





# STAFF

|                                       |                    |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
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| Associate Production Director . . . . | Robert Wood        |
| Managing Director . . . . .           | Buddy Clements     |
| Prose Editor . . . . .                | Betsy Land         |
| Poetry Editor . . . . .               | Kitty Comer        |
| Art Editor . . . . .                  | Darrell Brown      |
| Associate Art Editor . . . . .        | Mary Ann Horan     |
| Layout Editor . . . . .               | Steve Cooper       |
| Selection Editor . . . . .            | Judy Oakland       |
| Associate Selection Editors . . . .   | Richard Schultz    |
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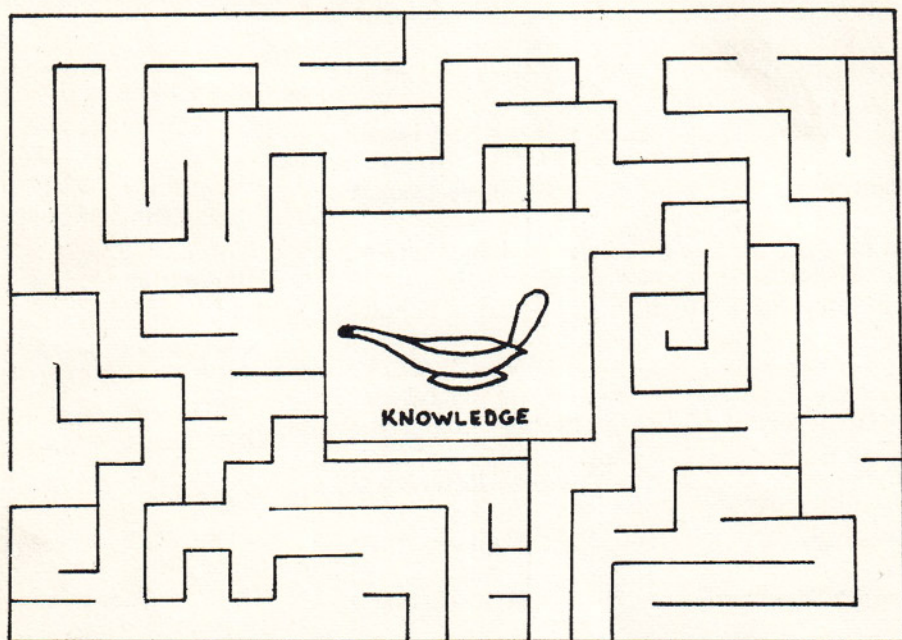
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# **THE LABYRINTH**



**T. C. WILLIAMS H. S.  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.**

**VOLUME 1  
NUMBER 1**



# WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

by Randy Sengel  
'67

.....RANDY SENDEL

.....BOB WOOD

.....JOHN KOMOROSKE

.....VIRGINIA BISCOE

.....PETE GOTTSCHALL

.....DICK DeWILDE

.....PETE GOTTSCHALL

.....ALAN MORGAN

.....CLIFTON LEWIS

.....LESLIE ASH

.....JUDY OAKLAND

.....LESLIE ASH

.....SUSIE HAMILTON

.....MICHELE KENNEDY

.....BETSY LAND

.....MICHELE KENNEDY

.....JIM SNYDER

.....LESLIE ASH

.....KATHI McGRAW

.....LESLIE ASH

.....LESLEY MCGEEHEE

.....MARJORIE ELLEN EMM

.....MARJORIE ELLEN EMM

.....MARJORIE ELLEN EMM

.....GERALD W. LEGO

.....TONI PITTS

.....KAREN GRAY

.....JANET DEENEY

.....MARTHA EMM

.....MARJORIE ELLEN EMM

.....GINNY HERRON

.....STEVE COOPER

.....MICHELE KENNEDY

.....MITCHELL ARMSTRONG

.....KITTY COMER

.....MARSHALL EMM

.....PETE GOTTSCHALL

"I don't want to take another year of math. I don't have to; I'm not so good in it, and I'll never use all this junk anyway. Next year I'm going to take it easy and have a study hall instead of any more of this..."

This is a typical reaction to freedom in selecting academic programs allowed in many school systems. These systems which oppose a strict control of academic programming do so because this is considered a good way to promote a feeling of individuality and independence among students. Many systems accept the idea that allowing a student to choose what he wants to study and discover is an excellent way to kill conformity.

This is a fallacy on which teenage crowd culture is built. Here the most important quality of the individual is overlooked: the true individual has the strength of his convictions and stands up for what he knows is right.

The divider between the individualist and the conformist or crowd hugger is the phrase "what he knows." Winston Churchill was a nonconformist in politics and was not because he merely expressed himself, but because he carried out that which he expressed. The fact that Albert Einstein could show up at a formal wedding in a stocking cap is not justified because he thought he could do as he pleased. The fact is that Einstein's knowledge and achievements lifted him to a level where men allowed him to fix his own standards of behavior.

Young people, especially of high school age, conform because they haven't been taught enough of anything. This develops a sense of insecurity which forces them to huddle together in a crowd culture dominated by the perfect kid who knows a little of everything and a lot of nothing.

Who are the real individualists? They are not the people who stand out among their peers--the hot rodders, the beatniks, the do-it-all kids. Lacking a security based on knowledge, these are the kids who substitute fads for genuine independence. Their fads--(off-beat dress, different appearance, unconventional language) seem to them to be the best expression of nonconformity. They are not; they are conformity in the most absurd way. The real individualist is the person who has achieved and who has strong, genuine interests. He is the person who has built a base of self-confidence from which he can set his own pace and break away from the restrictions of his peer-dominated culture.

As a student you are now given freedom in deciding what you will do. You are also given the responsibility of using this freedom in a way beneficial not only to yourself but to everyone. The desirable situation allows progress toward the development of genuine individual achievement and expression. Given freedom and responsibility to do the job you must make the progress.



# A PURPOSE

by Randy Sengel  
'67

What makes a magazine worth reading? Variety, for one thing. Your staff has combed the student body of T. C. Williams for the very best we can find in fiction, non-fiction, poetry and art, and has added a healthy dash of that illusive but popular ingredient—humor. Quality counts too and we have wrestled long and hard to define that: learning that it is hard to come by, but well worth the effort.

Presenting something in a new, provocative way, or being creative, must be added to the list. This will mark the writer or artist as having something fresh to give the reader, something worth a second look.

Along with these three guideposts we intend to follow certain other high standards in producing a magazine which will be of value to the reader. These standards will include good mechanics, good characterization, a clear intent of the writer or artist, and appreciable literary or art value.

The staff of your magazine is free to produce a magazine in the way it sees fit. In producing this magazine we shoulder certain responsibilities to you the reader. However this freedom and these responsibilities are inseparable. Your staff is free to make editorial comment and is responsible for knowing the issues; is free to select and publish what it wants and is responsible for printing what is decent in a manner fair to all.

Here is a magazine in which you will not be forced to look for selections of quality and value; you may expect them. We are here to produce a magazine by the standards we have established, one which you will enjoy.

lab y rinth (lab i rinth), N. 1. A place full of intricate passageways; a maze. 2. Any inextricable or bewildering state of things; a perplexity.

The word labyrinth has its origin in the tales of Greek mythology:

Minos, the powerful king of Crete, had lost his only son at the hands of the Athenian king. As a result, he threatened to raze the city of Athens to the ground if seven maidens and seven youths were not sent to him each year as a tribute. When these young people reached Crete they were given to the Minotaur to devour.

The Minotaur was a monster--half bull, half human. At the time of this creature's birth Minos commissioned Deadalus, a great architect, to construct a place for its confinement. Deadalus built the Labyrinth from which escape was impossible. Once inside, one could wander endlessly through its twisting paths and mazes without ever finding the exit. Each year fourteen Athenian youths were introduced to the Labyrinth and left to the Minotaur. They could run aimlessly or stay in one place, but the doom that awaited them was inevitable.

