



-KAY-

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## HE IS AN AMERICAN

He is an American.

He hears an airplane overhead, and if he looks up at all, he does so in curiosity, neither in fear nor in the hope of seeing a protector.

His wife goes marketing, and her purchases are limited by her needs, her tastes, her budget, but not by decree.

He comes home each evening through streets which are well lighted, not dimly in blue.

He reads his newspaper and knows that what it says is not concocted by a bureau, but an honest effort to present the truth.

He has never had a gas mask on.

He has never been in a bombproof shelter.

He belongs to such organizations and clubs as he wishes.

He adheres to a political party to the extent that he desires the dominant one, if that be his choice, but with the distinct reservation that he may criticize any of its policies with all the vigor which seems to him proper—

He does not believe, if his party is out of power, that the only way in which it can come into power is through a bloody revolution.

He converses with friends, even with chance acquaintances, expressing freely his opinion on any subject without fear.

He does not expect his mail to be opened between posting and receipt nor his telephone to be tapped.

He changes his place of dwelling and does not report so doing to the police.

He has not registered with the police.

He carries an identification card only in case he should be the victim of a traffic accident.

He thinks of his neighbors across international borders— of those to the north as though they were across a State line rather than as foreigners— of those to the south more as strangers, since they speak a language different from his, and with the knowledge that there are now matters of difference between his government and theirs, but of neither with an expectancy of war.

He worships God in the fashion of his choice, without let.

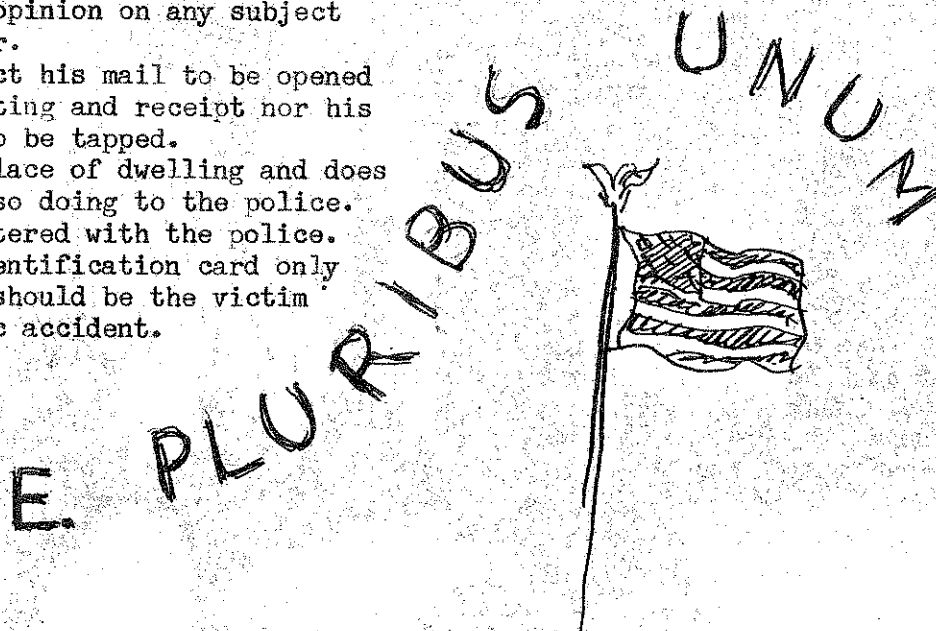
His children are with him in his home, neither removed to a place of greater safety if young, nor, if older, ordered ready to serve the state with sacrifice of limb or life.

He has his problems, his troubles, his uncertainties, but all others are not overshadowed by the imminence of battle and sudden death.

He should struggle to preserve his Americanism with its priceless privileges.

He is a fortunate man.

He is an American.



## AMERICAN TEENAGERS

It wouldn't be a bit surprising if a majority of Americans believed most, or all of the following about us: we cheat commonly in school and college; we are extremely materialistic; we invariably marry young and expect parental support; an increasing number of us drink too much, drive dangerously, are delinquent; we lack basic moral, religious, and patriotic values; sexual immorality is widespread among us; we are conformists, afraid to be different; and several other charges. These have been hurled at us with increasing frequency over the past decade with the help of presumed experts, newspapers, magazines, and radio and television.

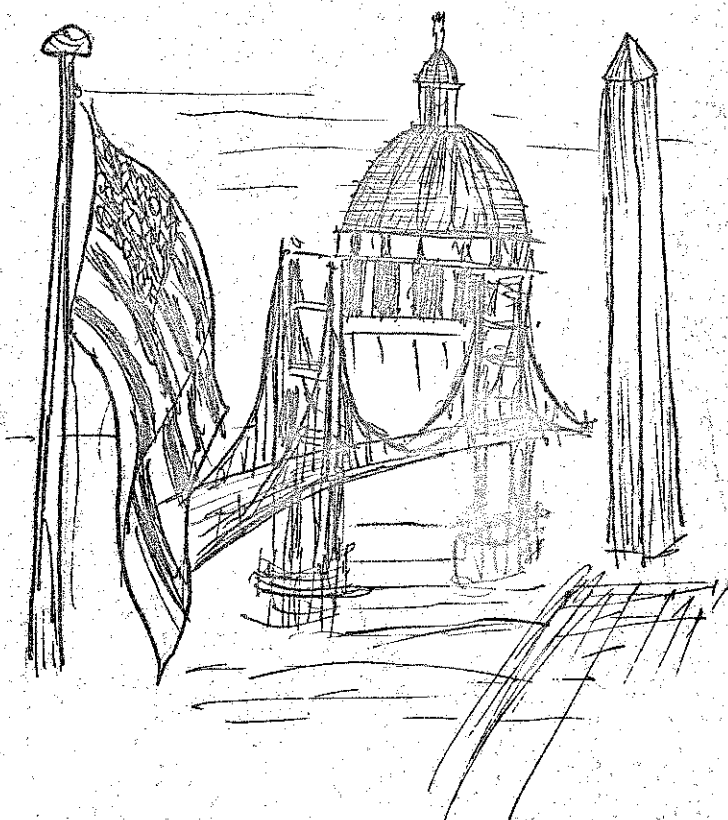
Of course, we aren't the only teenage generation that has been attacked. At the beginning of World War II, parents were complaining of their sons' and daughters' possession of bulging wallets and racing cars. That generation proved themselves, however, with winning the war. Today's generation do their patriotic bit in the Peace Corps.

A failure, of course, is always more likely to achieve public notice than a success. This preoccupation of the news media and the general public with "bad news" has undoubtedly created a bad picture of us. A good example of this occurred in a Connecticut school where a council of parents mailed a report on teenage behavior, emphasizing only the negative side to the neighborhood residents, telling of high school pregnancies, shoplifting, drinking, gangs, and vandalism. It was even written up in all the New York City newspapers. Some days later, a group of students issued a reply admitting that a problem existed and saying that it was no worse than any other community, and better than most. They told of all the hours spent by teenagers helping other people and in pursuing constructive interests beyond their normal school work. As you can see, the parents issued an alarmist-type report. This example seems to show a breakdown in communication between our parents and us, and possibly inadequate parental examples.

Many people see that what adults frequently label as delinquent, is really no different from the accepted conduct patterns of the older generation at a similar age level.

Some of the charges are true-- but why? Cheating in schools and colleges is a problem, though it is impossible to find the extent to which it is carried out. Many of us are conformists, but it remains to be shown whether we are much different in this regard from our parents. It is a statistical fact that Americans are marrying earlier. But one thing should be made clear--our parents were brought up in a much different world than today's, and some don't understand the significance of what has happened in the past fifteen years.

