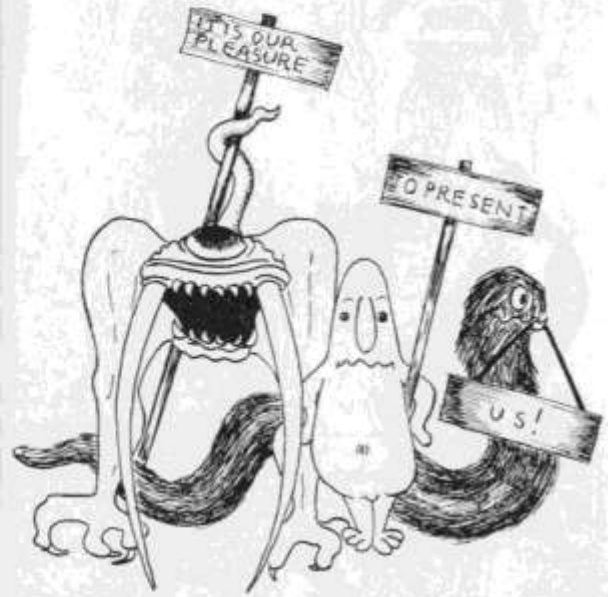


Rodes cheats

Some didn't make it

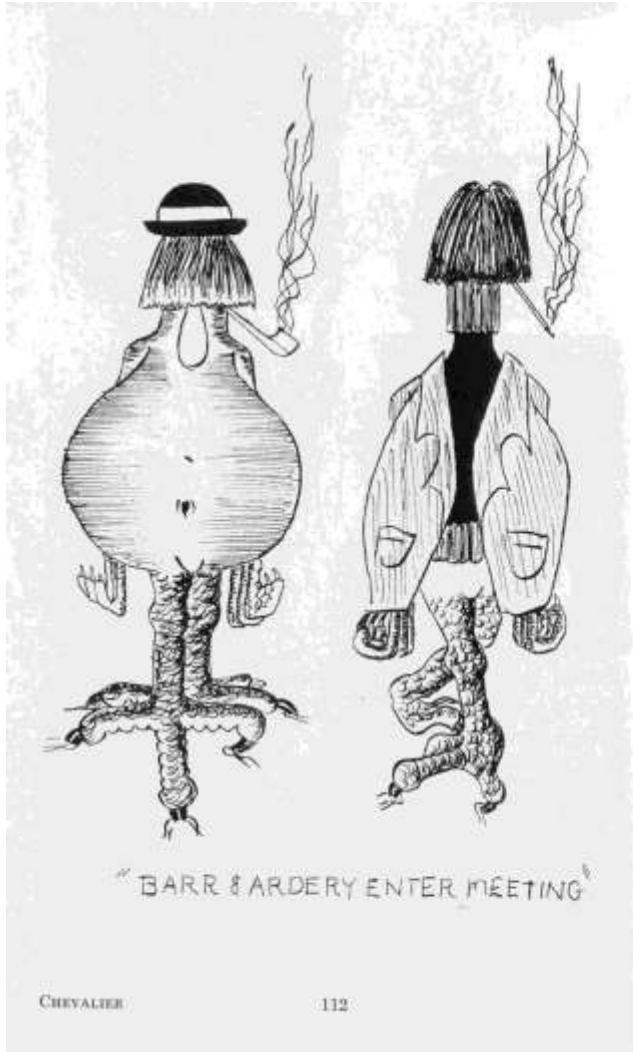


The WINNER

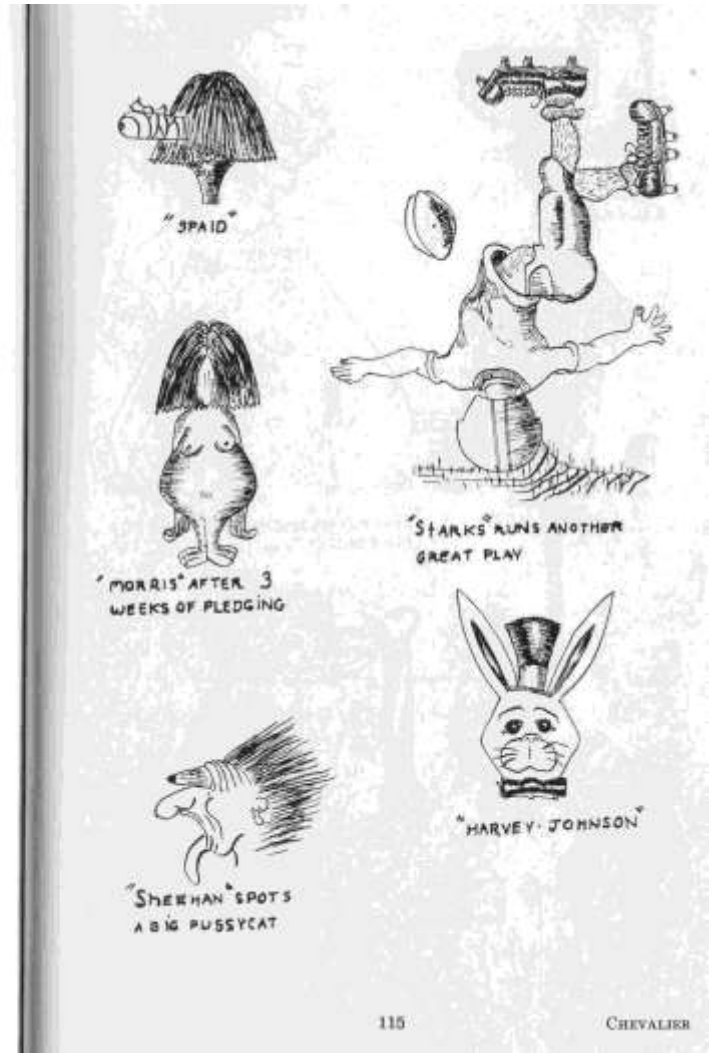




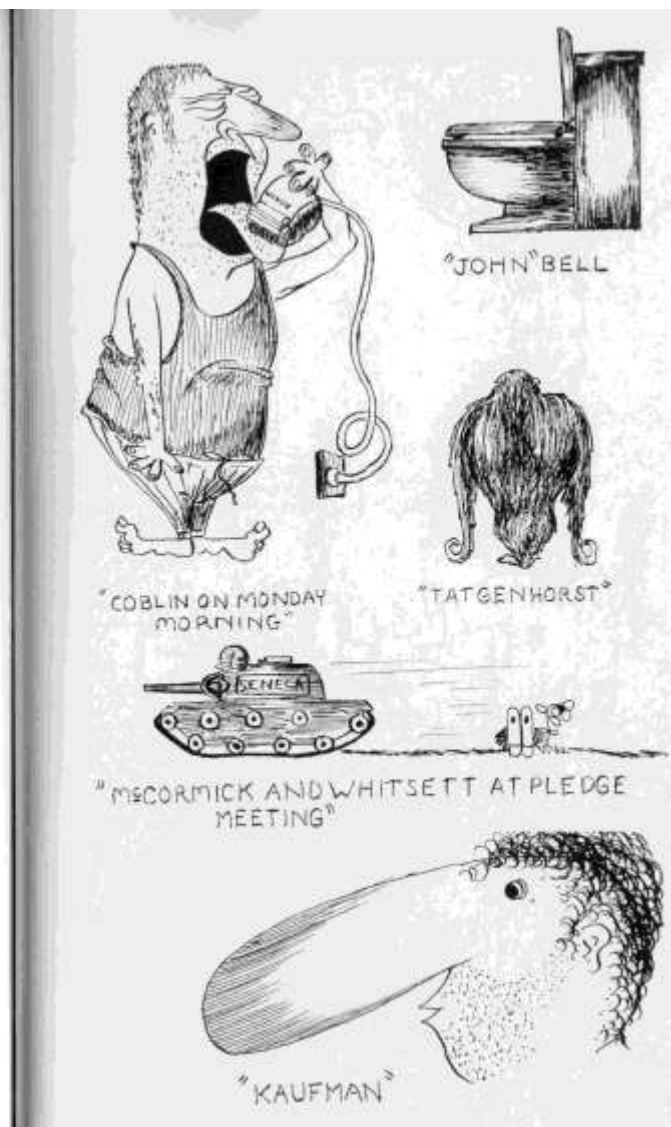