Unfortunately, Webster's dictionary and Greek mythology paint a rather bleak picture of the word "labyrinth". However, the labyrinth that ensues in the following pages is not meant to be deadly, but enticing; not bewildering but enriching.

You have already entered our maze and we hope that you will lose yourself in its passages. Yet if you wish to leave, there are no twisting corridors to follow. All that is necessary is the closing of the cover.

The only Minotaur that will devour youths will be the Minotaur of your emotions--love, hate, joy, pity, compassion.

The only walls of this labyrinth are stained glass windows through which shine the multi-colors of life.

Our maze is not occupied by death dealing monsters but by boys and girls, men and women, trees and wind and moonlight.

With this we cast you into the magazine maze of--the LABYRINTH.

## Dear Students of T. C. Williams High School

As one of the members of the staff, I thought it my duty to inform you of the magazine. I hereby describe a typical class period of the Labyrinth.

I walked down F-hall, to the Conference room, where we met, until our regular and permanent room, C-11, is finished. Coming down the hall in the opposite direction, I spotted Darrell Brown's golden tresses, almost shoulder-length, with Darrell underneath them. Mr. Brown, or "Hairy", as we of the staff affectionately know him, is the Art editor.







As Darrell and I walked into the room, we saw Steve Cooper, local representative for Hell's Angels and layout director trying to get his red motor scooter to do a wheel stand in the front of the room. When he saw Darrell and me, he said, "Hey Dare-Baby, let's us go out and hunt down some ads."

"Cool your jets, man, I gotta check in this cell fore I can bust out with ya", Darrell replied. He was referring to going out with Steve to get advertisements, one source of revenue for our publication.

Darrell got permission from our sponsor, Miss Robertson, to leave and sprinted to the door, where he mounted the scooter behind Steve, just as he was trying his last wheelie. They were off down the hall in a cloud of blue smoke.

Randy Sengel, our Editor-in-Chief, who never has time for anything but the magazine, looked up from his solid geometry homework, just as Darrell and Steve were burning a hole in the carpet, tearing out. Looking somewhat disgruntled, he yelled down the hall, "Hey, Steve, next time you leave don't scratch out so fast—that carpet cost the school board a lot of money."

Judy Oakland, selection editor, immediately raised her hand and asked Miss Robertson if she didn't think it would be a nice idea if we used some of the money from petty cash to buy a scatter rug to put over the recent hole.

Kathleen Trotter, a member of the selection staff, raised her hand, and when called upon commented, "I think it's a nice idea, but we won't have to buy one and spend all our hard-earned money if we take up a collection of socks and make a braid rug out of them. The ancient Egyptians used to make them; in fact, a cat wrapped up in a braided rug was found mummified in the tomb of King Hatshap-sut in the year 1843 (in the valley of the kings) by Dr. Zodnik and his associates. Therefore it is not strange that the people of the Byzantine Era should also be famous for their braid rugs. . . ."

She was interrupted by Mitchell Armstrong, business director, caretaker of all the money, who asked if anyone else would like to play a small game of dice with her, because she had just cleaned

Buddy Clements, managing director, out of his lunch money for the next month. She also promised that all proceeds would go to the publication.

Betsy Land, prose editor, commented, "I think it would be nice for us to buy a throw rug for the yearbook, because then they will probably buy one for us and we will have established better relations with one of the other publications".

Kitty Comer, poetry editor, said that she agreed with Betsy. She also made a motion that Betsy could ride home with her if she wanted to.

Sally Burke, a member of the selection staff, said, "I think that we should give the yearbook a bath mat. Chances are, they'll give us a bath mat back. Since a bath mat has more grip, Steve will be able to do his wheel stands more easily, and will be better at it when he represents us at the Columbia Motorcycle Exhibition in New York."

She was interrupted by Mary Ann Horan, associate art editor, and Melissa Bogle, who had been proofreading. It seems that after Melissa had heard the story of how Mary Ann had seen the Pope in New York (for the eighth time in the first five minutes of the class period), she hit Miss Horan over the head with a Webster's New World Dictionary, rendering her temporarily unconscious.

The silence was broken only when Melissa Howe, typing director, asked Miss Bogle for the dictionary so that she could make sure of the spelling of the word "cat". Miss Howe types the articles that are to go into the magazine.

Dick Shultz, assistant selection editor, then walked in, and before he could say "What's going on here?", was attacked by Bob Wood, associate production editor, and president of the school, who quickly threw a head lock on him and challenged him to "Try to get out of this one".

As the two bodies lay wrestling on the floor, Susan Reichardt, publicity chairman, plodded in a half hour late, which is early for her.

Students, you've got a magazine and a staff to be proud of. Take care of them. If you see them falling down stairs, catch them. If you see them trying to jump out of a window, try to talk them down, even if they are in the basement. Be proud of them. They're all that we've got.

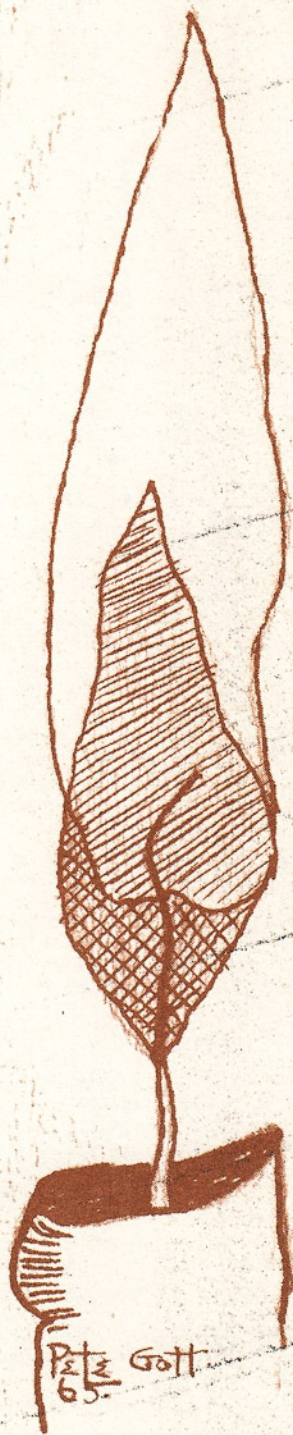
Sorrowfully submitted, John Komoroske  
Production Director



## TAKE TIME

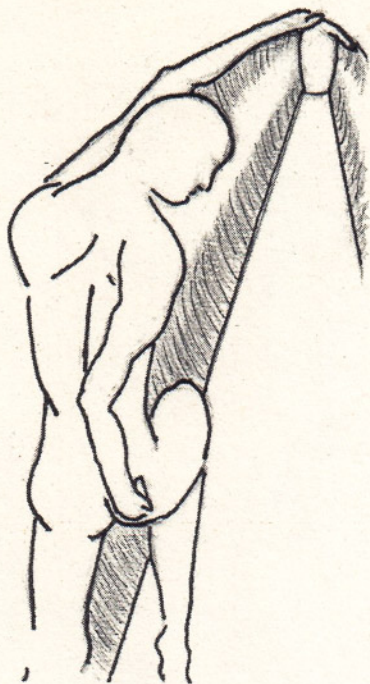
by Virginia Biscoe '67

I often watch a candle glow,  
    Burning there so soft and low.  
I think of every hour gone by,  
    And why the sun sails 'cross the sky.  
For each small kernel of golden wheat,  
    Is there a robin's song so sweet?  
Does everyone on this planet of ours  
    Dream of missiles and far-away stars?  
For every sinner who's gone astray,  
    Is there another who's found the Way?  
Are there some people who love to live,  
    To receive and receive, but never give?  
When the earth is silent  
    and whirling slow. . . .  
Take time to look at a candle's glow.