Today's early marriages might be explained by either of the following: a few of the parents who have experienced the effects of the Korean War, occurring only five years after the end of World War II, take a rather pessimistic attitude in saying to their children that they should take their happiness now, while it is possible, and youngsters



themselves, growing up in a period of unusual stress, turn to early marriage in a seeking, for girls, of biological maturity, and for boys, parenthood.

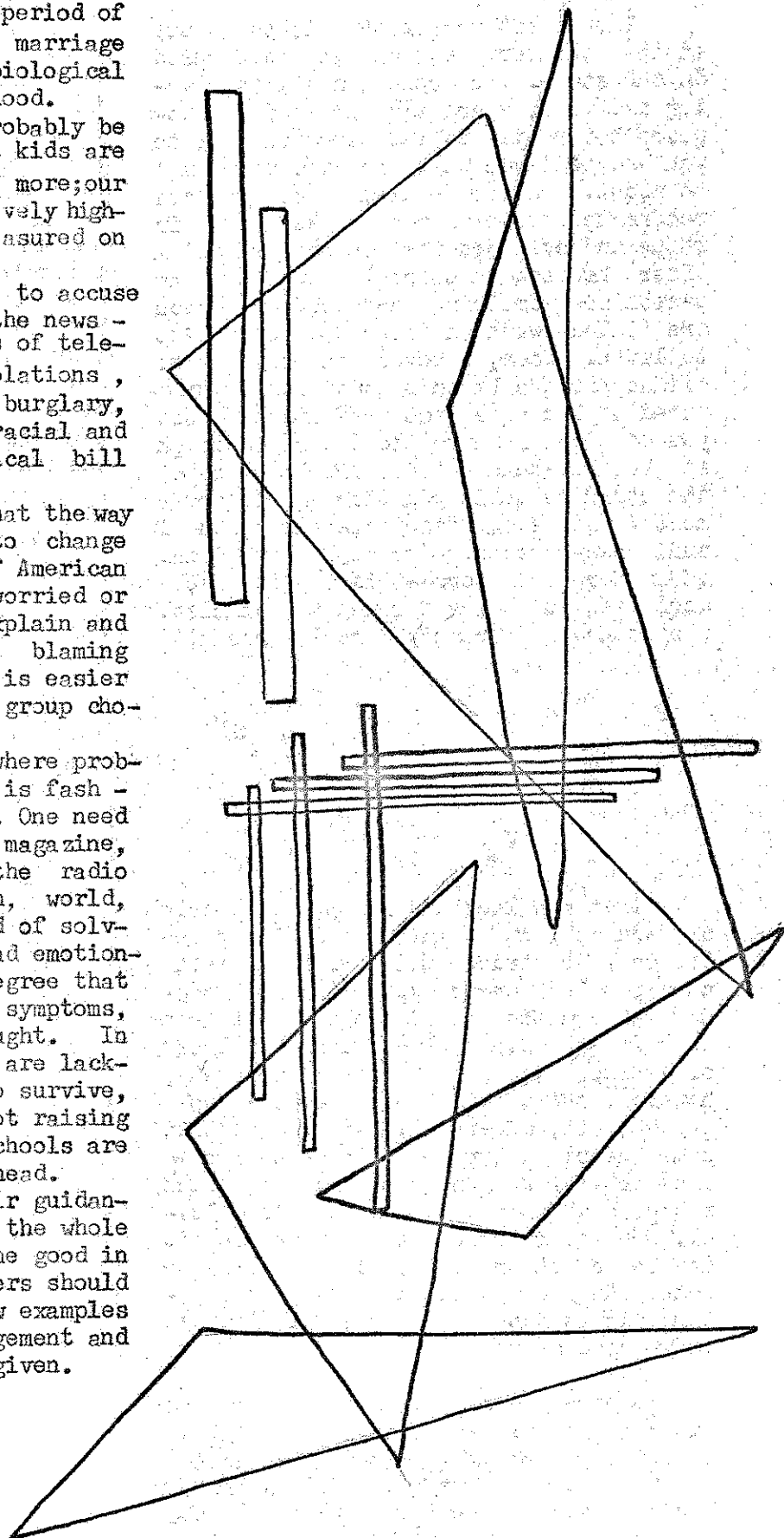
Cheating on test, can probably be accounted for by the fact that kids are being pushed harder to achieve more; our standards are getting progressively higher and achievement is being measured on a national scale.

It isn't very meaningful to accuse us of lacking moral values when the newspapers are filled with stories of television scandals, anti-trust violations, income tax chiselers, police burglary, political-influence peddling, racial and religious discrimination, medical bill padding, and false advertising.

It is a common feeling that the way to change American youth is to change the attitudes and behavior of American adults. Because people are worried or uncertain, they attempt to explain and solve the difficulties by blaming someone else. In these days it is easier to pick on a whole group. The group chosen seems to be the Youth.

This seems to be an era where problems are fashionable, and what is fashionable spreads like wild fire. One need only glance at any newspaper, magazine, television, or listen to the radio to hear of problems--health, world, marital, and teenage. The field of solving problems, both physical and emotional, has increased to such a degree that everyone is overly aware of symptoms, thus giving more food for thought. In school, students are told they are lacking and need much more push to survive, and that their families are not raising them properly. We hear our schools are not preparing us for what is ahead.

Where are youth to get their guidance and drive? It seems to me, the whole world would profit more if the good in people were played up. Teenagers should not always be blamed, but new examples should be set and more encouragement and less discouragement should be given.



A DATE WITH  
MARCEL MARCEAU

The first moment the lights go out in the theater, a spotlight is focused on the stage. The orchestra starts playing and soon a crazily dressed man appears before you to introduce the act to you and tell you what the pantomimes will be about. After he disappears, you are confronted with a man dressed all in white and even his face is painted white. After he stands there for a moment, he pantomimes something and suddenly you are filled with an irresistible impulse to laugh. Soon, however, the novelty of his appearance becomes uninteresting compared to his brilliant performance. Now you no longer have the desire to laugh at his costume but you are laughing at the story he tells you through his movements. Able to fascinate all kinds of audiences--French, German or American, adults or teenagers--this man is widely acclaimed as being a great pantomimist. Who is he??? Francis Marcel Marceau!!!

PROVOCATIVE PARAGRAPHS

That men lack one rib because a rib of Adam's went to make Eve was long believed to be true. The notion persisted as a popular error even after 16th century anatomists, delving into the human body for the first time, found a full set of twelve ribs on each side. Strangely, however, the old idea seems to have something to it, after all. X-rays show that some people carry a thirteenth rib--a bone growing from the vertebra that makes a prominent apinal bump at shoulder level. Called a cervical or neck rib, it may be short or long, on one side or both. And for no known reason, this extra rib is possessed by eight times as many women as men.

Before you do it, you'd better find out what it is: an anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction. In other words a KISS!! Kinda takes some of the fun out of it, doesn't it?

More Provocative Paragraphs

Bell ringers, more than anybody else, fell victims to lightning during the 18th century because of a strange theory that was backed by a papal edict. Thunderstorms could be driven off, it was believed, by the tolling of church bells, since the noise of the bells would clash with the noise of the thunder. Churches were instructed to start ringing their bells whenever a storm approached. What happened, not infrequently, was that lightning struck the high steeples, traveled down the rain-wet ropes and killed the bell ringers. The invention of the rod brought new knowledge and by the end of the century the papal edict was withdrawn.

I dare you to say this sentence: Twixt six thick thumbs stick six thick sticks. Give Up? You might as well. The men in the white coats will be soon looking for you if you don't.