1963 The Pegasus



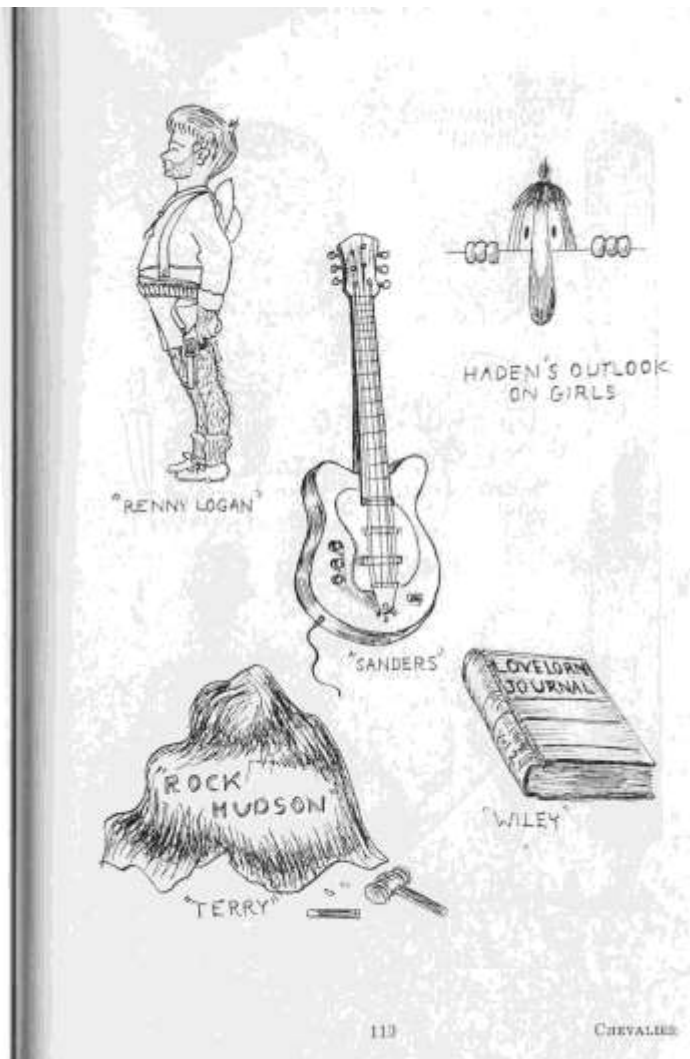
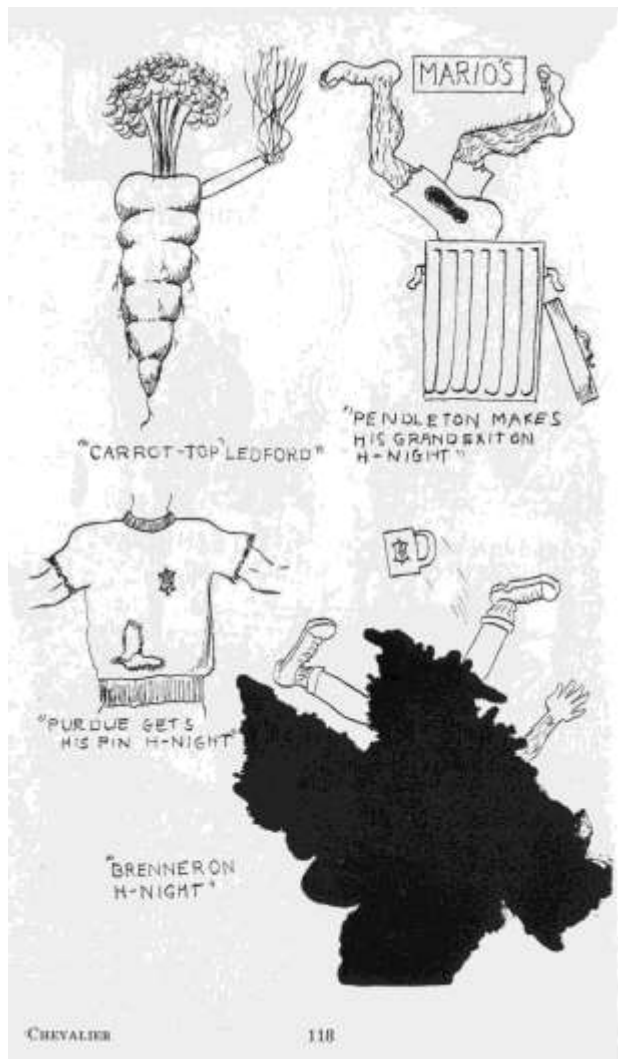
# 1963 The Pegasus



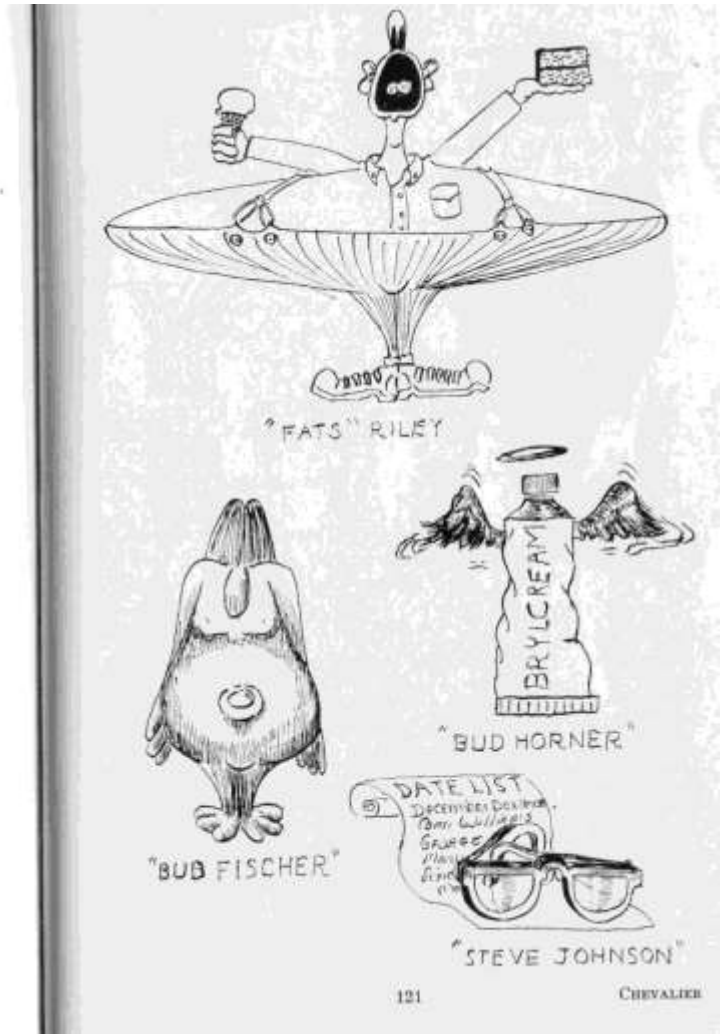
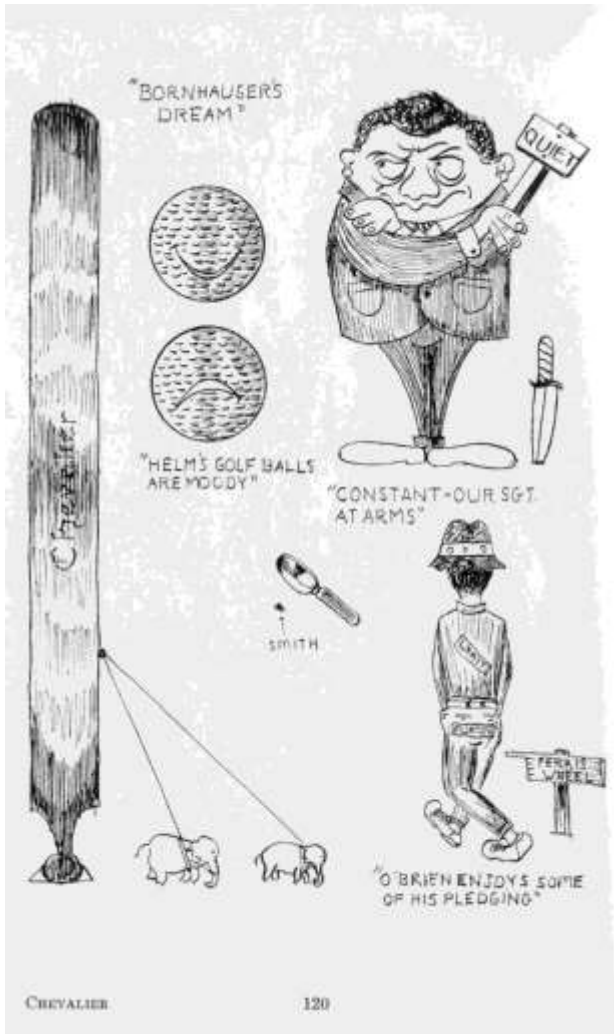
1963 The Pegasus