Pete Gott  
65





# THE LAST WAVE

by Alan Morgan  
'69

It was a warm night, with the waves of the Pacific making their muffled approach to the beach as a silver-white moon illuminated the vast expanse of sea and sand.

From where she sat, Carol could see the surfboards stuck upright in the sand. To her they looked like great temples, for Carol thought of her new sport as a cult, a way of life. Tonight was to be an important one for Carol; for she was to ride her first set of big waves, or heavies, as she had learned to call them.

As the smell of charred wood and hot dogs, cooked over a fire, drifted toward her, Carol thought of the weeks of practice she had put in on surfing. She thought of the sounds of the sea in her ears, the cool feel of water surrounding her when she fell off of her surfboard. Even the new people she had come to know since she had moved to California were different. They were not conceited as her friends back East had been.

Suddenly, she saw it, the monstrous fluid wall coming ever closer to the beach. Carol knew that her time had come.

Like someone possessed, Carol walked with board in hand to the water's edge. Soon she was paddling out to where she would meet the giant wave. All at once, she was up, ever picking up speed as the water churned behind and below her. The raging fury of the wave thrilled Carol. She knew now that she would be a surfer until the day she died.

Suddenly, Carol froze from fear at the sight in front of her; for facing her, looking like the ominous face of death, stood the jagged features of a coral reef. Being too afraid to turn, Carol could let out only one small scream before she felt the biting, stinging pain of being thrown upon the razor-sharp coral; then she felt nothing.

On the beach, a crowd of surfers stood and stared as the bleeding, lifeless body was dashed upon the beach by the last wave.

## FROM START TO FINISH

by Dick de Wilde  
'67

He raced madly down the dim passageway, once again to find his way blocked. Jumping high in the air, he reached out with hands and feet for a foothold, only to slide slowly down the slick panel. From wall to wall, he wove a weary path down musty and cobwebbed corridors. He wondered if those that followed would find his decaying bones in some black corner or if he would die unknown, never to be seen by living beings again. The passage led him first to the right, then again to a blank wall. Warily he retraced his steps, moving mechanically from corridor to corridor.

"I must get out. Out . . . out!"

His pulse beat a mad tattoo on his temples; the dust stopped his breathing, and the tears made a grey mist out of the dim air. Thoughts raced madly through his head, tumbling over themselves in their eagerness for comprehension. Slowly losing his senses, he began a futile race with a small cockroach, only to tumble head first into the hard walls of his omnipresent prison.

"There must be an end....How long can I last? For the clear, clear air of freedom, for...."

In the midstream the thoughts broke. Something pricked his deadened nerves. On a distant wall he could see the reflection of bright, yellow light. With heart beating madly, pulse hammering, he summoned his small reserve of strength and began a somewhat pathetic half-run, half-stagger toward the distant mirage of freedom. He clutched wildly at the string called life, and with a snap, it broke.

"Is he dead, Owen?"

"Yeah. . . I wonder why? Stupid mouse. Only three inches from the end of the maze..he must have seen it. You'd think freedom was too much for some things. Well, put in the other one, we'll try him."



# LOOK AND YOU WILL SEE

by Clifton Lewis '69

*Have you ever looked at the grain of a tree?  
It streams and flows as if it were free,  
The rings show the time the tree has been here;  
It shows the wear and tear of the year.*

*The tree is soft and sometimes brittle;  
And in the wind it sways a little;  
Its veins are filled with liquid sap,  
Like little rivers of life on a map.*

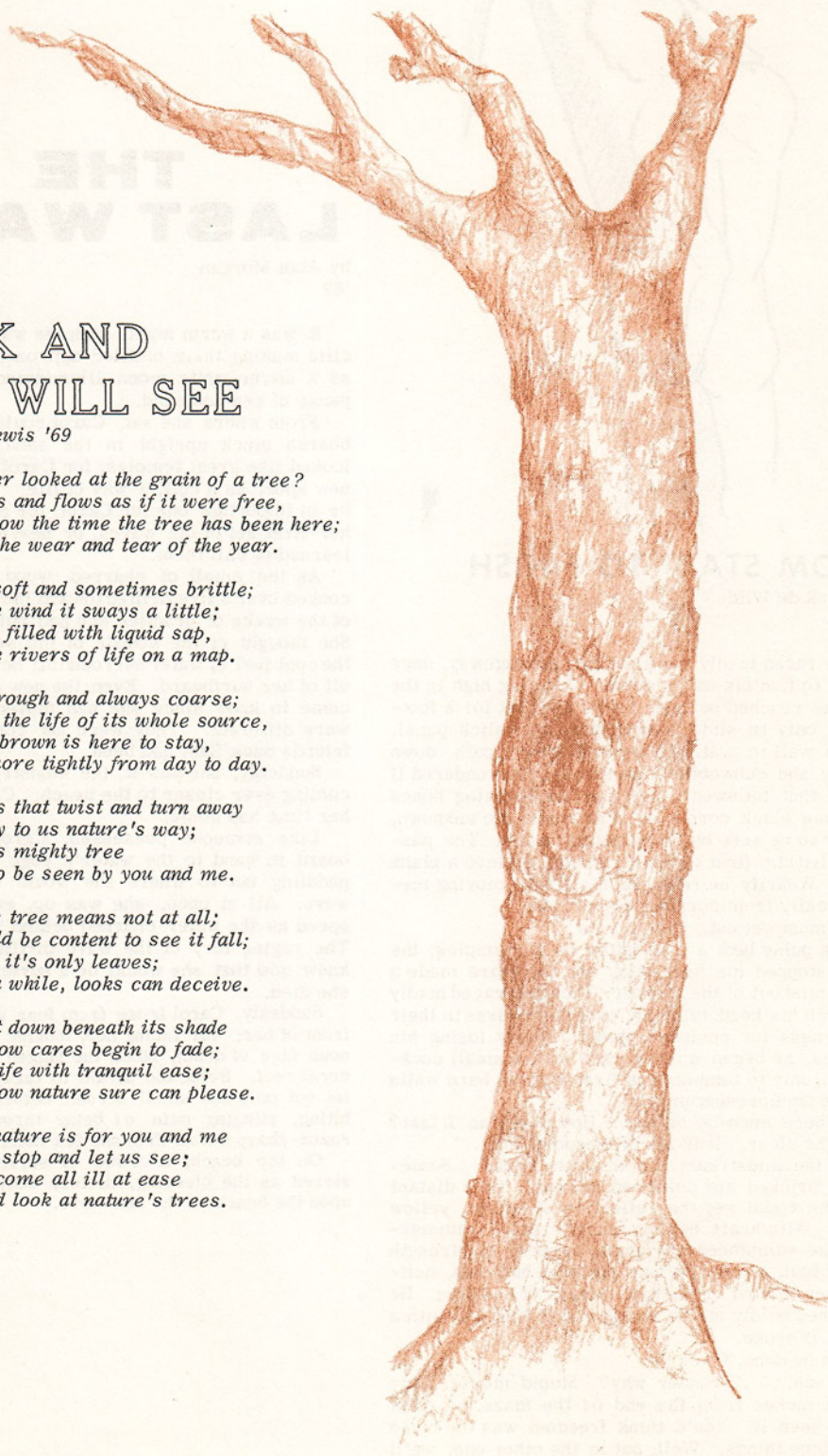
*The bark is rough and always coarse;  
It shields the life of its whole source,  
This coat of brown is here to stay,  
It grips more tightly from day to day.*

*The branches that twist and turn away  
Say beauty to us nature's way;  
All in all this mighty tree  
Is there to be seen by you and me.*

*To some this tree means not at all;  
They would be content to see it fall;  
For after all it's only leaves;  
But wait a while, looks can deceive.*

*Now sit right down beneath its shade  
And see how cares begin to fade;  
You look at life with tranquil ease;  
You see how nature sure can please.*

*This gift of nature is for you and me  
To really stop and let us see;  
When you become all ill at ease  
Go out and look at nature's trees.*





# A SATIRE

by Judy Oakland

'67

Cheating is such a wonderful thing. I really don't see how one can get along in life without the pleasant habit (or is it a vice?) of cheating.