Women's vocal cords are shorter than those of the male. They are higher pitched and require less air to agitate. As a result, women can talk more with less effort. I can't think of a suitable crack for this one, mainly because my Mother is lecturing me again.

"Y" like in, oh, Yarns for instance, is both a consonant and a vowel. It is a consonant at the beginning of a syllable. At the end of a syllable it is a vowel.

The U.S. Army uses 188,000 yards of diapers a year. An epigram for this one is extremely tempting, but I'm afraid some of your fathers would kill me.

## INCIDENT IN A READING ROOM

Zip! There it went again. That odd noise had been going on and off for at least fifteen minutes. Zap!! This time a little round pellet hit Lucifer on the ear. As he looked at the object in his hand, a small substance flew at his face. Just as it was going to hit his forehead, the article landed on his nose. The article wasn't really an article, it was a man, approximately one and one-fourth inches high. As he landed, he was exclaiming in a British accent, "Oh, I say, I'm terribly sorry to have hit you."

The funny, high-pitched voice was what attracted Lucifer's attention, plus the added weight on his nose tip. Lucifer tried to focus his eyes on the tiny man, but found he couldn't. He kindly asked the man to step down onto the table, as his eye muscles couldn't take much more. When the man stepped to the table, Lucifer got a better look at him. He was dressed in a red hat, beige coat and slacks, and hiking boots. Almost as if he had been hunting. The only strange thing about him was the fact that he was only one and one-fourth inches and the funny looking tube in his hand.

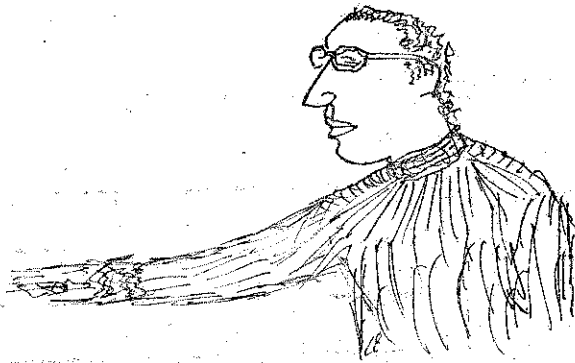
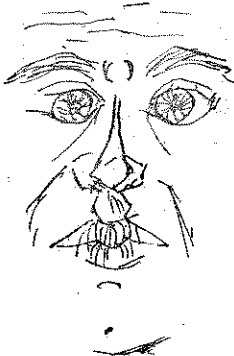
"Now", said Lucifer. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"My name is Aloysius," stated the midget, "and I come from Zeptakakin. Sorry to trouble you and all that rot, but have you seen Alfonse?"

"Alfonse? Yeh, come to think of it, he flew by about a half hour ago."

"Thank you so very much. I'm on my way." He picked some more pellets out of his pocket, loaded his strange looking tube and took off.

Lucifer went back to his reading. He wasn't even going to bother telling anyone. They wouldn't believe him. Would You???



## MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MIND

Benjamin Franklin once remarked, "An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." He lived by this statement and proved its worth during his own life time.

As a boy, Benjamin Franklin invested heavily. He gained historical information by reading every obtainable book. He constantly observed people and events and listened attentively to the conversations of his elders. He increased his vocabulary by transferring prose into poetry and then back to prose again. Because he was unable to attend school, he was even forced to teach himself mathematics, science, and English.

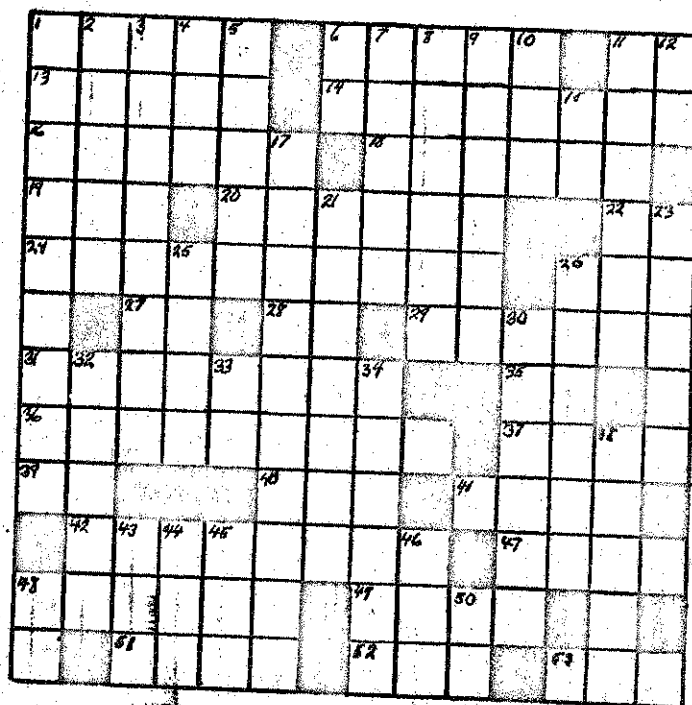
As he matured, he grew to be one of the most versatile men that this country has ever produced. He progressed in the ranks of mankind, step by step, rising from one occupation to another. From his foundation of knowledge came ideas such as the library, the first anti-slavery society, an improved postal system, and a variety of scientific inventions. He was also able to benefit our country through his learning. Wise in the ways of government, he participated in signing four important national documents.

Benjamin Franklin's self-education not only served others, but proved invaluable to himself as well. It enabled him to understand his surroundings and satisfy his curiosity. From his stately and dignified manner, acquired through studies of speech and English, he gained self-confidence and numerous friendships.

As you can clearly see, the "interest" Benjamin Franklin received was priceless. Even today, two hundred and fifty-nine years after his death, his words stand as a model for those who wish to capitalize on current opportunities.



# CROSSWORD PUZZLE



## HORIZONTAL

1. an old saying or proverb; maxim
6. gaze with malicious pleasure, exultation or avarice
11. National Guard (abbr.)
13. unit of weight for precious stones, .2 grams
14. plural of madam
16. filmy, fleecy cloud; mean height 33,000 ft.
18. turning over possession
19. before, sooner than
20. wish for, crave, covet
22. symbol for americium
24. methodical, orderly
26. past tense of eat
27. in the direction of, as far as
28. p prefix meaning in or not, used before "l"
29. said, voiced, spoke
31. spotted
35. abbreviation for delirium tremens
36. to destroy or damage greatly again
37. small vessel or bottle containing liquid
39. abbr. for yard
40. abbr. for north-northeast
41. filth
42. one who outfits or equips
47. exchange for money
48. emotional experience
49. appellation, title
51. authentic, true
52. period of time, age
53. poisonous snake of Africa, Arabia, & Europe

## VERTICAL

- 1.. additional, extra
2. place where butter and cheese are made
3. person who takes another into custody
4. needlefish
5. a study
6. gram(abbr.)
7. slang for legal
8. Egyptian god of the lower world
9. transfer heat by currents of air
10. native of Thailand
11. deny the existence of, make ineffective
12. German silver (abbr.)
15. symbol for manganese
17. every 6 months
21. leaping, dancing
23. laurel, ribbon
25. type of tree which yields balsam
26. clothes, finery
30. recommend, counsel
32. wide-spreading evergreen tree
33. Chinese measure of distance, 1/3 mile
34. archaic, poetic for eternal
38. giant compelled to support the heavens
43. vehicle, automobile
44. tapered rod used in billiards
45. suffix meaning morbid growth, tumor
48. tuberculosis
50. Master of Arts

## Types of College Education

The high school curriculum is quite diversified, while the college curriculum allows specialization. In high school a student gets a little bit of everything--English, history, and mathematics. In college, however, if you want to specialize in a certain subject or group of subjects, you can.