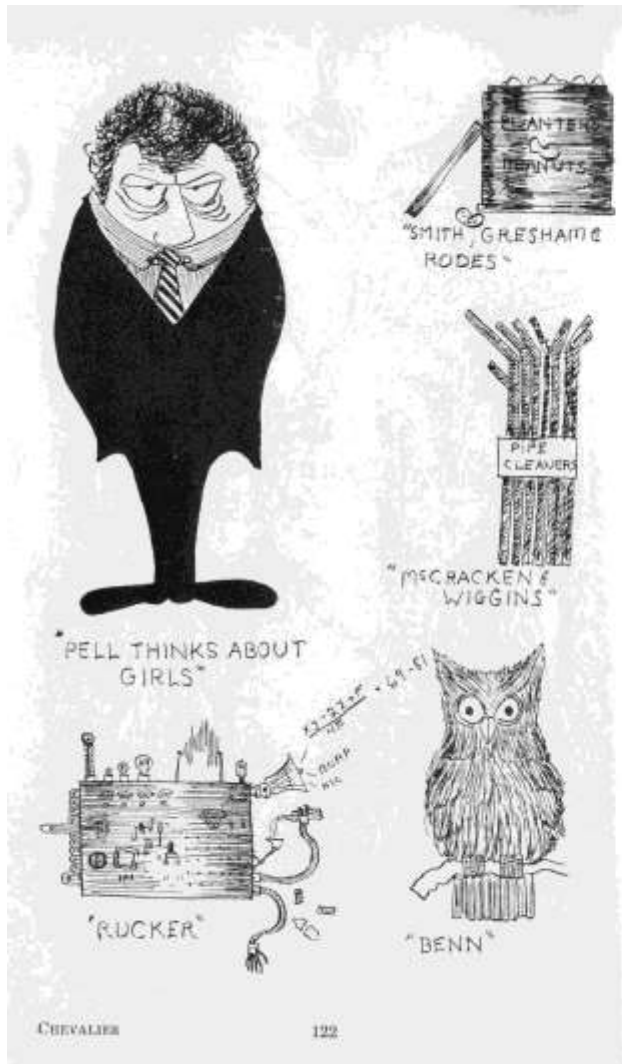


# 1963 The Pegasus



1963 The Pegasus





**JOKES**

Ardery: "Didn't I get my hair cut here last time?"  
 Barber: "I don't think so, sir. We've only been in business for two years."

Radio announcer: "We have just received a bulletin of a catastrophe the likes of which the world has never seen — but first a word from our sponsor."

A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Mrs. Brown, may I have my arrow?"  
 "Certainly, where is it?"  
 "I think it's stuck in your cat."

Fischer: "I took her to a show, bought her dinner, and then we went to a night club. Then do you know what she said?"  
 Riley: "No"  
 Fischer: "Oh, then you've dated her too, huh?"

Drunk: "Whatcha doin'?"  
 Cop: "We're looking for a drowned man."  
 Drunk: "Whatcha want one for?"

Police Chief: "So the burglar got away. Didn't you guard all the exits?"  
 Policeman: "Sure I did! But he went out an entrance."

The temperance lecturer asked his audience: "Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey; which of the two would he take?"  
 "He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.  
 "And why should he take the water?" asked the encouraged lecturer.  
 "Because he's an ass!" came the reply.

## 1963 The Pegasus

The bar was crowded with Martini drinkers. After quite a few rounds, one of the customers suddenly jumped up and headed for the door. After a few steps he staggered, turned and fell flat on the floor.

"That's what I like about Willie," remarked one of his companions, "He always knows when he's had enough."

\* \* \*

Benn: "What was that clatter?"

Sheehan: "Whitsett just fell down the stairs with two glasses of beer!"

Benn: "Did he spill them?"

Sheehan: "No, he kept his mouth shut."

\* \* \*

### CURRENT EMPLOYMENT STATISTICS

The population of our country is 160 million. There are 72 million people over 60 years old — leaving 88 million to do the work.

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

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

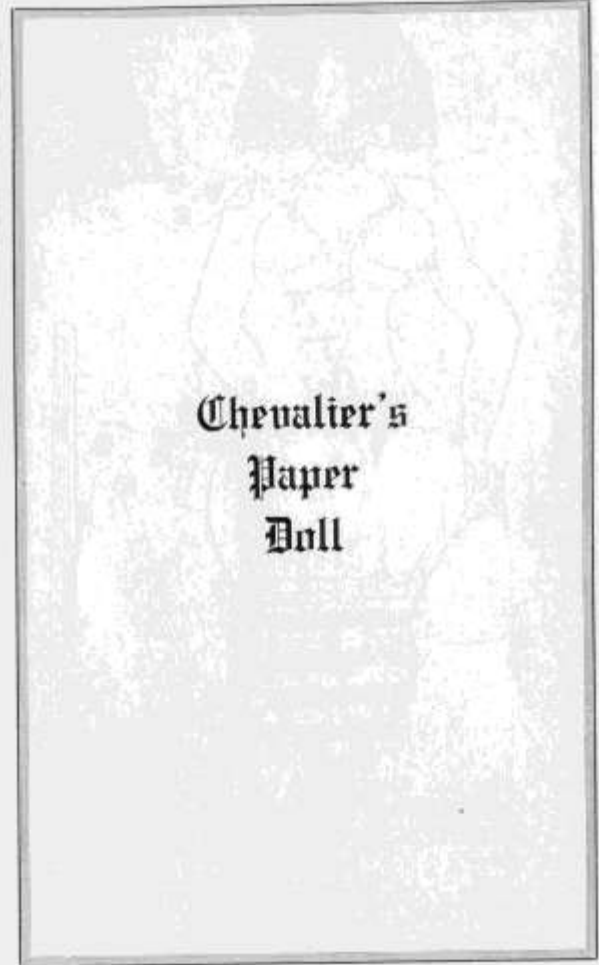
There are 10 million in the Armed Forces — leaving 13 million to do the work.

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

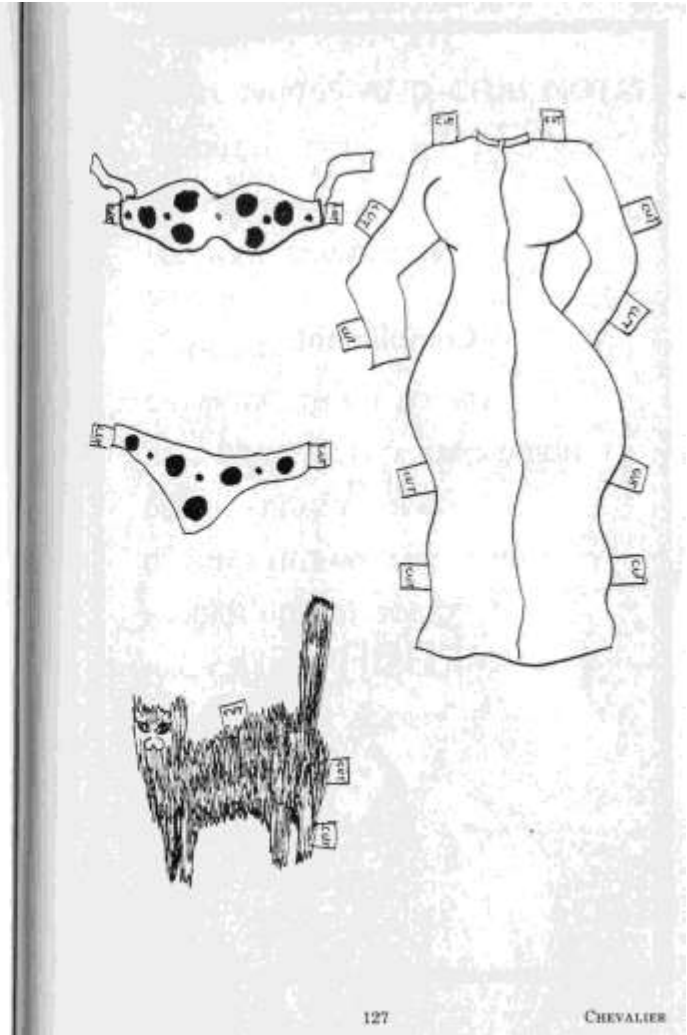
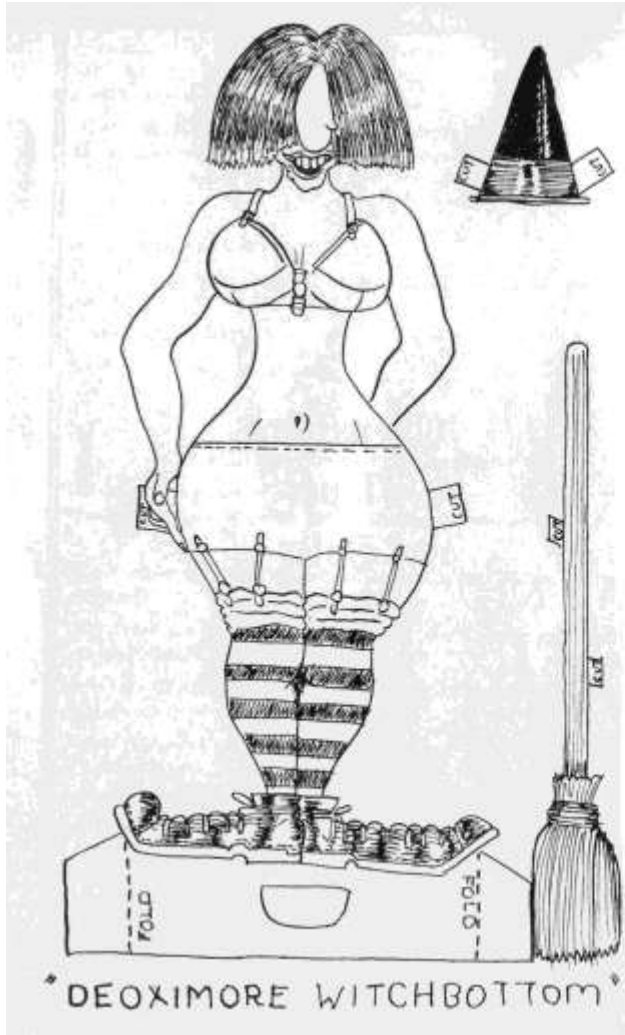
There are 126 thousand in hospitals, asylums, etc., and that leaves 74 thousand to do the work; but 62 thousand of those are burns or others who will not work, so that makes only 12,000 left to do the work.