I'm sure the art of cheating has been developing in this world since time has been recorded by man. It gives one such a feeling of satisfaction, does it not, to know that one, for example, has attained a superior grade on a test without as much as turning a page? It gives one a feeling of being terribly intelligent and much smarter than other simple, honest, people.

Cheating is the best way to get along in this world, especially if one is agnostic and feels he has no conscience. Consciences are so old-fashioned. Why, people believed in them hundreds of years ago, so surely by now it has been proved that there is no such thing. By cheating one can gain so many material possessions and acquire so many friends. Yes, one can acquire friends; but somehow it seems that after a while these "friends" drift away. Of course the reason must be that the cheater is giving others an inferiority complex because he is so good that his friends soon learn how marvelous a person he is; thus a cheater is bad for a non-cheater's ego.

To develop the art of cheating to its fullest extent one must be in the right frame of mind. Most people are so stupid they don't realize that underhandedness is the road to success. That is what everybody wants, isn't it? So, in the first place one must conquer and completely indoctrinate oneself, or else one will never fully be able to fool people.

It isn't really important if one is detected by a small number of people, for the ones that detect a cheater are the real suckers. They should have left this world before the industrial revolution. There is no room in this earth for people who believe in truth or honesty. This is the age of reason and, as almost all people do know, cheating is the key to success, wealth and self-esteem, if that is all you want in this life.



## THE CORRUPTION OF WALTER GANT

by Susie Hamilton

'67

"Ah, excuse me!"

"Shut up ya bumbling fool! Do ya want that they should hear us coming, huh?"

Bumbling. Yes, that was the word for Walter Gant. Always bumping into something or someone. "Excuse me" were two very familiar words to Walter. And now, somehow, he had become involved in this. . .this. . .well, this "operation" which required a great deal of delicacy, a trait Walter had never been fortunate enough to possess.

As he crept and stumbled along the dark alley with Cat and Red, Walter tried to remember how he had become involved in the first place. His rather slow mind wandered back to the time when he first met Cat and Red on the elevator, the freight elevator, to be exact. Of course he had not meant to get on that elevator but he had just finished apologizing for knocking an armful of papers on the floor and he was rather flustered. Somehow, within several minutes after he got on the slow-moving elevator, he had managed to knock a pile of cartons onto the two enraged delivery men. While trying to repile the cartons, Walter accidentally broke open a box from which fell a crowbar, a glass-cutter, and various master keys to the building. To Walter, this meant nothing; to the two men, about \$6000 down the drain if Walter questioned their intentions.

"You stupid jerk! You clumsy oaf! First ya knock everything into a mess, and then ya go and break open this box of stuff what we gots to use, and I ought to knock yer face in fer that, you fathead!"

"Shut up, Red. Now look, Mister, Red don't mean nothing. He's just not too polite with manners and all, ya see?" The second man gave Red a look which obviously meant, "Shut up before you jam your over-sized foot down your throat."

Now Walter wasn't really stupid, a little slow sometimes, but not stupid. Anyway, he realized that there must be more to the situation than met the eye. Always ready with an intelligent statement, Walter remarked, "There is more to this than meets the eye!"





That was how it had started, and now here he was, stumbling along the familiar side entrance alley of the bank building, made for the soul purpose of aiding robbers. Never having committed any major criminal offense before, Walter felt rather nervous and shaky. He had always prided himself on his integrity, and somehow, when Red had described the robbery to Walter, it hadn't seemed at all dishonest. However, the situation did seem a little different now, but it was much too late to back down. Cat had planned the hold-up to the most minute detail, and Walter was part of the strategy.

Suddenly, a loud crash brought Walter's thoughts back to the present. "What was that? Who's there?" Cat's voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Uh, excuse me, Cat. Just a little accident, heh, heh. Guess I sort of hit the old garbage can there. Sorry about that," apologized poor, clumsy Walter.

"Well look ya stupid jerk. Be more careful in the future, 'cause if they hear us ya know what's gonna happen."

"Yeah, and anyways, ya make me nervous!" added Red.

"Well listen. While we're stopped here I'll go over the plan with ya two fatheads again. Now, the bank's gonna be real quiet, so we gotta be like church mice. There are only three people in there, the two tellers and the night watchman. We gotta go down the west hall and then right into the vault room. Now Gant, ya know what to do?" Cat asked.

"Yes, I guard the door."

"Yeah, and Red, ya watch the men real close so

they don't try anything cute while I get the dough."

"Check."

"Okay, let's go to it. We can't go wrong."

With this assurance, the three conspirators continued down the alley to the door. At the door, Cat pulled out his ring of keys. Having worked in the building as a maintenance man for several months, Cat knew which keys fit which doors. The door slowly swung open. The three robbers entered and tip-toed down the carpeted hall. By now, Walter was beginning to have some very definite misgivings about the situation. In his stomach there seemed to be a revolution, as though he kept his morals in his stomach, and he couldn't quite digest his dishonesty. Running his hand along the wall for support, Walter suddenly hit the fire extinguisher. A burst of water sprayed across the room, hitting Red in the face, almost knocking him over with surprise.

"I surrender, I surrender. I wasn't really gonna do nutting' bad officer. Honest! I was just taking a little midnight stroll and it seems I find myself...."

"Shut up, you blubbing loudmouth," Cat interrupted Red's confession. "Just get over here and help us shut this stupid thing off, which our friend Walter so 'cleverly' started."

"Ya mean that stupid Gant's done it again? You clumsy, stupid jack. . ."

"Shut up and let's get going. We ain't got no time for your problems."

Once again the gang started down the hall. This time, however, the journey was successful. Cat and Red pushed through the door, where the three startled bankers were just finishing the counting. Walter waited outside the door, just in case someone showed up unexpectedly. Inside the vault room he could hear everything going just as it had been planned.

"Aw right youse guys, just hand us the cash nice and polite and then nobody'll get hurt. We would'n't want for anyone to be knocked off now, would we? So just don't try nothing cute."

"That would be Red talking," thought Walter. His knees shaking so hard under him that he could barely stand, Walter leaned up against the wall for support. He missed the wall, and while trying to regain his balance, his hand slipped and broke a piece of glass in the wall. Suddenly, a siren went off, lights flashed on and off, and bells began to ring. Hearing three shots in the room, Walter rushed into the office. Fear had given him sudden strength, but seeing the three bodies on the floor, Walter immediately fell into a dead faint.

When Walter came to, the first thing he realized was that he was not in a jail. As a matter of fact, he was in his own living room, and there were a lot of people in there with cameras and notebooks. Someone with a bandaged arm was talking.

"...and then that brave man Mr. Gant rushed in and saw those two thieves and set off the alarm and so now the bank is going to reward him generously and. . ."

That was all Walter needed to hear. He had no idea how his presence in the bank had been explained, but there must be some explanation, which he was sure he would discover soon enough. Anyway, a reward sounded enjoyable, so Walter decided not to raise any questions.

Sometimes now, as Walter stumbles about his business, he remembers that night and wonders why people constantly insist that crime doesn't pay.