Whether to have a broad or narrow curriculum can be a difficult decision. A broad curriculum or a "liberal education" is a good preparation for the future. The essence of a broad education lies not so much in the total effect which it has in developing the abilities and personality of the individual student. With this type of education a student can take on almost any job, or can now take courses for a specialized job. The kind of knowledge obtained from this broad type of education will not only help the student to obtain a job after graduation, but will be equally useful twenty-five years afterwards. This general type of knowledge also makes it easier to change jobs if it becomes necessary.

A narrow or specialized curriculum provides training in one subject or in a certain group of subjects. The advantage of this type of education is that the subject or subjects can be studied much more thoroughly. This type of education is not usually completed. Specialized subjects, such as biology or chemistry, are always being revised, or changed. Staying up to date with these subjects requires constant addition of new facts and revision of old ones. A student should choose the type of curriculum which will best help him attain the goal he has chosen.

## PICTURE THIS

How great and grand!  
the cymbol player.  
His golden disks gleaming,  
waiting,  
marking time;  
each innocent of the other,  
but trembling,  
anticipating,  
til a climactic, clashing  
moment  
enthrones the emperor  
of the orchestra  
in glory.

## TEDIUM

Today--

A voice, a face,  
An arid smile that isn't there  
Its owner's eyes vacant  
Glazed in indifference;  
Things familiar, yet alien.  
Fragments of conversation half-remembered  
Become so many senseless words,  
Merely mouthed.  
Tomorrow?--  
The same.

## BERLIN RANKS #1

Berlin High School Chorus ranked first (classified as A) once again during the Second Music Festival hosted by Berlin, Sunday, March 15. The participants came from Frankfurt (A), Munich (C), and Heidelberg (B) to merge with three German choruses from Beethoven Schule (B-C), Freiherr-von-Stein Schule (B-C) and Meysenburg Schule (A-B) who were ranked accordingly by adjudicator Dietrick Stoverock. Each school brought members of their band who combined to form the makings of the fantastic Festival Concert Band.

The real climax of the afternoon came when the choruses and band combined to perform. Of the three finale numbers the "Mefistofele" by Arrigo Boito was the most moving and warmly accepted by the audience.

The less publicized concert on Friday evening, March 12, with Berlin High School Chorus and Meysenburg Chorus singing the "Mass in G" by Franz Schubert, was no less thrilling than the performance on Sunday. The chorus was accompanied by the Rias Youth Orchestra under Professor Willi Hannuschke. Soloists Evelyn Lear, Gene Ferguson and George Fouris were of the highest caliber and we are all grateful of their interest in appearing with the choruses.

By far, the most effective and efficient conducting was demonstrated at both performances by all advisors, conductors and students. Berlin can be very proud of the work that the music department has done in bringing Berlin High School into the spotlight in Europe.

As soon as Mr. Ward recovers from his headache, the Berlin High School chorus will commence their vigorous practicing for the final performance of the year, the musical "Brigadoon." With a little effort, they hope to surpass last years' performance of the musical "Oklahoma." And after the Festival, there aren't many people who are going to say "I don't believe that this group is capable of such a production."

THOSE

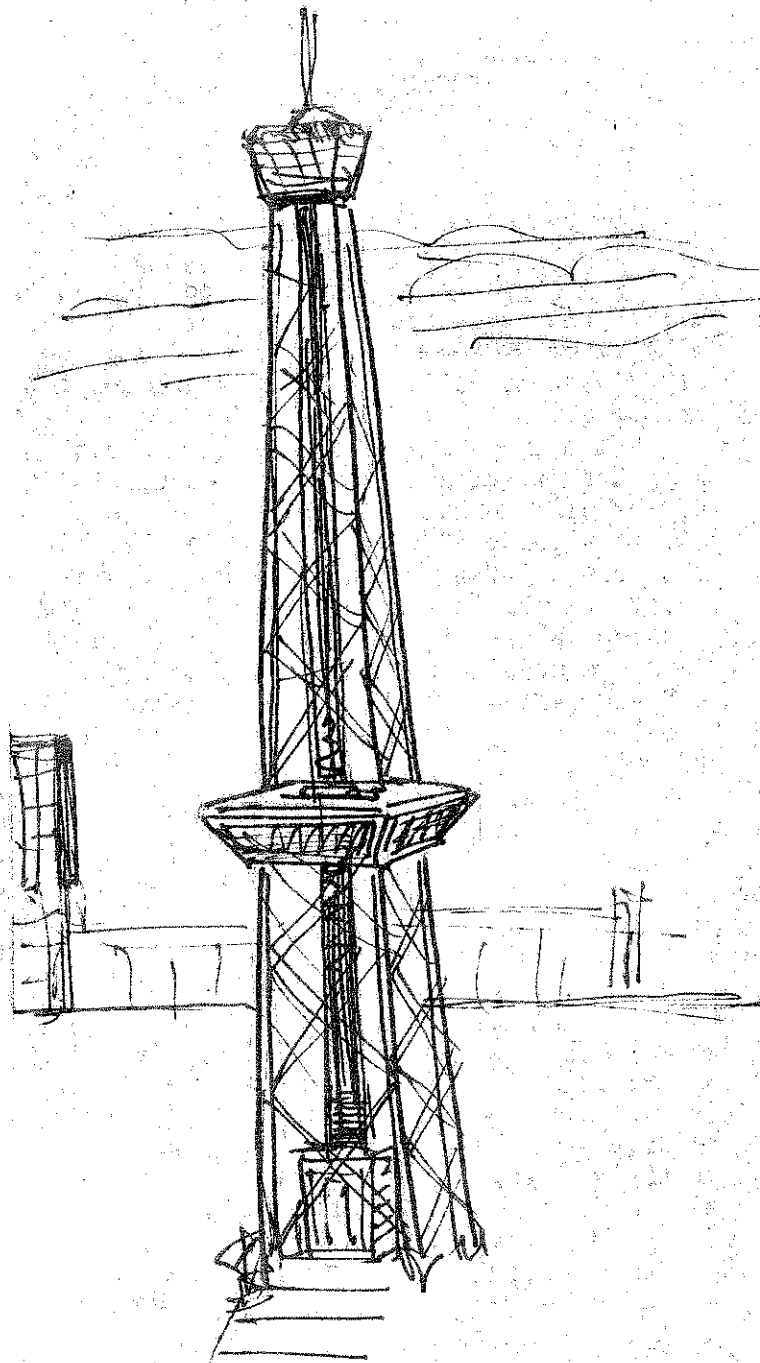
"GOOD OL' DAYS"

Do you ever wish you could have lived in those good ol' days that Mom and Dad always talk about? Of course we can't talk about ours - not yet - but will our memories seem as warm and wonderful to our children as Mom's and Dad's are to us?

What are Mom and Dad talking about when they mention those days? Could it be the close-knit little neighborhoods and the joint efforts of the people in the community in working for a certain goal? Maybe it was the friendly casual get-togethers of the neighbors or going to the church's pot-luck suppers and the home-made-ice-cream socials on a summer evening. It might have been the whiffs of wholesome aroma emerging from yummy pies and freshly baked breads that Grandma set out on the window sill to cool and knowing that if they watered her flower beds, they might just find a piece waiting for them! Maybe it was the fun of making the rounds of all the relatives gathering goodies as they went along, and of course, lots of attention that was good for spoiling. Maybe it was the excitement of going to a once-in-a-month movie at the movie house or gathering with the kids at the soda fountain down on the corner. Maybe it was getting in on the latest gossip that was whispered from one house to another. Maybe it was the adventure of camping out in the woods down by the creek or making the monthly shopping trip to the big city where all the show windows had, in display, lovely long dresses and other dreamy items. Maybe it was the feeling of importance while "helping out" the watch maker, the shoe clerk, or the post master with their daily business.