Now, it may interest you to know that there are 11,998 people in jail, leaving just two people to do all the work — YOU AND ME.

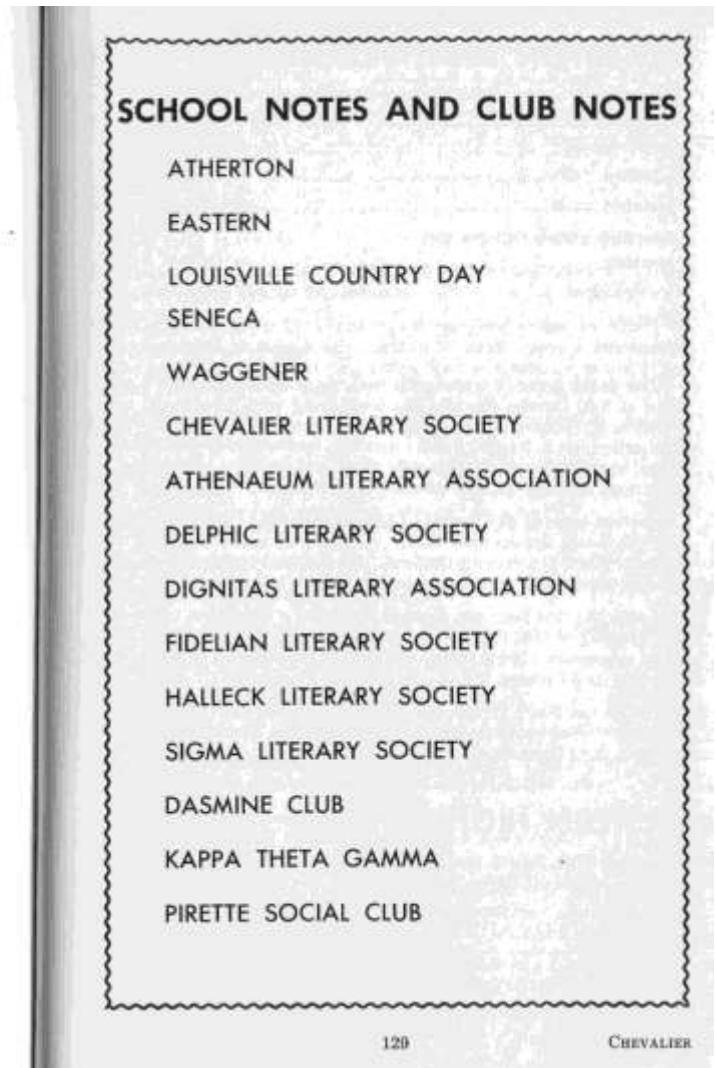
I quit!



# 1963 The Pegasus







## ATHERTON HIGH SCHOOL

The officers of the 1962-63 Student Council are:

|                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| <i>President</i>      | Fred Cowen   |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | John Hall    |
| <i>Secretary</i>      | Jenni Lehman |
| <i>Treasurer</i>      | John Brown   |

The Senior Class Officers are:

|                       |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| <i>President</i>      | Damon Hart     |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Bill Hillis    |
| <i>Secretary</i>      | Rosalind Heinz |
| <i>Treasurer</i>      | Judy Potts     |

After many years of waiting the students of Atherton found a new home at 3000 Dundee Road. Aside from being very modern the new Atherton is completely equipped with everything from a 2,000 seat Auditorium to a language lab. Another innovation is the Honors Room, used by honor students who study and research independently on various subjects without constant supervision.

Atherton enjoyed another fine year scholastically. Atherton's team won the Youth Speaks Quiz Bowl. We were fortunate in having ten National Merit Scholarship finalists. The National Honor Society also selected thirty-seven seniors and twenty Juniors as members.

In athletics this year our football team had a 4-6 record under the fine coaching of Jack Kleier. Our basketball team, under the leadership of its new coach, Herky Rupp, was one of the surprise teams in the city with its 8-7 record.

The Senior Play, "Time Out for Ginger", and the Senior Class Vaudeville were both tremendous successes. The seniors are eagerly awaiting their Graduation and Prom, June sixth.

## EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL

Eastern High School was ably led this year by some exceptional Student Council officers:

|                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| <i>President</i>      | Mike Bell    |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Faye Allen   |
| <i>Secretary</i>      | Pat Rose     |
| <i>Treasurer</i>      | Bonnie Adams |

The Senior Class has also made great progress under these officers:

|                         |                |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| <i>President</i>        | Charlie Voit   |
| <i>Vice-President</i>   | Donnie Schmied |
| <i>Secretary</i>        | Carolyn Roles  |
| <i>Treasurer</i>        | Mary Graves    |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> | Mark Harris    |
|                         | Gary Timmering |

Eastern has had a very exceptional year scholastically with three National Merit Scholarship winners.

Athletically Eastern's football team compiled a fine 5-4 record but the basketball team won only 8 out of 20. Both teams, however, have fine prospects for the coming year. We are especially proud of our track team which won third place in the county competition.

Eastern wishes to congratulate Chevalier on another excellent edition of the **Pegasus**.

## LOUISVILLE COUNTRY DAY

The Senior Class President

Mike Sheehan

The Officers of the Student Council:

|                       |              |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| <i>President</i>      | Sam Manly    |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Edward Dodd  |
| <i>Secretary</i>      | John Werst   |
| <i>Treasurer</i>      | Mike Sheehan |

Country Day is now finishing its twelfth year. This will be the first graduating class with members from the original first grade.

In athletics, the football team had a good season and the basketball team finished one of its best seasons with a 10-4 record.

We now have a new Head Master, Mr. P. T. Boardman, and a new Assistant Head Master, Mr. Gernert. We believe that their leadership and the forthcoming improvements in facilities, curriculum, and teaching staff, will allow L.C.D. to attain greater heights in scholarship.

In retrospect, this year has been a profitable one for Country Day. The seniors are sure that the undergraduate classes will carry on the fine name of Country Day.

# 1963 The Pegasus

## SENECA HIGH SCHOOL

After only three years of complete senior high classes the students of Seneca feel that they have one of the most talented, athletic, and versatile high schools in the state of Kentucky.

Leading Seneca's Student Council for the 1962-1963 year are:

|                |               |
|----------------|---------------|
| President      | Don Waddel    |
| Vice-President | Mike Constant |
| Secretary      | Brenda Igo    |
| Treasurer      | Craig Wiggins |

The Senior Class, Junior Class, and Sophomore Class are being led by George Wilson, President of the Senior Class, Greg Spaid, President of the Junior Class, and Terry McCormack, President of the Sophomore Class.