# RUINS

by Betsy Land '67

*High above the city lie the ruins,  
Looking down upon our modern world  
Of cars and fenced-in yards and paper bags,  
As if they find the bustling crowd absurd.*

*From the milling throngs a small boy turns  
To look with awe upon the crumbling ruins.  
He does not comprehend their role in life,  
But knows that long ago they made their mark.*

*As airplanes soar above their humble hill,  
The ruins only smile among themselves.  
Although they stand where modern eyes may glance,  
Within echoing halls old secrets dwell.*

*The ruins have a message for us all  
Important in the eyes of history;  
For in the secrets of their glorious past  
They hold the key to future harmony.*







## A Rendezvous With Dawn

Jim Snyder

'67

Flashing hoofs came down with a clatter that shook the wooden bridge and shattered the stillness of the dark. That, in a fleeting instant, was quickly left behind like endless miles of other horse-beaten paths as we rounded the bend and sped onward. With almost magical ease my horse strode forward, his hoofs so swiftly moving that they left only a foggy blur to the observing eye. The dark winding ribbon, which was the road before us, was splotted with moonlight at indifferent intervals where that luminous disk the moon had cared to poke its beams through tall, sombre pines and hemlocks which lined the narrow pathway. Like great iron bars they rose upward and we, like frightened criminals searching for that open door that never is, fled between them.

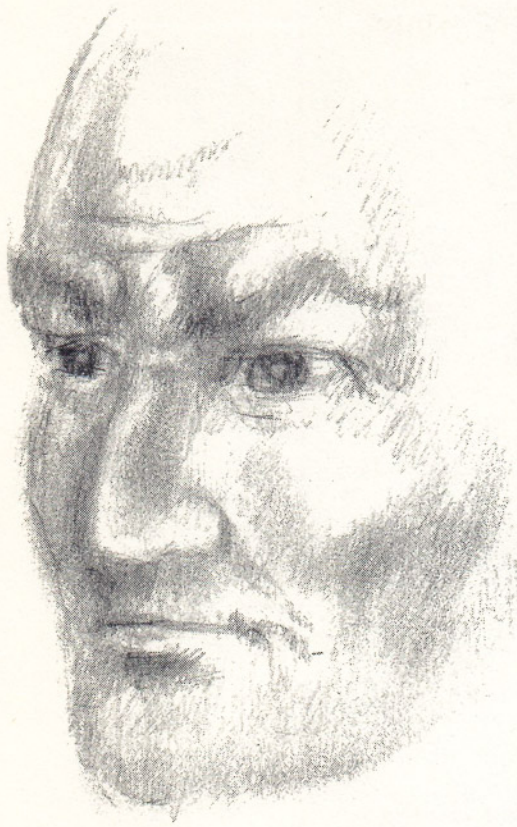
The cold air hitting against my face and whipping the auburn mane of my companion into a thousand separate ways, brought me back to the world of reality. Instinctively, I shivered and attempted to draw my coat closer about me. I hunched forward in the saddle, urged my steed onward and gazed steadily at the road ahead. A rabbit bounded into the path and scampered ahead of us for a moment, as if bewildered and uncertain

as to which way to go, before finally veering off into the underbrush. The pounding hoofbeats had become part of me now and the cold breeze wasn't chilly anymore but refreshing. A bunch of scarlet leaves blown with a loud rustle from an isolated clump of maples momentarily frightened my horse, but the rhythm of the road soon brought us back to that mystic state that we had known before.

He was breathing heavily now so we slowed to a trot. A clear water brook crossed the road ahead and we halted at it. He drank the cold, silvery liquid with eagerness, drawing deeply with every swallow. I stood there, my hand on the saddle, watching for a moment. It was getting late, so I remounted and we were off, accompanied only by the chirping of crickets who would cease their conversation as we approached and resume the dialogue when we passed.

We were moving into higher country now. Hemlock and pine were gradually being replaced by dwarf spruce and knarled evergreens and lichens etching out a living in the fissures of the now exposed rock. With difficulty, but still with the same eagerness we knew at the start, we clambered up the hill. We paused at the top of the ridge, the world at our feet, and stood silent except for the sound of our frosty breath. Gazing at the now grey sky, we watched the first beam of the new day slip over the horizon, then wheeled, and were gone.





## ENVISAGE

by Kathi McGraw  
'69

This is the face of an individual who has a tremendous burden to bear. The eyes are deep-set and just as deeply troubled. They appear to have a long-lost stare; no, wait, I feel they are perceiving the future, a day when all men shall revel in freedom. The eyes are the windows of the soul.....

The features are extremely rugged in character. There are the firm, determined jaw and the tightly-closed lips. Those are surrounded by a growth of bristly beard. The cheekbones are high. The cheeks themselves are rather hollow. The skin has a leathery quality to it. A large forehead, wrinkled by various expressions, rises above slightly furrowed brows. Yes, it is rugged, you decide. Hardened, too, perhaps. But then it strikes you. There is something kind and gentle and strong about this face. Courage shows through, also. You can almost imagine that a tear or two may have trickled down this face in disparaging moments. But there is still hope written into every detail of it.

This is the face of a man.

## MATURITY

by Lesley McGehee '67

*Maturity stumbles,  
fails and falters,  
rises  
higher,  
lowers,  
then soars again,  
blossoming into a flower  
of love,  
of wisdom,  
knowledge and youth.  
Youth nourishes itself on maturity  
and stumbles,  
fails and falters,  
rises  
higher,  
lowers,  
then soars again,  
blossoming into a flower  
that becomes maturity.  
Thus begins the cycle  
again,  
An eternity of growing.*