All of these could be a part of what Mom and Dad call "the good ol' days."

## THE FUNKTURM



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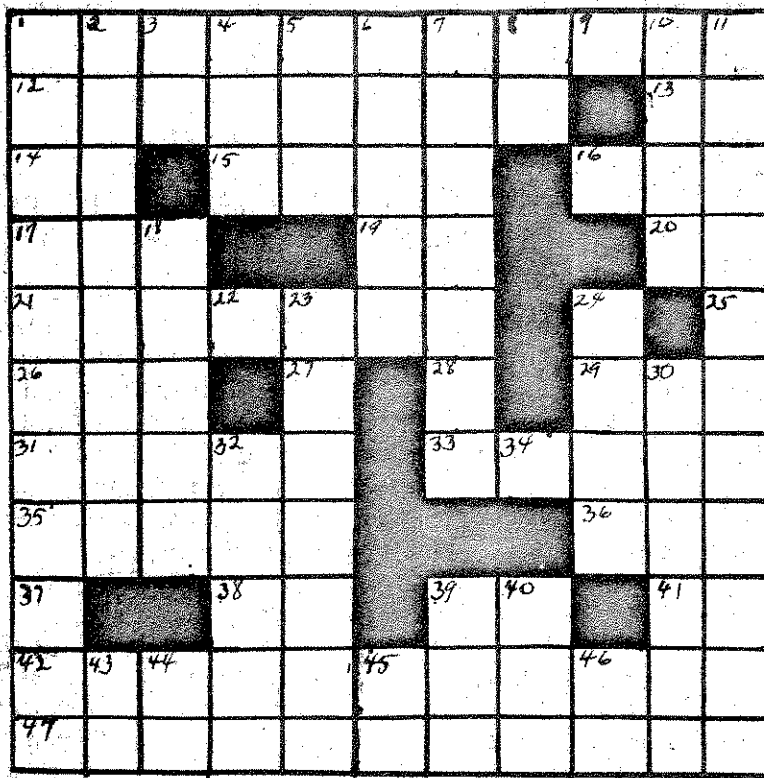
The grounds surrounding the Funkturm, serving as an army training ground up to 1914, were acquired by the Charlottenburg municipal administration in 1921, and transformed into vast fair grounds with huge halls, a restaurant with many terraces and gardens renowned for the profusion of flowers grown there. On October 1st, 1950, when the first postwar Industries Fair was opened, there were 42,000 square miles of roofed floorspace available.

At the present the Messe & Ausstellungen GmbH is composed of 56,655 square miles roofed floorspace, 125,000 square miles open space, 8 exhibition halls and 11 pavilions for exhibitions from abroad, grouped around the "Platz der Nationen." The fairgrounds form the setting for the annual German Industries Fair and for many other large exhibitions such as the "Grüne Woche" (Green week—an agricultural show-in pre-war times, connected with a large number of social events which gave everybody, especially farmers and their wives a welcome opportunity to meet friends from all parts of Germany, and to have an exchange of views on all sorts of agricultural problems in technical meetings).

The Funkturm was inaugurated on September 3, 1926, on the occasion of the 3rd Great German Radio Show. It has come to be a prominent symbol of West Berlin, being visible over a great distance. This tower, because of the elegance of its steel construction, has a certain likeness to the Paris Eiffel Tower, but even with its aerial, it is only 150m high, that is to say half as high as the Eiffel Tower. For 1 DM per person an elevator which can carry ten takes visitors up to the upper platform. The view from this platform is magnificent. Towards the West one can see as far as Spandau with its three towers, the Jailustrum (where in the past, gold and powder were kept), the Nikolaikirchturm (old church dating back to 1360) and the Rathaus (townhall). Turning to the East one can follow the Strasse des 17. Juni right across the Tiergarten to the Brandenburger Tor and beyond see the street Unter den Linden.

On the first floor of the radio tower 53m above the ground, a restaurant offers good food in addition to the wonderful view one also has from this floor. All food and drink is prepared in a kitchen immediately below the restaurant. The radio tower which had been constructed within the short period of only two years, originally meant to carry the aerials for the Berlin Broadcasting House, was used as a look-out only for several years. It has now been equipped with modern aerials serving the television and ultra-short wave transmitters of the Sender Freies Berlin (Radio Free Berlin.)

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE



## DOWN

1. ambitious
2. monarch, dictator
3. New Mexico (abbr.)
4. perish
5. finish
6. magician
7. person's self
8. New Testament (abbr.)
9. me
10. consumer
11. importantly
16. symbol-hydrogen
18. location
22. me
23. skillless attempt
24. below knee (part of leg)
30. child-parent relation
32. Mohammedan leaders
34. ocean (abbr.)
39. spasmodic contraction
40. large snake
43. notary public (abbr.)
44. each (abbr.)
45. note in music
46. National League (abbr.)

## ACROSS

1. wild tumult
12. ponderous
13. therefore
14. and (Fr.)
15. border
16. edge of garment
17. summit
19. we
20. note in music
21. overshadow
24. symbol for carbon
25. symbol for nitrogen
26. National Recovery Act (abbr.)
27. Ohio (abbr.)
28. Roman numeral for 50
29. toward the stern
31. silent
33. folded paper
35. articles
36. influenza
37. symbol for oxygen
38. exclamation
39. tuberculosis
41. present indicative of the verb to be
42. stolid
47. characterized by convulsions

"Oh," giggled the little girl, "does she really look like me?"

"Oh, yes, yes," gasped the old man, "very much like you." It has been a long descent, down the winding stone steps to the old castle dungeon.

"Can't we hurry, m'lord? Oh, I do so want to see the lonely little girl so much," she said earnestly, clasping her pink little hands together.

"Don't worry, she won't run off," wheezed the old man. No, she certainly won't, he thought. "You must be patient, for I'm getting old and cannot get around anymore. Besides, we are almost there."

"Oh, are we?" She exclaimed in her high, child's voice.

"Yes," he said in a serious, educated voice, "and remember, she is lonely for a little friend to play with and will be glad to see you. It wouldn't be very nice if you just stand there and let her come to you. She is a little shy, but if you run to her, she will doubtless lose her shyness and run to you, also."

"Oh, yes," She said, "let's go, let's go, I want to see her."

They started down the dark dungeon corridor, the little girl almost dragging the old man, keeping up a constant flow about the other girl, and did they really look alike. "Yes," said the old man, "you really look alike."

Ho, but there was no other little girl, thought the old man, smiling. Only a mirror, at the end of a short corridor, cleverly placed so as not to give itself away. For where the walls and floor ended and the mirror began even he could not tell, so cleverly had he constructed his surprise. The little peasant girl had never seen a mirror, not even her reflection, so poor was her wretched family, her quaking, wretched family. He has told her not to stop when she approached the other girl, but to embrace her new found friend tightly. My yes, her blonde hair would be red soon, for broken mirrors are sharp and jagged.

They were almost to the short corridor where his mirror was. He stopped the girl and said quietly, "Now the little girl is just around the corner."

"Oh, let's go see her," she cried, almost breaking away from him.

"No, no," said the old man, "I'll wait here, while you see her. After all,

she is to be your friend. Go on, now."