In the field of athletics Seneca finished runner-up in the county football standings with an impressive record of eight wins and 2 losses. The basketball team finished its season with a monumental record of 21 wins with only 1 loss. Our basketball team went on to easily capture the State title in March.

Seneca wishes to congratulate Chevalier on their excellent edition of the **Pegasus**.

## WAGGENER HIGH SCHOOL

Waggener's fourth graduating class was led this year by these outstanding officers:

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| President      | Harry Geisburg |
| Vice-President | Pat Morgan     |
| Secretary      | Kristin Hansen |
| Treasurer      | Dona Giannini  |

The Student Council was led by the following officers:

|                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| President      | Don Lovelace    |
| Vice-President | Ann Marshall    |
| Secretary      | Sally Schaff    |
| Treasurer      | Larry Perlstein |

This year Waggener has upheld the fine academic traditions started by its first graduating classes by being one of the few schools in the state to produce three National Merit Scholars.

On the athletic field Waggener has also triumphed. The Wildcat football team, led by head coach Martin Deim had a winning 5-4 record, losing two hard fought games by one point each. The basketball team also fared well, and we watched our, always top, baseball team do well as usual.

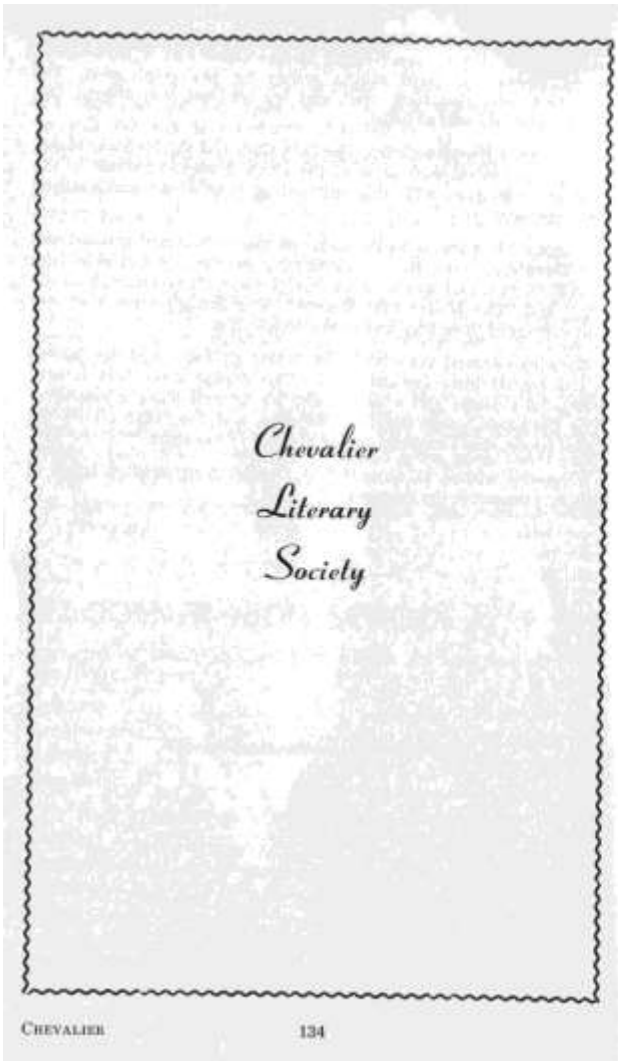
Waggener's Honor societies, The Beta Club and the National Honor Society have established some of the finest academic records in the state in keeping up with this outstanding year of accomplishments for Waggener.

Waggener has also been the scene of many theatrical productions. The Thespians, under the able leadership of director and President, John Fish, produced two very successful plays, "The Triumph of the Egg," and "The Mouse that Roared." The Seniors were also met with success in their play and Senior Vaudeville.

Elsewhere around the school, the Junior girls defeated the Seniors in the annual girls football game. The Junior class held several successful soc-hops and a car wash. Waggener's literary magazine, "The Introspect", sold out in three days, and the "Chit Chat", the school paper, was acclaimed one of the best in the state.

Waggener wishes to congratulate Chevalier on another issue of their fine magazine the **Pegasus**.





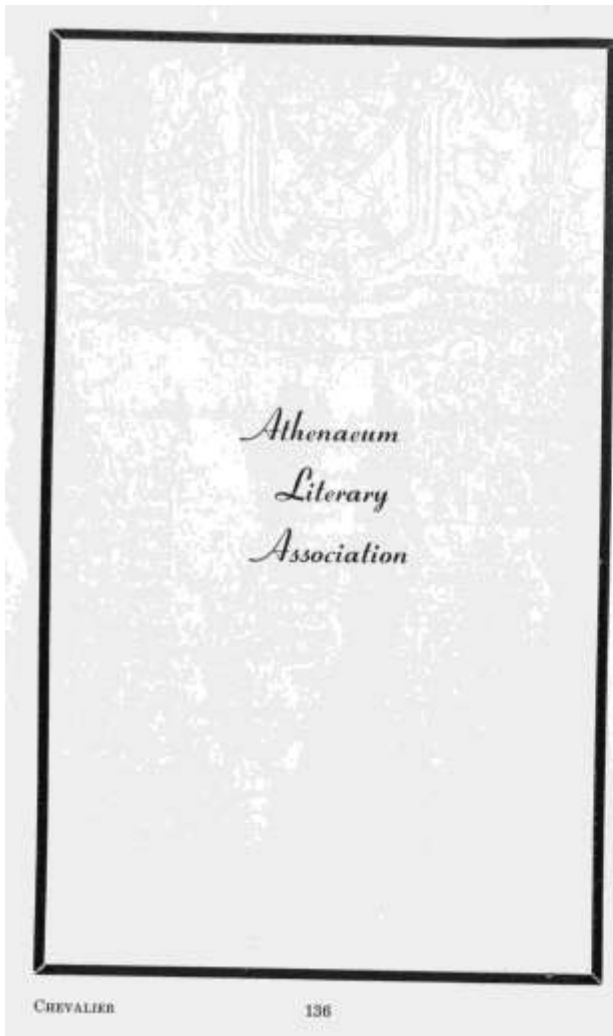
The following officers have led Chevalier through another successful year:

| <i>Offices</i>                 | <i>Officers '62's</i> | <i>Officers '63</i> |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| <i>President</i>               | Charles Meyers        | Rick Benn           |
| <i>Vice-President</i>          | Tom Bornhauser        | Mike Sheehan        |
| <i>Treasurer</i>               | Tom Brooks            | Kieth Whitelaw      |
| <i>Secretary</i>               | Buddy Pell            | Buddy Pell          |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> | Rick Benn             | Logan Sturgeon      |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>        | Kieth Whitelaw        | Mike Constant       |
| <i>Critic</i>                  | Gavin Whitsett        | Rudy Rucker         |
| <i>Historian</i>               | Mike Constant         | Mac Barr            |
| <i>Editor</i>                  | Frank Wiley           | Frank Wiley         |
|                                | Rick Benn             | Rick Benn           |

Chevalier has had a very good athletic season losing several games in the football league but winning the basketball championship and the traditional keg. We have enjoyed participating in the Literary League games and are looking forward to a winning soft-ball season. The club presented a dance at the Henry Clay on May 17 with Bo Diddley which was very successful, and is looking forward to the Father and Son Banquet to be held in June. Chevalier has also participated in several rewarding community and charity projects this year.

In '63 Chevalier welcomed the following boys to our Society: Bud Fischer, Bud Horner, Steve Johnson, Jan Ledford, Mike Riley, from Waggener; Terry Brenner, Seneca; Bruce Pendleton and Gary Perdue, from Eastern.

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CULTURE: MIND: FOOD: BODY

**The Athenaeum.**  
KENTUCKY'S OLDEST LITERARY SOCIETY  
FOUNDED IN 1863

| <i>Officers</i>                  | <i>Officers '62½</i> | <i>Officers '63</i> |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| <i>President</i> .....           | John Brown           | Mike Cronan         |
| <i>Vice-President</i> .....      | Brooks Alexander     | John Lampton        |
| <i>Critic</i> .....              | Mike Moore           | Mike Moore          |
| <i>Secretary</i> .....           | Shaver Collins       | Bill Kitchen        |
| <i>Treasurer</i> .....           | Graham Cook          | Fred Harrod         |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....    | Mike Cronan          | Phil Terry          |
| <i>Censor</i> .....              | Mac Bond             | George Sonntag      |
| <i>Assistant Secretary</i> ..... | Gene Ulrich          | Don Hill            |

In keeping with and upholding the rich traditions of our past the Athenaeum has elected into its fold of Friendship the following members: Don Hill, Dave Shepard, Orm Gudmonsson, Charlie Middleton, Tan Terrel, Randy Johnston, Ronnie Brewbaker, Bill Tyler, Jim and Rick Monhaus, Bart Reutlinger, Jim Weber, Bill Hoge, Sam Harvey, and last and least Mason Lampton.