## *Art Section*

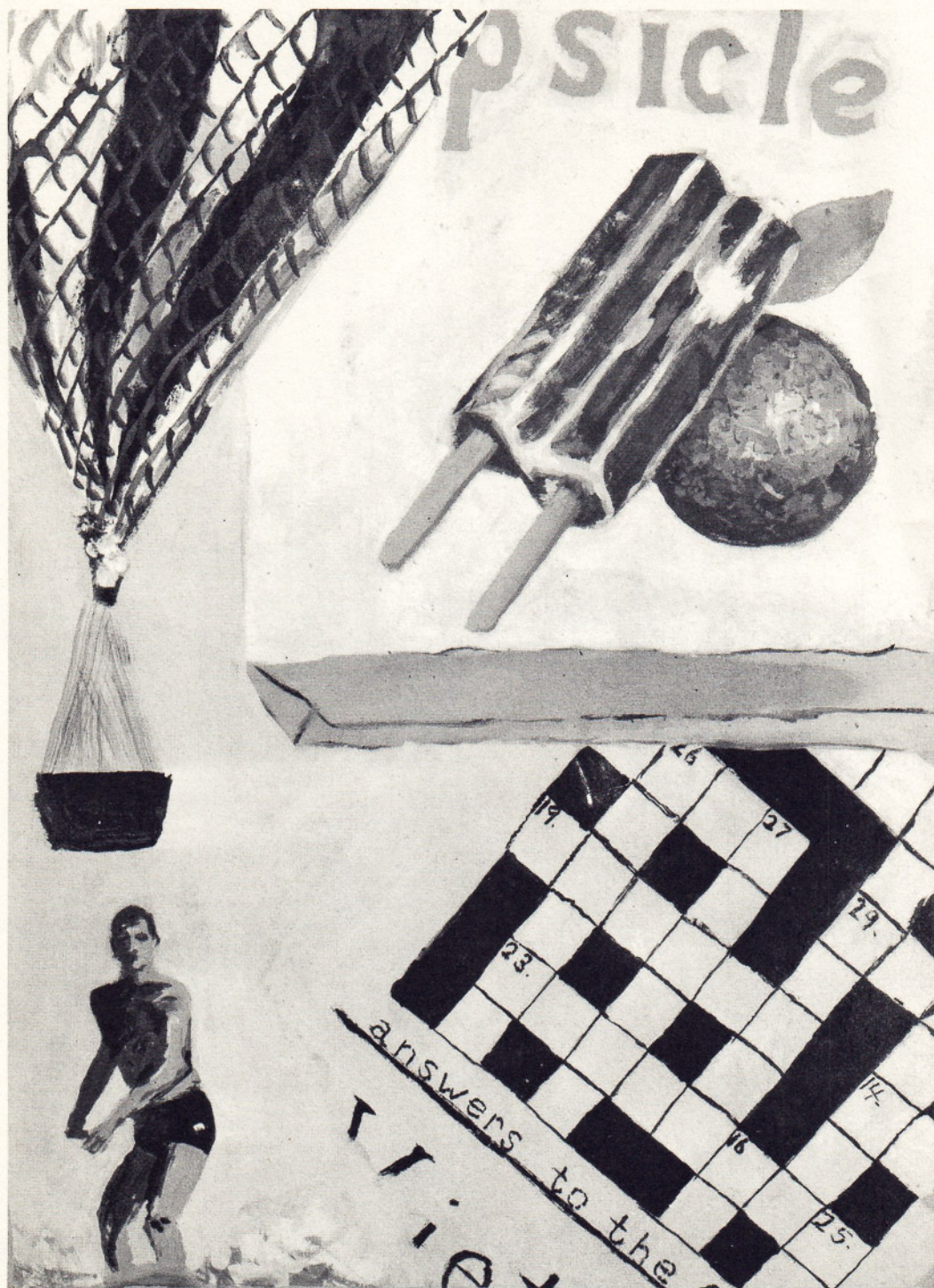


*Arpi Sourian '67*



*Mike Bourgois '67*





*Terry O'Meara '70*





*Norman Crowe '69*



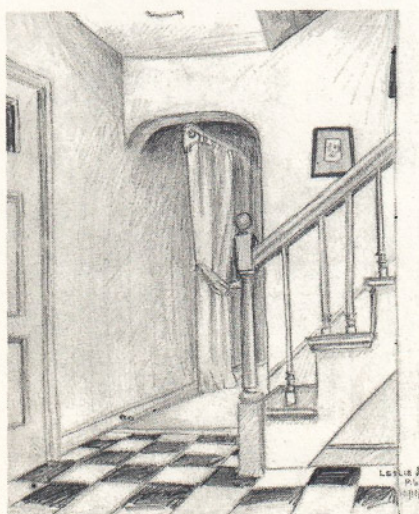


*Diana Thompson '67*





*Karen Pair '68*



*Leslie Ash '67*



*Janet Oglesby '68*





*Mike Hodges '68*



## Je Ne Sais Pas

by Marjorie Ellen Emm '68

*Je ne sais pas pourquoi, pourquoi  
L'alouette chante dans les bois;  
Je ne sais pas pourquoi, pourquoi  
Mon coeur est chaud quand il fait froid;  
Je ne sais pas pourquoi, pourquoi  
Il n'y a que toi pour moi.*

*Est-ce parce que le Dieu est bon,  
Parce que le Bon Pere, Il aime le monde?  
Est-ce que parce qu'il désirait  
Faire ce beau monde dans cette manière?*

*Ca ne me fait rien pourquoi  
Personne ne me fait plaisir que toi.  
Seras-tu, ma chérie, à moi?  
Tous ce que je veux, c'est toi.*

## Symphony

by Marjorie Ellen Emm '68

*An entity so vast that man  
might never comprehend,  
A force too great and powerful  
for mortals to transcend,  
An anthem that is wordless  
yet is able to relate,  
Are symphonies of life which  
only artists can create.*

## THE HERETIC

by Marjorie Ellen Emm '68

*He said he would revolt  
And fight this blasphemy;  
Men know he did revolt,  
For all the world can see  
That he still is—  
Revolting.*

## PLACID PLACE

by Gerald W. Lego '70

*"Dedicated to the men who fought and  
died in Viet-Nam; that they have died  
for a just and peacemaking cause."*

*Clashing, slashing, uproarious sound  
To war with the peoples, uplifted arms,  
Come to the village, bringing all harms.*

-----  
*The war is ended, there is no sound,  
Only stillness all around.  
At peace with the peoples who lie in the ground;  
Death is to them what life has not found.*



# Sight Unseen

by Toni Pitts, 1967

Briefly and almost unnoticeably, while engaged in amusing laughter with fellow comrades, you lapse into a piteous stare at the person who wanders into the room at that moment. He is blind. Instantly the very popular thought flashes through your mind—"But for the grace of God, there go I." You return to reality just in time to catch the punch line of a joke being told. If you stop to think, you realize the blessing bestowed on the human being in place of the blessing which was taken from him. In his sight, though it be darkness, all men are equal. Prejudices against race, color or creed do not exist. Blue, blond, black or white are merely adjectives which hold no meaning or value except to those with vision. Through the merits or faults of character, the blind judges each one he meets. In another capacity our sightless hero is able to depict people or things in any manner he chooses. Blotted from his sight is the destruction of nature's violence, the shame of man's inhumanity to man. Yet, you argue that he misses all the beauty of the earth; you forget that goodness and kindness need not be seen; they are felt. The smell of fresh air, the warmth of sunlight, the joy of children's laughter, and the touch of a furry kitten are beauty to one who sees no evil.



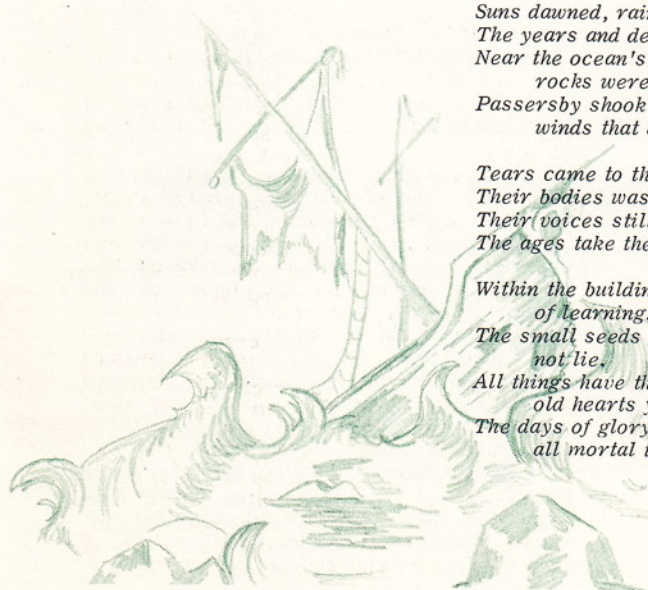
## A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

by Karen Gray '68

*Suns dawned, rains poured, snow whitened the world.  
The years and decades passed in solemn review.  
Near the ocean's shore, a door creaked and old glass shattered as  
rocks were hurled.  
Passersby shook their heads at the ancient edifice, battered by  
winds that blew.*

*Tears came to the eyes of the aged, as they saw destruction,  
Their bodies wasting away as did the stone.  
Their voices stilled by death, no more to shout in exultation,  
The ages take their toll on all, from rock to human bone.*

*Within the building young minds had grown and sought new fields  
of learning.  
The small seeds grew and spread their roots, but the years do  
not lie.  
All things have their time, the ancient cell and rusted iron set  
old hearts yearning.  
The days of glory past, the memory dimmed—  
all mortal things must die.*





## "THE CHILDREN WILL CRY"

by Janet Deeney  
'67

Mary Donovan was taking inventory. Having been in Samoa for only a scant few hours, she would soon be leaving. Leaving for home, she thought. For the past two years, since the beginning of her stretch in the Peace Corps, home had fled farther and farther away from her mind. Only occasionally, while she was looking at family pictures or lying awake in bed, the old, familiar things came flowing back to her slowly, like an incoming tide, only to be chased away again by a sudden jungle noise.

She had been sorry to leave, of course. She would never be the same again for the people and her experiences with them; but the lure of home was strong, more so after the visit by her supervisor. Just his presence had been enough to make her realize how much she'd been missing. After that the days couldn't go fast enough. She went through the time in a daze with her thoughts focused on only one objective. And now, closer to her dream than she had been in over two years, with her appetite whetted by sights and sounds, even so slightly reminiscent of home as people speaking English or reading newspapers; now she was plagued by a strange, nagging guilt and made miserable by an overriding gloom. In her troubled heart, Mary Donovan knew why.