He pushed the girl into the corridor, careful not to expose himself. She saw the other girl instantly, and with another "Oh", ran toward her. To her delight, the other girl also smiled and started running, which made her run even faster, and the other girl ran faster, too.

The old man could hardly contain himself; he could see her crashing through the mirror, the heavy glass coming down like the Reaper's sickle. He waited until she was almost to the mirror before he stepped out. He stood frozen as he saw the two girls come close together, and remained frozen when they fell into each other's arms.

"Oh," cried the little girl, "you look just like me!"

"And you look like me," said the other little girl, "c'mon, I'll show you all kinds of things." With this she turned and pulled open a heavy black door, but even before she had butted it open enough to let her small body through, a blue, whistling wind blew it wide open, and the two were drenched in the warm, brandy colored rain.

"C'mon," cried the other girl, pulling her new found friend toward two saddled sea horses. The white sun and wind and rain made their shadows dance on the long grass. Their feet kicked up little green fairies as they ran toward the waiting horses. They climbed into the saddles and sailed off, the curved Arabian necks of the horses bending and unbending in rhythm to their strides.

The old man was still standing, frozen, when the blue wind shut the great black door. The loud, echoing noise woke him. He started with wide eyes at the perfumed burgandy dew that covered the long, black cloak.

The absence of his image did not cross his mind; he started for the door, his long, thin, oyster legs pumping underneath his black cloak. He could hear the blue wind blowing behind the door, the sweet scent of the rain was all around him.

I doubt if he realized he had reached the mirror, or if he knew what the quick slash of pain meant as the heavy mirror came down, just like the Reaper's sickle.

## WHAT'S COOKING?

The Early Show was just beginning when I heard the front door bang. "Mom, is that you?!" I asked as I got up and went to the front door. I didn't really have to ask. I knew it was she by all the commotion. She'd been shopping. She always went shopping on Friday because Helen, our once-a-week combination cleaningwoman-babysitter came, and she could leave the house-work and my sisters to her care. This Friday Frank, my older brother, had gone with her and had gotten a pair of pants.

By the time I got to the door Frank had already thrown his package on the kitchen table and had continued into the T.V. room leaving my poor mother in the hall with two big bags of groceries and the pizzas which she had bought for dinner. I helped her by taking one of the bags and bringing it to the kitchen for her. Then she asked me to put the pizzas in the oven to keep them warm until I'd gotten the table set. I picked up the three pizzas and put them in the oven boxes and all. Then I turned it on to warm and started setting the table.

A couple of minutes later Frank came in and searched the table for a minute. Then he asked, "Ann, have you seen my new pants?"

"No," was my curt reply. He went off muttering that he must have left them in his room, but a couple of minutes later he was back.

"Are you sure you didn't see them? I'm positive I left them here on the table when I came in."

"I didn't see them." I repeated. about this time Jim, my younger brother walked in.

"What's the matter? When do we eat? I'm starved."

"Frank lost his new pants. He left them here and they got up and walked off all by themselves," I said sarcastically.

"What's the matter, Frank?" Mom asked as she walked in.

"I can't find my new pants. I put them right here on the table when I came in and now they're not here."

"Well I'm sure I don't know where they are. Go look in your room and the T.V. room."

"I already did and they're not there."

"Well look again."

By this time the table was set and I was pouring the milk. Mom went over to the oven to get the pizzas. "Ann, how many times have I told you not to put the boxes in the oven. What if they'd caught fire?"

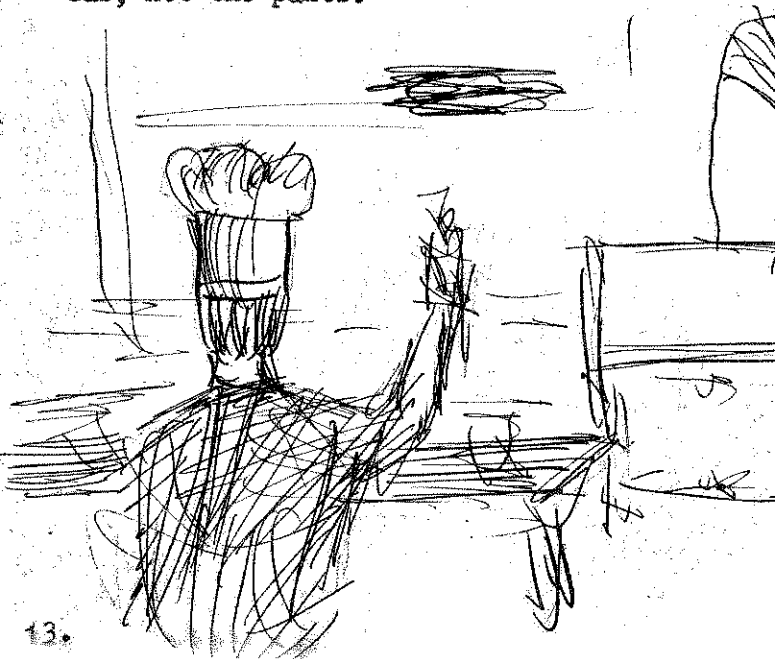
"Well, it was only for a couple of minutes and it was only on warm anyway."

"That's no excuse....," suddenly... her tone of voice changed. "Ann, come over here and see what you've done.!" By this time Frank came over to see what I'd done from the other room.

Mom had already picked up the top two boxes and laid them on the table and now she uncovered the bottom box. When we'd seen it Frank cried out half laughing and half crying, "My pants, you cooked my pants!"

Apparently Mom had put the pizzas on top of Frank's pants when she'd put them on the table. The boxes were the same size and shape and I hadn't noticed the difference when I'd put them in the oven. The net result was two fairly warm pizzas and one pair of warm, sodden sweaty, kind-of smelly grey wool pants.

Needless to say, I wasn't feeling too bright but after a good laugh we all sat down and started eating..., the pizzas, not the pants.





## THE XENOPHONS

"Xenophons are good. Xenophons are great. Xenophons are leaders. Xenophons are feared. Xenophons are loved. Xenophons are..."

With the above prologue, hundreds of thousands of readers will now become aware for the first time, perhaps, of the existence of a world-wide organization which originated right here on our own beloved campus.

Xenophon International is a rapidly growing and expanding entity. Its birth took place in America and the concept was carried to Berlin, where three of this school's more illustrious students turned the dream into a reality. Since then, the X's have steadily increased in both numbers and power. Branches have been established in numerous other cities throughout Europe, culminating in the most recent stronghold founded at Heidelberg. This most recent of advances is due largely to the efforts of Senior Advisor, Don Conner.

Seniors Ross Galvert and Don Conner and would-be Senior, Skip Jiru, are the original founders and the Three Big X's. They form the hard-core, governing triumvirate, to which the lower X's must pay allegiance, if not homage.

The lower X's consist of the Under Xlings and the X's of minute stature.

Dues, rules, meetings, indoctrination ceremonies etc. are all non-existent which is almost the same thing as not having any at all.

Membership is somewhat restricted in the higher levels of the organization. For example, one of the Three Big X's cannot be replaced without his consent.. even then there is the extenuating circumstance; he must be dead before any such consent may be given. There is, however, little restriction on membership of the X's of Minute Stature. In any case, membership is attained only with

the unanimous agreement of the Three Big X's.

The good works sponsored by the Xenophones are many, varied, and glorious. Few people are unaware of the weekly Miss Xenophinque contest, the results of which are announced every Thursday by Robbie and Carol on Accent on Youth. The purpose of this contest, is to bring into the social limelight, a different female personality each week. It is an unequalled honor to be considered for this role and it is often very difficult to choose among the many girls fighting for the opportunity to reign as Miss X. for a whole week.