The Christmas Dance was a great success and was enjoyed by those who attended.

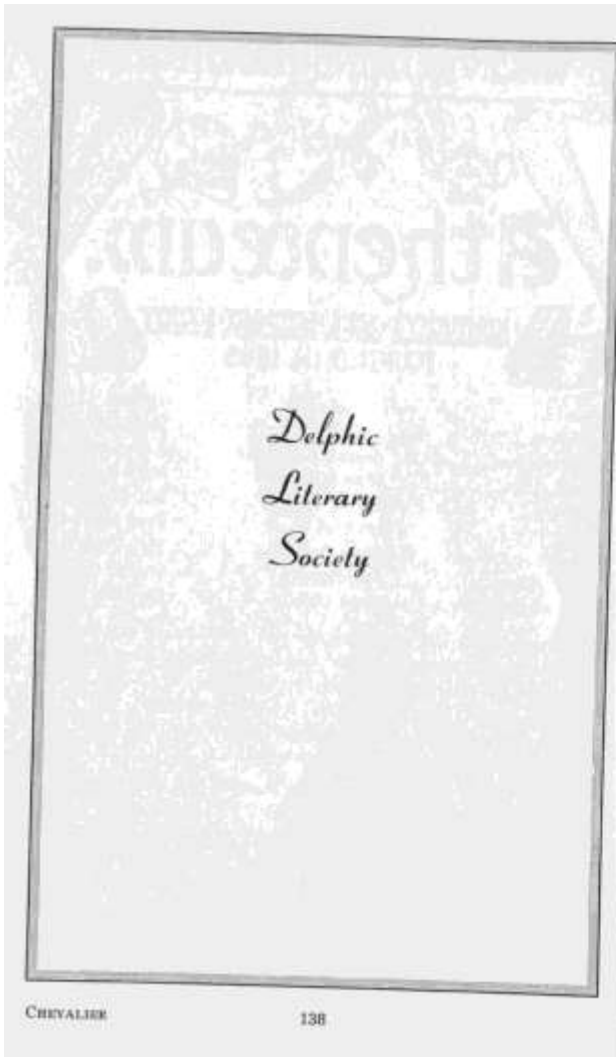
The Athenaeum didn't do as well as we hoped to in the football or basketball league this season, but we always enjoy losing.

We now look forward to our Spring Dance and to the printing of the **Spectator**.

The Athenaeum congratulates Chevalier on their fine magazine, the **Pegasus**.

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# 1963 The Pegasus



| <i>Offices</i>                       | <i>Officers '62½</i> | <i>Officers '63</i> |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| <i>President</i> .....               | Ron Stout            | Bill Diehl          |
| <i>Vice-President</i> .....          | Steve Bisig          | Steve Bisig         |
| <i>Editor</i> .....                  | Bill Diehl           | Don Stout           |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> .....     | Cooper Buschemeyer   | Cooper Buschemeyer  |
| <i>Treasurer</i> .....               | Steve Degaris        | Steve Degaris       |
| <i>Critic</i> .....                  | John Falvey          | Tom Finnegan        |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ..... | George Nichols       | John Hall           |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....        | Walter Gahn          | Mike Harpring       |
| <i>Clerk</i> .....                   | Don Stout            | Steve Brake         |
| <i>Historian</i> .....               | Laurance Branch      | Doug Robbins        |

The Delphic has enjoyed the Literary League football and basketball very much and are looking forward to the softball season.

The many projects Delphic is participating in are dances, car washes, selling Christmas cards, and the biggest project of all — putting out our literary magazine, the "Delphic Oracle". Our members hope everyone enjoyed the '62 edition, and are awaiting our '63 "Oracle", which will be published this summer.

Delphic is proud to announce the following young men who recently have been initiated: Tommy Thomas, Jack Goolsby, Seneca; John Reynolds, Westport; Pat Erdler, Larry St. Clair, Don Blackburn, from Atherton; Pete Glass, Dave Kremer, Chris Julsrud, Tom Hagon, Bill Sumpson, St. Xavier; Gene Sandman, Trinity.

Delphic wishes to congratulate the membership of Chevalier on another issue of their magazine, the **Pegasus**.

# 1963 The Pegasus

*Dignitas  
Literary  
Association*

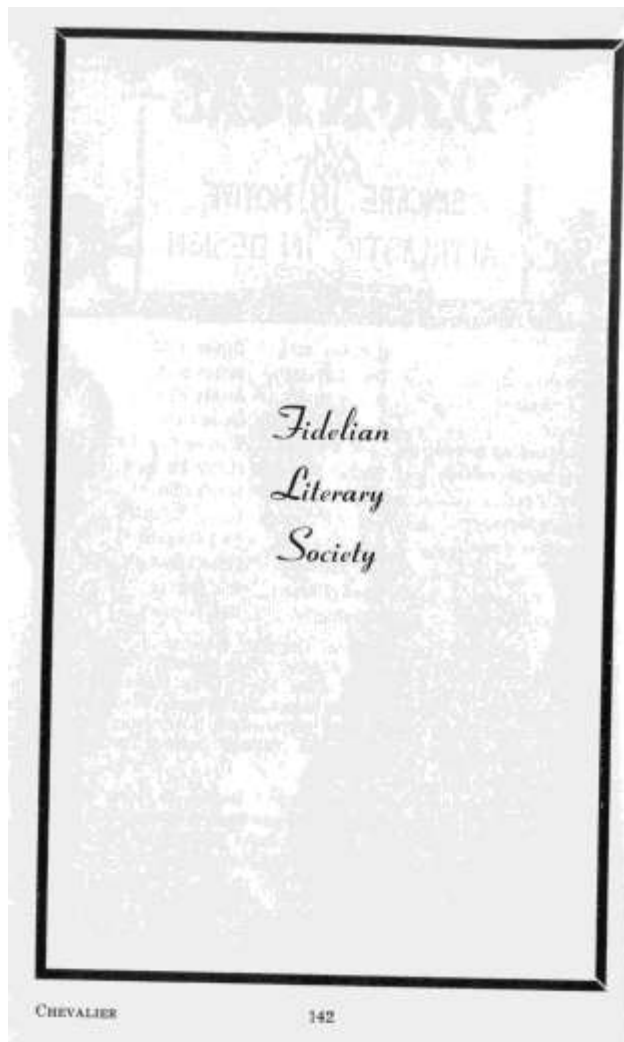


| <i>Officers</i>                      | <i>Officers '62½</i> | <i>Officers '63</i>    |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| <i>President</i> _____               | Don Lovelace         | Bruce Smith            |
| <i>Vice-President</i> _____          | Bruce Smith          | Jamie Kerchner         |
| <i>Treasurer</i> _____               | Jamie Kerchner       | Gene Dohrman           |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> _____ | Dick Barber          | Tommy Gift, Larry Dunn |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> _____     | Turner Straeffler    | Ricky Mitchell         |
| <i>Editor</i> _____                  | Mitch Cline          | Mitch Cline            |
| <i>Business Manager</i> _____        | Larry Eihridge       | Larry Eihridge         |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> _____        | Ben Boone            | Phil Coombs            |
| <i>Critic</i> _____                  | Bill Ransom          | Mike Mowry             |
| <i>Historian</i> _____               | Reed Sillman         | Bill Stiglitz          |
| <i>Rush Chairman</i> _____           | Bill Stiglitz        | Ben Boone              |

Under president Don Lovelace, Dignitas initiated the following members this summer: Greg Allgier, Rod Bennett, Larry Cline, Scooter Dunn, Kenny Gambill, Eddie Hart, Greg Howington, Bill Lawrence, Dick Lovelace, Kimmie Moore, Sam Mosely, Wade Newell, Russell Odgen, Craig Oliver, Lynn Phifer, Jack Rose, John Sanders, Chuch Sober, Tommy Stigger, Jim Talbott, Robert Turner, and Bill Wolfe.

Dignitas was victorious in the football league, carrying off the traditional keg and just missed the basketball championship losing the only game to Chevalier. The club looks forward to the softball season this year with the same winning team returning from the previous year.