There had been no grand going-away party for her. Living on a barren volcanic atoll, constantly subject to malnutrition and a legion of other diseases scarcely encouraged such amenities. This is not to say that the people were completely indifferent to her departure. They came in a steady trickle, alone or in family groups, to bid her good-bye, and in a few rare instances, to offer a small gift or memento--a shell or a coconut or something of that sort. Most of the stuff didn't get through customs, she reflected, but the thoughts behind them, the look in the giver's eyes were beyond the inspector's reach. Mary had always believed in that sort of reward, but never had she realized how great it could be.

One of the last people to see her the night before she left was Elizabeth. Elizabeth was Mary's "chief cook and bottle-washer", as it were. A widow with three children, she had been Mary's first customer. Elizabeth herself had seemed fairly healthy, suffering only from the usual malnutrition and vitamin deficiencies. The same was true of her children, with the exception of the middle one. He was dying of tuberculosis as his father had. His racking, relentless cough had preceded the little group as they completed the final lap of their long journey from one of the other islands. The two days since her arrival had given Mary some time in which to set up her clinic, and now she was looking forward to getting down to work. She quickly diagnosed their problems and distributed some vitamin pills. She remembered thinking: "I must get something going to fill out their diet." They mainly ate fish, she knew from her Corps training, with some rice, yams or maybe coconuts. Only the lucky were blessed with a balanced diet, and the Shepherd Islands people weren't too lucky.

For the boy, the one with TB, she could do nothing. As she struggled with her French to find the right way to tell the mother, Mary was constantly

aware of her hard, seemingly emotionless gaze. The statement didn't come out too well; but it didn't seem to make much difference. As far as the mother was concerned, that only made it official. Then she had asked if Mary would care for him if she would stay and be her assistant.

Elizabeth had been a great help, enormously patient with the inexperienced nurse. The vitamins, which cured their beri-beri, and the shots for malaria and other disorders, which would have been given anyway, seemed ample reward to her for all of her long, hard work. Even when her son died, the one with TB, less than a year later, she didn't stint on her labor. Even when Mary had to tell her that her oldest girl had it too and would die unless an impossible sum could be found, Elizabeth had stuck by her, though every cough her daughter made emphasized Mary's helplessness in the situation.

All this because Mary had made the babies on the island stop crying incessantly from hunger or pain or unhappiness. Cows, pigs, seeds and fertilizer brought by a Corpsman who stayed just long enough to get them started, and soaps and vitamin pills had worked this miracle. And a miracle it was, for the heart-rending moans and wails of those too young to know or understand why they hurt or why they were diseased had been a perpetual nightmare, one that had gone on for twenty-four hours a day for as long as anyone on the island could remember. The fact that malaria, dysentery and typhoid, among others, still held sway over their lives was a fact of life now made easier to bear.

So, Mary had been avoiding telling the people that there would be no replacement for her. One nurse couldn't do a really effective job, the supervisor had said, and there weren't enough doctors to send one to the Shepherds. They might be able to send an agricultural expert in a year or two, but a doctor was not in the foreseeable future. Of course, she could stay on if she wanted to, but if she left, a new nurse wouldn't be sent.

"I couldn't stay," she had replied, "I have a job lined up at home."

The job at home, however, had seemed pretty trite whenever Mary was working with Elizabeth or caring for the people in the clinic. So she had put off telling them there would be no replacement. She told herself that they would take good care of the animals, and watch their drinking water, but Mary knew that they wouldn't. A year after she had left it would be just as though she had never been there at all.

Elizabeth knew it too. When Mary finally told her, the night before she left, Elizabeth seemed a little bewildered. By the time Mary had finished her hasty, haphazard apology and explanation, she was as composed as ever. There was only one addition to her face; an indescribable something which indelibly etched in Mary's mind every feature, every detail of this courageous woman, old before her time. Thin and stooped, with a care-worn face and too many gray hairs among the black, her calloused hands shifted the infant in her arms. She stood up.

"Mademoiselle Donovan," she said, "we are grateful that you have come to help us. Soon hunger and sickness will be with us again, and the good you have done will be gone. We'll remember that you tried. We are sorry that no one will come after you leave. Soon the children will cry again." She



then left, with the simple dignity which had marked the little address. It was the first really original speech Elizabeth had ever made to Mary.

The next morning they all saw her off. Just as the ship gave anchor, Elizabeth's daughter started coughing and couldn't stop. She coughed and coughed and coughed...

It was still resounding in her ears. Superimposed over it was Elizabeth's quiet statement...

"the children will cry...."

"I couldn't," she murmured to herself, "I just couldn't!"

Suddenly she was sobbing, then angry and trembling, "I've got a job. I just couldn't.....couldn't.."

## THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

by Martha Emm '69

*Looking, he sees soft green trees with  
friendly rock rising above them  
And a blue lake reflecting sunlight  
like a gem.  
"I'll climb," he says, "It will be easy."  
But plodding along, the goal  
which looks so near seems ever farther.  
The peaks are steep and jagged rocks  
cut hands and tired feet.  
Still the weary mountain traveler  
travels on, his goal to meet.*

*As he nears the top, the air is crisp and cold;  
The peaks get steeper, the rocks more jagged.  
The way is rough and his clothes are ragged.  
He is tired, thirsty, and hungry, but bold.  
"I'll climb," he said, and climb he will.  
The weary mountain traveler travels still.*

*Once he gains the mountain's rim  
The struggle is forgotten.  
No longer does he look upward  
but down and out,  
And when he goes back down,  
without a doubt,  
When he no longer sees clearly  
or knows what is right,  
He can remember on the mountain  
where everything was bright.*



## AN OLD WOMAN'S PLEA

by Marjorie Ellen Emm '68

Mourn not at my funeral  
Nor weep at my death;  
Rejoice as I heavingly  
Draw my last breath.  
Be gay and be joyful  
For I am not gone;  
In spirit and truth  
I'll forever live on.  
Feast and go dancing,  
Be happy for me  
For I've found the Truth  
And that Truth set me free.  
Dry your tears, child,  
For your Father and I  
Will guard you and keep you  
Until you, too, die.



## A NECESSARY EVIL

by Virginia Herron '67

Politics drive me mad—  
Smiles, lies, hate.  
Why all this bother about government  
That you can just take?  
Why—because if it is gone,  
And there is no freedom  
Who governs the way we live?  
Not ourselves—but  
Someone else—the crowd  
Now growing stronger and stronger until—  
We have no freedom.



# THE CYCLE

by Steve Cooper  
'67

A shot rang out through the darkness and an American G. I. fell to his knees, then crumpled and slumped to the ground. Jim French crawled hastily to the fallen G. I.'s side, but he was too late. That's the way it was here; you were always too late. Slowly Jim stuck the G. I.'s rifle in the mud and carefully placed the soldier's helmet on top of it.

"Hey, French! Get the heck back in this trench unless you're plannin' on joinin' him."

"Take it easy, Dave. What difference would it make if I got it anyway? I'd be replaced."

Death such as this meant little to Jim and his buddy Dave Marsh. They saw too much of it to let it bother them. Every soldier in the trench knew that if a soldier was killed another would take his place.

The quiet stillness was broken by the voice of their sergeant. "Okay, now listen, but stay down. We got word that these guys are bein' controlled from a small shack behind us. I want four men to move back there and find it. Any questions?"

Various thoughts raced through Jim's mind as he vaguely heard what the sergeant said. We all gotta go sometime, he reasoned, why not be another Nathan Hale? No family to worry about. No one cares about us or about what happens over here.

"I'll go, Sarge," Jim said quietly. Dave jumped over to his side.

"What're you doin'? You gone crazy? You know darn well you'll get killed out there."

"So what. I'm sick and tired of this lousy, rotten war. I'm fed up to here with those jerks back home who don't care about us or what's happenin' here. I'm goin'."

"Okay, have it your way, but I'm comin' with you."

"Heck you are. You got a family to think about. Remember? And I don't want your blood on my hands if you get killed."