Fighting the competition of several, jealous, rival organizations, the upkeep of Xenophonic prestige and honor has been a trying task. It has been requested that this publication be utilized as a medium for dispelling the nasty rumors circulated by Anti-Xenophonic minded students. Contrary to the vicious rumors concerning the Three Big X's, no member of the Dictatorial Staff is a scrounge. The haphazard sampling of French fries, potato chips, milk shakes, cookies and various other foodstuffs can be interpreted only as a gesture of thoughtfulness and friendliness which should be readily welcomed by those possessing the above mentioned items.

For the many curious students who have inquired as to the meaning of the Xenophonic salutatory remark, "H.C.L.F.:" this means, "help crush lousy freems." A freem or phreem or phreme or... anyway it's spelled, is any non-Xenophon.

Those interested in obtaining membership to either of the two sub-levels of Xenophon Int. should seek consultation from Messrs. Galvert, Conner or Jiru.

# UNSCRAMBLE

## TEACHERS:

1. OGLULONIS
2. ADRW
3. CNIESHERD
4. EUKRCIK
5. LABL
6. SPEI
7. OFLW
8. ALSPUU
9. HTWIE
10. TAGTSRHI

## SENIORS:

1. ASNCRO
2. AKNHWIS
3. EDNLYE
4. RAIGHARN
5. WANASERGN
6. LUTBON
7. AVRCLLET
8. HAOWETN
9. TNUFSATR
10. IZRAFTUK

## HOW TO TELL SOMEONE'S AGE This Age-Guesser Does the Trick!

### THE AGE-GUESSER

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

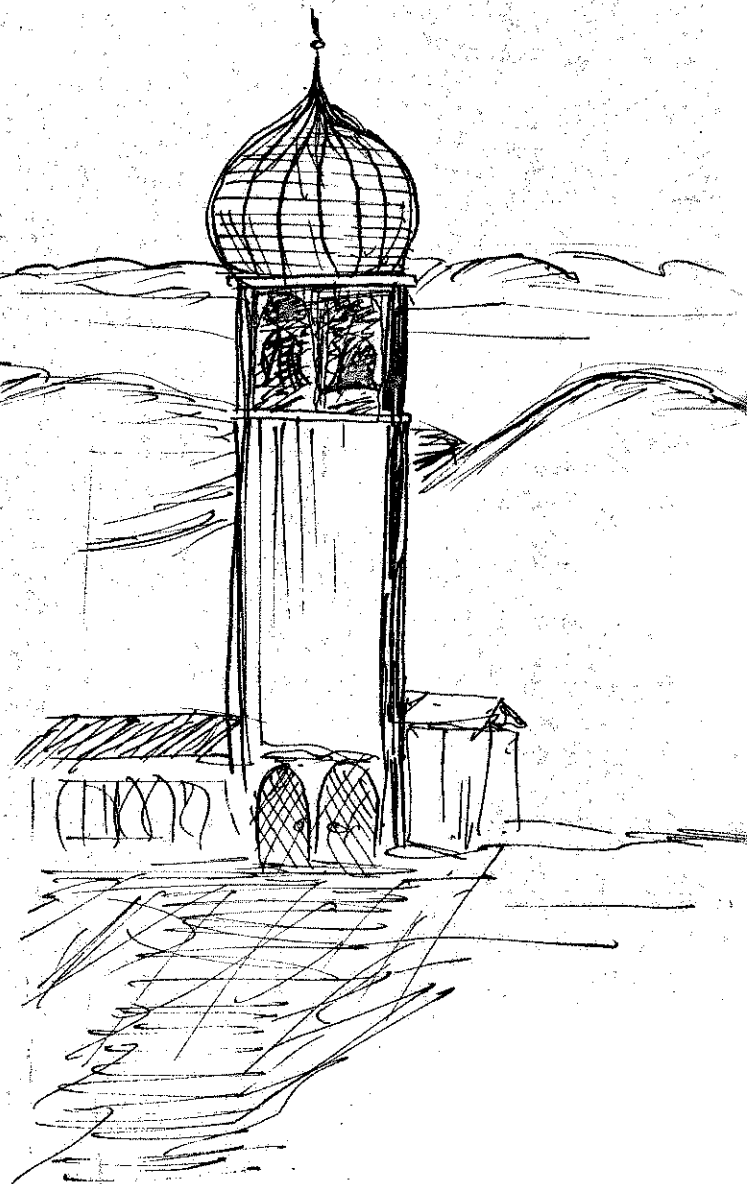
Ask your friend to tell you in which columns his age appears. Add up the numbers at the top of the columns indicated and the sum will be the sought-for age.

For example: Your friend's age is 28. This number, as you can see, is present in the third, fourth and fifth columns. The top numbers in those three columns are 4, 8 and 16--which add up to 28.

Dresden  
by Ann Booth

Dresden, once the capitol of Saxony an East German county, is considered one of the most beautiful cities in both East and West Germany. One of Dresden's greatest assets is going situated along the Elbe River with the mountains of Sachsische Schweiz providing a beautiful background. Even though only one-fourth of the old city of Dresden has been rebuilt by the slow and immense efforts of the Russians and the East German puppet government, the historical beauty can be seen in the many Baroque structures. The Dresden "Zwinger" is a perfect example of a Baroque building. The outside of the "Zwinger" portrays gaiety through its many statues, fountains, and theaters; inside the museums of the "Zwinger", the paintings and porcelain portrays a feeling of enchantment and solemnity. Across the square, approximately five minutes walking distance, is the "Katholische Hofkirche". The outside of the church has just finished being reconstructed except for a few heads of statues which adorn the structure at every place possible. After plowing through mounds of rubble to get into the church, the attitude of the government towards religion is greatly shown. Behind the "Hofkirche" the skeleton of the "Frauenkirche" can be seen amid the junkyard of rubble piling up to be carried away sometime in the near future. From the "Hofkirche" and the square which looks out over the Elbe, a walkway with fountains and statues run between the Elbe and the Royal Palace, which is being opened to the public sometime in the near future. Across the river among the residences of the past, Saxon Princes is the official housing of the government as well as restaurants and recreation centers. In the new city, life is centered around the "House of Socialistic Culture". The most modern stores and conveniences, such as milk bars, cafeterias, goldsmiths-if you supply the gold - and the most modern fashioned houses. While walking down the streets, you can't help noticing that the people stop and look at the store windows but

seldom do you see them going in. If there wasn't a big red banner proclaiming state policy, you would begin to wonder. Uniformity seems to be the password of the development of housing, for almost every new apartment is exactly the same, even with flag on top, monotonous! The Medical and Technical colleges of Dresden are great attractions to students of the Communist world. Even though the future and socialistic ideas are drilled into the people, the old city of Dresden is their pride and joy.



## The Making of a Broadjumper

For various reasons, broad jumping hasn't progressed as rapidly as other track events. There are very few high school students who specialize in this event. The outstanding characteristics of a good broad jumper are that he is an excellent sprinter, quartermiler, hurdler, high jumper, or pole vaulter.

The physical prerequisites for good broad jumpers are little different than those of other track and field events--spring, speed, strength, coordination, and endurance. Also another essential--aerial balance must be included. Equally as important are the mental qualities--determination, courage, patience, confidence, diligence, and analytic ability. Certain general coaching and learning must be observed by both coach and athlete to assure maximum proficiency and skill.

Many fundamental skills must be mastered by the jumper--beginner or champion. These involve: (1) approach and run, (2) the takeoff, (3) action in the air, and (4) landing.