Dignitas presented another very successful Christmas dance this year and plans to publish another edition of the magazine in the spring. Dignitas wishes to congratulate Chevalier on another fine edition of the **Pegasus**.



| <i>Offices</i>                       | <i>Officers '62½</i> | <i>Officers '63</i> |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| <i>President</i> .....               | Pat Morgan           | Tony Ambrose        |
| <i>Vice-President</i> .....          | Tony Ambrose         | Butch Riley         |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> .....     | Butch Riley          | Kelly Downard       |
| <i>Treasurer</i> .....               | Fred Shuck           | Charles Wood        |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ..... | Kelly Downard        | Neil Looney         |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....        | Mike Rogers          | Pete Love           |
| <i>Critic</i> .....                  | Charles Wood         | Ed Kearl            |
| <i>Historian</i> .....               | Pete Love            | Tom Godfrey         |
| <i>Editor</i> .....                  | Charles Wood         | Louis Lococo        |
| <i>Pledge Chairman</i> .....         | Neil Looney          | Ed Buchart          |
| <i>Chaplain</i> .....                |                      | Terry Quiggens      |

During the past year Fidelity 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 Hatton, David Goodrich, Allen Merche, Ross Arterburn, Ed Kearl, Bill Hagan, Leon Newman, Charlie Shuck, Jack Wheaten, and Steve Witherbee; from Country Day, John McLennan; from Westport, Jamie Matacia, and Rusty Shelby; and from Trinity, Bob Kueff.


Fidelity 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.


Fidelity congratulates Chevalier on another fine edition of the *Pegasus*.





The Halleck Literary Society logo is centered on the page. It features the words "Halleck", "Literary", and "Society" stacked vertically in a cursive, script font. The logo is flanked by two horizontal lines, one above and one below.

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The Halleck logo is at the top of the page, featuring the word "HALLECK" in a bold, serif font. The letters are flanked by two muscular, classical-style figures lying on their sides, facing each other. The entire logo is set against a background of horizontal lines.

The Halleck Literary Society has chosen the following officers for the 1963 term:

|                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| President               | Sam Whatley   |
| Vice-President          | Craig Hurley  |
| Recording Secretary     | Jeff Holbrook |
| Corresponding Secretary | Craig Panther |
| Treasurer               | Bud Robards   |
| Sergeant at Arms        | Tom Hampton   |
| Critic                  | Larry Mudd    |
| Editor                  | Roger Bailey  |

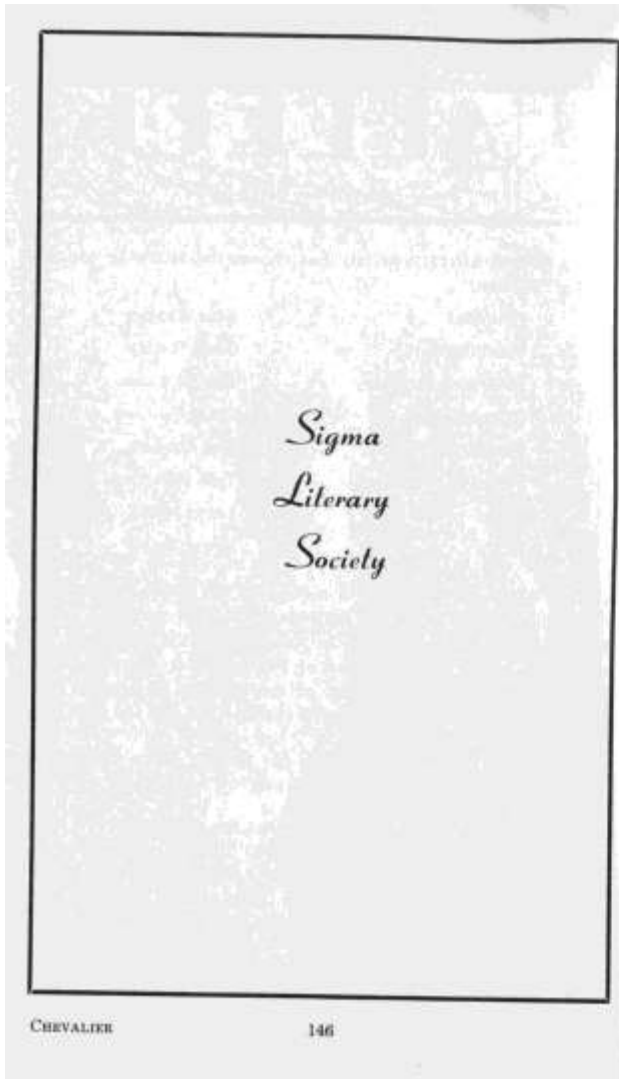
The Halleck Literary Society announces the recent appointment of junior Craig Panther and sophomore John Bievenour as assistants to Editor Roger Bailey in the publication of the magazine. The magazine, under the new name of Praetorian, is currently commanding most of the attention of the Society. It is near completion and will be published in early summer.

In the way of long-range plans, the Halleck looks forward to a formal dance just before school resumes this fall.

The Halleck is proud to announce that the following boys have been recently elected to membership: Tommy Allgeier, Paul Anderson, Al Barton, George Becker, Joe Brown, Bill Duffy, David Kennedy, Ronnie Key, Don Dangan, Ben Martin, John Palazzola, Bill Phillips, and David Ruffra.

The Halleck wishes to congratulate Chevalier on another fine edition of the Pegasus.

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The following officers were elected to lead Sigma onward during the 1963 spring term.

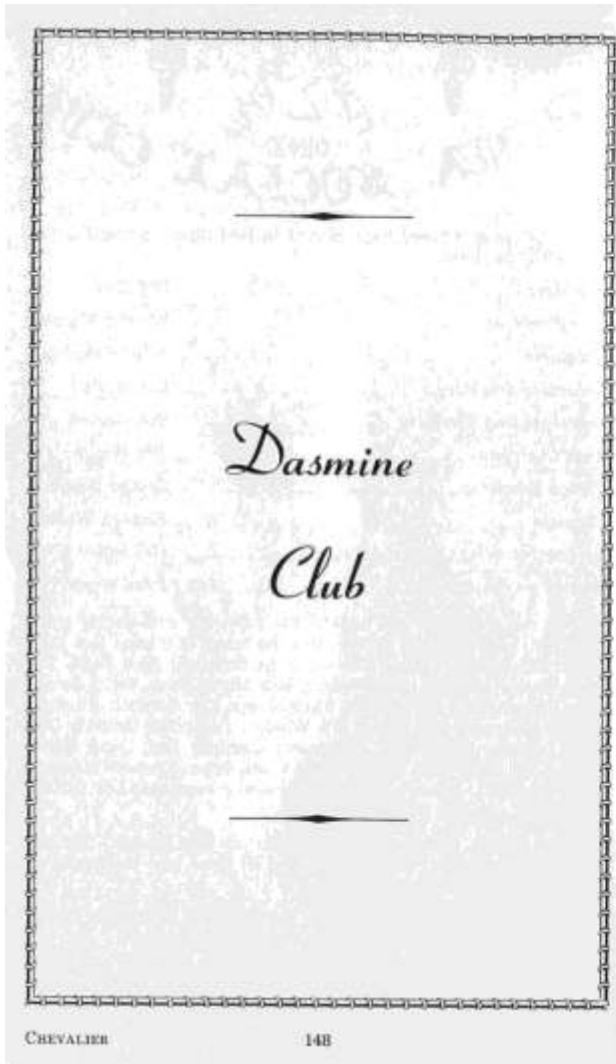
|                                      |                  |
|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>President</i> .....               | Bill Clay        |
| <i>Vice-President</i> .....          | Warner Maxwell   |
| <i>Treasurer</i> .....               | Niles Shoening   |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> .....     | Bill Steele      |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ..... | Bob Graves       |
| <i>Rush Chairman</i> .....           | Jim White        |
| <i>Pledge Master</i> .....           | George Schneider |
| <i>Chaplain</i> .....                | Richard Walker   |
| <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....        | Hal Miller       |
| <i>Historian-Critic</i> .....        | John Weeter      |

Over the preceding nine months the following outstanding young men have been formally initiated into the ranks of Sigma: Bob Bush, Marc Fleischaker, Dennis Kestler, John Schulten, Rick Stoll, Tom Gish, Randy Hedden, Gary Kiebler, Bob Miller, Rick Voltz, Seneca; Mike Stevens, Skip Hansen, Bell Shamburger, Ken Gardner, Atherton; Richie Anderson, Bill Steele, Bill Whaley, Louisville Country Day; John Delaney, Bob Brandt, Waggener; Cowitney Ball, Doug Brown, Steve Lose, Jim White, Eastern; Jim Ward, Bruce Kramer, Westport; Mike Buckman, Trinity; and three honorary members, Lee Griffith, Bill Hayes, and Ray Blackburn.

Sigma wishes to express its thanks to all who attended our very successful Valentine Formal Dance, and all those who patronized our exceedingly numerous sock-hops.