"Well it's up to me, not you, and I'm goin' with you whether you like it or not."

"Suit yourself."

Jim, Dave, and two other G. I.s crawled stealthily through the thick, wet jungle. About two-hundred yards ahead lay the shack. Jim motioned for the two other G. I.s to move around behind it. He watched as they disappeared into the thick underbrush.

Dave crawled over to Jim. "No matter what happens, Jim, I want you to know you've got the wrong attitude. People do care. They know we're here and they know what we're fighting for. They're Americans like you. They . . ."

"Shut up. I don't need your little lecture."

"I think you do. I don't think you know why you're here, except that you were transferred here. You're fighting because you have to, not because you want to uphold American policies."

"Okay, already —let up, will ya? I'll live the way I want."

"Yeah, but take it easy." Dave watched as Jim moved into the jungle and disappeared.

A shot rang out through the darkness and an American G. I. fell to his knees, then crumpled and slumped to the ground.





## THE POLITICIAN

by Mitchell Armstrong

'67

A thin but already balding young man, partially hidden in the huge crowd, watched carefully as the new President, John J. Ramsey, stepped slowly up to the podium. Smiling, he watched Ramsey place his right hand on the Bible, slowly raise his left hand, and carefully begin to repeat, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States and...." His eyes looked swiftly over the crowd.

"If they only knew," he thought, "if they only knew!"

He began to think of the first time he met Ramsey. It was at one of those big Washington parties about three months after Ramsey had been elected to Congress. From that first meeting he had known that Ramsey met every one of his requirements. Coming from a prominent family, he had married a very nice looking woman from an equally prominent family. They had one child and were expecting another soon. Just recently they had bought a home at Cape Cod which Mary Ramsey had tastefully furnished in antiques. They were the typical young upper-middle class family, the kind everyone liked.

It was just after this first meeting that he had approached Ramsey. He smiled as he thought of his clever method. He had flattered Ramsey--told him he was the perfect candidate to be President. After really laying it on, he had made his play. Ramsey should have him as his campaign manager. After all, he was the only one who understood him; the only one who knew his qualifications. Well, it

had worked like a charm. He had become not only Ramsey's campaign manager but also his speech writer.

From then on he had planned Ramsey's every move. He wrote every speech carefully and then taught Ramsey just what gestures to use. He made sure that Ramsey's name was mentioned at least once a week in all the major columns. On every important issue he instructed Ramsey just when to speak--not too early, never too late. It had worked perfectly. Four years later it was Senator John J. Ramsey.

Then came the time to start their big campaign. He had stepped up the publicity. Everyone knew about the young senator with the pretty young wife and two small children. They seemed to be such a nice family. Naturally, when candidates for President were being mentioned, Ramsey's name would come up. Two years later he won the nomination in San Francisco.

The campaign had been a snap. Rogers, Ramsey's opponent, did not even present a challenge. Rogers was one of those dull, uninteresting men--middle-aged and not particularly distinguished looking. His wife, well, she was drab; that was the only adjective he could use to describe her. He wondered how Rogers had even been nominated.

Ramsey was now beginning to give his inaugural address. Pretty good one too--he had written it.

"Yes," he thought, "Ramsey was certainly the perfect politician. He had every qualification except one: he did not have a mind of his own."

## MEMORIES

by Kitty Comer '67

*Within the realms of human care  
Dwell memories beyond compare  
Of days in youth, a night's sweet dreams  
As pass the years of bright moonbeams.*

*Remembrances of times long past  
Awaken scenes--charades which last--  
Of people, places, tasks well done,  
Yet which of these is present? None.*

*When winds have blown the years our way,  
I pray that there shall come a day  
When treasured moments deem to rise  
From lost volumes, unto our eyes.*



## MEDITATION

by Marshall Emm

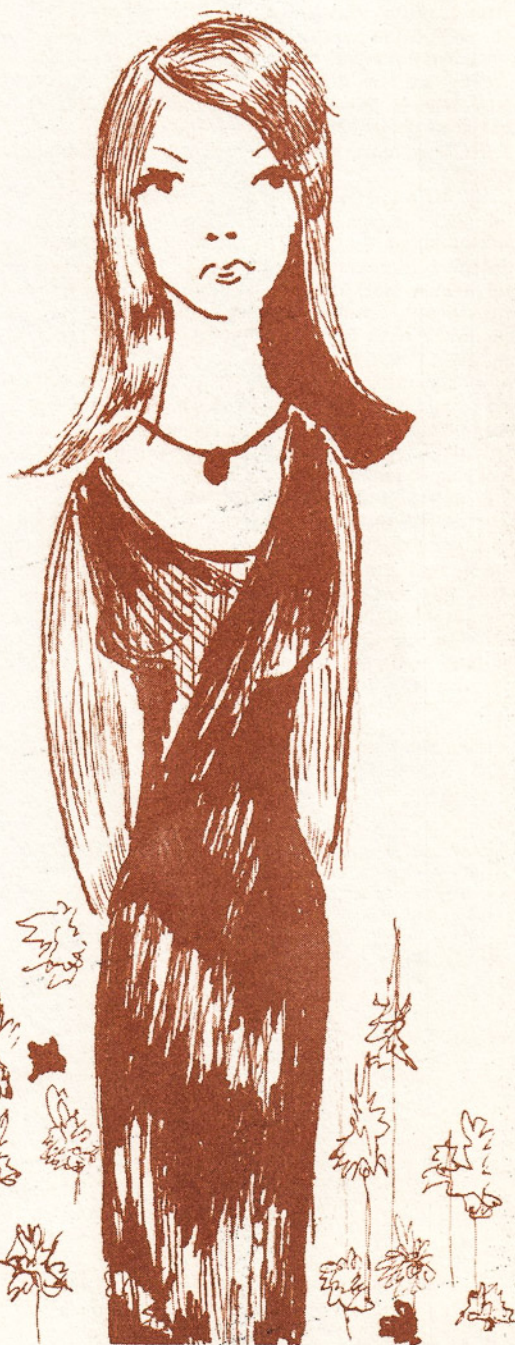
'67

He opened the door and emerged into the awesome stillness of a crisply beautiful November evening. He paused briefly to drink in the ethereal beauty of the moment before meeting her in the park and taking her to a movie. He was momentarily able to forget everything, consumed with the ecstatic joy of being alive in November. The trees glittered gloriously with the reflected radiance of a silver half moon, the tingent leaves blending into a prismatic phantasmagoria of unspoiled creation. Nature was at her best, a platinum moonbeam breaking through the carefree tufted clouds to whisper through the worshipping oaks and kiss the quiet lawn. Autumn was here, a creative festival of beauty before the end of one year and the beginning of the next.

He saw the stars glowing like pearls nestled in a sea of warm velvet in open invitation, and wondered. For two months of every year he became a philosopher. He could walk alone through the vacant, sleepily exciting evening and relive his entire life, contemplating his existence--his ambitions, his dreams, and his failures. Every fall he seemed to be reborn. Autumn gave him something to live for, a time for reverence and soulsearching, something which he forgot or had no time for the rest of the year. He annually released himself from life's prisons and lost himself in the ecstasy of eternal perspective, glimpsing for a solemn moment the meaning of the Creation.

Forgotten for the moment were school, his job, his friends. For one crystal moment his life seemed complete. A feeling of complacency came over his soul; he was at peace with the world.

He reached the park and was embraced by the deep coalescent shadows of the sleeping trees. Brilliant moonbeams danced on the gravel of the walks so that he seemed to be walking through a sea of unearthly light. In the distance, a lonely star fell and cleaned the heavens into true parts, each unrivaled in beauty by an earthly thing. He came upon the garden where he was to meet her and saw her standing by a bed of flowers which had finally succumbed to the frost. Her voice somehow broke the spell, yet for one rapturous moment, the gates of eternity had been opened to him.





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