In coaching the beginner, initial emphasis should be placed on the jump itself, stressing the basic mechanics, so that the athlete will develop a feel for the event.

In jumping, the athlete is struck with many common errors which he must correct before a perfect jump is successful. Some examples of these common errors are: (1) insufficient warm-ups before actual competition, (2) run too short or too long, (3) step problems--inaccurate basic distance, or uneven strides, (4) no settle or gather, and (5) slowing down before jump. Of course there are many more examples of common errors made by the broad jumper.

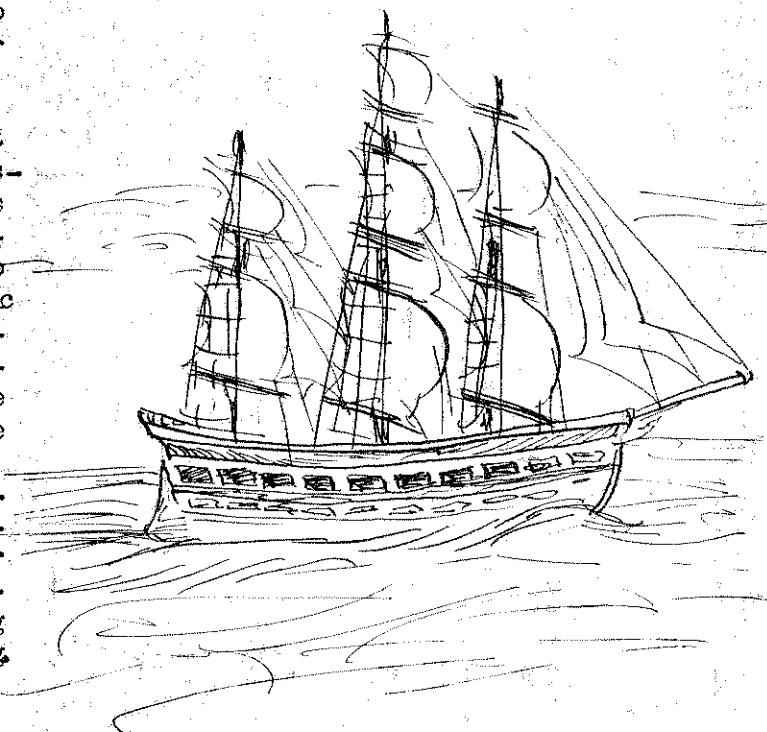
The perfection of so many fundamentals requires conscientious, well-planned, and intelligent training. After careful analysis of the needs of the individual, the coach can begin teaching him skills which will better his jumping.

## Was Napoleon Murdered?

A team of British and Swedish scientists plans to ask the French government to dig up Napoleon's body for examination, since recent tests on locks of his hair have yielded evidence that he was murdered by slow poisoning with arsenic. They have even named a possible suspect: Count Montholon, Napoleon's constant companion in exile on the Island of St. Helena. Montholon was left two million francs in Napoleon's will.

The tests were made by Neutron-activation analysis--bombarding hairs with neutrons in atomic reactors. This makes the atoms of the sample radioactive. From the types of radioactivity given off, arsenic was identified. The analytic method is so sensitive that the progress of the poisoning over many months could be traced.

The group of researchers includes Dr. Hamilton Smith, a physicist at Glasgow University, and Drs. Sven Forshufvud and Anders Wassen of Sweden. Three years ago, Dr. Forshufvud published a book advancing a poisoning theory of Napoleon's death after earlier tests had revealed arsenic in his hair.



## WEAKLING TO CHAMP

The frail 13 year old boy left the doctor's office with his parents. He was sickly and underweight. His parents had taken him to several doctors with no results. The doctor they had just seen suggested that the boy try swimming. "Swimming will build him up, and, in this way, he will be using his underdeveloped muscles," he had advised. The boy hated water, but finally, after his parents pleaded with him he began to wade in some water near his home. After a few weeks of wading he began to get used to the feel of the water. Another few weeks and he was swimming like a seasoned swimmer. His parents took him to larger bodies of water where he saw some good swimmers. He study's their movements and tried to duplicate the various strokes he had seen when in the water. Before long he became so good that other swimmers began to watch him.

He then began to enter swimming contests and won a victory almost every-time. He went to the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris and was pitted against Duke Kahanamokke of Hawaii, who was then the country's swimming champion. The boy swam with great speed and energy and when the race was over he had succeeded the Duke as America's new swimming champion. He went on to break most of the Duke's records and became the U.S.'s greatest swimmer.

During his long reign as champion, he held 67 records; over 50 of these were major records and remained unbroken in the sports record book for nearly 20 years.

In 1950, when the associated Press took polls to determine who was the greatest sports star in different fields, they named him the "greatest swimmer of the past half century." Many a youngster who read that piece was surprised to read that their movie hero of the jungle known as Tarzan, was picked for this great honor. Johnny Weismuller, the boy who was so frail and sickly, went on to become this swimming champion, and later to become known as Tarzan, one of the world's greatest swimmers and movie stars.

## MINE AND THINE

The goal of all discipline is that the individual will eventually be self-disciplined—that is, have inner control of his own life. (Self-control is like the scaffolding of a building. When the scaffolding is removed, the building is not able to stand alone and endure stress and strain.)

There is much talk of freedom and the rights of the individual. What is meant by freedom? The test of freedom lies in the question: Freedom for what? Freedom for sensual and lawless living, or freedom to know the right and choose to do the right?

We cannot escape the fundamental face of control either by ourselves or by others. We all meet with temporary restraints in order to find fuller satisfaction later. It is the lack of proper restraint which breeds lack of self-control. Proper restraint, including wise and intelligent punishment, does not lead to repression—that is, deep conflict of emotions. Of course, unwise restraint may do so.

The individual needs to recognize early that discipline is a necessary part of life, and that in certain matters he has no choice but to obey the restrictions of society placed upon him.

Punishment is widely used by society in an effort to eliminate undesirable behavior and to teach approved behavior. We punish dogs for chewing on rugs; anxiety punishes people for driving too fast or holding up banks. Punishment will temporarily suppress a response. In doing so, it increases the likelihood that some other response will be made. The punishment, or some sign of punishment, merely tells the individual what is right and wrong. It tells him how he is doing.

As long as one lives he will have new problems to face and new situations through which he must work his way. Some will be difficult; some he will take in stride. One's self-discipline depends more upon one's own willingness to keep on growing and responding than any other factor. As one learns, one grows; as one grows, one learns. The two go hand in hand.

## RAILROAD BILL

Lord, where she bound for I don' know,  
Jus' make sure this highball, she don' go slow.

I see this old stiff,\* he jump up fast,  
Reach for a freight car but it 'scape his grasp.

That old stiff, he thrown under the wheel-  
To a death so messy it can't be real.

I'm gonna catch that train, no, it won't kill me.  
'Cause if I catch that train, hyeah, I'll be free.

This old train, now, she taken' it fast.  
If I make one slip, God, it'll be my last.

Runin' side the track, my fingers brush one car,  
Grab the next; she's gonna throw me good'n far.

My hands hold tight, but my ribs feel smashed,  
I gotta climb to the top 'fore the bulls\*\* go past.

Claw my way up, roll to the top of the train,  
Ain't nothing 'fore my eyes but red hot pain.

But I know I made it, I know I'm free,  
She's goin' lickety-split now, fast as can be.

Wind cools my face, Lord, she's movin' away.  
I'm a railroad bum and that's the way I'll stay.

---

\*old stiff-- low type bum.

\*\*bulls-- railroad police.