Sigma's past nine months have proven very successful athletic-wise, for we lost once in basketball and once in football.

Sigma offers its heartiest congratulations on another fine edition of the *Pegasus*.



## *Dasmine Club*

| <b>Offices</b>         | <b>Officers '63</b>         | <b>Officers '62 '63</b>        |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| President              | Barbara Stahl               | Saundra Demaree                |
| Vice-President         | Susan Griffin               | Barbara Stahl                  |
| Social Chairman        | Beezy Hobson                | Nancy Pennycook                |
| Dance Chairman         | None                        | Susan Griffin                  |
| Secretary              | Sina Craddock               | Linda Laufenburg               |
| Treasurer              | Linda Laufenburg            | Sina Craddock                  |
| Sergeant at Arms       | Jenni Lehman<br>Peggy Lewis | Mimzie Spieden<br>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 Spieden              | Barbara Stahl                  |
| Pledge Chairman        | None                        | Beezy Hobson                   |

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

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 Birnsteel, 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, Chevalier, on another outstanding edition of the **Pegasus**.

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CHEVALIER

**KAPPA  
THETA  
GAMMA**

**KAPPA THETA GAMMA**

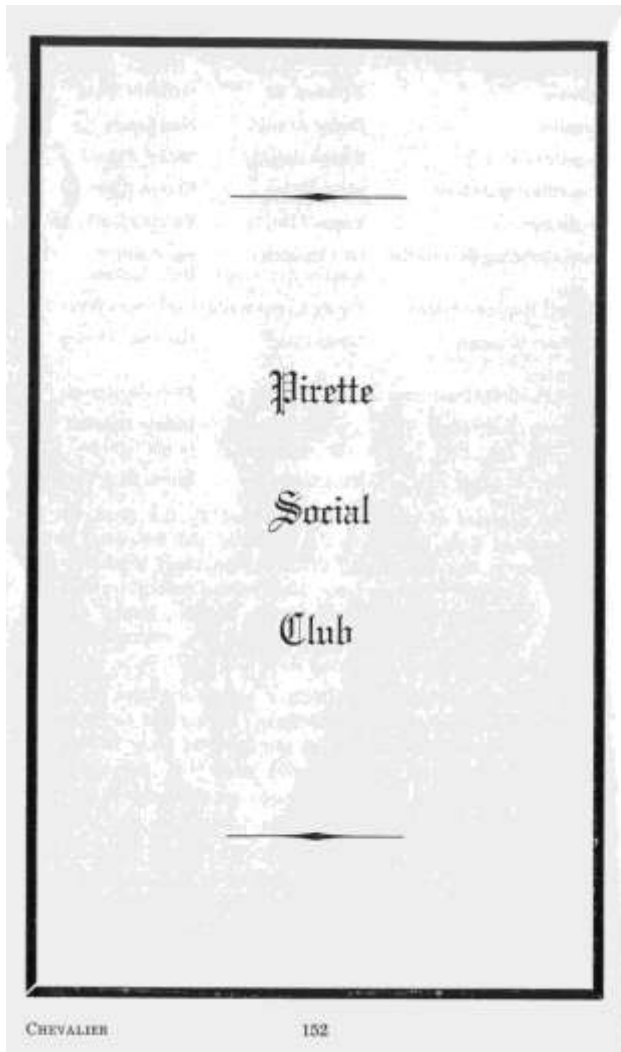
| <b>Offices</b>                      | <b>Officers '63</b>               | <b>Officers '62 1/2</b>       |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| President                           | Becky Arnold                      | Nay Lewis                     |
| Vice-President                      | Emma Reiser                       | Becky Arnold                  |
| Recording Secretary                 | Sally Miller                      | Emma Rieser                   |
| Treasurer                           | Vonnell Doyle                     | Vonnell Doyle                 |
| Corresponding Secretaries           | Gail Hinrichs<br>Martye Armstrong | Sally Miller<br>Robl Simons   |
| Council Representative              | Sandy Eggenspiller                | Carolgene Wise                |
| Business Manager                    | Linda Dills                       | Danetta O'Brien               |
| Historian<br>and Publicity Chairman | Elly Henderson                    | Ellie Henderson               |
| Alumnae Chairmen                    | Madonna Stacey<br>Jane Tudor      | Debbie DeMoss<br>Jenny Graves |
| Sergeant at Arms                    | Robl Simons                       | Sandy Eggenspiller            |

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

Our winter activities began with a very successful Alumnae Dinner 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 (10 years and under) at the Kentucky Children's Home with a Valentine Party on February 5. We participated in a flag ceremony for the Lions Club on May 19.

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 Chevalier on another wonderful edition of the **Pegasus**.



## Pirette Social Club

| Offices                 | Officers '63     | Officers '62 1/2 |
|-------------------------|------------------|------------------|
| President               | Nancy Lukins     | Linda Cecil      |
| Vice-President          | Nancy Wallace    | Leslie Henderson |
| Rush Chairman           | None             | Nancy Wallace    |
| Dance Chairman          | Sue Woodford     | None             |
| Recording Secretary     | Leslie Henderson | Nancy Lukins     |
| Treasurer               | Joyce Deibel     | Joyce Deibel     |
| Corresponding Secretary | Bonnie Adams     | Martha May       |
| Social Chairman         | Martha May       | Sue Taylor       |
| Sergeant at Arms        | Patty Endicott   | Sue Woodford     |
| Business Manager        | Mary Lukins      | Nancy Morris     |
| Council Representative  | Brenda Anderson  | Bonnie Adams     |
| Junior Chairman         | Susan Grissom    | Susan Grissom    |
| Historian               | Harriet Thompson | Sue Woodford     |
| Assistant Treasurer     | Anne Ewing       | Emily Keeling    |
| Pledge Chairman         | None             | Nancy Wallace    |
| Outstanding Sophomore   | Mary Lukins      |                  |

Pirettes is proud to announce that we have initiated the following outstanding girls: Lanny Atkinson, Jeanne Camp, Carla Dimmitt, Anne Faurest, and Lols Martin from Atherton; Sarah Barlow, Sally Davis, Dee Hampton, and Renny Revell from Westport; Jane Browne from Seneca; Carol Hargen from Waggener. These fine girls are upholding the high standards set by Pirette tradition.

We have just had our highly successful Annual Spring Dance. We are looking forward to the inter-club softball games; we hope to win back the cup!

Pirettes extends its heartiest congratulations to Chevalier on another fine edition of the **Pegasus**.

# 1963 The Pegasus

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## STRATHMOOR ATHLETIC CLUB

**Officers**

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Kenny VonRoenn..... | President        |
| Win Bunton.....     | Vice-President   |
| Tom Ford.....       | Secretary        |
| John Nolan.....     | Treasurer        |
| Kippy Inman.....    | Sergeant-at-Arms |

The members of S.A.C. wish to congratulate Chevalier  
on another fine edition of the Pegasus.

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## *Ibetwagos Social Club*

| Offices                   | Officers '62';                  | Officers '63                    |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| President                 | Susan Weixler                   | Shelley Benn                    |
| Vice-President            | Carolyn Hall                    | Linda Grubbs                    |
| Recording Secretary       | Linda Grubbs                    | Leslie Warren                   |
| Treasurer                 | Shelley Benn                    | Carolyn Hall                    |
| Corresponding Secretaries | Patty Kneipes<br>Melanie Lykins | Nancy Zabenks<br>Louise Welch   |
| Business Manager          | Lovada Stratton                 | Nikki Hadden                    |
| Pledge Chairmen           | Leslie Warren<br>Nikki Hadden   | Lovada Stratton<br>Mary Bledsoe |
| Sergeant at Arms          | Janie Duerson                   | Patty Kneiper                   |
| Historians                | Louise Welch<br>Nancy Zabenks   | Janie Duerson<br>Melanie Lykins |
| Bible Chairman            | Carolyn Hall                    | Susan Pitt                      |

This year Ibetwagos was fortunate in receiving some fine girls into the club. They were: Mary Bledsoe, Cardy Bledsoe and Susan Pitt from Barret; Jeanette McLean, Judy Nunnaly, Leesa Wallace, and Nancy Witten from Seneca. We hope to add more to our membership before the end of the year.

This spring we joined with Sigma Delta Social Club and Delta Athletic Club in giving a dance with the Epics. Last fall we helped prepare for the Sabin Oral Clinics.

Our ninth graders were able to defeat the much favored Sigma Delta ninth grade girls in a tense basketball game last January.

Our Mother-Daughter Tea will be held later this spring.

Ibetwagos wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to Chevalier for another excellent issue of the **Pegasus**.

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**49 pages of advertising not included here.**